

# Upon Reading a Book

*by* L. R. Styles

O' madam, betwixt the pages  
A story professed to love  
A wonder of descriptive prose  
Delights read enraptured  
"My favorite book", so you said

O' madam, your heroine is flawed  
Wounding herself beyond measure  
And those she swears she loves  
Loving only what she strives to have  
Consumed by what she holds

O' madam, such a story this is!  
As to make one shake horribly in shoe  
Reading more chills the very sinews  
Yet fosters a wild, crestfallen hope  
That she will learn from her mistakes

O' madam, it is *you* I read of here  
Your face reflects in its winding lines  
Your voice echoes in the dialog  
Your discontent rends the pages  
I wept for your unhappiness

O' madam, I heed the warning subtle  
To avoid such actions as yours  
To live as if there is nothing in Gain

To flee Ambition's slavish clutch  
And to cherish my Loves as they are

