

The Yellow Door

Standing at the yellow door
one has asked all the questions,
the overgrown guard smirking
because he knows and conceals.

Standing at the yellow door
one has considered the options,
sounded the ground of chance,
heard the echoes of one's voice:

The yellow door is opaque,
its translucence cannot reveal,
arising in itself, not beyond,
never deriving, never defined.

The yellow door is passive.
It cannot pull, please, promise.
It has no hinges or knocker,
no substance besides the stars.

A fertile absence as passage,
a tunnel contained in one blink,
a skeleton for a skeleton key,
a hand turning itself to unlock.

Standing at the yellow door
one has gorged on experience,
seen both coming and going,
watched waves roam the sand.

Standing at the yellow door
one decides what kindles faith,
what destroys it and dispels,
what is yellow and everlasting.