

The Books on the Shelf
by Jason Crigler

The books on the shelf
Some straight up and down
Blankets of dust
Fingered but left untouched
Fingered but left untouched.

Picturing positives
I think that works
Just the opposite of
Carrying stones to church
Carrying stones to church.

I lost my voice
In the forest
I fell down on my knees
Tried to make a sound.

My body
On a tightrope
Made of light.
Where is the earth today?
What if I fall today?

The books on the shelf
Unraveling pages
The poem I wrote
Stuffed in the cracks and left
Stuffed in the cracks and left.