

LOVE BUS

Talking to person at bus stop. Standing.

Lovers is lust. For sure is. People that don't know each other are the only ones that can be for sure in love. Is this the stop for the #47 to downtown? Thank you.

I think love is everything but you shouldn't make much of it. It comes and goes when it chooses. This here is a picture of my Great Grandma, Bessy and Great Grandpa, Herbert. Married all of 47 years. Hated each other for most of it but stayed together the whole time. Did they love each other? You bet. Deeply. Once Bessy died Herbert died within the year. Some folk might say he couldn't live without her. He was hit by a bus. Love's like that. Bam! It hits you and then drives away.

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