

Kyle Flak

NINE TINY ESSAYS ABOUT TREES

1.

Electric guitars are made out of trees. And other stuff. I feel sad when I think about a cool dude up on stage waving a dead tree around.

2.

Once, I took a walk in the woods. And all I heard was the sound of my dead lover taking off her baby blue sweater, waiting for me to come touch her.

3.

I was at the museum with my uncle and I told him, "I love breezes in treezes." He looked at me like I was a poisonous snake trying to sell broken stereo equipment to children.

4.

"Not all trees can sing and dance and make love to beautiful strangers—but I can!" said the tree in my dream who looked a lot like Michael Bolton.

5.

Deep in winter, I walk to work on icy sidewalks. And the trees hold out their tired arms to welcome me.

6.

Any slob can get a job, but only trees can stand really still in the autumn rain like they are the mighty gods who have always owned the sound of loneliness.

7.

I played the Mozart piano sonata perfectly. Then I looked out at the rain and noticed that the trees were playing a song that made the entire collected works of Mozart suddenly burst into flames and vanish from the face of the Earth.

8.

"Tea anyone?" I say to the empty hallway, then laugh out loud. Of course I am alone. My favorite people are trees.

9.

For a long time I wrote nothing. Then my arms woke up by themselves and created a bunch of strange documents that I honestly know nothing about. I have always been asleep. Asleep and dreaming of trees.