

Literature / *Kimberly Kay Yeager*

I was surprised to see them there,
amidst the words assigned to read,
darkening the soft white pages.
The work never won a prize,
not even in Athens.

It owns an immortality
of sorts:
a title among many
solemnly engraved on
college syllabi,
along with the unspoken command,
"Thou shalt read or surely
perish."

So what were they doing here,
these concentric little smudges,
turning spots of the paper
into ancient parchment?

My son touches my knee, climbs,
twining arms around my neck,
"It's okay, Mommy. It's just a book."

And Andromache gazes across the
barrier-bridge of words at
my lucky son.
Fingers, constantly moving,
search her stained robes
for her child.

Standing together,
in the Literature,
we cry.