

SO MANY BOOKS

KEN SPARLING

Everytime I glance over  
at the bookshelf  
while I am down in the basement  
exercising, or doing laundry,  
or whatever it is I am doing  
when I'm down there  
– sometimes I go down  
just to get cheese  
out of the little fridge. –  
I think: “I've got to get rid of,  
some of those books.”

**So  
many  
books!**

Sometimes

I'll stop

what I'm doing

and go over

to pull a book

off the shelf.

Don't get me wrong,

I have no real desire

to read any of these books.

In fact,

I have absolutely no idea

What's in any of these books.

I HAVE NO

IDEA WHERE

ANY OF THESE

BOOKS EVEN

CAME FROM?

**How did I wind up  
with all these books?**

No,  
my intention here  
is not to find a good book  
to read,  
but simply to find  
a book I can get rid of.

In the end,

whenever I go over to the shelf  
and pull off a book

to look at,

all I usually do

is page through  
it for a minute or two,  
then put it back on the shelf.

I'm such a pack rat.

I can't seem to get rid of anything.

**NOT EVEN THESE STUPID BOOKS.**

The worst part is, whenever I get distracted from whatever it is I've come down to the basement to do so that I can pull a book off the shelf with the hope of getting rid of it, I forget what I came down to the basement to do in the first place, and I go back up without doing it.

I guess I'm getting old.