

Autobiography in Five Short Chapters

by Portia Nelson

I

I walk down the street.
 There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
 I fall in.
 I am lost . . . I am helpless
 It isn't my fault
It takes forever to find a way out.

II

I walk down the same street,
 There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
 I pretend I don't see it.
 I fall in again.
I can't believe I am in the same place,
 but it isn't my fault.
It still takes a long time to get out.

III

I walk down the same street.
 There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
 I see it is there.
 I still fall in . . . it's a habit.
 My eyes are open.
 I know where I am.
It is my fault.
I get out immediately.

IV

I walk down the same street.
 There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I walk around it.

V

I walk down another street.