

The Door

The door is marked with locks and
chains that leads to your heart

But, still, you can see through a
grated window, into the ante-chamber
especially if the sun is right and
there is illuminated there in that
frozen tomb a cylinder of years
that time has let past, uncaptured
where might have lived a rose in
bloom in other circumstances, a flower garden

The wrong must have been a grievous
one to set in motion this desperate scheme
and the entrance now is growing over
with choke berries and thistle
no evidence of intruders, no footpath
worn through the woods, in short,
a heart closed up and boarded
over the distance of a life

Still, maybe that is the place
where peace presides; in that arid
tunnel, maybe that is just
the price you paid, to divide trouble
from trouble, maybe that long hall
is the scar of dubious achievement

Still, again, I hope there is another
entrance, maybe for a special few,
who have passed the test and been selected,
for their absolute loyalty,
for their complete devotion, I hope so,
anyway, I hope so.