

Open Book  
By: Rachael Lord

Every day feels like  
The perfect day  
To go to the bookstore.  
To run my fingers along each spine  
Imagining how many people will open its cover  
Without judging first.

I like to go to the used section  
Sometimes  
To suck in the smell of being alive  
Or having lived  
Gloriously.

When I find myself  
Again among the newness, the crisp pages that  
Slice into my fingertips, if I'm not careful  
I notice how each book  
Is perfectly in place  
A feeling, in which, I simply cannot relate.