

The Journey of the Doorknob

by Michael Alan Brich

There is a ceiling and a floor

and I am the person that sits between them.

As sitting is to the floor with chair

thinking is to the ceiling with the smoke from my cigarette.

Chair, floor, ceiling, smoke

and every so often a door.

A door with a doorknob that moves to my hand

like it should

like it was made for the purpose

that my palm entails.

The doorknob turns my hand

easily.

It knows what its doing and the door opens.

It says goodbye to my hand.

Goodbye doorknob

though we've only been together a short time

my hand will always remember you

as the one that was made for it

as the one that turns easily.

As the door's hinges are my knees

they open me into the doorway

creaking a little as hinge knees do.

Then

for a moment in between

I am the doorway

to myself

who is just now entering

this very different place.