

The Door Man

The Door Man opens the door.

You do not open the door.

The Door Man opens the door.

The Door Man also closes the door.

The Door Man also locks the door, when necessary of course.

But how did the Door Man become the Door Man, you ask?

And why does he do what he does?

“How do you do?” they ask the Door Man.

“Fine, thank you,” the Door Man says politely. “Where are you headed to today?”

“Up and down and all around,” they sometimes say.

Or, “A bit to the left, a bit to the right,” or “Straight on ahead if that’s okay.”

And like the Door Man does, he opens the door so they’re on their way.

And they go home in the night, and they go to work in the day.

But where does Dear Old Door Man stay?

Well the Door Man lives both close and far.

On the Moon and Mars and purple stars,

Or mountains and volcanoes and planes and cars.

And crocodiles’ humps and pits of tar.

And among the fresh scents of fields of daisies.

Or pretty pink apron pockets of little old ladies.

But wherever he stays, you will be sure to find.

That his door openings are not common, they’re one of a kind.

And you don’t need to ask the Door Man how or why,

Because you’ll be just as confused as they and I

His doors open to those who choose.

And soon, maybe he’ll open a door just for you.