

Happy

PETER JOHNSON

In spite of persistent rumors, let me assure you I'm happy. Happy as my well-fed pug and blue-eyed infant. Happy as the Brazilian beauty in a red thong cavorting half-naked on the Travel Channel. Happier than the local loony screaming at the same tree every morning, convinced it's an enemy from a past life. I'm happy I can say, "Don't go away I've got the baddest poem right here in my back pocket," and no one thinks I'm nuts. Happy for artificial putting greens, yellow buses that swallow up children yet no one gets hurt. Happy for tuna fish and the piano player at Nordstrom who asked me to sing along. Crusty sand dunes, orchids, a solitary grayish cloud frozen in the sky—I'm happy for them. Happy for the rust-colored bottom of a rap diva, for the ant-sized beauty mark on my wife's bum. Happy a fifty-two-year-old man can dance and play air guitar in his boxer shorts while his teenage son laughs himself silly. Even happy for Plan A, though I'll never understand it, and for the chance, no, pleasure, to spend a few idle moments inside this here ellipsis . . .