

## **Ode to a Book Never Read**

By G. A. Rose

Here I sit upon the shelf,  
Waiting for someone to read me.

I wait and I wait,  
Hopeful at first, less at the end,  
Waiting for someone to read me.

My soul full of stories,  
Waiting for someone to read me.

Sitting and sitting,  
Till dust is clinging,  
Waiting for someone to read me.

But wait look there!  
Small hands, a face, a body,  
Looking for someone to read.

With no arms I cannot wave,  
No mouth to shout with.

Then he stops,

His hand reaches out,  
Looking for someone to read.

I am put under an arm,  
Carried to a desk to be scanned,  
To be taken home.

This person has found someone to read,  
And I have found someone to read me.