Words, like Worlds
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A little girl stood once, in awe,
Before her neighbor's prized bookcase
All lined with volumes, scented, old
And leather-bound, and edged with gold.
Her heart leaped up, a fish in air
It broke the bounds of what it knew.

For words, like worlds, are born in cells
And nestle deep in swells of sound.
They wrestle with ancestral cries,
Like Aphrodite, full-blown, rise
From oceans fathomless, in storm,
Beyond the reach of memory.

She knew with certainty that in
This fragrant, unsmudged, enclosed space
This wood and glass, so pristine, clear,
A paper world could draw her near
Inviting and alluring, and
Imbued with tales from magic lands.

For words build worlds to bridge a gap;
With pilings that are driven deep
And cables to connect, to bind
With graceful arches, other minds;
Shaping futures yet unformed
And spanning space with gravity.

She longed to sit, and dream, and read
The books that lived behind those doors
The old man saw her thirst, and loaned
Them to her one by one. She honed
Her understanding as she read
And stories shaped the things she said.

In books, we find humanity
Still searching, groping in a fog
For meaning, hope, and mystery,
For love, and trust in history.
We search for truth and beauty fair
In rocks, or stars, or tales askew.

In books I found that I could hear
The click of kindred voices, clear.
In libraries, on bookshelves crammed.
With intellect still unprogrammed,
I lived for love of books – and learned,
The wheel of life would always turn.

For sometimes, we unlock in books
The gateway into better worlds,
To places where we seek, and find,
A different voice, a different mind.
Those worlds shaped by a writer's words
Will free **our** voices to be heard.
