“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.