

reading

By Jacqueline Woodson

I am not my sister.
Words from the books curl around each other
make little sense
until
I read them again
and again, the story
settling into memory. *Too slow*
the teacher says.
Read faster.
Too babyish, the teacher says.
Read older.
But I don't want to read faster or older or
any way else that might
make the story disappear too quickly
from where it's settling
inside my brain,
slowly becoming
a part of me.
A story I will remember
long after I've read it for the second,
third, tenth,
hundredth time.