Books

by Leah Shrestinian

They wait for me all day, while I'm at school,
Impatient to be read,
Then, while everyone's asleep, from under the covers I quietly sneak,
In the kitchen, a dull orange glow pools on the granite counter,
I wince as my bare feet touch the cool, stone floor,
I am preoccupied by the thoughts of the day, as I quickly slip onto the wooden chair,
But as I slide my fingers through the thin manila pages to find my place,
My senses are taken over by excitement at what will come next in the text before me,
And the sweet, thick smell of dust that wafts from the book,
Tickling my nose with the familiar, pleasant scent,
Then I am whirled off into a world, entirely different from the one in which we dwell,
A world that belongs to dragons and knights,
To princesses and wizards,
Or maybe tonight I'll sink back in time,
To catch up with my old friend Queen Elizabeth II,
I get caught up in the words that string into phrases, creating history, adventure and love,
I sail on a sea of poems and stories, losing myself completely in tales and texts,
A clock chimes in the distance, pulling me away from my page, back into the real world,
Midnight arrived while I had dwelled in the land of books,
I slip quietly back to bed longing for the next time I would sink into the sea of stories,
I dream sweet dreams of towers and brave kings and queens,
I dream of adventures that could only come to be in the depths of my imagination,
And in the books I love so much!