

Like as if as how

Juliana Cory

Happiness slinks in like a dog beaten
 Holding his tail between his teeth.
 Malodorous refuse chokes my nostrils
 Blinds my rose-colored glasses.
 Chatter, it don't matter
 As my tongue tastes the happiness
 I captured. It is rough on my hands.
 I eat my happiness with a spoon
 At Thelma's Cafe in Tuscon, Arizona.
 Happiness really is smooth going down.
 We sat in the junkyard at four in the morning
 And scammed. I am happy because I have happy stuff.
 Like as if as how
 Purple jars of sadness spill on clean sheets
 Sad as refrigerators.
 We sat at full speed.
 Ceegee can't roll her tongue
 And won't ever forget it.
 As sad tires rolled motionlessly in their heaps, I knew
 I would find meaning if it weren't so mean.
 Quelquefois, je dine dans la salle de ta coeur
 While the silverware dozes off,
 And happiness lingers in the parlor.