

## BABY'S BAG

*On skytrain.*

Rock a bye baby

On the tree top

When the wind blows

The cradle will rock

When the bow breaks

The cradle will fall

And down will come baby

Cradle and all

The first star. I wish I may. I wish I might...

Nobody knows me. People everywhere and nobody sees me. The blood is beginning to seep through the backpack now. People will notice soon. I didn't know the father. *Looks out window.* It's raining. Babies die every day.

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