

## I DO NOT DO FUNNY

A comic I'm not.

Full of shit?  
Sometimes silly?  
Sure! Jaysus, I'm not dead!

But there's a vast gulf between being alive ... and being a comic.  
Or ... there's supposed to be ...  
A vast gulf, that is.

But what if there isn't?  
What if they're the same?  
Seriously?

“Life and Comedy”

So ... Paul Ryan has a budget which not only fucks everyone ...  
Standing right now ...  
You're all seated ...  
Whew!  
That would 'a hurt.

And hands out money ... cash, long green ... ONLY – TO – THOSE  
Who DON'T need it.  
It's an awesome economic theory ...  
Centered on the cluster fuck ...

Let me explain

Every time someone mentions “trickle down economics”...  
Think, YOU'RE the “down” – that's a good thing, in this sense.  
The “stuff” – in this case \$\$\$ - that trickles down  
Is trickling down on YOU ... and me.

Now, for all you English majors out there,  
That's a passive ... or reflexive of some kind  
An autonomous form ... some bloody grammatical thing.  
Call it what you will, it's just a version of “bend over and take it” ...  
... lubricants optional.

BUT – get this ...  
Think ... “UP”!

So, trickle down means someone “up” there is so full of it,  
That any more has to run out of his pockets – or hers –  
And “trickle down” onto me ... or you ... on all of us at this level of life’s org chart.

Now, damn, that’s easy money.  
I just lay there  
On my back  
In the sack  
... sugar shack don’t come back ...  
Sorry. I have this ... echolalia thing ...

But there’s a problem.  
If I want MORE  
    Then the guy above me needs a Whole Lot more ...  
    So that after it all trickles down  
    I actually feel like I got something.  
    Which, obviously, means that the guy above me ...  
    He or she ... REALLY needs a WHOLE LOT MORE.

But what if he – or she – isn’t the end of the show?  
Or the gal above him?  
Or the guy above her ... or the gal above that gal ...  
All the way up to God’s office  
Where he – or she – sits  
.....

Ok, let’s quit equivocating.  
God IS A WOMAN ... PERIOD ... NO DISCUSSION.  
Who else would put up with such shit for so long?

.....

So there She sits ...  
Legs crossed ...

I don’t know if God has legs ...  
I just picture her in this hot red dress ...  
    Kind of short ...  
    Tight fitting ...  
Blond, brunette, black-haired, I don’t know ...  
Shapely ...  
Erotic ...

I mean, this is a “goddess” ... let’s get serious. What do we worship here anyway?

Can I get an AMEN?

Hmmm ... yeah .... Now ... None of that makes ANY sense ...

Unless, of course  
You believe in Adam Smith  
Then it would seem that any fucking fairy-land tale fills the bill ...

Jaysus, if it was up to Ryan,  
Our foreign policy would be found in one of those Chinese fortune cookies ...

Yeah ... I don't do funny!

## **EPILOGUE -----**

BTW – they had acid back then ...  
You know – in Adam Smith's day

Not LSD  
But ergot – that moldy stuff that grew on rotten grain  
They'd sometimes made bread out of ...

... just saying.  
... if you ever wonder where capitalism came from