

Storage (Youth Programming)/Old Books

Maybe someday someone

Will bid on you, a wealthy

South-central Pennsylvanian, fancies

Himself an old-rarities connoisseur,

A discerning intellectual with cash

To spare (this is what would please the Lib. Director most)

And you'll be paraded to his valley mansion, mountain

Paradise, and you'll be housed in mahogany,

Well lit, red carpet, chandelier reflect off glass case,

Mayors and their wives and grandchildren

Sip champagne, lean in to read your spines, remember

Your names from their college syllabi -

But more likely the dry wall here

Will finally give out, your sanctity

Penetrated incurably, and the toys

Will be moved to the basement, no

Problem, and your shelves will be repurposed,

But you, too big a responsibility

And a relatively unprecious

Commodity and now very much in

The contractor's way, will simply be donated,

Twenty or thirty cardboard boxes and

A white truck, end up at any number of roadside

Thrifts, patio sign hanging from two chains

Old as you, "Classics For Sale," yellow stickers,

¢20, ¢30, maybe

\$1 for the thicker of you,

Sell a couple a year, the rest

Dumped, burned, bound for the Atlantic,

Tap water before my death –

So I remember you like this,

Old friends,

Dignity intact, widely ignored,

Uncaring, deaf

To your seclusion, to your

Displacement, to the joy

However briefly

You imparted silently

To me.