

Ode to the Neighborhood Library

Remember the little free library?

with fresh yellow paint
and a bright red roof

Remember your small hands?

covered in dirt from the park
reaching out
to open the glass door

Remember the *Saggy Baggy Elephant*?

whose golden spine
was plucked from the yellow shelf
like a perfectly ripe
peach

Remember the tall bushes?

that envelop the fences
lining the sidewalk you walk on
making your own adventure

Remember the fire red leaves?

the ones that crunch under your feet
as you tried to flatten them
on the sidewalk
on the way into the larger library
they surround

Remember the dark green grass?

slightly wet from morning dew
wrapping around the library
like a little forest of its own
guarding the treasure within

Remember the smooth mahogany chairs?

scattered around inside
where you could sit for hours on end
where you could meet your friends
like an office
you wanted to grow up fast

Do you see the overgrowth on the fences?

left to run wild
they have swallowed the fences whole

Do you see the old mahogany chairs?

their sharp red color
now faded from the many people
who sat to rest

Do you see the little free library?

whose yellow paint is faded
and red roof chipped