

## **Life Is an Oxymoron**

As I crash landed into existence there was a joyful sadness as my parents let out a silent scream. Birth control a thing of the past, giving way to the beginning of hour after endless hour in a tragic comedy. With toasts made in plastic glasses to the open secret that life was going to be awfully good. My cries rang out like friendly fire over the noise of the other two siblings in the small crowd.

A cheerful pessimist at heart, I'm comfortable in my misery because I know every day has something seriously funny about it and it's often bittersweet. I am the living dead, and this love hate relationship I have with life in such organized chaos is my world. I would have it no other way. Perfectly imperfect and terribly good, this life is unpredictable yet strangely familiar with each new dawn.

Most of this life is a minor crisis and openly deceptive. I act naturally as the future arrives, but I know I must agree to disagree often. Before the deafening silence makes me old news, I must make my mark because I know that parting will be such sweet sorrow.

- Dale Hardy