

BYE BYE BABY

Breastfeeding a baby in a chair.

Perfunctory dimwit. What a git. With his dangling doodad delinquency overtaking me like an anemic turtle in a tar pit. Every bit of him was late in coming. The something I liked about him was very little. You could whittle him down to half a pound of intellect on any day. If he were in the Garden of Eden he would have allergies. Even his sneezes were halfhearted. Like they were saying 'What's the point?' This is the man I would marry. It was a very inconvenient marriage of convenience.

For full monologue contact me at me@johnmcgie.com.