

# Story of the Once Magnificent Big Ole, Shaggy Tree's Awful Demise

*by* Darryl Price

The world is beginning to lose what little hair it has left.  
Follicles litter the streets and scrape along merrily  
in the wind like one last turn of  
the world defying knob of being and knowing. But the thing I  
want to say here is how beautiful everything still  
looks today inside of that inevitable loss of  
wild head-space. It's like the big trees are  
left on lamps and the stained glass leaves

are the round and spinning around lampshades, illuminating the  
well-worn landscapes of our lives with an incredible  
inviting blanket after blanket of borrowed piping hot sun slices.  
Time as monster has caught all of my  
battery operated friends by the weary throat it  
seems. They've all been shaken loose from one another good and  
hard,  
to another color altogether. Many of us look  
washed out. But we look the same in

the eyes somehow, but something is going on, I  
can feel it, too. The boats can only  
take us out so far. Sooner or later

we must return to the foolish moment of shore and  
walk up the muddy planks and into the  
yellow rooms we all know so well as saints on welfare must.  
I don't know what kind of goodbye I'll  
finally make of this cruel play one day. You'll probably

do okay. It would be better to be  
funny than fine. That's what I think. I don't know.  
I have no jokes that don't include looking  
at the stars for help. I can't help it where  
my mind goes for hope. I was given the blues  
at a very young age. I don't want  
to fight the facts. I'm only trying to give you  
a guarantee of respect, but I can't even dance up the street that  
hard.

