

Autobiography

When I was three
I painted the dog.
One orange stripe,
Blazed across her back.
She didn't mind,
My parents did.

When I was 5,
I thought it smart
To give myself a haircut
Just a trim
I thought
I didn't mind
My parents did.

When I was eight
My sister complained
'You're not a normal little brother.
You're just too nice.'
That night
I put ice in her pillow
She minded
My parents didn't.

When I was eleven
I switched schools.
Left behind
The nuns
The priests
For a new start.
I didn't want to go
I threatened my parents
'I'll run away,
Go on a hunger strike
Never speak to you again.'
It didn't matter
I was going.
I minded
My parents didn't.

When I was 16.
I was happy.
These mistakes didn't matter
Everything had paid off.
But my parents can't know this
Can't know they've done right.
So I tell them that I still mind
And they tell me they don't.