



BOOK LOVERS

By Wayne Visser

So what if it's true
I sleep with my books
There's no need for you
To give me strange looks
It's just when I'm weary
From every day strain
I want my books near me
To massage my brain
It's a way to unwind
And let my thoughts go
It's relaxing I find
To let the words flow
Is that so insane?

So what if I keep
The dictionary next
To me when I sleep
So I don't get vexed
It's just when I'm dreaming
And wake up with words
Like bright ribbons streaming
And songs of the birds
It's best that I check them
To see if they fit
Rather than wreck them
Before they are writ
Is that so absurd?

So what if the sheets
I have on my bed
Are blank paper sheaves
To lay down my head
It's just when I wake up
With some swirling rhyme
Like leaves left to rake up





From star scattered time
It's better to scribble
The words on a page
And capture its riddle
Before the spark fades
Is that such a crime?

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