**The wordless books**

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The books on the shelves,

Called me sonorously

Come, clean the dust on my cover,

And have a look on my pages,

No one reads anything in us

Why? Please answer!

I was asked by a book

But, I was dump enough to believe that,

They seemed dusty,

In a sudden, a book called me from a locked shelf,

And said, please take me out from this lock!

I want me to be read,

But others were wordless!

I just stood near my library,

To have a book read!

The books were speechless,

Might they found a grin on my face.

But I was deafened by someone!

The books in the shelves broke the lock,

And flew away.

But one book couldn’t fly,

As it was wing-less.

I found myself guilty,

As I have done injustice with my books.

But feel sorry for,

What I have done with my books!

The books on the shelves,

Called me sonorously.

Come, clean the dust on my cover, and have a look on my pages,

No one reads anything in us!

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