

Autobiography  
in Five Short Chapters  
by Portia Nelson

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 me forever to find my way out.  
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'm in the same place.  
But it isn't my fault.  
It still takes me a long time to get out  
I walk down the same street.  
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.  
I see it 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.  
I walk down the same street.  
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.  
I walk around it.  
I walk down another street.