

## Library

Books of mine,  
silent friends  
on the shelves,  
rows and rows of  
spines erect,  
ready for reception.

Plodding through  
the pages of these friends,  
will I find any life?  
Any electricity?

I find concepts  
built upon concepts  
built upon concepts,  
traded and stolen and  
borrowed and twisted  
from one to another  
until the cows  
drink milk shakes.

My friends in rows are  
corpses in a mental  
mausoleum.  
I wish them well  
in their neat slots,  
but I must live awake  
and alive and alert  
and aware.

Thank you, my friends,  
for the memories,  
but mother moment  
jerks me to attention.  
I will sing the now  
into the here  
until I join you  
upon the shelves.