**The American Classic**

By Danielle Quinn-Taylor

Somewhere through shelves; gone, flight of stairs,

'Twixt works of Lanier's, Moliére's,

A little breath if fresher airs,

Is where I like to be.

In lines and order, here is met,

The authors, down the alphabet,

The dreamers, pouring out their fret,

A little part of me.

It's quiet here, and no one knows,

How lonely sometimes this shelf grows,

For here, Kane's Crave or Shakespeare's prose

Do rest, their spines unseen.

There will be those who go to see,

Though not at the same time as me,

But words do pull us like the sea,

To this spot I like to lean.