

The Books in the Bookcase

by pdrs56

A short imaginative muse about the secrets that live in the antique bookcase fortress. An author feeling depressed and vulnerable to her 'muse?', transfigures herself into a small, green book in the midst of her favorite bookcase. The books within the bookcase community give her a task she must complete before she can be allowed leave.

Have You Loved Your Muse Today

Chapter 1 of 1

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The Muse's Title: A Metaphorical Exercise into the Existential Hermeneutical Phenomenology:

Have you walked your 'hermie' today?

Escaping the vulnerability of my author's muse, I have transfigured myself into one of the books in my favorite closed, locked bookcase. Someday when someone is looking for something unique and different, maybe I'll be released from my covers. For them, I'll spring to life and be drawn into their imagination. They will let me soar and become, if only for a time, part of their thoughts and dreams.

For now, I will quietly observe and absorb all the wonderful thoughts and stories that surround me in my case. We will become one, the cohesive unit of stories that define the wood, shelves, and glass that surround us. When all is quiet and no one is around to listen, we share our amazing stories with each other. Then, just before dawn, we laugh at those who will never remember to take the time to search us out.

I'm the small green book between Satre's 'No Exit' and Mitchner's 'Hawaii'. Overhead are all the bold and glorious exploits of Dumas' 'Three Musketeers'. The French knew how to live for the moment whether fighting, lusting, or drinking. Below me, unseen in this picture, Fleming, Cussler, Brown, and Clancy keep the world safe from our reckless tyranny and greed and do it with such style.

Down the row, Bellows keeps us cognizant of his twisted reality and is heard in frequent arguments with Plath, Atwood, and Woolf. He'll never win and the 'oh not again' sighs can be heard from the high shelves belonging to Cather and Buck. Ah but, all of them stop and listen with great attentiveness when L'Engle begins one of her tales. She soothes each of us from our genre 'peculiarisms' while stimulating each to reach beyond the boundaries of their covers.

On the highest shelf, unreachable without the ladder, Aristotle, Plato, Kant, Descarte, Calvin, Kierkegard, Darwin, and Buber remain isolative and elite as they discuss ethics, metaphysics, epistemology, logic, idealism, and hermeneutics. They carry on long, dusty discussions without answers, just more questions. I almost forgot, Augustine, Jung, the Eastern Mystics, and Cabala scholars sit nearby, ensconced in their own heady discussions. Their greatest excitement each night is to fling scathing comments towards their shelf fellows, the philosophers, not that they ever notice.

On the lower shelves and quite insular sit the Romances, who know they always get it right in the end and live happily ever after. Further down the shelf sit the Science Fiction stories going where no man nor woman has gone before. They do like to let all the others know that they've been there, done that, and have already moved onward.

The owner has given Shakespere his own shelf although they integrate quite easily with the others during the nightly discussions. All the plays seem to connect with each of the other shelves, bringing a kind of unity to our motley crew.

On the whole, we tend to enjoy being locked away from grubby hands and closed minds. We all know where the key is hidden for our wood and glass fortress. But, only those with fortitude and great resolve to know what we know and go where we've been, will see the case actually opens quiet freely without external keys.

A great mystery, from time to time, to our owner is the presence of the 'unknown' book. It is always a rather strange book with story lines and features oddly similar yet uniquely different from the others. Of course, we know the origin, and with any thought at all, our owner should have figured it out years ago. Books beget books.

Returning to the little green book, without a name, sitting between Sartre and Mitchner, I can tell you her purpose is silence and knowing. She observes movements between shelves, the mating of ideas, and the new 'unknown' arrivals. She listens to the ghostly discussions, the sarcastic responses, the arguments, and the soothing words of the peacemakers within this isolated world of ideas and words.

Within her worn, green covers can be read the life and times of this bookshelf world for she is their secret keeper. To most opening her pages, the book will appear filled with blank, yellowed, and aged pages of journal long forgotten. To the one with the ability to see beyond the obvious, the stories and adventures, within the bookcase's world of the words, will take on an ever changing life and beauty of their own.

It's not easy being green because your task is never completed until a new green book arrives, but the company is worth the wait. The task of green is important as you are the guardian of ideas and words past, present, and the future new 'unknown' arrivals.

pdrsj *wanders back to her cave and waits*