

My Relationship With Reading

by Jowell Tan

What if I said;
I never liked actually *reading* -

the black words on white paper
straining my eyes
flying through my mind
forming sentences I struggle to make sense of
before the next Capital Letter arrives
before I eventually slam the book shut
veins in my brain throbbing from overwork
and I have to close my eyes to rest

what if I said;
I liked *everything else* about reading -

the weight of it
in my hand as I carry it
on my shoulders as I put it in my bag

the feel of black printed ink
on white matte paper
words, worlds apart
coming together to create story
and plot
and emotion
the soft *smack* of pages meeting each other when I close the book
closing my eyes to capture the world materializing in my mind

the sense of accomplishment I get when I finish a book

“yes, I've done it!”
I've done something that wasn't the Internet
or my phone
but me
in a room, with my hands and my imagination
watching something being made
and I feel like I'm being involved
in something great

and that's what I have to say
About reading.

