

Turning

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Reading, writing, that's all they do
With noses stuck in crinkled pages
There's life out there that isn't stated
But still they turn, turn, turn, captivated

Then they recite, the bookish fools
Spending all night with words and rhymes
Performing for others the letters they've read
And the others stop, and watch, and read again

Everywhere you look, another book
Pages turning, turning, minds churning
“Oh darling, you haven't read this one yet?”
“Why no, what fun! See here an even better set.”

Then let's idolize the penning hand
Let's praise the prose and metered mastery
“What a clever story, we never saw it happening!”
“What more's in store? We'll wait here happily.”

“Oh give it a rest, we've heard it before
Your talk of worms and rot and hardcover molds
You're not special, just boring, and a little sad
Worry less of us and all of the fun we've had.”

Perhaps they're right; the numbers are in
The well-read rule, the dumb spreaded thin
The book burners burn their fires for sport
And no one seeks their ink-fueled warmth

So pass me the pages, now, I suppose
Lend me a story we've already told
And let's scroll, scroll, scroll, scroll
‘Til our thumbs are sore through