

## NOON

Along the creek girls are lifting  
their thin skirts and as they bend  
low, under their loose scoop-neck  
blouses the pale flesh shows.  
They notice you and wave, turn back  
again laughing, dipping their feet  
into the cool water. Now scarves go;  
they unpin their hair. On the banks  
the grass turns down like sheets  
and the sun is big and close.  
You can barely see them through  
the heat as they peel and peel away  
their clothes. And when they open  
their slender arms to you thinking  
they are doing this because they  
want to, thinking there is a choice,  
who can blame them for giving in  
this easily, or you, nearer now  
to yourself than ever as they pull  
you with them, Sister, down.

## DOORS

Not ornate mahogany or quarter inch  
plywood, not Ghiberti's doors, not  
stenciled 'LADIES' or 'GENTLEMEN'  
doors. Our doors reach their full height  
when we are 21, have you ever noticed  
them? Light as our shadows or bathtub  
rings or the nice smells our bodies have.

Think of the emergency exit. Think of  
the first time you used it.  
You rammed head first into real air.  
An enormous cat is chasing you.  
Here comes a wall. Beams—your mouth  
full of cobwebs. It's easy to walk  
through walls, any wall, that wall say,  
into anybody's bathroom. Now we are in  
Minneapolis. He's shaving. She's  
towelling her hair. That look on his face  
as the lather floats lazily to the sea.

Has the rat a door?  
Astronauts hurl toward that perfect  
door in the atmosphere. Ghosts' doors  
shut instantly behind them the way  
water fills the hole you make when  
you jump into the Mediterranean.  
Houdini's door, all the doors Freud  
stuck his nose into, the opera's trap door,  
the door you fall through at the gallows,  
your bikini with the orange pineapples  
on it, that's a door too. And the doors  
slamming in the eyes of your girlfriend  
when she sees you screwing someone else.  
The conservationists will love you.  
No need to hack up Redwood Forest.  
Which is not to say you ignore  
what a door 'means' symbolically.

These two electric eyes are yours.  
This is your automatic entry into everything.