

My Name Is Michael

There are seven letters in my name, each one unique from the last. But together they create a common name, a label for an average guy. No zest. No glow. No eye-catching syllables. Just seven letters in cliché sequence to brand a man who hates clichés. How could I, whose name written on paper would glaze critical eyes, make my mark? What's in a name?

If I could swim like Phelps, I wouldn't be concerned about making a ripple in the world's sea of averageness. My butterfly stroke would send waves overseas, into the hearts of those I've inspired.

If I could jump like Jordan, I wouldn't be anxious about aiming too high. I would run as fast as I can and spring off the balls of my feet at the free-throw line. There would be no doubt that I'd reach my goal.

If I could act like Douglas or Keaton, I wouldn't lose sleep over being stuck with one persona. Each character I assume would lay down another brick in an iconic pyramid of my repertoire.

If I could sing like Jackson, I wouldn't be worried that my voice isn't heard. Words become notes in the ears of listeners. They become a voice that moves people subconsciously, physically, emotionally.

My name is an epithet for greatness. It is a shoe that may be too large for my feet but leaves room for growth. I don't have to swim like a dolphin or jump like a frog. I don't need to convince an audience I'm someone else or induce a crowd into a rhythmic trance.

Yes, you have heard my name before. But you haven't heard my ideas. You've seen the seven letters, but you haven't seen the visions that span the seven seas. You've read the word a thousand times, but you haven't read my stories.

My name is Michael, and I intend to prove it.