

nant when she can't have what she's after even if she's not sure what she's chasing. She says hateful things out of desperation and takes it all back if it means she gets to start over.

My first book was about grief, but my second book is about indulgence. It is hard to let myself indulge in the face of grief, but I am forcing myself to do it anyway. It is hard to lose and lose and lose and still find joy in the things other people label frivolous. I love restaurants and clothes and buying more books than I could ever read in one lifetime. I love meeting my best friend for brunch so we can cackle about all the versions of ourselves we refuse to be in spite of the world's insistence. I love waiting for the shoes I want to go on sale. I love that I still love anything after all the hurt I've lived through. I love the relationship I've spent years building with my boyfriend, and I love that we don't always agree about everything, that we aren't friends with all the same people or working towards all the same goals. I love that there is room for both of us in our life together, that when I look for him, he's looking for me also.

I know I'm late to the party again as far as Carrie is concerned, but I love her too. I love Samantha, and Miranda, and Charlotte. I love them all even though they have more money to throw at their unhappiness than I will ever have. I love them for being absorbed with the lives they want for themselves, for pursuing those lives no matter how many harsh things people say to them about what women are supposed to want. The good thing about bad TV, maybe even the best thing about bad TV, is what it lets me aspire to. In bed with my wine and my best girlfriends, getting it wrong again, I see the answer is that I am going to get all of it wrong, and spectacularly so, for as long as I keep at-tempting. There is no one out there, real or invented, who can show me myself the way I can. So, I keep writing to learn more about what I might look like. Who I could be. And as long as I keep learning, being wrong about what my life resembles is absolutely the point.

