

*Happiness is like breathing.  
You cannot hold a breath  
for long  
lest it turn stale and choke you,  
but you learned to breathe it seems...  
You must also learn to exhale  
this moment's happiness  
and allow the next moment's joy in.*

*In the moment of your birth you began  
to learn to breathe, inhaling air,  
exhaling; crying at first; it was as new  
to you as you to the world. But you had  
an instinct for it. What didn't come  
naturally came before long through  
learning — when to breathe and when  
not to breathe, and when to breathe in  
and when to breathe out. I assume this  
is all true, because you're still alive.*

*And yet the strange thing is, you're not happy. I wonder why we don't have the  
same instinct for happiness we have for air. We know somewhere that once a  
moment's joy is in us we have to let it go again lest it turn stale and choke us ...  
yet it seems difficult to turn this knowledge into action ... as if we spent our days  
turning red in the face and moaning about letting the moment's breath go.*

*So learn: Each moment of joy is that moment's joy; it cannot be grasped without halting  
the flow of happiness by which you live. Breathe it out, use it for speech or for song, but  
at all events, do not seek to squeeze it within you and suck up more without letting the  
old air go. Learn to breathe again.*