

CRIMINAL HEARING

Auditory receptacle, blipped out and bugged up – like a rotting cauliflower. If deaf were mute I'd be screaming right now. Not all things. It's not all things. Just some things. Certain things. Can't hear them. Or they don't want to be heard. Every word whispers to a wall of hallow echoes. The world is mimes with no makeup. I often flutter my eyes to induce a silent film effect. Prepare some popcorn, prop myself out the window and watch the world go by as a daily installment. With no sound to surrender intrinsic false details of social illusion confusion is apt to be left outside and uninvited. Action is distraction and movement communicates within the realm of a secondary world of truthful deliverance and incidental surrender. I once put a bird in a blender to shock my hearing into being. It took me days to clean the ceiling. Bloody bird. Not a peep.

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