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# Doors

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# DOORS

LAURIE LESSEN REICHE

Staunch sentries of decision  
gloating  
and imposing  
tempting and untrustworthy.

How dark can the darkness be  
behind  
such sadistic  
heights? The moon is at brave angles

I agree to bear witness  
to know  
the black pit's drop  
and the monster's swarthy tongue

across my trembling lips.  
I reach out  
to your blockade  
giving the okay to open

the hinge of your wide mouth:  
Deceit!  
O' mean demon  
bombarding me with light!

This is Heaven's hot entrails  
the sun's maternal heat  
breasts like light bulbs burning the

tears out of my singed pupils.  
You laugh  
dastardly door  
at my shock and tripped up breath

I would never have thought light would be  
within your depths  
or the simple bodies hung

with wires and labeled neatly:  
"Breast Cancer" and "Brain Disease."  
Science shivers like slivers of ice

in this luminous laboratory  
The dark  
may be unknown  
but how gentle is the bite

of mysterious monsters  
who roam  
unseen through safe  
black dreams as weightless as silken phantoms.