

BUTTERFLY LOVE

You pick it up. It' so gentle, fragile. You wouldn't hurt it for the world. It's so beautiful. And then it dies. You've killed it. The first butterfly I held as a child was like holding magic in the palm of my hands. The wonder that this magical thing was within my grasp. I didn't realize I was killing it by holding onto it. Love's like that.

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