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**In the Library**

I had small feet then, and small hands  
and rows of crooked teeth, lost  
in the fiction room in between shelves  
letters A-F. I was found there.

I tried to focus on the fraying carpet,  
the tear in his boots, as he rested on his knee,  
red hair and freckles.

The scene is still in pieces  
wading there, as rocks do  
below the tide.

I let the water beat down  
until my hands were red and raw  
and freed of self-reproach  
and left the water running.