

The Door

A door is often a sign that it's time
to turn one's attention
to those who have no need of doors.
There have always been doors.
They hinge together the recesses of the mind.
It's the doors that form the caches of our thoughts,
revolving the ideas,
reflecting the images.
Not even the greatest philosopher
has figured out the origin of ideas.
There are doors that are bolted.
They close off possibilities
inadvertently telescoping what's important,
blocking out the trivial.
There are other doors that open up possibilities
serving as wide-angle lenses.
There are the doors that signal that
we're always beginning at the end.
I used to think that only happened in places
like Ireland and Wales,
where experience comes so late
life is dwarfed and twisted by time.
When I was brand new to the earth,
it smells and colors and lights,
and the odor of the ocean of words,
I used to think there was such a thing
as truth and falsity.
And promises were things that one always kept.
No matter what.
One rarely tastes of these ideals today.
But once in a while, one enters a Dutch door,
and love jolts the memory,
the recollection of the real.

Love is an imp.
It has a way of stirring up
the traces of the mind.
(I think it has something to do with flowers.)
Love is never bred of knowledge.
It comes of yearning,
something that science cannot even promise.
And what is lost?
And what is gained?
I should kill the child,
so it would escape the vicious vale of doors.
For the doors will always be there.
And the children.
The doors that open up to other doors,
different doors.
A child is a promise of all that could be
if there were no doors.
But the day comes when each child
mounts his own door,
The door to lock his teachers out.
The door that will allow him the task of becoming himself.
It's all a matter of time.
The end and the beginning.
The beginning and the end.
It's not a matter of the mandella.
It's a matter of remembering
the smells, the lights,
the odor of the language,
the promises
and the colors of the flowers.

Ann Margaret Sharp