

The Doorway

The field disguised the doorway
Light does not reach,
On a hillock, dry and plain,
Entwined with weeds.
Weeds rustled when a woman
Looked that way,
And travelled through the mists
Of previous days.
Remembering the child,
Blond and frail,
Who put aside her wand
And fairy veil,
Who kept the chorus long
In airy form
And sat among the fields
Of unicorn,
She thought what once had been
Would paint itself:
The castles and the beasts closed
On her shelf,
For sun which has its own
Elusive ways,
Had let her spy a doorway
Through its rays—
No longer seen for years
Beneath the weeds,
That golden door had shut
Where beauty leads.

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