

Door

At the far end
of this sun-dappled,
wisteria-draped courtyard
I see a Romanesque
wooden door, slightly open,
revealing light from behind.

This courtyard is a lovely place
but the door invites me further.
Do I dare approach this portal
and open it? Walk through?
Will my future change?
Why am I so beckoned?

I push open the door and enter.

Two attendants lead me
directly to an oaken podium
set before a large audience
of robed men and women.
I am asked to give a speech.

Quietly I say to everyone:
"A speech I cannot give,
kind friends. There was
an outer door I saw ajar,
and I came boldly through,
but I am no one
you would listen to."

The same attendants
help me don a robe,
then lead me to a chair
among the listeners.

We all sit and wait.