

HE/SHE

Trickle of a giggle got the unmentionable recognition of the entire room. Like a witch on a broom getting ready to land in the desert sand sedentary of this inhospitable environment, she regaled and plopped her well-cropped calamity of a bouffant blasphemy smack dab in the middle of this little known encampment of intolerance. Offense being her best social skill she went on to befriend in a manner akin to a chainsaw addressing warm butter. Every word uttered like a rub to the tit of a dried out cow. “Wow!” no one must have thought as befuddlement bedazzled in a razzle-dazzle fizzle that whittled away at all good taste. Atrocities were the topic of conversation, though they were never spoke of, and the room clamored with the jabber of nothing in particular spoken at great length. Why she returned every year was unclear though understood. Like geese in tandem she returned as the salmon as a routine spasm of returning hurting no one but herself.

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