

Every Moment Is Lovely, Yes

by Robb Todd

The man was happy, filled with it, the happiest he had ever been. He was so happy that he felt he did not deserve it and he deflated.

A woman with apples for shoulders and an eep for a laugh told him that he did deserve to be happy and the man thought about it and decided she was right. He was happy again but not as happy as before and that made him sad but not as sad as before.

"Sometimes I smell your clothes and I bite them."

She kissed him on the forehead and he decided to be happier but it was difficult until he stopped thinking about it. He was happier until the thoughts returned.

"Music is overrated. I really don't get what the big deal is all about."

Winter made him sad but snow made him happy. The beach made him happy but sand made him sad. Clouds made him happy and so did birds and rolling down grassy hills and spending time with the apple-shouldered woman who eeped. And eggs. He loved eggs.

He thought monkeys were essentially dumb, lazy humans but he laughed when they flung poo at children in zoos. Having time to himself made him happy but being without her made him sad. He hated missing brunch because he especially loved eggs with sauce made from parts of other eggs.

"In Tibet, they practice Buddhism religiously."

He admired bears because everyone was afraid to disturb them

while they slept and fish were so in love with bears that they jumped right into their mouths. He ate meat and never felt bad about it unless he saw how the animal was slaughtered or if the meat was not cooked properly but he thought thrice about killing bugs.

The Dalai Lama said he shared his blood with a mosquito because he was in a good mood and not worried about malaria. The second time the mosquito drank his blood, he blew the insect off his arm. The third time the mosquito bit His Holiness, he smashed the bug into its next life.

The man hurt for the apple-shouldered woman's hands in his fuzz of hair and she told the man something, whispered in his ear, something that made him happier than ever, happier even than he was before he thought he did not deserve to be. The happiest you have ever been is the happiest you can ever be.

"Will you write something nice about my apple shoulders?"

Every moment is lovely, yes: days of sun and breezy trees, loud and swollen with green, and walks in the blossom rain, and the opposite of that.

