

The Guest Book

The blue guest-book –
If you could even call it that
Because it was so well worn that its name
Whilst not entirely true was not entirely a lie
It was blue, once, after all
And they'd been calling it that for centuries
So why make a change at all?
But it was a more greyish hue now
Sort of wilting and
As you pick it up this overlay will appear in your mind
This image of a thousand hands gripping the same spine as you
They've been here, in this very room,

I know.
Its a crowded feeling.

How many loves started or ended here?
How many books were written, forgotten or published?
Millions of lives; those finished unfinished or somewhere in between. Why didn't they win? Why didn't they finish that book, that love, that story. Each name is a different pathway, a different opportunity, a thousand different opportunities. All connected, in this very same spot, all loving breathing, blinking, writing beings. We are all the same. We are all here. Diminished as a signature in a guestbook. Oh. It's but the ghost of their phantom hands. Their names and bodies once written in something blue but blue no longer that now pales and curls, in its sad empty greyness.
Do you wish to sign?