

The Door

You know how to picture a door, painted red for luck or *Welcome*, hinged into a modest heritage house that nobody can afford. You can imagine a Japanese paper door that shushes the already quiet room as it slides. Or a stone slab door pushed into place by the shoulders of grieving disciples. Even a revolving door, flinging rounds of power-suited people through its gates towards the capitalist war.

Corrugated sheet metal doors, corroding and sharp as a talons. Tavern doors, swinging at the backs of cowboys, come to hear the piano once more. Palm frond doors that let in the snakes and trap doors that permit only dark. Doors slammed in lovers' slack-mouthed faces, doors with fist-shaped dents. Doors inset with arrays of jewels, the air-locked doors of spaceships.

Doll house doors and barn doors and doors that are half-unhinged. Outhouse doors, wheelchair accessible doors, Hippie doors with fringes of percussive beads. Tall teak doors with carvings of peacocks, their tails rising in broad arcs. The tiny doors at the bases of trees behind which fairies may dance. Doors you leave just a little ajar while the colicky baby finally sleeps. Yes, you know

how to remember a door. Front doors on which you knock and knock and nobody comes to answer. Unopened doors, baffling doors, doors where your shadow remains. The door behind which your child's father is departing himself and, unknowing, you turn away.