A Door Apart

Neil H Segal

Doors may become closed
The object was first made to
Create order, stop wind to
Make calm, divide the room
So I know what to vacuum,
Now makes noise when slammed
Creates division, with a
New order of separateness—
Remember to open the door.

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Editor's Note: Segal said that “when I wrote this poem, I was thinking of my childhood . . . in particular, the ideologies and devastation of Apartheid.” (Ah, the power and openness of poetry! When I read his poem, it transported me back to a physics experiment I did years ago in school on the effect of air currents between our back door and front door!)