

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,

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.

