

# ASHES TO ASHES

It was my own cremation. Like a cadaver being consumed one match at a time. Ashes fell from flesh mixing with the stench of what was once me. He use to love me. Now he just tells me he does. I don't answer the phone anymore. I don't have a phone anymore. I don't have anything. People care only until they feel better.

For full monologue contact me at [me@johnmcgie.com](mailto:me@johnmcgie.com).