**Eigner Poem**

A paper marked in black.

A screen,

words scrolling across.

A sign,

“Printer 1.”

Another,

“Printer 2.”

Tabs at the bottom of

the screen.

Black and silver

computers.

Wires for the mouse and

keyboard.

The pages of a book, popped up.

Papers in a notebook,

different subjects.

Shamrocks, shiny-emerald and white.

Great Teen READS.

The posters for books,

hung on the wall.

Eon, the brave Eona,

 the warrior most could never be.

A stapler and a hole-punch.

Faux sunflowers in there vase,

 a goblet of faux stone.

This computer prints to printer 2

in red.

A screen that is black,

unused.

A screen that is live.

The bright spines

of manga.

The hp logo.

The printer running.

The people walking.

The many bright spines of novels

on the far wall.

The keys of the keyboard,

black with white lettering.

The paper to check off

the dropbox.

The glasses of others.

The green start menu.

The purple Non-Fiction flag.

The many books

of the library.

The desk to checkout.

The slot to check in.

The faux wood of

the desks.

The faux wood of

the tables.

The TEENS’ TOP TEN titles,

all marvelous.

The first document I wrote

for the day.

A poem on its third page.

The silvery steel of the

hole-punch.

The Taylorsville T-shirts on

the library wall.

The red brick of the wall

across from me.

The white plaster walls on my

left and right.

A gum wrapper crumpled and

hid by the computer.

The light of the number lock.

The blue e.

The emergency exit sign.

The black cover of the

notebook.

The fiery cover of the book.

The dusty TV, unused.

The faux wood doors.

The faux wood display.