**Homage to Books**

**By Glenn Currier**

If I were to reflect on my life

with books

if I were to spend the time

such a reflection deserves

I would be here for a week

seeking just the right words

to speak the inexpressible gift

of authors who gave their love

to finding themselves

binding themselves

to an idea

that deserved

and emerged

as new life.

The sheer volume of these gestations

trumpets and sings

anthems and hymns of grace

broken through inside the human heart.

I would not be who I am

but for their inspiration

and daily dedication

to pressing pen to page upon page

so I could turn a new leaf

and become all I was meant to be.

Books are acts of making love

right there on my table

day after passionate day

long after many have passed away

from the mornings they woke up

to this work, this play

with words

that would open worlds

for me and millions

to create something

ordinary or magnificent

for our presents and futures.

I bow to these small lumens,

authors and makers

who birthed their creations

and bound them together

from genesis to revelation.

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