

## Book Chauffeur Visit

The branch library book mobile kicked up  
yard driveway dust and gravel under  
its gray wheels. Mid-morning, June  
sun matched our lifted spirit. Tumbling  
out of the clapboard house like school-dismissed  
children, we slammed the blackened screen

door, raced across gray-painted porch, cement  
walkway, through mowed grass. The book chauffeur  
smiled us into the rusty-red and cream bus. I stood  
tall—a walking doll—inside this dollhouse shelved  
with library stacks, volumes, their closed-paper smell

strong. We finger-tip-touched books, held  
our heads sideways reading spines by sun-rayed light.  
My sister found Green Poodles—the green book  
she would read five times. I found my blue books,  
Jefferson and Adams biographies, learned  
how their minds stood at enmity almost a lifetime

until age slowed their hot blood with parchment and quill.  
When Adams knew he was dying—he whispered,  
“Thomas Jefferson still survives.”

They died hours apart resting in the knowledge  
that the other lived. Some book lessons are never teacher  
taught. What stories, what truths summer readers take  
with them—moving memories—from moving libraries.

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