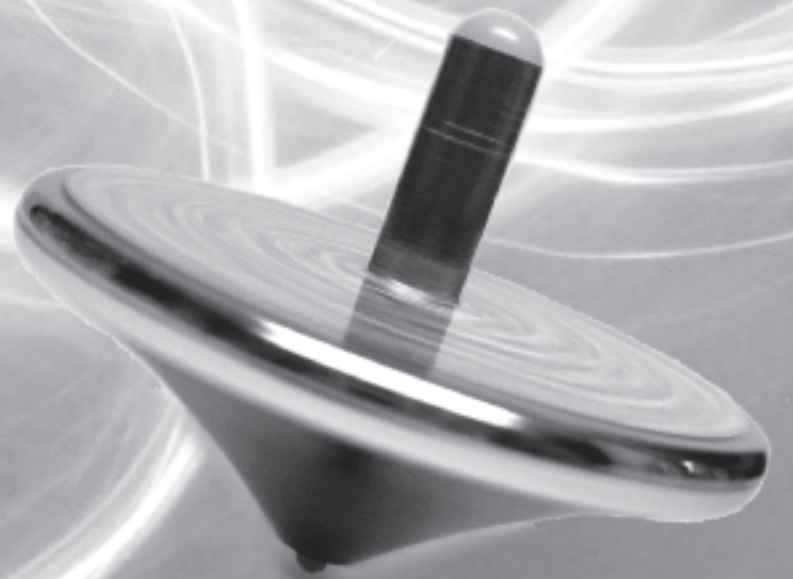


Childhood Memories, As Related by Your Accountant

You remember being a kid.
Afternoons on the merry-go-round,
spinning mercilessly,
watching the horizon cascade before you
as the wind battled your eyelids.
Holding on
for what you were convinced was dear life,
but in fact was just fear.
Fear of an 18 inch fall
into the mulch
off of a life-size dradle
a mere toy
a plaything
spinning at 7 miles per hour,
resulting in little worse
than a superficial abrasion on your forearm.
Fear of failure.
You were hesitant.
Cowardly.
Even puny.

Admit it.
It's OK.
We're all friends here.
You were a little bitch.
But now that's all changed.
And here's why:
You are in control.
The horizon spins because you're moving.
Your eyelids battled because you're attacking the wind.
And that abrasion,
to you,
is but a battle scar.
You've got hundreds.
And you're begging for more.
I believe this about you.

Now man up, soldier
And fax me your W2's.



Matt Devine

Matt Devine owes student loans to Northwestern University and the University of Florida, where he was schooled in various fields of dubious utility. Matt has been writing since 9th grade, when he started publishing a long-running controversial underground newspaper and wooed young women with poetry. Matt has performed on stages all over the country, from The Improv Comedy Club in Tampa, Florida, to the UNC-Chapel Hill's DSI Comedy Festival to Chicago's Green Mill—the birthplace of slam poetry. Today Matt lives in the smoke clouds of Venice Beach. He really likes mountains. And chocolate. And mountains of chocolate. Feel free to oblige.