

Martha Wainwright, Door

There's a door
Handle's cold
Made of iron & brass
And this door it used to lead
Into what is now my past
If you were to have opened this door
It would have lead you on to a floor
Where my mother had played almost 50 years before

Nuts & bolts galore
Croquet balls in drawers
Badminton nets & racquets
All Frank's undergarments

Walls get built where once there weren't any there
Locks get locked & door knobs fall off
Wood-carved roads, chip-rock rues, so turn the screws
But the weasel of my heart
Late at night unlocks the lock
Walks thru the wall
Sits down with my mother & plays a game of ball

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There's a door
Handle's cold