Many Blue Fields

by Darryl Price

The wind can be such a bother. It always wants something it can't have, or you're not willing to give. It really blows my fur up around my neck sometimes. At least in the Spring, it has something else to distract its maniacal need for someone else's

precious time. But here
we are. You can see, right
there, that some green lump is
quietly but deliberately
pushing up
into the crisp new air,
trying so hard to breathe
deeply again. It's a
lovely sign of many
good things already to

come our way soon. Birdsongs will no longer be lonely, scratchy records playing in the cold night rooms of certain trees, but loud speakers blasting through many blue fields of endless possibility I like to call sky. But for right now, as you can see,

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the wind wants my scarf. And for what, I haven't the slightest idea. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. There. Take a deep breath. That's so much better. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must be on my way. Don't want to be caught in the coming rain with this wind.