**BETWEEN THE BOOKSHELF AND THE DUST**

Between the bookshelf and the dust,

Alongside a deepness of mistrust,

Sits my desk, dead-drunk with words,

Words dumped as regular as scrawled turds,

That once drew delight and now disgust.

I loved them once – they are my offspring –

All grown up and old enough to sing,

But the screech that blares up from the pages

Offends my ears and my sensibility rages

And regrets the children from my fling.

And so I sit and read with sorrow,

Wondering what muse I can steal or borrow,

A new page proffers with the promise

That new words will, with an inky kiss,

Make me proud when I read tomorrow.