

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

*Ricky Garni*  
**HOAGY**

I'm a bit disappointed in myself. I know I could have accomplished a hell of a lot more...

I could write anything any time I wanted to. But I let other things get in the way...

I've been floating around in the breeze

is something I discovered today, and Hoagy Carmichael said it.

Today I thought about Hoagy Carmichael alot. Everything he ever said was sort of a poem but a little one without a proper ending. They were like little Bing Crosbyisms, only sweeter, and silky smooth.

I decided that Hoagy Carmichael was Mr. Unflappable, Mr. Steady As She Goes,

Mr. Okee Dokee, Mr. Slo-Go Molasses, Mr. Smokin' Cloud Floatin', Mr. Living

Is Easy & Mr. Everything's Breezy all at once and then something else: maybe

"Mr. Tragedy" ?

Tragedy can be very nice. It gives you that easy, smoky feeling.

I tried to imagine Hoagy Carmichael fighting with his wife. I can't imagine Hoagy Carmichael

fighting with his wife, but surely he fought with his wife if he got divorced from his wife which

he did. I imagine that she fought with him, and he sat at his piano and lit a cigarette and tilted

the brim of his grey fedora over his eyes and said "Well OK then, Sugar."

I had three more thoughts about Hoagy Carmichael today:

1) I am glad he flunked the state law bar in Florida

2) I wonder what his jacket smelled like

and

3) how great it must be to be buried in a place called Rancho Mirage