

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma

## In the Library

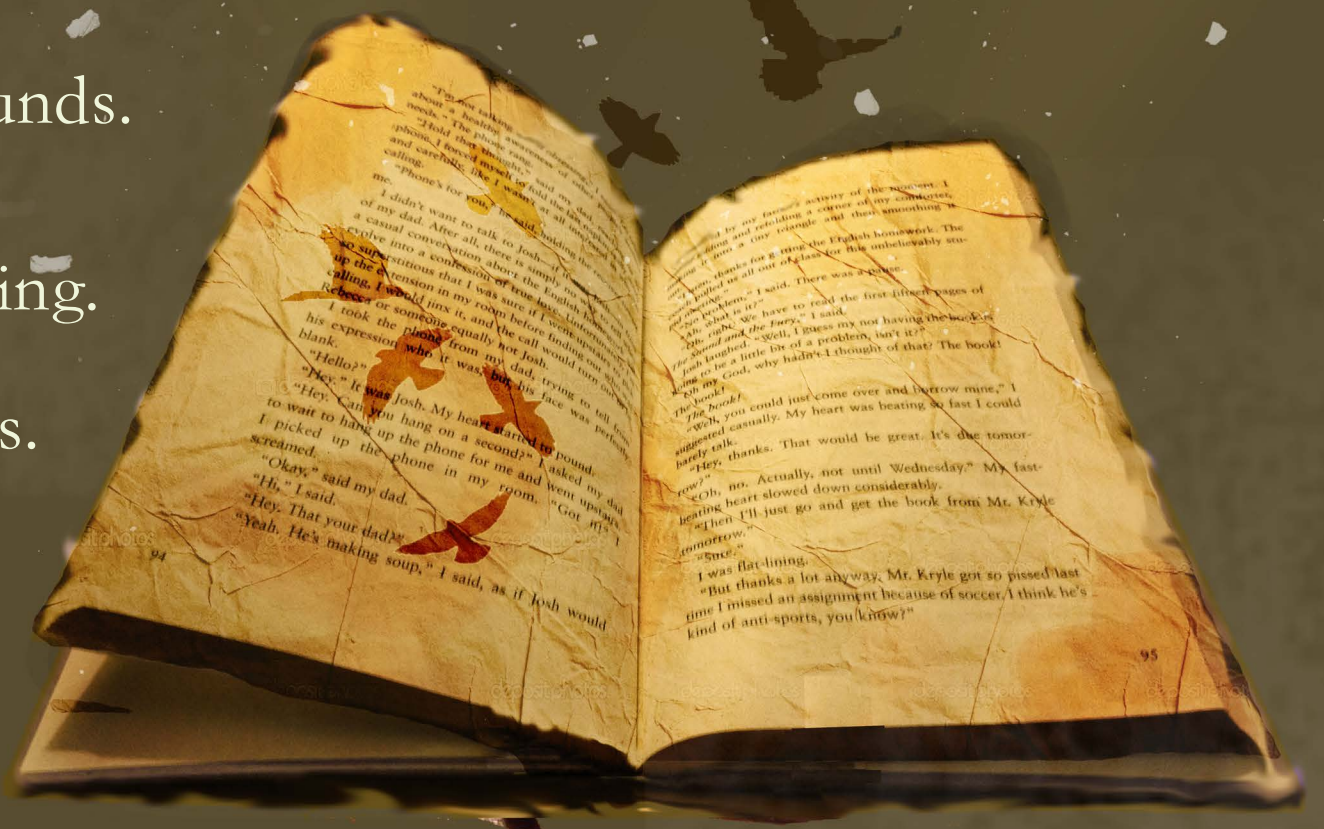
There's a book called  
"A Dictionary of Angels."  
No one has opened it in fifty years,  
I know, because when I did,  
The covers creaked, the pages  
Crumbled. There I discovered

The angels were once as plentiful  
As species of flies.  
The sky at dusk  
Used to be thick with them.  
You had to wave both arms  
Just to keep them away.

Now the sun is shining  
Through the tall windows.  
The library is a quiet place.  
Angels and gods huddled  
In dark unopened books.  
The great secret lies  
On some shelf Miss Jones  
Passes every day on her rounds.

She's very tall, so she keeps  
Her head tipped as if listening.  
The books are whispering.  
I hear nothing, but she does.

Charles Simic



Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park, an urban poetry walk, is sponsored by Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library with assistance from the Takoma Park Department of Public Works. Designs of the poetry are by students at the School of Art and Design at Montgomery College. For more information about the Friends, visit [www.FPML.org](http://www.FPML.org)

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