**Dorothy’s Golden Shovel**

[Using “Two-Volume Novel,” by Dorothy Parker]

All I think about are the

beams of the sun’s

light, which have gone

away and left all dim,

now what of the world and

the sky, and the earth, and the

way of the moon’s

life, which has turned

all known colors black,

and that which I wanted for

the longest time; and then I

prayed and I hoped and I loved

despite what I heard of him,

all of them lies and deceit, and

after their words failed, he

promised to return, and didn’t

I wait lifetimes for his love

knowing he would always come back