



## THE BEAUTY OF BOOKS

Why do books and novels draw?  
Maybe magic; maybe more.

The beauty of books lies not in the covers  
But all that's inside, to share with others.  
Dusty old volumes hold secrets within.  
Pull back the covers, turn over the sheets.  
Worm your way into stories,  
Tuck the duvet of characters  
Snugly around you.

Books are portals to faraway lands,  
To ages past, to others' minds,  
To mythic realms of knowledge;  
Places to go to inhabit other lives,  
Shared with other people:  
The world outside your window,  
Is inside your mind.

Is beauty skin-deep? You know better.  
You open the cover, smell the pages, begin the journey.  
Enter the ocean, embark on the voyage;  
Each drop of water takes on a shape,  
A thought, or a dream,  
Transport to a different time, a different place;  
Another life.

My wise and faithful friends are always there,  
Reminding me of good times past,  
Promises of future quiet hours together.  
Words fly up from the page  
To enter the eye and meet the mind,  
Settle like snowflakes, dissolving, or collecting in drifts  
That endure through the years as memory.

Books are a lifelong addiction.  
You don't want to be cured.

*A collective poem, with words provided by people attending the 2019 Minehead Literary Festival -  
[www.mineheadliteraryfestival.org](http://www.mineheadliteraryfestival.org) - collated by Caitlin Collins*