

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

