

from *Danceland Diary*:

I'm not certain what causes happiness – surely not just the bells-ringing and lights-flashing of good sex, or the inbred urge to love my baby. What *causes* it? May's green twigs emerge, nubbins of pussy willows beating out winter, rose blossoms, tightly furled and unfolding like flags, sunflowers growing with a tight amber spiral at their heart, Jordan growing from baby into toddler, toddler into preschooler, preschooler into the busy boy he is now. Magic. It's magic, this happiness idea. There's no understanding it, and maybe it's foolish to even try, best to simply accept the small, sometimes invisible details, just as I'm practicing saying "I love you" to Con and Jordan. Maybe happiness just takes practice. I feel my face lift from grief into the unfamiliar shape of happiness. Happiness seems attainable. Concentrate on that.