Ode to Books

by Craig Burns

Aged are your sallow pages
Kind is your demeanor
Yet hiding in your leaves like a thief
Are your jealous rages
Your biggest terrors
Your sweetest promises
Your words cage me like a prisoner
They pierce skin worse than swords
They captivate me more than gems
Books, so small, so strong
Like the weather of the world
You destroy like a tornado
You heal like a warm breeze
You are bitter like a winter storm
You are kind like a rainbow
With speech greater than kings
You can rule a barbaric world
With merely the whisper of your silk page