



This Woman Walks About

A table of books and a woman
at the corner where she will turn to look at more
and more and will walk for this ever more but I
will stop because I know her and have a memory
of her daughter when she was a child who sent
me a book that on the cover was a large heart
cut from red paper and this heart was not
broken nor would it ever be for at that moment
the search for the perfect book ended and
though the world did not stop in its turn around
the sun nor stop in the constant turning that is
nothing less than the embrace that holds us all in
to each other this woman knows that because a
book built with hand and heart is always more
than each part but has the very art of bringing us
together she keeps looking round this table