**Keys**

While window shopping at the mall

I stop by a jewelry display case

Where something catches my attention――

It is a set of silver keys.

Shiny, beautiful little keys.

I am obsessed by these keys.

I don’t know why, but I like keys.

Lately there’s been something about them…

Something that gives them importance.

I guess it’s what they signify.

Keys, to most, mean access―

A way in, a way out.

With keys we open many things――

Locks, doors, chests and drawers;

Hearts, souls, our wildest dreams.

Keys can also set us free――

From prison cells and rusty cages;

From the confines of our own madness.

Maybe I’m seeking access to something―

Something that’s been denied me for years,

Or something I myself have denied.

Or maybe I long to escape,

To break away and be free…

Or, perhaps, to set something free.

Whatever my desire, here I stand,

Admiring these trinkets and their sparkle,

Thinking to myself,

*Gotta have one, one of those keys.*

But my money isn’t enough. See?—

I need a way out. I need access.

(2011)