

Between the sheets

I confess,
I sleep with books.
Covers spread open and waiting--
they beckon,
a fluttering of leaves
like lapping tongues
Oh, their smooth embossed spines.

The tawdry ones are good for a night.
Rumpled, smelling of smoke,
usually borrowed and broken,
They're anybody's book,
sorry, sticky even,
used and returned.

The worldly-wise may leave an exotic taste,
others have the common language
of guttersnipes but
may provide good tale.
Some disappoint--
summer flings, easily read
and dismissed,
important as the sand
shaken from my shoe.

I can't help but embrace them all,
stroking the ones I love,
smelling their words.
After a good read, I'm bushed.
Lying across my chest,
the latest listens to my heartbeat
while I take in what else it says.