

MY TOP 5

TOP 5s

THE 5 MOST IMPORTANT THINGS TO ME AT 5 IMPORTANT TIMES IN MY LIFE

I am not a list-maker by nature, nor am I a listman or a peddler and/or purveyor of lists. It would be fair to say that for most of my life, I have been utterly listless. But I am rapidly approaching senility and realize it's time to take stock of my years alive on this giant lump of inter-planetary earwax.

Because the most important thing in my life is for you to know and understand me, I present five tiny time capsules for you to swallow—five lists of the five most important things to me at five crucial intervals in my life.

Age 2

1. PICKING BOOGERS

This instant nasal catharsis is still a guilty pleasure, but when I was a toddler, my bedroom wall was smeared with my bloodily goey prize catches.

2. SHELTER

Because I was still too young to rent my own apartment.

3. GERBER STRAINED BANANAS WITH APPLES AND PEARS

Smooth, sweet, and comforting, this King of Baby Foods tickled my palate and quelled my fevered brain.

4. MY DOG

He gave me love without guilt-tripping me. Can you say the same thing about the love you give me?

5. A NICE BOWEL MOVEMENT

Life's primary joy, one which has often been denied me for Lo, these many years.



Age 12

1. TITS

Having been bottle-fed by a cold mother, my restless spirit sought solace in a luscious set of mams.

2. DRUGS

I didn't even want to try them until you kept telling me I couldn't.

3. THE DEVIL

Because God had proven to be a bitter, insecure jackass. Plus, the Devil could procure tits and drugs for me.

4. RUNNING AWAY

Because being at home was no fun...no fun at all.

5. THE 1930S

Simply because it was the 1970s.



Age 32

1. VIOLENCE

Because I was married and thus had lost all interest in sex.

2. HATRED

Because I was married and thus had grown disillusioned with love.

3. GUNS

Because shooting a 9mm Glock had become my surrogate orgasm.

4. JUSTICE

Because I was still dumb and angry enough to believe it was possible.

5. THE COUNTRY

Because after living in Philly, NYC, and LA my whole life, it occurred to me that there was nothing cool about the city.



Age 22

1. COSMETIC SURGERY

I foolishly believed everything wrong with me was only skin-deep.

2. DEPRESSION

I romanticized my misery and convinced myself it was a virtue.

3. LOVE

Because I'd never had it and figured it was something I should try.

4. THE 1950S

Simply because it was the 1980s.

5. THE CITY

Because I somehow felt that crime, racial strife, congestion, and high prices made a person more creative.



Age 42

1. PUSSY

The one thing I like about women.

2. MONEY

Because I deserve it more than you do.

3. EXCITEMENT

The middle-aged version of danger.

4. MY DOG

The only living being over whom I'd be willing to throw punches.

5. A NICE BOWEL MOVEMENT

Preferably over the next few weeks.

