

DOOR

We know ourselves as two doors,
 fathers seeing the first from far away,
mothers coming en masse to the second.
 Both hear the key's indelible
scrawl revise itself in the second-thought
 of oil, of tumblers, the lock willing
its bolt through seldedge
 and again back, the generations
crossing the foyer in nightdress,
 backlit motes adrift on stale air
out of the current's reach. The sun
 is going down, the sun is on
the other side of the world. Fathers
 crowd the narrows homeward,
changing their lives, telling
 themselves for the last time, footsteps
scattering birds from the trees, they are
 jarred by the lock's trapdoor striker,
ungiving at the legion of useless keys.
 At odd hours mothers wake to all the
words they know will pass through us,
 our candle-lit byways,
light-piqued fissure of escutcheon
 blown out. Fathers then mothers before the frame,
broken then mended to hold us, where at one
 they whisper please, at the second
they kick it through.