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The Library

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Books with brown pages like moon
dust sleep on the shelves. Hundreds,
thousands, millions resting with spines
straight as a pianist’s,

but a silent pianist’s, whose fingers
press empty keys.

The silence swallows even the whispers
down the isle—swallows them up
like a black hole, leaving only silence.

Only the light has the right to make a buzz.

There’s something about that old book smell.
There’s something about wanting to hear
voices like a schizophrenic—hear the background
of a Gatsby party or an Alice tea party
echoing between the cracks of books
filling the still, suffocating air with crazy laughter.
Haha! listen to the way these books creak when slid from the shelf!
Look at their dark letters burned into the pages, kept pressure-shut between two covers!

Listen to that music! Look at that beauty, lost in this void!
This void filled with nocturnal eyes, wide with empty feelings while staring at laptop screens!

I hope to never be a librarian-astronaut stuck in this black hole.