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# Happy-Go-Lucky

by Diane Shipley DeCillis

You know that dream where you sit in your car and the seat automatically moves forward to the perfect position, then the car starts itself, takes you places you've never been while it talks to you about your worries with that calm yet commanding OnStar voice? You confide that people don't love you as much as you'd like them to, and if they did, you wouldn't, couldn't possibly love them back that much anyway. Which reminds you of a movie line: "Love itself is what's left over after being in love is burned away." Then the voice says, *Love can be a confusing state of mind*. And the car pulls up a map on the GPS screen, where the country, your country, is full of states, not Utah, or Michigan, but a New-York-state-of-mind which you've acquired, even though you're from Detroit. Because you identify with people who wear a lot of black and who enjoy the frenetic, somewhat impersonal subway, graffiti, melting-pot sensibility along with the ethnic foods that go with it. And you think maybe, just maybe, the car will stop at a good Provençal restaurant or someplace where they serve bone marrow, now that you're no longer embarrassed to say you like it. Especially since Anthony Bourdain posed naked holding a huge soup bone over his "meatballs," saying he loves the high cholesterol stuff. *But*, the voice cautions, *he also smokes and eats things that could change your nature*. Change your nature? What does that mean? Never mind, I don't want to go there right now, though I sense the need for turn-by-turn navigation when the melodic OnStar voice says, *Love isn't really all that complicated it's the fear of love that snookers us*. Reminds me of the time it took me days to untangle an impossible wad of necklaces, knotted chains of my own doing. That's when Happy-Go-Lucky pops up on the GPS screen, another state of mind, a destination or detour, but also a strange combination of words. Who strung that syntax together? *Sometimes we need to pack light. You've done it from time to time*, says the smooth, sultry OnStar voice. "Moi?" I say with doubtful curiosity. But then I think about how Happy-Go-Lucky reminds me of a fortune cookie I once got that said, "You are about to eat a fortune cookie," and how, yes, at that moment, it *was* all I needed to know.

