

I Liked My Giant Friends

by Darryl Price

When you say they were too big, too wild, they weren't too big to be giants.

Giants are meant to dwarf things. They can't help it. They're not trying to make you

feel helpless to give them a haircut. They just grow fast. But they have sorrows you

can't understand. They meet the storms first head on. They stand in the way of lightning

and hail. They take a beating before you even know it is snowing or raining. They

looked pretty happy to me, even with their large lot in life. They made me feel

safe. And now they are gone, and like so many other instances of gone, without goodbyes

or hugs inside the dreamy brain. The only mourning that can take place is without them,

like an empty bowl of fruit, they are eaten away. There is nothing left but a

story of once there were giants but now there are none. Just dark patches of dirt.

Just extra light. An empty little forest and not much to tell. The tree looks confused.

The street lamp acts ashamed. Birds have lost a map. Perhaps this is progress. They can

make you appear to have never existed. Can flatten the earth
where you once stood. They
can erase your presence. They can make you feel something else
because there's nothing else to

feel. And that is the end of that. Amen, and don't forget to brush
your teeth.

Might as well look good as the dust becomes your only words.
Goodbye, my lovely giants.

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