

Chandler Park Branch, Erotic Section

Before the borrowed library card
became my new identity, I stole—
Zane novels tucked into Guess jeans,
something like guilt pebbled
in my belly. I never got caught.
Not there. Not in the park, or behind
that old church. Sprawling, sneaking vine.
All seven sins, and alive.
This is not a confessional, yet
the shelves watch. I fill my hands
with possibilities. At night, I read.
Beneath thin covers,
I flip, touch, imagine. Remember.
Her name bubbles from my lips, and no one
can take it back.