



Underneath the Jalay-lay tree

By

C.P. Wyszynski

Underneath the Jalay-lay tree,
Maxwell and Mary Hanoose teach their robot children the meaning of resistance.

Past the tree, on the road to forgetfulness, a lone hobo dressed to the nines in Renaissance
kitchenware, cries as he buries his first love.

Down the bend from grief, two rabbits, Negwa and Paula Gene, play hide and seek in a child's
skull. The eye socket always has the best hiding spot from the walking reanimated mongoose
that likes to spoil their fun.

As we cross the glacial frozen lake, away from child games, far from grief, and scores beyond
the Jalay-lay tree, there is silence.

She is 206 years old next week. She will spend it like she has since she was tried, imprisoned
in the icy chill of summer, alone...shut off from the world she thought she knew.

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