

Books on a Shelf / Michael Hill

Like old pals, they lean on each other
for support, a close-knit clan
swelling with stories
for anyone willing to look
past the dust on their jackets
or the must on their breath.
In fact, I'd like to think
they're not simply content
to keep to themselves, but rather
that they'd gladly open up
to whoever might want to drop by
and sit with them awhile.
At any rate, they don't get out much,
not anymore, so here they rest,
among friends, lingering on
past glories as they index the days
before their pages were dog-eared
and their spines were bent.

Michael Hill / Fort Collins, Colorado