Martha Wainwright, Door

There's a door
Handle's cold
Made of iron & Description 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 & Dits galore Croquet balls in drawers Badminton nets & Dits 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 & Door knobs fall off

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There's a door Handle's cold