If librarians were honest, they wouldn’t smile, or act welcoming. They would say, 
You need to be careful. Here be monsters. They would say, 
These rooms house heathens and heretics, murderers and maniacs, the deluded, desperate, and dissolute. They would say, 
These books contain knowledge of death, desire, and decay, betrayal, blood, and more blood; each is a Pandora’s box, so why would you want to open one. They would post danger signs warning that contact might result in mood swings, severe changes in vision, and mind-altering effects.

If librarians were honest they would admit the stacks can be more seductive and shocking than porn. After all, once you’ve seen a few breasts, vaginas, and penises, more is simply more, a comforting banality, but the shelves of a library contain sensational novelties, a scandalous, permissive mingling of Malcolm X, Marx, Melville, Merwin, Millay, Milton, Morrison,
and anyone can check them out, 
taking them home or to some corner 
where they can be debauched 
and impregnated with ideas.

If librarians were honest, 
they would say, No one 
spends time here without being 
changed. Maybe you should 
go home. While you still can.