

2002

## Meeting in the Library

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### Recommended Citation

Rowland, Jodi (2002) "Meeting in the Library," *The Angle*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 3, Article 16.

Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle/vol2002/iss3/16>

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### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 2, Issue 3, 2002.

## JODI ROWLAND

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### MEETING IN THE LIBRARY

*Him:*

Frozen in the moment,  
Her eyes turned toward me, intensely brown.  
And my eyes, in turn, melted over her rosy lips.  
With a sweet singsong voice her words became  
My ears melody.  
"You read poetry with no passion,"  
she uttered. Her rosy lips read word for word  
what my eyes could not see,  
only the gloss of her lips was real to me.  
The song continued on through her motions-  
lip after lip.  
Swarms of sound swept my stiffened body,  
each letter stretched into a string,  
pulling me into her web of words,  
into her lip, through her mouth,  
into her world-now my world.  
Her last note, and  
enchanted with her song  
I reached for her rosy red, glossy lips.  
A red forbidden fruit I savor in my mouth  
Strawberry sweetness

*Her:*

Was it Hemingway?  
Or maybe it was Frost?  
Either way, he was lost.  
And I was lost, in the words  
spoken like a true speaker  
would with emotion, or was it passion?  
the page jumbled as each tone spilled  
out of my mouth, into his ears  
went vibrations, alluring  
syllables of beauty, from the page  
in an old torn brown book  
where my lips pressed against, the thought  
in his head was sinking, in his eyes  
he was seeing the words float from my  
mouth, off my tongue, pass by my lips  
and stretch for his welcoming throat  
which held his heart, eager to strike  
softly towards me,  
I felt him move his soul inside me.