



A REMEDY

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The day is gray and you're alone with nothing much to do...
"I'm BORED!" you shout, but no one's really listening to you.

Might I suggest a remedy? Go on, now, take a look—
Just flip to any random page in almost any book.

Now, what you'll find I can't predict. It could be anything...
A tale of gore and ancient lore about an ancient king,

A long-forgotten shipwreck, a lilting fairy tune,
Go hurtling through outer space and land right on the moon!

A book about a turtle, that paddles all around,
And must breathe through his derriere until he runs aground.

A book of silly jokes or facts or lists or recipes,
A picture of a man who likes to wear a beard of bees.

Oh, books are full of everything the world has ever known.
The beautiful and icky, the weird and overblown.

And every page you turn will plant a new thought in your head,
And send you scurrying to find *another* book instead,

Until you're brimming over with the many things you know,
And *that* is when it's time to set the books all down, and go...

To put your pen to paper, to write a book yourself,
For some bored kid to find someday, right there, on that same shelf.