

Paper Room

You never know what you will find.
Seated in a chair made of cowhide,
Cold metal armrests still shiny, as if never used.
Warm seat worn from days long spent on it.

Pens and pencils in every color.
Dusty textbooks that line the shelves,
Lacking creases and cracks.
The scent of old books fills the room.

Frames, each one carrying a relative's face
Frozen in time, forced to smile all day.
Rain crashes into the window,
The green of the leaves that lure you,
And the red of the bricks that confines you

In the leathery seat, time passes quicker,
Peace envelops me.
At least here, no voices call to me, nagging.
The only visitors, while infrequent, are those who come for sanctuary.

The gentle sound of computer keys being tapped,
The sound of the pencil scratching against the paper,
And I remember everything.