

# The Monday Poem: “Doors opening, closing on us” by Marge Piercy

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The Monday poem is brought to you by the SUNY Broome English Department. Enjoy!

## ***Doors opening, closing on us***

Marge Piercy

Maybe there is more of the magical  
in the idea of a door than in the door  
itself. It's always a matter of going  
through into something else. But  
while some doors lead to cathedrals  
arching up overhead like stormy skies  
and some to sumptuous auditoriums  
and some to caves of nuclear monsters  
most just yield a bathroom or a closet.  
Still, the image of a door is liminal,  
passing from one place into another  
one state to the other, boundaries

and promises and threats. Inside  
to outside, light into dark, dark into  
light, cold into warm, known into  
strange, safe into terror, wind  
into stillness, silence into noise  
or music. We slice our life into  
segments by rituals, each a door  
to a presumed new phase. We see  
ourselves progressing from room  
to room perhaps dragging our toys  
along until the last door opens  
and we pass at last into was.

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