

# Somewhere

a boy cowers  
in the shadows, certain  
no one can ever understand,  
sure he alone carries his peculiar  
turmoil on buckling shoulders.  
One day a teacher puts a book  
in his hands, and living inside it is a child  
whose eyes mirror his fear, whose heart  
embraces his worry. Whose arms  
are stronger than his own.

## Somewhere

a girl considers  
forward movement  
toes-against-the-brink of no  
turning back and leaning  
toward the grasp of canyon currents.  
In the library, a book summons  
her attention, and she finds within  
its pages a young woman who leaps  
the precipice and is swept away  
by a perilous wind of consequences.

## Somewhere

a parent mourns  
the son who chose suicide,  
the daughter who succumbed  
to the lure of the street,  
the siren song of the monster.  
Sympathetic friends lend books  
that guided them through thickets  
of grief and stumbling out the far side  
thorn-scarred, but reaching  
for light drenched tomorrows.

## Somewhere

a person is offended  
by words too fierce for Sunday  
school, a story that makes them  
squirm, characters they'd refuse  
to engage in conversation.  
They demand the book be pulled,  
scrubbed, hidden from view,  
as if the sentiment of one, shouted  
with conviction, can reasonably  
deny the salvation of many.

—Ellen Hopkins, author of *Tricks* and *Traffick*

Celebrate the freedom to read!  
Banned Books Week September 27 - October 3