

## THE LIBRARY

i think I can smell the library of my childhood  
visited every week by me and my book loving friend  
it was a smell of things old and particles of dust  
it was the smell of quiet, if quiet had a smell  
it was the smell of sunlight through windows, a warm and cleansing air  
and the scent of bodies silently walking on dark wooden floors  
to a favorite corner to escape into a book  
i know I can still smell our librarian  
( although I can't remember her name)  
she always smelled of flowers and I thought that made her exotic  
along with the bright Crayola colors she wore that commanded our attention  
with skirts that swirled when she moved  
and shiny high heeled shoes that tapped her steps breaking the silence she requested  
she seemed so out of place in our little town library  
as if she was on her way to some other place  
a place that was romantic and people talked another language  
a place of luscious but unfamiliar smells  
she wore red lipstick too  
i imagined it smelled like fireballs or strawberries  
and I think she was the only lady I knew who wore that bold color to work  
not for a special night out  
her love for books and the stories they told smelled like my great grandmother's kitchen  
cinnamon, brown sugar and apples - enticing and welcoming  
i can't smell those smells today  
the stucco library has disappeared  
and all that made its magic  
I still find my way to books though  
thanks to the library that ignited a love for words, of stories magical and real  
and the dazzling librarian who was always eager to share a good story  
with the eight year old me and the friend at my side  
we'd leave the library, books in hand, thinking already of the aromas  
that would be there for us next week  
thinking there was almost no other place as good to breathe in