

“It is an aching kind of growing”

*throughout this monologue, i am building a pedestal out of books*

My father was a god to me. A kind one, but powerful nonetheless. Gods are never wrong. Gods know everything. God created me, so I idolized him as my creator. Gods are not people. They are above them. They know better. My father knew far, far better.

*LILA comes out as a father figure of sorts. Neo-wise, she is just someone I can't help but idolize. She stands on the pedestal I have made for her.*

Above all, gods do not show weakness. Maybe they don't even know weakness.

When my father's mother died, he lost a god and so did I. I stood there in the church pew at the funeral and for the first time I watched my father cry. He squeezed my hand. And he was just a man.

People on pedestals are still people. They're just out of reach.

*LILA steps down.*

It's better to love your idols when you're standing eye to eye.

*We look at each other.*

Thank you.