

MY LOVE

Pockmarked spots and pimples dimpled the cavernous amorous great divide which lay and/or lie across her hide hidden by a thin munition dump of foundation skin tone #42. Her eyes were bluish brown and round like the sceptic pools of an overused campsite. She delighted in the smaller things of life like lice, mice and tics. Her teeth split giving her smile a beguiling come hither gape that cut to the nape of her neck. She was every insomniac's dream. A horror of femininity.

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