

WAIL

DOROTHY PARKER

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Love has gone a-rocketing.
That is not the worst;
I could do without the thing,
And not be the first.

Joy has gone the way it came.
That is nothing new;
I could get along the same, —
Many people do.

Dig for me the narrow bed,
Now I am bereft.
All my pretty hates are dead,
And what have I left?