

*A Door Opens*

A door opens,  
filling the universe with snow.  
Then a thousand doors close,  
stopping traffic.  
The cold ankles  
of dried stalks, buried in snow,  
don't take a step.  
All sound is imprisoned,  
only a distant, feeble sound reaches me.  
The borders are freezing,  
but the water hasn't closed its doors yet.  
I crouch by the sound of the water.  
A thousand doors close.  
Only the gate of water leading to you is open.  
I try to fish out the snowflake  
disappearing in the water.  
Wet snow in a wet eye,  
I enter the open door.