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.