Autobiography

by Gary Hardaway

Autobiography 1

The story of my life would put insomniacs to sleep. Nothing extraordinary has ever happened to me.

Except for you.

God blesses the undeserving sometimes
in His mythically

Random Way.

Autobiography 2

Mother never lectured.
Father never lectured.
Nonetheless the lessons
of southern, white, Protestant,
genteel, gentile, lower
middle class expectations

were ingested along with chicken fried steak, snap peas, mashed potatoes, and cream gravy. In a world of places it is best to know your own.

Once in a while,

you do get banana pudding made the right way with Nilla vanilla wafers, actual custard, and lightly browned meringue.

Autobiography 3

Please pardon my existence. I didn't plan or condone it,

was never consulted in any way, never asked to be conceived,

developed and delivered, another unnecessary burden

on the world. I might have voted to be aborted long before

my crowning, screamed bewilderment, and terror. From my beginning,

I never felt at home in this skin. So, pardon my existence. It was

an accident I have always found appalling and I am

innocent of all its precipitating circumstances.