F. J. Bergmann - The Doorman

That poem was a revelation; it really opened a door. You descend from the limousine onto the mandatory red carpet. When you approach the threshold, the poem stands there attentively, gloved hand on the crystal doorknob, gold braid on its epaulets. It smiles and waves you onward, with a genial nod. You step through onto the rocky promontory, shading your eyes with your hand and squinting against the glare. From far below, you hear the crash of waves, a foghorn, seabirds, lobsters singing. Out there, something is moving its tremendous flukes.

first appeared in *Grievous Angel*