While you were reading

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About the process of reading a book - being swept off to new lands, transformed into a charecter you wish you could be.

Published on
Booksie

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The book opens with a dry crack coming from its spine and a cloud of ancient dust rising from between its yellow pages. Until that point the book had lain silently waiting for someone to be ready to hear its words. Once it lies open the conversation begins, with each sentence from the books pages prodding youâ re brain this way and that. You find yourself caught up in the whir of your cognitive faculties coming to life, spinning out of control - furthering you away from reality. As you soar and slide on rivers of molten words your free to be different, to be un-tamed and as wild, as un-sanctioned as you wish. You laze about in your safe harbor, where you can see what is and not what you would wish it to be. Everything is clear and bright, you can be omnipotent or a different being altogether. With one quick movement the pages swish, the cover coming up behind them, its heavy weight pushing them flat. A final thud and the book is closed, your dreams held safe so you can once again visit when you are ready to disguise yourself once more.

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Generated: 2014-03-07 03:26:49