

For the Love of a Book

We often talk about falling:

Falling leaves in autumn,

Falling below the mark,

Falling in love.

My favorite place to fall?

Into a good book.

Have you ever fallen there

Too?

As you open

The front cover,

One step is taken

Toward the abyss

The table of contents is skimmed,

Another step is taken.

The first sentence is read,

And then you are falling, falling,

Falling, down.

You chase after the words

As Alice did the White Rabbit.

Each chapter brings a new adventure:

Beasts, magic, and impossible beings;

An imagined universe full

Of sparkling blue waterfalls

And lush green forests.

By the time you reach

The climax of the tale,

You are willingly held hostage by the book.

You are happy here,
For you know this place
Better than your own home.
These characters have come alive
In your imagination.
You are friends with them,
And love them more
Than you thought you could love fictional beings.
By the end, you are smiling,
Or laughing,
Or maybe crying.
You have lived this adventure
With them. You cannot
Bear to leave.
Yet back to the real world
We all must return,
Only to be enraptured by
Another story, and fall
Down
Yet
Again.