



## 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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