

Life in the Library

You don't always know where the books go.

The label's smudged, the pages, torn.

You tape them together, glue the spines,

Buff the disc, distribute fines.

You smile amiably, give help where you can,

Sometimes it feels like plaster.

A bright face, an emotional scam.

A scream echoes through the halls,

Children demanding more.

Often you want to shake them, give 'em what for.

Remind them it's a library, and don't you have any manners,

You tiny spore?

Patrons don't believe you; they ask for miracles.

The sounds of complaints begins to feel lyrical.

They didn't look, the evidence, empirical.

You return home.

Feet sore, back aching,

Shoulders stiff, fingers raking,

Through locks newly freed from that severe bun.

You wonder why this job called so.

The pay is abysmal. The patrons, awful.

The treatment, reprehensible.

Why do you stay?

Then, one day a small, grubby hand,

Taps you, demands attention.

Eyes wide, sparkling, filled with imagination, seeking information.

They smile, request something simple,

Science-related?

Your fingers search, nimble.

You find it easily, and their face lights up.

They thank you breathlessly, and your heart melts as they ask

For something else, but nothing breezy, you see.

This kid's dreaming big.

They can't have the baby books anymore.

They think maybe they'll study everything.

They have to know more.

You remember your reasons now.

It always comes back to you, somehow.

Through the darkest nights and bleakest days,

You'll forever be swayed by these displays.

The hunger for knowledge, not dampened by failure.

This beautiful behavior as they stare, clearly, desperately

At the stacks, you see a bit of drool.

You'd be a fool to deny that child

What they'll never learn in school.

Sure, life at the library is trying, but there's no denying

That the vying children and patrons, who only want to seek,

Make this life worth living, lifts a smile to your cheeks.

Separation Anxiety

I don't know what it's about yet,

I just know it doesn't feel right.

A pit forms at the base of my stomach,

My insides squeezing,

So,

So,

Tight.

Your voices aren't raised yet,

But it's on the horizon.

This room's my safe haven,

But still I keep my eyes on

Him.

I do it for you,

I take those feelings,

Lock them up tight,

But these wounds aren't healing.

I want to shout

"Stop it!"

"Figure it out!"

“Make a decision!”

“I just want out!”

But I tamp it down,

Hold steady.

Don’t even frown.

It’s hard these days,

Because I’m going through things too.

I’m finding myself,

Figuring it out without you.

Every day another scare,

A deep-seated unsettling.

I want to let out these feelings,

Throw that vase, tears streaming.

But I can’t.

I won’t.

I’ll keep my poker face,

Stop asking if I’m fine,

Just.

Don’t.

A Letter For My Mother

You called me sunshine,

Your little sunshine.

You kept me happy

When thoughts were gray.

You'll never know, Mom,

How much I love you.

But your sunshine is going away.

You shed a long sigh,

Then your knees crack,

A long day over,

And now you're toast.

But still you smile

As if it's nothing.

Crack a joke, then ask about my day.

Your taste in TV

Could use an upgrade.

And you say my shows

Could rot your brain.

But you're still quick, Mom.

Quick as a whip, Mom.

Your intelligence too high to decay.

You taught me early,

Treat others kindly.

But retaliate

When you're done wrong.

Respect is tricky

But give it easily

Big hearts beat egos any day.

Some days

I came home empty.

Cheeks stained with teardrops

Mind heavy as stone.

You hushed the world silent

Shooed off the darkness

Held me close, kept reality at bay.

And so, Mom,

I want you to know, Mom.

You are perfect

Despite all you say.

You raised a good kid

So cut the B.S.

Keep up that smile, your sunshine's okay.