

Ode to the Library Card

By 29937000003525

It's not very hard

To get a library card,

The trouble is to use it.

It's not very hard

To keep a library card,

If you remember where

You lose it.

It's not very hard

To use a library card,

If the bar code doesn't rub off.

It's not very hard

To like a library card,

A key it is to places

You never heard of

Deep within and far away.

What other piece of plastic

Gives you so much

And asks for so little?

What other piece of plastic

Offers freedom for free?

Pick your writer,
Pick your film,
Pick your subject,
Pick your language,
Pick your music,
Flash your card
And take your prizes home.

If you have a library card
You don't even have to look very hard;
For rhyme
(Bard, chard, guard, jarred, lard,
Nard, pard, sard, there are probably more,
But Ah'm tahred)
Or reason,
Because a librarian,
A living person
Who will not shush you,
Will fill the gaps
In the holes in your hunting.

Of institutions, public and personal,
The library is the greatest
For its flexibility,
Its bravery,
And its welcome.

Home is where you hang your hat.
The pool hall is where you hang out.

The library is my pool hall home,

The key is always in my pocket.