

Open Book

It was me who let readers come and rip the pages out of me freely as they please. I let them put me on the shelves to pull me out whenever they wanted the entertainment.

Sometimes I'd sat there untouched for days, weeks, dust coating my hardcover that sunlight hadn't seen in months. I never complained because when they actually did give me the attention, nothing felt better. It felt like a father's hand guiding his youngest daughter's shoulder. It felt like walking in the door after a long day. It felt like they were coming home to me, It felt as if they never left and that was the moment all the waiting became worth it. All I expected from readers was a moment of attention.

But then I met him. His hands were a wrecking ball his hands were a warm bath, a watering can. His hands were as hungry as a desert without rain his hands were as soft and tender as velvet. I thought he'd read me over and over because I was his favorite book, I thought he'd tell everyone about how unique my voice was, about how I challenged him to want to be more. I wonder when it all went wrong. I wonder when I became so good at hiding how I felt, I couldn't even read between my own lines. I couldn't see my own desperation growing. I thought the story we were both telling had a fairytale ending. But it was only after he tore the first page that I knew him ripping the second was inevitable, bound to happen. When had I decided that I would rather let him rip me page by page than to ever lose him? It felt like being in a stone cage underwater with no choice but to drown over, and over, and over again because he didn't want you to die he just wanted you to feel like you were dead.

I would've given him that last page that made up my entire existence if he wanted it, because a library without him was a place I didn't want my story to live in. And after giving him all of me, he left, left me just a spine and picked up another book as I sat there watching. He ripped me to the point where I was empty as an abandoned bird nest, a person with no identity, until I had nothing left to give to anyone after him, except one blank page and a pen sitting beside it.