

# Looking for doors

By Glenn Currier

At every turn I have looked  
listened, felt around for a door  
a door here and a door there  
one that would open  
let in the air  
let me aboard  
not afraid nor bored  
or in doubt  
always leaning toward  
life, whatever would restore  
the child's enthusiasm  
the young man's excitement for the next adventure.

So many doors:  
music, art, trees, flowers,  
incense, a lover's lips,  
poetry, stories, a lunar eclipse,  
lizards, drums, psalms,  
the smell of her hair, the feel of her arms.

Still I search for a door open to the light  
to heaven and depth and height.

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