

A Critic Responds To My Memoir

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Okay, gush it out, all in ghastly blow-up, except clear away the pitiful debris: your drunken dad, his dentures blackening in the toaster, and your death-bed mom rasping her apology, your now unlocked molestation. Oh yes, and the middle part: your decapitated sister, the dopplering thunks of her head down a laundry chute, also, the wilting farewell wave of your best friend as he's rheostatted from life support and the CPR-scene with your frisbie-clobbered poodle, not to mention the vast, rhapsodic ooziings beneath the oil derrick repetitions of your sex life; skip all that. Otherwise, go ahead. Leak it out, except please excise your spouse's boil conceit, your level-one bipolar jags, the bed-sheet under grandpa's incontinence. Definitely delete Little Mitten's autopsy and the canary therein, also the basement rituals of your twisted uncle, his diary of a prison cook provoking grandma's blank, portentous stare. Nevertheless, confess; disgorge every hairball though best leave out your most unforgettable suicides and other non-routine disfigurements, ditto, the dead brother's shower visitation and your paperboy's erotic lynching, but all the rest, I mean it, all the rest, keep that, except, of course, dismantle the dull parts, the sleepers, you know, the parts about yourself.