

Ubiquitously Michael

Who is Michael Ray Charles Green? Sometimes, even I get confused. I am more than a name. I am more than just this physical body or being. I am much greater than a description. No personalities, characteristics, and or traits define me. Even empirical evidence cannot accurately summarize who I am. To epitomize me into mere words would be insufficient.

I constantly change and will continue to change. Therefore, it is extremely difficult for me to share with you who I am or who I think I am. However, from birth until now, there is a story about me. The story is not a definition of who I am. The story is not who I am. The story is exactly what it is, it's just a story. The best word to describe who I am if I had to pick a word would most likely be, ubiquitous. I believe I am currently present or seeming to be present and or everywhere at the same time.

Essentially, I had no control, choice, or say so over the day I was born, my gender, my parents, my race, ethnicity, nationality, the place I was born, my eye color, my health, the time I was born, or any of those types of things. So, is who I am predetermined if I never had control from the beginning? I guess I just evolved and formed physically, mentally, spiritually, and emotionally with characteristics, personalities, and qualities.

However I happened, I think I was created beautifully. Basically, I am a human male who was born on Thursday, August 12, 1982 on the planet Earth in the United States of America, probably somewhere in a hospital located in Milwaukee, Wisconsin to Herbert Green and Trudy Green. I believe I was born healthy and without any deformities.

As of now, I am arguably 6 foot 1 in height and weigh somewhere between 210 to 220 pounds. I have a medium heavy weight build and am a little bulky. I have a light skin complexion due to my father being Negroid and my mother being Caucasoid. I wear a respectable size 40-inch waist and 36 inch length in pants. I wear a respectable size 2XL shirt, but sometimes I wear a 3XL for comfort ability. I'm left handed. I choose to wear the matted hairstyle, commonly know as dread-locks. The color of my hair is arguably between dark brown and black. Both of my ears are pierced and so is the left side of my nostril. I have five semiprofessional tattoos and two amateur tattoos. I have no major health issues other than seasonal asthma, which I use albuterol inhaler on occasssion and a mild case of arthritis in my right knee.

Overall, I love myself very much. Of course, there are some things I would and could improve, but nothing a little exercise couldn't help. I could use shedding a few pounds and some body conditioning. I don't like that I bump up after shaving, but that's only because I'm incarcerated and am using cheap razors. If I were free from incarceration, I would use beard trimmers,

which doesn't bump me up at all. Other than that, I'm totally in love and content with myself. I love my big pretty feet, big calves, sculpted thighs, nice butt, Gender, lean arms and biceps, bold torso, calm back, firm shoulders, strong neck, dreamy eyes, cute nose, long chin, strong jaw line, strawberry lips, carved ears, long eye brows, content cheeks, smooth forehead, workable sideburns, beard, mustache, and my dread-locks. I would certainly be attracted to me if I were a woman and I saw me on the street. I love my skin complexion, height, weight, and hair color. I love me nice white teeth and bright pink gums. I even love the gap in between my two front teeth. Fortunately for me, I don't have any physical diseases. I've never had any sexually transmitted diseases. I don't have diabetes, even though I probably should have it due to all the sweets, soda, and candy I've eaten throughout my life. I've never been shot or stabbed. I never even broke a bone in my body or had any surgeries. I've never had a problem with being obese or anorexic. The only real problems I have, have been since I was a child growing up with family problems, my race, and socializing with others.

I have one biological sister who is older than I am by a year and 8 months. I have one biological brother who is younger than I am by a year and 6 months. My father died somewhere near his 28th birth date in March of 1990 from a hypertension brain hemorrhage. He was only 20 years old when I was born and he only spent about seven ½ years with me on this earth. My mother was 26 years old when I was born.

My siblings and I were placed in the custody of my father's relative for a while and we experienced physical, mental, and verbal abuse for what seemed like eternity. We would get beat bare naked in front of each other with objects and other unthinkables. The abuse was recognized eventually and we returned to the custody of our biological mother and her boyfriend. However, the abuse continued by my mother's boyfriend and that created chaos for us as a family.

My mother terminated her parental rights with me and I was subject to the Department of Human Services-Foster Care System. My sister and brother remained in the care of my biological mother and her boyfriend.

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Ubiquitously Michael –
Is an excerpt from an autobiography written
By Michael R. Green. I just thought I share
with you a piece of the book.