

TO A BOOK

Tell me my constant companion
Of the story you hold forth to me
Take my mind back to lives and times
Create a picture to see.
Show me the paths I've not traveled,
Introduced me to ones I've not met,
Let me feel the vibration of life in my hands,
Let me smell the grass and flowers where the dew has wept.

I feel like a trespasser on another's mind,
My eyes devour the passion of one's heart.
The writer has shared the deepest feelings,
And I the reader can feel a part.
The author has opened doors once locked to me
As if a guardian held the golden key.

My friend, you hold me spellbound in your grasp,
I am hypnotized by the drama, by the poetic prose,
I imagine I feel a pulsating in my clasp.
You gilt-edged leaves rustle at my slightest caress.
Your phrases flow freely as though once suppressed.

I am relaxed in a state of oblivion-
Except for the novel I hold in my hand-
I feel exiled in another land.
My friend, your visits are of various lengths,
And your descriptions hold such strength.
I know one day you will be gone,
But your memory for a lifetime will linger on.

Beth Anderson