

A Glowing Blue Bone

by Darryl Price

Sometimes the only music I want to hear is silence.
Don't get me wrong. I like noise. Certain noises make
me glad to be alive. But right now, I'm content
waiting with the rain and the hum of everything in
the rain, including me, running to my car, but getting

soaked anyway. Maybe I deserved to get rained upon. Moot
point. It already happened. I didn't hurry home. I looked
at the rain on my windshield as a strange and
beautiful kind of writing. What could it be saying now
that it hasn't been saying all along for thousands of

brutal or beautiful years, but we have all been here
before. And now, here I sit, dry as a bone,
typing another poem. The funny thing is, I don't know
who it is to, but I do know it is
for you. Let's not go into it too deeply. All

poems have a mystery at the center of them, waiting
to be surely found and carried away. The only basket
capable enough to hold it in is the heart. I
didn't invent that. Some fox did. I'm pretty sure of
that. But again, moot. I tried putting on some Dylan

to flood in the empty spaces in my alone brain,
but it appeared into my unsung snug luxury like an
unwanted cymbal crash. I like cymbals, don't you, but sometimes
they just need to tone it down a bit. I'm
only trying to think or feel or just be in

the raw moment without a plan for some cosmic reconstructed
Deja vu later on. I'm sure it's to be a

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mighty delicious high for you, but couldn't we just share something together like a delightful spark? I don't know what else to say. To everyone I've ever known, you were

important to me, even if I never said I love you. Everything is the same story, just different players, different places, different times, all masquerading as the first and the only one. Every day, I almost forget how to fly, but then I remember your face. No. Don't talk now.

