

Poem Transcription:  
The Library

As evening shadows fall across the walls  
And twilight makes its usual call  
He wanders down sweet memory lane  
To reminisce with his friends again  
He sits in deepest reverie  
A book is resting on his knee  
And as he turns the pages back  
He sees, a dingy dusty spot  
Where spiders weave their canopies  
On books that seem to plead their urgent need  
And this is where he first met these  
Let's close the book and forward go  
Come let me lead you to your goal  
At last they rest on polished shelves  
Their colors like the autumn leaves  
Red, brown, and some are emerald green  
Their wealth is there for all to share thru out the years  
The evening star will soon appear  
And it is time to say fare-well  
He waves good bye and with a smile  
Whispers yes, I'm satisfied  
M.C.J.