

SO MANY BOOKS

KEN SPATZLING

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.