

books are universes in your head waiting to be explored

Come, come their colorful covers say as we take you
to a place unlike this one filled with magic spells
cast by make-believe ghouls who invade your sleeping heart,
Daring sword fights where anger and betrayal forge
fire-breathed steel, dancing with reapers in a macabre ballet,
Lessons of wonder and wisdom from words of a dying
mentor's breath, passed down from someone you'll never meet.

Join the land that is both better and worse, reflects
your own world not as it is but how it could be, should be.

All of it there in onyx ink and sylphlike bark,
Infinite universes created at the tip of a pen, a keyboard imploding
in your head as you absorb possibility after possibility,
the multiverse of talking butterflies, sentient waterfalls given
existence from your consciousness, dimensions where you hear
trees scream as they die, fire touching skin in a lover's caress, animals
speaking truth, a mirror to traverse through while staying put.
Electricity tunneling through synapses like black holes
as words and syntax copulate to breed people without
bodies, sewing physicality with intangibility,
Lands that exist and not all at once expanding your
imagination the way endless galaxies grew from nothing.