

POET'S JOURNAL.
THIS IS THE WAY
IT HAPPENED.






NOT THE WAY I WOULD LIKE TO THINK IT HAPPENED.







JUST THE
TRUTH ABOUT
THE WAY IT
HAPPENED, AND
WHAT CAME AFTER.

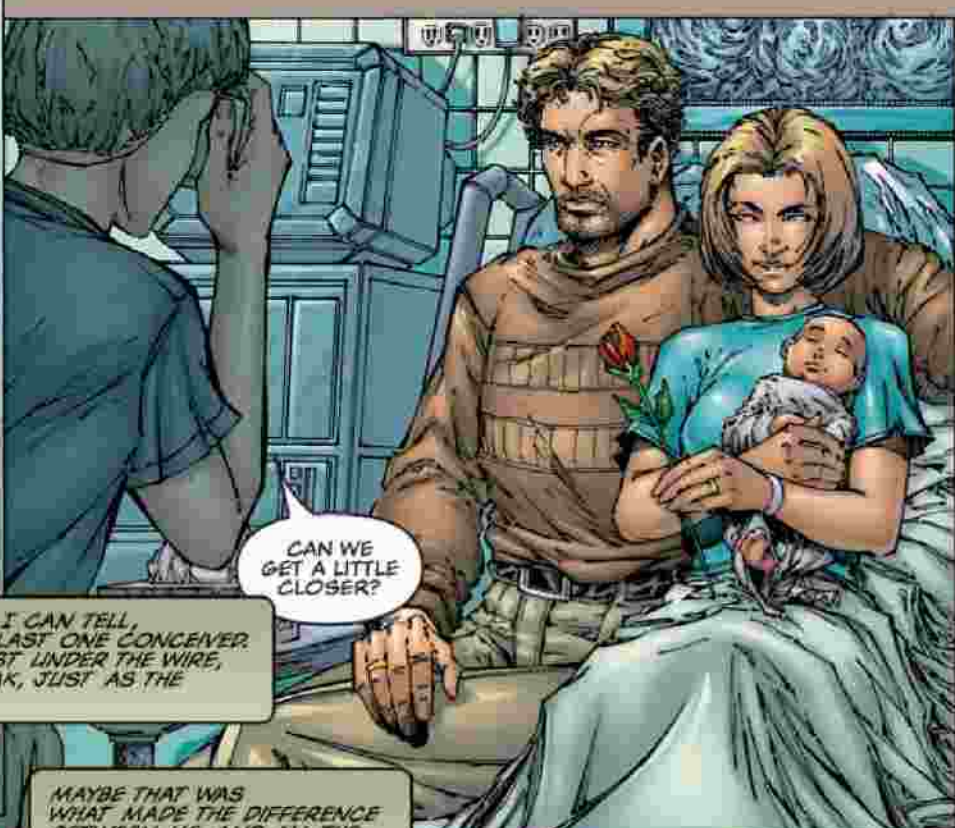
THOUGH NO ONE
REALLY UNDERSTOOD
WHAT HAPPENED THAT
NIGHT, NOT FOR
A LONG TIME.

NOT UNTIL
THE FIRST OF
US WAS BORN.



THERE WERE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN OF US IN UTERO WHEN THE FLASH HIT.

AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, I WAS THE LAST ONE CONCEIVED. GOT IN JUST UNDER THE WIRE, SO TO SPEAK, JUST AS THE FLASH HIT.



CAN WE GET A LITTLE CLOSER?

MAYBE THAT WAS WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME, AND ALL THE OTHERS. THE FLASH WAS CERTAINLY WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ALL OF US...AND EVERYONE ELSE.



JUST A LITTLE CLOSER. THAT'S IT, SMILE!



A LITTLE CLOSER.



I THINK THAT'S CALLED DRAMATIC IRONY.



SMILE!

COME ON... SMILE!

