

# TIMOTHY HENRY

## Doors without Locks and Other Entrances

All seasons have a coda:  
Indian summer reminds me of a parking lot  
where my unborn children grow between rocks  
and urban windows without bars  
or at least a warning of a dog  
know they will be broken.  
Unempty paintcans gather in these garages  
like tears at a funeral for a jerk.

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It would be too easy to say something sharp  
about grass in Virginia or the way moons shatter lakes.  
Instead, I'll mention something about basements surviving  
or how pies compare to éclairs or cakes  
or how little I'm concerned about anything.  
"Indifferent to it all," I'd say  
"I'm indifferent to it all."

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Transgender ghosts lurk in the closet  
but we're too deaf to notice anything

but the way beer bubbles in the belly.

The rubber band keeping the galaxy in place,  
placed by God after his morning paper,

is tired of the round life and wants to break.

I've heard of a door without a lock that could not be opened.  
It was only posing as a door.

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This is a horse with a wounded ego.  
This is a legless desk with two chairs.

Landscapes after earthquakes are new ideas  
like a Friday night I can remember

or a gun that only shoots jokes.

Entrances can always be used as exits  
regardless of what any sign may say.

Signs don't have feelings or voices.