

## The Gold Door

When I enter a gold door, I want to enter  
a gold door. Consider how a drawer  
only responds to specific tracks  
to align its wheels. I mean that upon entering  
the door, something grand  
should be waiting. I ask for small things  
of the array of things one can ask for:  
I ask nothing of the goldness  
of the door, that it sparkle in certain light  
or lack flakes revealing  
its initial finish. I ask nothing  
of how long I should be allowed inside  
or in what manner I must interact,  
as in when I enter a room of strangers,  
I ask to be greeted in a manner fitting  
to my entering. I will bring a bottle with a bow  
& exit empty handed. These are expectations  
engrained in the fabric of evenings,  
as in when I enter a room of oranges,  
I wish to be wrapped in silk satin  
& remembered with such shimmer  
in times of trouble. To hold this thought  
is to meet on most necessary terms,  
like letting the moon stand as a symbol of night  
& therefore be less of night. The grand thing  
can be wrapped in a box or framed  
in the mind or written in lily-water. It can be  
grand in that it is largesse or grand  
in that it is precise. It can greet me by name  
or be present in the palm. It can be orange  
in color or warped in form. When I enter  
a gold door, I want to be equal  
with what I meet & then you will know  
I have asked nothing of you.