

DISCARDED: **Reflections on Literary Oblivion**

I'M ON AN EMPTY SHELF
BETWEEN VOLUMES 782.503 AND
783.3

DUST GATHERS AROUND MY
COVER
& MITES NIBBLE MY BINDING

OCCASIONALLY UNKNOWN HANDS
PULL MY JACKET, SCAN ME
THEN PROMPTLY SHOVE ME BACK —
IN A WORLD WITH SO MANY VOLUMES
I'M INCONSEQUENTIAL:
A CADAVER OF CELLULOSE
IN AN INTELLECTUAL MORGUE
WHERE MILLIONS REST IN OBLIVION
MOSTLY IGNORED

SOON ENOUGH
A LIBRARIAN WILL EXAMINE ME
THEN DECIDE OTHER WORKS
ARE MORE WORTHY
OF THE SPACE

IN A DISPOSAL FURNACE
I'LL EXPERIENCE
THE FIRE OF WISDOM
AND ONCE AGAIN
KNOW THE BLISS
OF BEING ERASED

Ella: Libraries remind me of intellectual morgues. The sheer volume of books is overwhelming.

Shu: Yeah. It can seem like an overpowering reminder of our own insignificance.

Jack: This poem is cloaked in self-denial. This happens when we identify too much with any external accomplishment..

Shu: (Smiling faintly) Ah....

Juanita: Each book is like a grain of sand. Yet that tiny grain of sand can seem like cosmos.

Shu: (shrugging his shoulders) Anyway, there is enough sand inside my head already. Let's move on....

- T Newfields

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