

Love in the Library

*Roses are red, violets are blue.
I love the Lib'ry and so do you.*

I found love in the Library.
I used to go there by myself;
I was lonely: I'd begun to think
I'd been left upon the shelf.

How much did I long for
The adventure of romance—
Turn fantasy into non-fiction?
I didn't have a chance.

Then one day at the reading group
He offered me his chair;
I looked into his face and saw
The love in large print there.

He made me go all Dewey-eyed:
There wasn't the slightest doubt
He'd borrowed my heart, and happily
I let him take me out.

Now we go to the Library
As often as we may.
We renew our books before they're due
And renew our love each day.

*Steve Parkes
Freshwater Library 2011*

The Library — it's not just about books!