

## New Books

She comes home with piles of books  
Each one with a different adventure  
A different hook  
characters on ridiculous ventures  
My mom reading for hours  
page by page  
our obsession was ours  
at any age  
I was only three  
she would read to me  
with a cup of tea  
under a shady tree  
I wanted to take her place  
hold the book, turn the page  
Her soft voice, I couldn't replace  
And I was at a young age

I got older  
with my nose in a book  
her looking over my shoulder  
I turned out just like her  
she inspired me  
imagination that sets me free  
I read to her now  
Amazing endings, like before  
Her face, I manage to get a look  
I hold the book, turn the page  
Now I bring home the pile of books

*-Cece Carranza-Davis*

