

The Doorway

1

My table, yellow in the hands of morning
light, is not a table

but, as I unsee it, a square
of margarine on the black & white tiled plate
of my kitchen floor.

I want to practice seeing
what sight steals—
to trick myself into believing
I am living

in two worlds at once.

I know at least that there is this world
& the one in which you are dying—

& I'd like to let myself come & go
as I please.

2

When I let my eyes close into the gesture
they'll someday take forever,
I see nothing.

Well, that's not true. I see my body's door.
Is heaven an extension

of this darkness? Or a stepping into sight?
And which view is more true—the dark
or the world constructed by our vision?

3

On my run through the night
 I passed a man
 who wore on his forehead a headlamp
 bright enough to erase

 his face, tossed in shadow

as a rag into a sink fogged with soap—
 a momentary disappearance

leaving me
waiting for the shape of it to return

 clean, made new & heavy
 to the surface.

4

Two pigeons chase around my yard
 landing & lifting.

If I unfocus them
the birds fly into syllables,

my pulse: this world
 reduced to rhythm & then,
sitting with it longer,
strengthened into abstraction,
 which is to say escape.

5

I stepped from my dark house
 into a day
 so bright I could barely see
 the pigeons startling up—

is this what it's like

and are you me
walking into a light which overwhelms

 or are you the birds

stunned by the door's collapse
 against the wall
 its intrusion

summoning you
into the branches?

I am waiting for you
 to break

back through the surface of this green world

 alive,
 I am waiting for you—

 Please,
 fly down