

**GENUS HELIANTHUS**  
**(The Dung Diaries)**

Genus Helianthus. The sunflower. The pain soiled the lackluster linoleum with dribbling dung that sung out my monolithic misery in telltale trickles and drips that “blipped” to the floor like a late morn’s rain. Post-posterior plops are not what I got when I hunkered my hiny upon nippy settee of terra cotta splendor. No no. Much to the contrary, constipation consternation reigned supreme in Nature’s regal room as I continued to lethargically leak on feet and floor making it all the more slick to slip in this developing Dante’s sullied slapstick. “Shit,” I said as a timely expletive. The lone word echoing in the chamber bowl acoustics of my bathrobe purgatory as I wearily waltzed in my awaiting waste.

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