

The White Book

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Part Two of Seventeen: Refusal of the Call

The book was bound with fur so soft
It felt quick within my grasp.
It had no title on the spine,
No label on it's clasp.

On the bus, I couldn't open it
It seemed 'twas not the place.
I knew somehow that the inside
Should see only *my* face. 5

I carried it until my stop,
Not far from where I dwelt.
Once home I found I did not like
That book covered in pelt. 10

I put it in a box, I thought
To leave it sitting there,
But as I watched that madd'ning book
It seemed at me to glare. 15

I closed the box, tried to forget
The book could gather dust.
"Why did she give me such a thing?"
I thought in my disgust. 20

For three whole days it sat within
The dark of my closet.
For three days it was on my mind
When I tried to forget.

It was the fourth day of it's stay, 25
That I began to doubt
That the White Book could be forgot,
And so I dug it out.

I brought it to my desk, and sighed
At that strange demanding book. 30
I turned the clasp, it opened wide,
And I took my first look.