The Bolted Door

Go and unbolt the door.

Maybe outside there’s a tree full of apples

waiting to be plucked from their branch

                                                Pick one

it's waiting.

Go and unbolt the door.

Maybe you will find an adventure,

Maybe an adventure will find you.

Go and unbolt the door.

Smell the candle smoke from a recent flame

snuffed out for a reason,

an intriguing reason,

a secret, shadow-like reason.

Even if it was only the black wafting tail of a curious feline.

Go and unbolt the door,

It will answer all your questions.

By Peggy Connor