



The Long Road to Bliss* -- Pastiche poem by © Pascual Delgado (02-03-2018)

It's quarter to three;
there's no one in the place
except you and me.
So, set 'em up, Joe:
I got a little story
I think you should know.
We're drinkin', my friend,
to the end
of a brief episode.
Make it one for my baby
and one more for the road.

Our sad-
ness never ends...
Content-
ment al-
ways does.

Happiness's like a dewdrop on a flower
gleaming as it stares into the sun...
after a slight
gyration falling down...
a lover's teardrop gently to the ground.

I got the routine;
so put another nickel
in the machine.
I'm feelin' so bad;
can't you make the music
easy and sad?
I could tell you a lot,
but I know you've got
to be true to your code.
Just make it one for my baby
and one more for the road.

The happiness of the poor is like a carnival...
a grand hallucination... false mirage:
The people will toil
the whole damn year long
so they can momentarily be living in a dream
of being kings or pirates or princesses,
only to have it end in scant few days.

You'd never know it,
but, buddy, I'm kind of a poet
and I got a lot of things I'd like to say;
and when I'm gloomy,
won't you listen to me
till it's talked away?

Our sad-
ness never ends.
Content-
ment al-
ways does.

Happiness is like a very fragile feather,
winds are raising high up to the air:
It flies, oh, so high!
Its flight so very brief!
Its life must need a constant, ceaseless wind.

Well, that's how it goes,
and Joe, I know you're gettin'
anxious to close.
And thanks for the cheer;
I hope you didn't mind my
bendin' your ear;
but this torch that I found,
it's gotta be drowned or
it soon might explode;
so, make it one for my baby
and one more for the road...

The long, ... Our sad-
long,... ness never
long,... ends.
long,... Content-
so long... ment al-
road... ways does.

* All texts in Calibri font are from the song ***One for my Baby and one more for the Road*** by Harold Arlen & Johnny Mercer (1943). All texts in Times New Roman font are from the song ***A Felicidade***, by Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius de Moraes (1959). Translation by © Pascual Delgado (02-03-2018.)