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Door

J I. Kleinberg

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J.I. Kleinberg

DOOR

after Patrick Lane, Sabi

A sound floats unmoored in my thoughts.
A reflection pauses in the mirror's crack.
Diverted by radiance, I brush my hair, all shadows.
Memory braids into memory. My skin's a dreaming cloth.
Each time I hear the echo, I clutch its livid syllable.
The eye listens.
A rectangle of light endures, mute on the easel.
When I was a child, my mother painted a door and walked through.
I stood at the threshold, my face smudged viridian, cadmium, cerulean.
Dangerous ingress, my fingers shaded in blue eclipse.
Beside the path, moss pillows in my mother's abandoned shoes.
The door between worlds has no hinges.
Withered and empty, my blind bones listen at the sill.