

MARGARET LAVIN

Threshold

How can I tell
the space where the door was
that there is nothing to open anymore nothing
to close.

Having said, after all
we are defined by our losses, pain reminds us
we are here, and wisteria blooms
in all wounds, the words
ran away into wherever the door went.

I get messages:
sorry we left you open-mouthed, but got bored
with consolations, or don't come looking, or
we miss you we miss you remember
the old days

so I do
I do and turn
to the space where the door was
and hang memory on its hinges