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## Tap at My Door

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## Tap at My Door

Come,

tap at my door.  
I am home every night  
(and up till very late)  
waiting in the quiet  
    attending  
only to the clock spring  
    unbending  
sonic-booms in the quiet  
that echo beyond the ticking . . .

I am waiting

in the dream-clock din  
of my fire-placed parlor  
    lending  
ear to the outer wind  
    sending  
scurries across the empty porch,  
whispering, lispings nothingness . . .

Wind rattling?

I leap for the door  
only to stand and stare  
into a desert-night street,  
a street devoid of love  
as my heart unfurnished  
with a brief brush of love . . .

(This I cannot explain:  
waiting late every night  
with lamps accenting the inner pain,  
parlor lamps blazing bright.)

Come, tap at my door  
and I will let you in  
to bright-paint, redecorate  
my bare-walled heart:  
I am up till very late.

Come, tap at my door . . .

*FOREST L. WEBER, JR.*