

## Door · *Paul Engle*

I walk around with a door in my hands.

It opens in all directions.  
Whenever I want to go through,  
I gently open it with my key.  
The key is lovingly notched like a liar's tongue.  
It turns without a sound at the softest touch.  
Without the key, I would have to throw away my door.  
In my pocket, the key beats like a living heart.

Sometimes I hear growling on the other side.  
I never find a dog there.

Sometimes I hear weeping.  
I never find a woman there.

Sometimes I hear rain.  
Nothing is ever wet there.

Sometimes I smell fire.  
Never smoke. Nothing burns there.

Sometimes I even knock on the door myself.  
My key caresses the lock.  
I never find myself there.

Sometimes the door is hard to hold,  
wanting to run away,  
haunted by its memory of hinges.

I hear a small sound, and one more time  
I put the patient key in the lock.  
The door trembles as it opens:

A boy's shadow grieves on the bare ground.  
When I start to close the door,  
its dark hand reaches toward me.  
I bang the door on the hand.