

AUTHOR

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TITLE

BACK WHEN LIBRARIES WERE QUIET

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

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If you want to get laid, go to college. If
you want an education, go to the library.

— Frank Zappa

Back when libraries were quiet, we were quiet. We lived on a quiet street. We didn't lock our doors so that was one less noise. We needed to hear ourselves think. Otherwise our mind went every which way.

Back when libraries were quiet, we didn't have computers. We had to use our brains. They were slow and had limited storage. Our guesses were uneducated. We put out the trash on the wrong day.

Back when libraries were quiet, dogs roamed free. We didn't have leashes. Our beagle rode with the mailman. On Sundays and holidays it disappeared into the woods. Its howling made us want to howl. We were on the roof and there was the moon. We sucked in a big breath, then looked at each other.

Back when libraries were quiet, we kept a diary. We waited for something to happen so we could write it down. We ended up writing down what didn't happen. Our bed didn't get made.

Back when libraries were quiet, we didn't pick flowers. We saw them. Then we could give them via eye contact. That was the hard part, getting someone to look at us.

Back when libraries were quiet, we
couldn't find anything on paraquat. The
pot we bought was orange. Maybe agent
orange had something to do with it? And
if it caused brain damage, how could we
tell? Then we got wind the history books
were wrong. We'd never known anything.
Two plus two was five for all we knew.