

NEARIGHTED

It all started with a kiss. Like this. *Kiss*. Nectar made from the plastic pollen of a dead fake flower - bittersweet and complete in its lacking. Smacking fleshly bits of lip clip Cupid, who is now hanging by a thread – near dead, and I watch as the little love imp does a dramatic half flip into the harsh reality of unchecked desperation.

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