

# Room For Blues

Dana Yost

Otis Redding wouldn't sing Dylan  
because the Bard of the North Country's  
lyrics had too many words.  
Not enough space for soul,  
for the long, strained notes of woe  
and grief—for a young man groaning  
the sighs of an old world.

I can't sing, not even the worst  
Dylan impression, and I wouldn't  
want to try. I do want the space,  
though, for one word, maybe two,  
to speak the entirety of sad, dark  
hours of heartbroke pain,  
backbroken bones,  
for the low-throat, growling hum  
of the lives  
of men and women  
dragging themselves  
from quagmire nights  
into another day  
of regretting  
their lives.