

I'm from Indiana

I'm from Indiana and I'm not in the Klan.
I don't know anybody in the Klan. But years ago
they did have a sparsely populated Klan rally
on my hometown's courthouse steps where my ex-wife,
before I knew her, kicked a cop in the nuts.

I'm from Indiana and I don't think I'm from
the south. I don't speak with a drawl. I don't say
"warsh." I don't watch NASCAR. I don't spend
half the paycheck on lottery tickets, except on
the 4th of July, when I don't spend that lottery ticket money
on fireworks.

I'm from Indiana and I know Bobby Knight is not
Jesus. Larry Bird is not Jesus. Peyton Manning
is not Jesus. Mitch Daniels is the god-damn antichrist.
And yes, I pretty much think Jesus is Jesus – but I don't
get too carried away with that.

I'm from Indiana and I'm Catholic and where I'm from
in Indiana people think that means I've set up a shrine
to Mary in my basement where I burn incense and
sacrifice unbaptized babies and asphyxiate myself with a rosary
while "cleaning out the pipes."

I'm from Indiana and I will kick your ass
in a game of H-O-R-S-E.

I'm from Indiana and this guy I work with was Mr. Basketball
in 1985. He's a pretty cool guy. He said nice things
about my car, once.

I'm from Indiana and I don't hate black people.
I don't mind that all kinds of Hispanics are moving in
to my neighborhood. Old Hoosiers whisper about it.
Big fucking deal. I'd rather have them around than the hicks
from Silver Lake who rent the house across the back yard
and who we think are cooking up and or selling meth
and whose dog always humps our dog who sits there
and takes it until her fur is all gooey.

I'm from Indiana and I believe in equal rights for
gays. I don't hate atheists. I don't hate Christians.
One of my best friends is Mormon. I dislike hippies

because they're usually using the "kind brother" routine to get into somebody's pants. I try not to be an asshole. Sometimes I am anyway.

I'm from Indiana and I have no idea how to cultivate an ear of corn, impregnate a cow, or churn butter.

I'm from Indiana and I know all the words to "Back Home Again in Indiana" but this is not the Indianapolis 500 and I am not going to sing it for you now.

Steve Henn