

Scarecrow

by Darryl Price

I don't want to start with trees, but
they do seem to be the heir apparent.
The forest for the trees.
That's not a flag, it's a feeling.

Even if you had the answer,
you wouldn't know what to do with
it. Your journey would be over.
Everything would be disappearing

and the dance would become nothing
more than a photograph of a
photograph. No more sails filling
your heart with wind and speed. Only

something so deep, no need for dream
longings of any kind, that there
is no discernable flowing
into another anything's

beginning. It's a soul trap. Sound
you make is the path to the gate.
Funny, it's not locked. All those keys
you collected are useless now.

You're the only true key that gains
the full attention of what lies
beyond. That's why Saints are so sad.
They can't save you. Only you can

save you. What you asked of yourself
is what you'll get. You must have wanted

me to write this for you. I'm glad
to oblige. Trees don't just stand there,

but unless you can connect their
ancient plight to that of Joan of
Arc you are missing the point. You
are here. Human. Sun and the air.

Sun and the sea. Sun and the moon.
Trees are trying to build as much
uranium enrichment sites
as the next foreign country at

endless war. Don't look for excuses.
There are none. Human. Sun and
earth. Walk that lonesome road. It's the
only way you'll learn who you are.

