

ZOOLOGY

Ah, January. Heads bent to the path of snow and ice before us, arm in arm, rushing through the night to the library to study together. And maybe wander off back in stacks of books where the lights didn't quite reach when we felt the need to be young again, to hold each other. Zoology was our favorite section of the library. It was down around a corner where no one had any reason to go. So of course we discovered it. Or thought we had. We didn't know that thousands of couples had found the spot over the years. A trysting place that only felt secret, but really wasn't. It felt as secret as sex had when first discovered. How we ever got educated in the midst of blowing snow storms, raging hormones and the siren call of the Zoology section is a mystery to me.

The library was a wonderful place. I remember the fine old wooden card catalog, the antiquated desks and chairs and tables. All the nooks and crannies one could ever want to find in a decent building that allowed me to curl up anywhere. With a good book or the girl who was remaking my life. Perhaps the library didn't teach me all the important matters of Western Civilization. Maybe it simply helped me see what I wanted from life.

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