

DUSTY MEMORIES

The dust sits like rust on everything. Flecks of our decaying. Layers of lives lost to time. We breathe in the miniscule cadaverous crumbs of lost lovers and others that translucently transcend the musty morgue air that hangs here like a suicidal hangman. Silky surfaces saturated and slathered in some gathering graveyard of the undead and soon to be gone. Like an archeological dig of figments of imagination held within the sinking sands of shedding souls we troll for truth within unused lies. Who we are hides here.

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