

Discount

"Her Last Day"

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The room was dark and black and blue.
I bought a copy of the Times for you.
There was moer in that room than you and I.
Three hours later I read what you had in mind.
I can't take it. I can't explain it.
I never thought of it before.
Today is my last day, my last miserable day.
I wish there was something more.
Your combative plans for an unguessed end,
a circumstance you were sure we wouldn't forget.
Am i being illogical? I know hopelessness, lonliness,
say it isn't so.

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