

HAPPY

“How are you?”

I don't know. I'm happy, I am, I am happy. I should be. It makes me happy to sit here, at a wooden table with coffee in my hands. I got eight hours of sleep. Parking was easy. James the barista greeted me with a smile, happy to see me, happy... I'm happy, I have to be. Life is so beautiful!

I'm in a happy place, I feel comfortable here, at rest, at home, I know I do. So I must be happy. The air I breathe has a taste of contentment. It embraces my lungs, caresses my brain with oxygen. It's like fresh rain, a summer breeze, my mother's scent and a new book. Happy... It's a good space, I can focus, get my work done even when the work refuses. I can write even when my fingers feel stuck and my mind goes silent. I can feel loved even when no one who loves me is there. Even when I'm so far from happy.

No, I'm happy, I am. I'm just far from love. Or from those who love me most, love me unconditionally. Those who love me more than one person can love another. Those who love me beyond who I am. Those who would love me even if I was unlovable. Mommy! I'm happy. I promise I'm happy.

I will listen to Joni Mitchell and I'll think of you. I will let her take my pain away, wrap it in her voice. I will let the hurt sink into her words. I will let her cry for me. I don't need to cry. I'm happy. I'm well adjusted, I'm mature. I make you proud.

I'm so lucky! My life is a mess. A beautiful mess. A mess. So easy, so simple. No *real* worry. I'm safe. I'm lucky. Stop whining. Clean the kitchen, don't leave it. It's not hard, it's really not, you just have to move. Escape the pit. What pit? You sit on cushions, a bird in a golden cage. The door is open. Cut your own wings. I feel so happy.

“How are you?”

“I'm, uh... I'm great! How are **you**?”