

Notebook

by Sophie Coombs

Bindings worn
and re-sewn
and re-sewn
and re-sewn.
Loose leafs of paper
flutter out
of mind
of existence.
Some
stubborn
won't budge
or tear;
rumpled
but re-smoothed
and re-smoothed
and re-smoothed.
Blank faces
simple.
innocent
with little marks
Black faces
crammed and smudged
and indecipherable,
bowing folded over
shriveling through
time
and wear
and weather.
The edges of the
notebook
rugged and
grimy
graying
and scrubbed
looking.
I have nothing left to do
of course
but ink out the continuing
pages
and wait for them to
yellow.
My beautiful notebook
rewritten
rewritten
rewritten.