## Library Lockdown: Two Sonnets

Philip Harvey

[Missed]

Thump of returns chute, earphones unmute

Clatter of trolley, splatter of brollies

Beep beep of beep wand, wrong drop-off unfond

Backspace of laptop, novels slip slop slap slop

Much less sloppier photocopier

Soft keyboard touch, neat handwriting clutch

Coughs stifled resigned, crack of antique spine

Swish of page turning, page swish returning

Stack’s muffled laughter, thoughts ever after

Mumble at ‘reserved’, grumble of self-serve

Ring of connecting, ping an incoming thing

CDs in CDs, press stud DVDs

Clickclack of loans gate, phone calls with books late

Hard to believe, sounds missed in libraries

[Mist]

Hard to mist sights of library lockdown

Tip-tap that rain makes, phone calls with no takes

Desktops and opacs, square blanks and all blacks

Titles inspecting across their aisles same thing

Uncalled-for reserves that are there but to serve

Stack’s ghostly laughter, no thoughts hereafter

Spurned pages unturning, pages’ wish unlearning

No covid coughs here, no customers appear

For them no happy hush, no last-minute essay rush

No Encyclopaedia Britannica

No hideout with laptop, no time to talk and stop

Deep deep the deep quiet, a silverfish diet

Mollified trolleys, no bowl of soft lollies

Slump of returns chute, all tute rooms quite mute

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Philip Harvey