

Library

Like boletes among hardwoods
after fall rains, they've sprouted again, listing miscellanies publishing

promiscuous spore. Against
 walls, at the feet of
 the shelves, tucked in
 short stacks under the bed,
on tables, dropped without
 ceremony into boxes
before dinner parties, hidden even from myself
 in outcast corners. No part of the house isn't
 a roomful
of books, and I'm beginning to think
 someone else besides

 the two of us
 has been buying them
in other cities' bookstores, from the internet, picking
them up at library sales.
Why else this rampant disorder?

But now's the best season if the weather's been right,
so perhaps nothing's amiss,

 and after summer,
I should be glad to see them
 raising their heads on variegated
 stipes, their reticulated spines,
and all entirely edible.

 So sniffable the glue in the cheap
bindings, the sewn signatures as private as what's
 cached inside the flower.

 There's some useful, ubiquitous
ruination here from which
 these tilting minarets grow.
If I must lift fallen leaves,
 sweep them, now moldering
 a bit, gently aside to gather what, after a damp
but propitious night, I may find,

 I may actually salute
 my sloven method—it's a decomposing

that feeds the meadowgrass better

 than all the tidy
letters I despair of.