

# The Book of Life

by [Eddie Borden](#) (September 2024)



A Study Table (William Harnett, 1882)

**Life is the** book that writes itself  
The ink and paper of reality  
Love is the music and lyrics of life  
It is the dance and the chant, the melody and harmony  
I wish to find her on every page, paragraph, and line  
I want to hear her in each refrain, chorus, and note  
Until the day the ink fades, the paper yellows, cracks, and  
burns  
The strings break, the reeds split, the brass becomes green,  
and bent

When all is silence and ashes  
We will have lived our story  
We will have sung our son

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**Eddie Borden** is retired and living in San Antonio, Texas, with four cats and a dog. Divorced, army veteran, some college, considers himself a compulsive poet, and delusionally romantic. When not creating poems he writes short stories, novels and plays—all for the love of writing.

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