

2015

Love on Loan

Aubrey Connors

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Recommended Citation

Connors, Aubrey (2015) "Love on Loan," *The Echo*: Vol. 2015, Article 46.
Available at: <http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo/vol2015/iss2015/46>

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Love on Loan

Aubrey Connors

I am constantly on her desk.
My barcode massacred in a crime of passion,
one of the only selfish acts I've seen her commit.
The mark has remained year after year;
this way she is sure I'll never be taken from her.

I don't know my title
or my plot.
I only know that I am an expression of love.

Every day she holds me,
turning to her favorite parts;
secretly knowing that no part of me is truly superior to another.
This ritual, while obsessive, is not the most compulsive of her activities.

Every day
at this desk
people walk up –
some bored,
some rushed,
some unable to contain their excitement, one of my kinsmen clasped
against their chests.
And to each of these people she entrusts not only my kin,
but also a smile.

Everyone receives that simple act of joy shown through lips,
no one is beneath her smile.
Even those who are
Rude, arrogant, abusive,
silent.

Many act as if they are above it,
her smile.
Ignoring the pretty girl in glasses,
who loans out not just books,
but a secret hope,
that when they return
they too
will smile back.

A higher form of compassion I know not.
So I sit here,
and observe her dalliances.
Happy to give a little
to one who gives a lot.