

Story of the Once Magnificent Big, 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 going around lampshades, illuminating the
well-worn landscapes of our lives with an incredible
inviting blanket after blanket of borrowed piping sun slices.
Time as monster has caught all of my
battery operated friends by the weary throat it
seems. They've all been shaken 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 foolishment of shore and
walk up the muddy planks and into the
yellow rooms we all know so well as saints on welfare.
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.

