

Autobiography

PAMELA S. WYNN

Things can *happen* one way—or another . . .

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, Alexander Solzhenitsyn

My parent's match was made on the outskirts of heaven. This did not save me.

I was born in the city of Happily-Ever-After. The population is in decline.

Patience is a garden to be cultivated. One must be so inclined.

My ancestors were saved by the blood of the lamb. The slaughter goes on and on.

My family tree is rooted in defective DNA.

At age five, I fell from a suburban maple. I've been falling ever since.

Most days I plant my feet on the floor. The dead can no longer do this.

Fear is the sweater I pull on upon waking—one my mother knitted as a child.

Insanity is contagious. I am not immune.

I never eat food that is colored sky-blue. I will not drink anything green.

Poetry is a seaworthy vessel reputed to have saved many lives.

I've danced with Death since birth—a seductive samba with a driving, chaotic beat.

Hyperbole is my default mode of speech.

I cast my lot with the poor. We stand in line behind the meek waiting to inherit the earth.

I avoid wearing white. I do not believe in false innocence.

I try not to lie to those I love. At times I manage to succeed.

Broken shells slice into slivers the soles of my feet. In feet, there is minimal blood loss.

I listen to the voices calling me, heeding when necessary, ignoring when possible.

There are those who find me strange. I'm guessing the dead don't care.