

The Borders Blues

by Emmoretta Jones

Along 95th Street any time of day
In Beverly there's BORDERS: Books, Music, Café
(But) the parking lot is bare
(And) Nobody is there
All entries are blocked
The doors are locked

Books used to fill this space
Musical ambiance in a laid-back place
Patrons browsing and reading throughout the store
Whether standing or sitting on the floor

Artists, students, families, groups, friends...

Once a rich environment (with a) friendly staff
Book-lovers (would) read, socialize and laugh
Business partners (would) meet
Friends (would) gather and greet

Find a cozy seat in Seattle's Best café
Enjoy a cool drink, hot coffee or a latte
Like church, you attend on a regular basis
You get to know folks' names and faces

Borders was a community-invitin',
friendship-buildin',
romance-creatin', author-expeditin',
and plain old people-relaxin' place

An artist hub and pillar of the neighborhood
Until in 2011 Borders was closed for good!
Talk of liquidation was plastered all over the news
Shocked Borders customers aired their views

How could the nation's second largest (bookstore) lose momentum?
Bankruptcy! The café closed, customers unwelcomed
"20% - 40% Off" people flocked the so-called sales
Distraught customers practically cleared the shelves

If we had bought more books in the first place
Could we have kept Borders from this disgrace?
Maybe we should've put up more of a fight
To save our artist sanctuary from this terrible plight

Now it's too late!!!

This place that once buzzed with book-lovers all about
The doors are shut and the lights are all out
The brick and mortar bookstore sits quiet and still
The closing is a bitter-tasting pill

Orphaned artists in search of a creative home
Until then, the Borders diaspora will continue to roam
Sure, there's Barnes and Nobles and yes there's Amazon
But they don't cure our sadness that Borders is forever gone