Ode to Books

by Sasha Schwartz

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Your black and white print
Shimmers and shakes and smudges out,
As my eyes glaze over,
And I leave my atmosphere

I inhale your fresh starts,
Unsolved mysteries,
Hidden secrets,
Unfinished endings,
Risky wishes,
And sparkling moments

Forever always lies on the next page,
Along with the glittering destiny,
Of a thousand heroes

I'm addicted
To your words of power,
And your concepts of imagination,
That twist around my wrists,
Binding me into a different sky,
And whisper into my ear,
The true inventions of our harsh reality

My head pounds harder
Than a tree branch caught
In a fierce winter wind
Smashing through the window pane,
Of a faraway place

But I don't notice,
Because I am filled with a desperate desire
To beat you to your unknown ending