

JEFF GUESS

THE COUNTRY INSTITUTE LIBRARIAN

something it was  
that hurried against her  
she felt it now  
closing quietly around  
not the weight of years  
but other things  
only yesterday  
empty spaces  
touching down on her  
grew larger than the ancient  
book lined rooms  
where no one came to borrow  
anymore  
although she would  
make herself keep busy  
crowding out the dust from days  
things would always circle round  
like unremembered pain  
and books she had forgotten  
read  
now focused in a square  
the litter of the years  
was catching up  
and though she did not know  
of what she was afraid  
going home  
on those dark winter roads  
wet with grey rain  
she would make of all  
her mornings  
a constant sort of  
emigration