Tap at My Door

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Recommended Citation
Weber, Forest J. Jr. (1964) "Tap at My Door," Calliope: Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol11/iss1/15

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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, lisping 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.