

Happiness

by Jane Flett

Happiness is a learned condition.

The elephant in the room is that it's a Goddamn elephant; you lured it here with a trail of peanuts and hyperbole.

At the lake you floated in trance of gold and orange on a water so still the sky took it for glass. At the lake your skin was made a mosaic of hot, red, itching welts by the bastard mosquitos.

Neither reality is inconceivable nor incompatible.

Listen: you get to pick the paper bag that's filled with marbles, green centres undulating like the arch of the pole vaulter's back. You get to pick the candy.

Sometimes the universe is a coin flipping so fast it's hard to see which side is polished and shiny. Maybe there's a charm to the tarnish if you know how to squint.

The goods and the silt muddy the water. Have you worked out the difference between panning and trepanning yet?

Are you looking for gold or for a hole in the head?

