They Said to Me

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Heinlein was wrong. Music is a harsh mistress; not the moon

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She said to me, “I am leaving you, so you can play music without guilt.”
I looked at her, and then I went to play a concert.

They said to me, “We are taking away your job; you can’t afford to play music.”
I looked at them, and then I went to rehearsal.

They said to me,”You haven’t any heat in your house; you can’t afford to play music.”
I looked at them, and then I put on a sweater and joined a big band. (that rehearsed in a heated room)

They said to me, “You haven’t any food; you can’t afford to play music.”
I looked at them, and then I ate rice for three weeks while I was playing a show.

They said to me, “We are turning off the electricity; you can’t afford to play music.”
I looked at them, and then I heated my bath water on a camp stove and went to a rehearsal.

They said to me, “We are turning off the water; you can’t afford to play music.”
I looked at them, and then I went to a new big band rehearsal. (I stopped on the way, to buy a bottle of water.)

They said to me, “We are taking away your house; You can’t afford to play music.”
I looked at them, and then I loaded my intstruments into the car and went to play a dance.

They said to me, “The bari sax chair is yours if you want it.”
I looked at them, and then I smiled.

But

I still miss my wife.