

Her Last Day

Discount

The room was dark and black and blue. I bought a copy of the Times for you. There was more 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, loneliness, say it isn't so.