

## Books

Books remind me  
of dust rising  
from torn pages  
traveling aimless  
like dusk in Cairo  
and going home  
were bruises the  
size of wrong answers.

The rustling of  
pages flipping are  
hunger,  
wool bed sheets,  
locked in a room  
with geese,  
running from rope,  
tied to a banister,  
and rulers never  
solved math problems.