

I am sitting on a black picnic style chair that has a slope a bit too steep for me to sit comfortably for long. Procrastinating writing in my journal, I constantly shift while studying the people around me. The woman behind me is waiting for her husband while reading one of the romantic novels typically with Fabio on the cover as the hero. A girl in a pink hat with long blonde hair is sitting in front of me facing the front entrance and playing with her phone. She apparently intends to read at all is a stack of magazines she has on the table adjacent to her. I see my class mates and skip over analyzing them; I find it more satisfying to analyze strangers. I like the people here; all of them have individual and interesting stories in my eyes.

I can only think about, besides constantly having to readjust my seat, the window frames give me the feeling of being in a bee hive. The people around me are independently searching for some entertainment within the white book stacks. The dark homeless man picks up a book and inspects his specimen in order to see if it will be pleasing, samples the pollen, taking it all with him. We are bees in a hive; doing our jobs as patrons of the library, then quickly leaving after collecting, only to return in the future to start the process over again. We are searching for the flowers within the stacks to collect pollen and spread it through our lives, always on the hunt for the pollen that lets our inner gardens grow.

I fly from my uncomfortable seat to explore. I gravitate towards the familiar. This particular floor has teen-reads, fiction, movies, magazines, and my personal favorite: comics. I hunt for pollen I've read before: *Fight Club*, the book that made me love reading; Chuck Palahnuik's other works, and then John Green books. After those, I go to the comics and graphic novels: my home. I try to see if they have my favorites and ones that friends have read before. I search for more avant-garde styled pollen. Mainly Fantagraphics publications and other independent comics, the kinds of stories that are simple on the surface but carry some special

meaning about self and identity, those sucker-punch types of stories. I spend time caressing and fondling the petals of new and old books with curious hands.

I finally return to my awkwardly sloped chair and write about the day. I write about all the floors, keeping it to myself that this particular floor is my favorite. I mainly write about how I don't actually like checking books out from the library unless I have to but I leave out that it's because I like to own the books I read. That way I can take my time with each book. Most of the time once I'm done with a book, I give it to another person, I believe books are meant to be read; knowledge is meant to be collected. I finish my journal entry, generally unsatisfied and get up to leave, but not before taking a good look at the library gift shop, something I found strange to be there.

All the way back home I think about the connection between people and the things we learn. The times where we are no longer furniture in someone's life and become actual characters and start to advance the story. The idea of creating a garden of knowledge within the body fascinates me. Collecting pollen from what we find to be fascinating, analyzing, cross-pollinating, and growing our garden. More than one bee is needed to create a garden. Learning constantly from other people and from personal experiences and from independent learning are the constructs that make each one of us deeper into who we are. I like being a bee in this hive. It feels comfortable and right, even if the only pollen I collect is from the graphic novels and comics. I am happy to have collected pollen at all.