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Bibliophile

I've sat in this chair for an age,
and probably will for another—
the termites living and mating and dying in the woodwork next to me.

The light bulb may die eventually,
but I'll keep on reading,
nose an inch from Homer's Odyssey,
heroically reading page after page,
stack next to me diminishing,
as I toss conquest after conquest away.

I fall in and out of the story,
wrenching myself away to fuzzily notice another century has ticked by –
but I cannot stop, the climax leading into the delicious first chapter:
Emma has eluded Sherlock Holmes but no,
Kim tweaks Hook's nose and away they go,
over the mountains that look like bookshelves,
the magician turns them invisible and they fall...

I've read forever, and forever will read again.
Until I remember my mother telling me
this reading with no light is bad for my eyes...

It seems a shame to stop, nearly having finished the night,
and the millennium.
The apocalypse is so close now,
perhaps as soon as the county fair,
as close as the cottage in the woods –
Yet somehow I struggle up mightily,
And slowly, tragically, force myself into the next room,
carrying the ring to its doom,
And myself to bed.