

READING IS MAGIC

Can you please explain it?
Can you tell me how
Written words on a page
Can take you from the now,
From whoever you're with
And wherever you are,
To a time and a place
That is further than far?



Is it some kind of science,
Some engineered way
That the words go together?
Or is it that they
Form a portal in space
And in time in your mind
That allows you to leave
Everything else behind?



I have tried calculating,
With physics and maths,
How a story I'd read
Led me straight down the path
To adventure, excitement
And mystery and fun.
But it didn't add up.
What it did can't be done.

So I took one apart,
Took the story to bits,
To find out if there's some
Special way that it fits -
If between all the lines
There's a secret that's hidden.
Do you think that I found it?
That's right. No, I didn't.



I believe it is something
We can't understand,
Like a spell that is cast
From the book in our hand
To the brain in our head
Through the words on the page,
That gives each of us readers
The mark of the mage.

There is only one rule –
That you have to believe.
That's the way to the station,
Your ticket to leave.
You can come back whenever
You think that you should,
Though it can be quite hard
When the story is good.



So the only conclusion
I take from all this
(And it's something I ask
That you do not dismiss)
Is that reading is magic,
Made from inspiration,
Persistence and patience
And imagination



Of wizards and witches
And sorcerers who
Are creators of stories
And know what to do,
How to boil the pot up,
Add the things that they need,
So that you can feel magic
Each time that you read.