A Life

by Larry Strattner

Born, he stood up. He wore nothing as often as possible.

While playing with matches he burned down a vacant lot.

Caught playing doctor with Chloé Wetskin he was wearing Fruit of the Loom underwear and Converse sneakers. The sneakers allowed him to outrun his pursuers for the first few blocks.

Regardless, he received the sacrament of Confirmation from the Bishop of the diocese. Soon after, the parish Pastor molested him.

Later he wore a black bodysuit and in dark of night pushed the Pastor down the steep spiral belfry stairwell to see if he would fly rather than bounce. Results confirmed, for a second time, his general view of religion.

Substance abuse gradually claimed him. He snuck around trying to get laid. Neither strategy yielded productive outcomes.

Sham described his career. His work paid well. He had two children with a woman to prove he wasn't gay after two of his paintings were hung by MOMA. He wore Salvatore Ferragamo shoes and an Arnolfini turtleneck to the opening.

One of his children came out gay and dressed primarily in plaids. The other signed on with a carnival to run the game in which suckers try to knock over a milk bottle.

His common law wife left and received fifty percent of their net possessions. Rather than do drugs he took to serious drinking. He wore hospital scrubs to singles bars.

Prices for his paintings went up. He screwed a number of college sophomores with hard tits and underdeveloped frontal lobes. He eschewed his scrubs and purchased his clothes in Cabela's turkey hunting department.

Suddenly, his erections began lasting less than four hours.

He hung himself in his front hall closet. He wore flip flops, plaid Dockers shorts and a Life is Good tee shirt. The rope snapped taut and one of his flip flops fell off. The whole affair seemed to lack closure, though it demonstrated nominal completion of his story arc.