

Behind These Doors

Listener

Behind these doors, the things that are valued
as the norm would cause the most open minds to close.
The locks that hold these patrons inside
would make most bank vaults jealous and look old.
And once it shuts and your world goes black,
even when your eyes are wide open, they're closed.

Sealed from truth and the ability
to find the bottom of it. I'm not gonna lie and say
I haven't been inside, but miraculously my soul hasn't rotted from it.
I personally am attracted to the bright colorless
being that is its pull. Singing songs to my
ears like sirens pulling wool over the parts that I need to see.
I know the heat, the pain, I can feel it inside me.
But its sharpness makes me numb, and my memory releases
the immediate danger status I tag so lovingly to the knob.
The door pushes open so easily, I note how well greased its hinges are.
The smooth sanded finish not repelling, but inviting me,
saying my name and appealing to my selfish inner greed as my fingers go
running across the plain. Like a kid in a candy store or
a bull in a china cabinet, to be more accurate to the
situation's name as I explore.
I notice the deep impressions curved by a skilled craftsman,
pointing its bony finger in my direction. But finally
just as quietly as it runs vertically across my lips oh so silently,
it shows me how to always answer with a smile and a "Yes Sir".
That's the mesmerizing effect it has as I memorize
the bold faced letter "S" word.

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My eyes go to tearing up, but really
they're just irritated, and not
because my emotions can't handle all the situations
my body puts them in.
Faded memories, which just last week, I vowed to
never forget haunt me. Daunting and floating near my head
whispering how much I'll regret not remembering.
The open doors that I've lead myself to believe that I open
slam shut in my face and I walk away red eyed and cry hoping.
I know it's the "I" that keeps me here,
the lust of the eyes and the pride of looking at life through a mirror,
and not acknowledging fear as a real emotion to be respected.
I minimize, I ostracize, and I try and do it all for me;
I point to the sky with one finger all the while consciously
knowing I have three fingers pointing right back at me.
Behind these doors I know I'll get all the recognition I need
to feed my chubby ego and mind,
but it's the lies I'm blind to, and I find myself always
rubbing my eyes. And still I focus hovering at the ominous,
slender, sans serif letter "I".

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Towards the end, I can see it now
and I smile sheepishly but knowing I'm exhausted.
I sit near the entrance warning the weak and curious,
displaying my scars and downplaying my accomplishments.
This type of canter no longer hurts my feelings
for I've been behind all the doors I care to open.
I've been promised it all and given gold plated sand.
I sit with knives in my back looking at the smiles of those
who hold them.
Sometimes I beat myself's brain for ever
listening to what's behind the door.
I was so interested, couldn't be stopped
and it just wouldn't be ignored, but now I pay expenses
my poor frame can never afford, in this lifetime or another.
I guess the joke and the blame's on me as I scowl
wishing I had real friends.
It's my own fault though.
I saw the "S" worshipped the "I" and now it's time for my "eNd".

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