Autobiography in Five Short Chapters

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 still don't see it. I fall in again.

I can't believe I am in the same place. 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 there, I still fall in.

It's habit. It's my fault. I know where I am. I get out immediately.

V.

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

V.

I walk down a different street.

© 1977 Portia Nelson, There’s a Hole in My Sidewalk: The Romance of Self-Discovery