Between the Lines

Hope Sievers*

Copyright ©2016 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress). https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Between the Lines
By Hope Sievers

My friends could be
tall or short
skinny, fat
frail and flimsy
thick, sturdy

some of my friends
are a bit beaten up
scars, scratches mar their face
ink tattoos scrawled on their skin
a cover you shouldn’t judge

I notice their smell often
whether clean and fresh
old, musty
sometimes, distinctly dusty

surprising
exciting
new friends
whose stories I’ve never heard
pages I turn for the first time

same old, same old
old friends
whose words are familiar
been heard over and over

a spine binds each one together
leading to their thoughts inside

my friends
have secrets
are hard to understand
don’t say things outright
have lots to say
or
not very much

however
what they do say
is important
always important
forever important

friends
teach lessons
tell of history gone by
explain things
tell the truth
tell lies
bring us down
pull us up
comfort us
confront us

they say
who we spend our time around
is who we’ll become

whether you know it
or not
my friends
your friends
change me
change you
they help me understand
not just myself
or you, yourself

they help you see
the world differently

my friends don’t breathe
though
I suppose they used to
deep in the forest
where their arms stretched out to seek the sun
where their legs dug deep in the dirt
now they sit on shelves
waiting for their chance
for you to get to know them
and hear what they have to say

Hope Sievers is a junior at Iowa State, majoring in English.