

RODGER KAMENETZ

The Door

And if I go through the door
will I be forgiven?

You will be forgiven.

Will I be forgiven the imprint
I made on my child
when she was softer than butter
and I was blacker than iron?

You will be forgiven.

Will I be forgiven the black mark
I made on her soul
with the black mark on mine?

Yes, go through the door.

The people are naked there.
I caught a glimpse of them
as the door swung open.

They appear naked in your eyes
in the dark corridor.

They seem indistinct and fleshy,
rose hued. I thought of the men and women
lined up for the gas chambers.

So you see them with your broken eyes.

Should I go through the door then?

It is not a matter of *should*.

You must decide and no one can decide for you
which part of yourself has the lead.

The black part you mean, or the soft part?

There are other names.

And if I stand outside wondering?

You will stand outside wondering,
neither born nor unborn.

And does my dead grandfather live there?

Evidently, as he pushed open the door.

Yes, I saw him go in and then he disappeared.

Here is a hint for you: was he wearing clothes?

Yes before he went through the door.

Then he vanished into that glimpse of bodies
of naked men and women.

And were you afraid then?

Yes. Very afraid.

And what are you afraid of?

Being naked in the light.

Then you are still waiting to open the door.

Yes, but for how long?

How long is your fear?