

# The World of Books

by Leah Denison

Hard covers,  
Locking away another world  
Where facts and dreams swim like fish  
Out of the pages,  
And into the ocean of your mind

Their paper, blank;  
Its many pages  
Only to be filled by the pen that is your intellect

Its ink, an invisible dissertation  
Not yet developed  
Ideas, surfacing like dolphins  
Spouting streams of thought

Your dappling interest,  
A twinkling reflection of the sun on the sea  
It is the elucidator to the world in which you are in pursuit.

Unlatching the door  
With a twist of the skeleton key  
Its contour forever engraved in your brain  
The hands of your memory clasp it tightly  
Expectantly

The old leather bound door  
So many times opened;  
Generously sheds the same light  
On each traveler  
Allowing for the pen to paper touch  
The ink flowing out  
The eager fish  
Returning to the ebb of the page  
Though dual minds.  
The writer to reader connection  
Channeling thoughts  
Through a deep canal  
Hollowed by the mental marine life  
That are the words printed  
Eternally black on white  
A world of sudden clarity.