

KIDS AND HOBOS

We're all transient. We're all moving. Our atoms. Our blood. Us. Moving. Always. All the time. Just moving. Nomadic. We might live in a city. Live in one place. But we're nomadic. Meant to be. Moving. Always moving. So we got it wrong. All this infrastructure. Agriculture. Staying in one place. Stuck. Struggling. Trying to fit in. Into what? This?

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