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## For My Library Lover I Leave This Poem Pressed Between pages 9 & 10 of My Secret Life

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**FOR MY LIBRARY LOVER I LEAVE THIS  
POEM PRESSED BETWEEN PAGES 9 & 10 OF  
*MY SECRET LIFE***

You know I work from nine to three  
so every night you leave me  
notes scrawled in a school-boy hand  
on the dust between book and book-end.  
Once, when I shelved *Sin-ema*, the blue-  
movie book, a scrap — “Velvet I love you” —  
fell out. It had been stuck  
between Linda Lovelace and a sixway fuck.  
It tempts me to imagine you in the stacks.  
I know you aren't the kind that jacks-  
off sitting hidden at a back desk.  
Honey I'm willing to take a risk.  
Catch me as I shelve *The Story of O*  
take my hand, I'll bring the book, do  
lead me to your secret corner.  
I want your hands to touch me and begin to whisper.