

## THE END OF THE HAPPY HOURS

A dog doth to itself give yelpèd bliss, but you and I are not such  
things which bliss, self-yelped, doth well suffice  
These days. You know I don't have any money.  
Isn't there a radio playing? If we walk from this bed to that chair, if  
we listen. . . . Listen:  
Our song is changing its snake bones.

. . .

What yelpèd bliss a dog doth give itself! If only you and I such  
screaming bliss possessed. Wouldn't it suffice?  
Some day . . . no. We will never have any money.  
But there is a radio playing. If we walk from this chair to that door,  
if we listen—. Listen:  
Our only song has changed its bones.