

Ricky Garni

THE HISTORY OF SADNESS (abridged)

Donovan isn't.

Matisse running around in his shorts wasn't.

The guy with the parachute isn't.

He better not be.

Thomas Jefferson was Sigmund Freud was George Washington was Tolstoy was.

The penny on the sidewalk isn't.

Now the penny is on the railroad tracks and it is.

Penny Lane is a place. Places are sad.

Jimmy Olsen is sad because he is drawn in a comic book and has never seen himself naked.

The Road Runner is fast as fast can be, which is sad.

Hart Crane is drowned.

Christopher Marlowe is killed funny, sad.

John Berryman, yeah.

Sylvia calls her lover boy like this: come here, lover boy.

Godiva Oyster Chocolates are happy as a freaking clam.

Ritchie Rich has only one black suit with short trousers and a red tie that is rich, but sad.

The windsor knot on the neck of Ronald Reagan is happy while Ronald Reagan is dead and looks like he is smiling because he is a skeleton who looks like most skeletons but he is sad while Ronald Reagan is not, he is different than that.

Pluto, as a planet, is cold, which can be invigorating, but sad, because scientists say there is no such thing as Pluto, except for the dog, drawn by Walt Disney, who is not sad so much as naked and embarrassed and moribund and uses humor to deflect his own wordless humiliation in any number of different occasions.

Coca Cola is the happiest person in the world.

Norman Rockwell would fool you. That is to say sad, he is as sad like an ice cream cone.

The lady on the radio is singing that she will never get over you which sounds sad but it isn't because every time somebody says please play I'll never get over you they give her like 10,000 dollars.

Cole Porter studied Latin, a dead language, which used to be a happy language but now is lacrimabilis, Romanus civis sum.

I saw a cat outside a barn rolling in the grass and I have decided he is sad.

Barbara Stanwyck should be sad with her mother pushed off a moving streetcar by a drunken stranger and all but she is not. She is dead.

Steve Orino who owns the pizza place is as sad as his pizzas.

Moonstruck Chocolates don't even try to be sad. They are struck by the moon and say Who am I?

Sad, huh?

There are two T. Rexes: one that wrote the song TELEGRAM SAM and another that is a dinosaur. One of them was sad, and then later, the other one came along and was happy until suddenly, out of nowhere, he wasn't happy so much as he was sad.

Dinah Washington is not as sultry as Billie Holliday and they are both sad but at least Billie Holliday is sultry.

Linda Darnell is sad because you have never heard of her, look her up and find out.

Edgar Winter is white.

Johnny Winter is more white.

Edgar Winter and Johnny Winter say, Come on over and be sad with me, rock n roll hootchie koo.

Judy Garland is happy. Just kidding.

The Vietnam War would not answer the question. It said What?

The White Cliffs of Dover, who cares.

That last hat on the rack with the little rabbit on it? You tell me.

The black rotary phone, last seen on The Adventures of Superman, is immortal.

Immortality is sad, just walking around the block.

Syd is sad. I just wanted to say that.

Mark Twain: Jesus! Do you have to ask?

Annie is happy, even with her stupid husband.

Pills are happy with exceptions.

Blue pills are blue.

Yellow pills are yellow.

Red pills are stupid.

The pills are behind the couch lover.

Fried Chicken is what it is: I guess sad is a way of saying this.

Walter Brennan is old.

Fats Waller said, Can't you call me something else?

Willie the Lion Smith says Oh Baby.

Marta es guapa.

Age is springtime fresh.

I changed my mind: ice cream cones aren't sad; only Norman Rockwell ice cream cones are sad, and they don't even exist in the real world. That might not make you as sad as Norman Rockwell, but he is sadder than that, because you think, no, Norman Rockwell isn't sad.

Nothing else is sad.

Then Kate says, Let's watch television.

Television is something.

I TURNED MY AND into SAND

And it destroyed my vacation.

Not in the usual way: I still went.

But I had to fly to avoid the oceans
and deserts that I predicted with my
sand. And by fly, I do mean fly, with
wings, my wings, that are golden
and warm like french fries in the
sand. I think I will go to the sky
that's a good place to relax, I said,
away from the predictable, and into
the and

NOTHING IS WRONG

History is so much more beautiful when you are a baby.

Ben Franklin:

flew a kite: that's all you need to know.

Now you like Ben Franklin.

Jesus said:

Do you know how tiny a mustard seed is?

It's tinier than your pinky.

Jesus was funny.

Napoleon said:

My muscles are big.

Were they?

That's enough for today.

Tomorrow let's go outside and see the sun.

It is bright and shiny like a ball of something.

It goes everywhere and it doesn't rain.

If it did something would be wrong.

MR. KRISPY KREME & MISS DUNKIN' DONUT DISCUSS THEIR OPTIONS

We could spend our lives loving each other Krispy said, or we could spend our lives throwing little powdered chocolate donuts at each other.

Both of those options sound so appealing, replied Miss Donut, couldn't you decide for me?

Miss Donut batted her eyelashes. They were a frosty pink.

Dear Reader: please consider that the prospect of throwing little powdered chocolate donuts carries an entirely greater significance for Mr. Kreme and Miss Donut than it would for you or me.

READING THE NEW YORK TIMES AWFULLY FAST ON A WEDNESDAY

on December 1, 2010

Fred Breathes In An Emergency

He stands taller than Wall Street.
He is deeper than the economy.
His last name is Data. Fred Data.
Fred Data is breathing.

Us Love To Riff

Us love to embrace Georgia and then riff
on the guitar. We do. What happens next is disputed
in the town of Russia.

Also A Dim View OF The Ocean In Russia

I was puking in the harbor
of leaders who proved unreliable
hence my puke in the ocean,
Russia.

Beating Art In Yiddish

Frisk your *stieglitz* with a ruler.
You will find it appealing.
It's all yours.
Big Boy are
we? Yes sir.

China

13 women are soft in China.
But don't let that fool you:
the street police are urban
and take daily supplements
of something hard. Watch
out 13 women in China.

Leslie Shows Up

My present to you is the joke.
Please, don't take it seriously.
Take it home and put it somewhere
nice. Somewhere nice that doesn't
have any specialness inside.
(Until now.)

WHILE LOOKING FOR HOITY TOITY WORDS IN FRENCH STARTING WITH THE LETTER 'B'

I met a hippie dressed in buttermilk.

I bought a tub to scratch.

I bantered with the luggage.

I fought the trinkets that I call my own. In a bar, of course.

I gave my car a ring and said: Will you marry me?

I put the taxi and the truck in the tub and then, once I was certain, my school.

I kissed the broom vulgarly. Brawny was the broom.

I looked for a beacon and only found a banana.

A banana on the bench, outside the bank, trying to look sexy.

And interesting.

I watched helplessly as my goatee chatted with my dribble.

I stammered nibs to my pen as I fancied the Belgian.

I said Thank God, Benjamin.

I said You Rock, Benedict.

To Bernadette I said: I am allergic to your privates.

Bertrand said WHAT to that but surely you know how I like to dupe Bertrand.

AH Insect, animal, creature, stupid, foolish silly, stupidity, mistake, blunder, nonsense.

AH...

Must I go on?

Butter is a blunder, my mother said, in concrete.

I pamper my bicycle until it splits its contraption sides laughing.

I believe in the good, the moral, the right, the healthy.

I believe in steak.

I believe in jewelry.

I believe in bikinis.

I believe in round trip tickets.

I believe in one way tickets to money.

I believe in the biscuit that is the cookie.

Who cares what I believe in?

I live for the blunder that is white.

I injure the blue that is the boo boo.

To drink is to say Dearie.

To limp is to be a bowl.

To enjoy your meal is to be the hello of candy.

The good night of Bordeaux.

The mess of the phone book

adjacent to the billy goat

My mouth knows a mouthful

Like the butcher is a butcher shop

Like the cork is a traffic jam

Like the earring is a shield

I sulk to keep away from the bursting of mud.

My hot head is scaldingly boiling in love

with the chubby tubby baker of bakeries

Believe in boom, it is a tremendous success.

Believe in books, they torture and jostle scholarship.

I want to nosh now.

in my boxer shorts and charm bracelet

I want to experience the fullness of bravery exemplified

by the ewe with the diploma

I want to smash the yarn

I want to believe

Break the hairbrush that ruins the toothbrush

I want to brush my nibble, uncut, crude and raw

Come join me in my study

Let us engage our goals and destinations

I want you

I want to stumble

I want to bump off

I want to believe

I want to kill

I want you