

The Book

by Judith Nolan

He trolls my pages closely, as if seeking a deeper meaning, and answers, I cannot give. As always, I am mute. I can only hope that he will find such for himself, in time.

“Sometimes we must leave our safe places and walk empty-handed among our enemies...”
my reader muses, slow-tracing the words with one fingernail.

They seem to afford him purpose, for he rises suddenly, snatching up his cloak. I sense he’s keen to abandon me here, among my fellow tomes; walking hurriedly out into whatever future he sees for himself. Mutely I wish him well in his quest...

