**LIBRARY**

by Josh Donellan

When I was kid I lived in a house with four walls and one door

And not much more

And we often ate food raw

Because the oven was usually broken

And our voices were often softly spoken

Because the walls were thin

And the floor had holes that I would often fall in

And I would sit there surrounded by a hidden stash of books

And I would be there, quiet as death

Soft as breath

Still as stone

In that place where no one could find me

And I would read and read and read

All the books that I got from the library

When I was a kid I had two shirts that I alternated daily

They were old and faded

And like my home dilapidated,

But I never minded that my home was an eyesore

Because I saw many other homes

Every I visited time I stepped through the library door

I had houses in Rivendell

And Narnia and deepest darkest Africa

And Gotham city and in Metropolis

In the faraway tree and wonderland and

I would go on vacation to Never Never land

And I could transform at will into Peter Pan

And Spiderman in the library

When I was a teenager

I had one dream,

to become a writer

I was a skinny kid with a huge imagination

Because I didn’t have time for push ups although I did make time for playstation

I was just a dorky kid with glasses and sometimes I’d get beat up between classes

And sometimes I’d come home and my parents would be fighting

And sometimes my grades would be downright frightening

And sometimes I’d confuse the right thing and the wrong thing

But between the pages I’d feel safe, and I could always find happy endings

And sad ones too, because life isn’t always happy

And stories aren’t either

And I so I sat there my head between pages

Just soaking up stories for ages and ages

About witches and warlocks and mages

About faraway places and where the end of space is

About worlds that could be once were or should have been

And the library held innumerable portals to unknown worlds

And the librarians were gatekeepers

Who passed me the keys

to all of these stories in the books I’d read

And I read Margaret Atwood and Salman Rushdie

And I felt like nothing in this or any other world could stop me

And it took time and it took hard work

But eventually, the day came, when I found my own book,

Sitting up on that shelf in the library.

And I like to imagine some kid,

Maybe skinny little kid like me,

Or maybe different completely,

Sliding my book down into their little hands

And sitting down in the corridor,

Beneath those bright white lights

Putting my story into their eyes

And then their imaginations lighting up like an olympic torch

And taking a pen and scribbling their thoughts

And in that garden of knowledge a new idea being born

And that kid watching it grow and listening to the sounds of their brainstorm

And that little kid has a home,

Just like mine and it’s spelt

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