

the librarian's books

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each water droplet has a name, and the librarian noted each new unknown droplet as it slid past his window. every day brought a fresh batch of droplets he'd never met before, and he introduced himself to each one. for the moment they went sliding down the glass, they told him their life stories, where they'd been and what they'd seen, shrieking until they slipped off the edge or collided and merged with another.

he named them all because when the first one he me finally returned to his window, he knew a year had gone by. not every raindrop returned to him, but it would take a year for one to make the journey across the world.

they called him the librarian because of his books; of course there wasn't a real library for him to tend, but his room was stuffed to the brim with books. he slept on stacks that were arranged in the shape of a cot. no one but the librarian knew that was in any of them because he didn't let anyone check out his books. of course, that's because no one ever asked.

each raindrop's story covered one page; each story was about the path that raindrop followed, the meandering circular journey across the world from when it slipped off the librarian's windowsill to when it returned. from those stories, the librarian learned about the world beyond his room, the world that raindrops pass through.

when the librarian finaally left, they took his empty books and threw them all away.