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SG

Book Group

The last Thursday of every month was Book Group,
when the books would gather together to discuss Brian.

"It's no fun here any more," remarked *Bleak House*, glumly.
"Why doesn't he read us?" whined the *Grapes of Wrath*. "It makes me so angry!"
"I'm sure he only bought me so he can show me off to his friends,"
complained *Ulysses*, in a stream of self-consciousness.

"I bet he can't even remember my name, *The Idiot*,"
muttered a voice from the Russian literature section.
"That's because he avoids you like *The Plague*," said another.
"C'est vrai!" came a cry. "It is like I do not exist."

"Let's not give up on him yet." It was *Brave New World*.
After some *Persuasion*, they agreed to give him one last chance.
"Be quiet!" cried *Waiting for Godot* with *Great Expectations*.
"Here he comes now!"

Brian entered the room, with his phone.
He sat down and watched some videos of baby pandas falling over.
After an hour or so, he started googling cats dressed as celebrities.

On the shelf, the books waited with uncracked spines,
their silence speaking volumes.

Brian Bilston