

Library Explorer

by Emma Tally, age 8

The library is a place to
read lots of books.

Some days I go on a boat
ride with Captain Hook.

Or go back in time to 1904
with American Girl Samantha
and learn how different it was
back then.

I also learn about
animals of all kinds.

Like elephants, koalas, panthers,
and lions.

Each week I learn something
new, but most of all I get
to read a new story, too.

The Greenville Library

by Archer Wiegand, age 11

Big and tall it stands
Many books to see and read
Thank you Carnegie

Nice librarians
Help me find my favorite books
Come and take a look

I Hate Libraries

by Mia Emken, age 16

I hate libraries,
I hate strawberry ice cream,
I hate peppermint coffee,
Because that's our story.

It all begins on the west end
Of the back aisle in May,
The Great Gatsby in the library,
I checked it out on a Tuesday.
I sat in the corner looking it over
When you first came up to me,
We had a connection by the book collection,
And we left for strawberry ice cream.

From fun talks to meaningful walks,
And chocolate shakes on Sunday,
I was your long-lost Daisy; you were my Jay.

In September, I remember,
Peppermint coffee by the library.
"I love you" came in the pouring rain
On the corner of your driveway;
That's all it took, one speechless look;
Our love found only in a storybook.

But seasons change with foreboding pain,
And beautiful things never stay the same.
I had questions that left me guessing,
And lies that were curses disguised as blessings.

I walked into the library on a dismal Friday
To the west end of the back aisle.
The tragedy of secrecy and morality
Lay on the shelf before me.
I sat in the corner, reading it over,
Hoping that you come and find me.
But the cover of star-crossed lovers
Told me I would not see your smile.

I sat in the library, alone and quietly,
Listening to the whisper of winter wind.
I never saw your face again.

I hate libraries,

I hate strawberry ice cream,
I hate peppermint coffee—
Our star-crossed history.