

LINOLEUM

Faces in the floor. I see them. In the pattern. Their eyes... I hate linoleum. I told my husband. I told him. But he... If you look close enough. You look past it. Past the pattern. Faces. Screaming. Most screaming. It was on sale. I wanted hardwood. Or tile. But he said no. There's children. Grownups. Trapped. It's not my fault!

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