

"Imagine holding the first copy of your book"

Imagine holding the first copy of your book
Its pages are crisp and warm in your hands
Your name printed on the front
Your face on the back

Now imagine the words you wrote
Filling the eyes and minds of strangers
Across the globe

Imagine holding proof that you did something
That your life mattered
That something you thought
and created Ended up in a physical form
You can hold it in your hand
And throw it across the room
You can whisper it out loud like you've done so many times
And it will whisper back
Imagine looking at the black letters
On the white paper
Telling yourself
"This is the moment
I finally exist
I finally made something and it is real"

Imagine a world without your book

Imagine holding someone else's book
You may love it but it isn't yours
It is someone else's proof
Their name printed on the front
Their face on the back
When their book is opened the world smiles
Life changes and you think

“This could be me”

It should be me

Imagine holding the first copy of your book

These were the words that broke me