

A book like me

Folded between pages,

Held between worlds,

High on the shelf I sat,

filled with words.

My stories out of reach,

Out of sight,

Out of mind.

Hands have graced these pages,

And many more will too,

Every crease,

Every smear,

Every ink mark,

Tells a story,

just as much as these words do.

These tear-stained words,

and perfume-scented pages,

Reminiscent of the worlds I used to be in,

The soft worn paper of the cover,

And the matte texture of the pages,

Holding the imprints of thousands.

There is a bigger story a book like me can tell,

Wedged between the words,
Folded between the pages,
Who laughed,
who cried,
Who couldn't even finish me.

You may read my words,
But these are the tales I also tell,
the favourite tales in my life,
My life, from the printing date on the inside of my cover,
To whenever these pages fade away.

The residue of candle wax,
As someone read me in the dark.
The bleeding ink,
As someone read me in the rain.

There is simply,
not enough words to express the tales I could tell,
That is the true tale of a book like me,
That is why they learned how to read.