

Memoirs from a Book

by Jackie Bole

**I know you want to hold me. I won't break.
I love you.
Your hands - when they caress me are soft and gentle.
My words speak only to you.
They speak of love and of how we spend our nights.
Sometimes you take me to bed. A soft light glowing.
Other times we travel.
But mostly we spend our time in the living room listening
to music.
I know you love me because you come back again and again
to hear me echoing the words in your mind once more.
I know that, when my back is broken and I'm thin and old,
you will still keep me.
I'll be there and you will gently lift me.
You love me.
And you always will.**

**Sincerely,
Your Favorite Story.**

