



1984

## Doors

Maureen Katherine Clancy

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## DOORS

Snow pales the porchlight  
As I shiver on your doorstep,  
My numb hands buried  
Deep in my pockets.  
The door slivers open  
To your faint, social smile.

I remember freckles blooming  
And frizzy red hair,  
Now covered by make-up  
And tamed by a comb.

Leaning  
Against the door,  
You say nothing.  
I look behind you  
For a glimpse  
Of the inside,  
But you keep  
The door  
Just cracked.  
"I must have the wrong address."  
You nod,  
Pushing the door shut.

The porchlight  
Switches off.  
Standing for a while  
In the coldness,  
I wish for my tomboy buddy  
and unlocked doors.

Maureen Katherine Clancy