

Dear Life

Sneezing again. Dust plumes
as the covers are pried apart. Run your fingers down the creases
in my spine. Smells like the old cottage.

A void left on the shelf.

Books teeter until their fingers clasp. Hope they don't lose their grip.
Held up. Books aren't held up much.
I think they *like* hands. Or they *are* like hands.
Have you ever held an old hand?
It's like an old leaf; it crumbles as it rolls in the wind.
Or an old book holding on for dear life.

Dear life,
Why are you entombed in shelves?
Isn't your skin sick of librarians?
You must get bored of the same set of hands, I know I do.
Break free, why don't you? Crack that spine and
wait for
new hands
to massage the words right
off your pages.

Hold on for dear life.