

raging bull guy

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

What can I say—my timing was off. I'd made that shot a thousand mental times, and when it counted, I missed. It happens. Happens all the time. A life's work interrupted, obscured, uncelebrated. That is what's known as normal, ordinary, unnoticed, and that is what I have become. An inch to the left and I'm now that Raging Bull coulda been a contender guy. That guy may not be a contender, but he lives in infamy, he's immortally infamous. I am nothing, nobody, nonpersona. Is this me feeling sorry for myself? Hello there, yes, this is me feeling sorry for myself, a man whose penis was all over the place, controlled by demons. Her inside left thigh was a nice enough place.

