What is a book?

Books are thick and chunky
Cumbrous and awkward to hold
They press against your fingers
Stretching the tendons in your arm
Resting against your chest

Books are smooth and clean with plastic covers
Lingering on contact
They have rough, pitted, papery edges
Dog-eared corners
And lines engraved deeply in the spine

Books hold the warm, rich scent of history
And of history yet to be made
Lingering on the edge of each breath
Lingering in your throat
Flooding your mind with wonders

Books rustle and shuffle
And land with the heavy thud of a heart beat
They flick and tick
With the turn of each page
Walloping closed when you’ve had enough

Books take root in your mind
The untold tales transforming each bud to a flower
Twisting, creeping, growing
Until they tower over you
Like the trees from which they were born