

the door always sticks.
reluctant to open.
once opened difficult to close.
trying to kick it open
you stub your toes on awareness.
trying to kick it closed
you stub your toes on awareness.
the awareness you want
the awareness you want to lose
the awareness you do not want to share.

the door also has a voice.
it mocks failures
it mocks beggars
it mocks delusional empires
it mocks mental breakdowns
it marks imaginary transitions.
i think this door is linked to romanticism
raising suffering to an art form that becomes art
as some form of a portal
transforming from the gaping hole
separated in the creation story.
i try to talk to this door.
it does not listen to rational logic
unnatural forces removed the doorknob years ago.
it taunts you even more
having no visible signs of a lock...
this destroys sensibilities
crumbles egos
exposes the ruins of ambition.

you never see either side of the door
you only see the door as a construction site.
next time you decide to go or to leave
i recommend
trying the window
even if you cannot save
anything else
you might save your toes.

the door always sticks.
wf.h.
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