

we're all in there somewhere

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

In trying not to be, it all becomes autobiographical. How could it not, we're all in there somewhere, a pink scarf here, some silver cupcake sprinkles. It all becomes one big memory and we peer over the ridge, cautiously, excitedly, drum ear pounding. Looking for ourselves in the story. We ask was that me? The one on the corner with his hat tipped to the jaunty side? I've wore hats, I've stood on corners. Am I not jaunty? I am outraged between blurred lines. Gary Coleman's divorced child bride sells pictures of his dead body and makes him wait, cold, in the morgue as she wends his will through the courts, grifting.

