

Trees Today

by Darryl Price

are my only real friends. They don't seem to mind my shuffling down the dirty sidewalks without acknowledging their mere scraggly presences like friendly tombstones. They are growing their hair out again. I've noticed that much. We've got a shared blue egg sky cap on the stove called sun. They have such a long

near and dear history. It takes miles and many more miles to even begin to unwind it all properly. While my own scribbled down story seems a bit shorter. I'd like to keep my mind out of these dog-brained winds right now, but you can see that it

probably doesn't really matter. I'm still going to try to get inside a small cloud on a hill and disappear from anyone's view. No one will even know I'm there, or not there, like a dark seed in an opaque pod. I see a plastic bag caught by its free handle in a tree branch

swinging like a monkey, but the tree seems to be laughing at the gag as much as the next tiny bush trying to push out new frosty looking flowers with all its might. Children on bikes are circling something in the grass like killer whales. All I want

is to find my place in this weather and

sink into its non-inspiration for
a good while. I don't know why I'm telling
you this. Our sharing isn't exactly
love any more. Something came along and
broke me a long time ago. Only trees
offer a sip of something less bitter.

