

CITY OF DOORS

Words: Jonah Dragan

pictures: Erin Przekop

I can still remember the City of Doors,
as near as last night's moon,
as far as the other side of the ocean.

That's where I lost you.

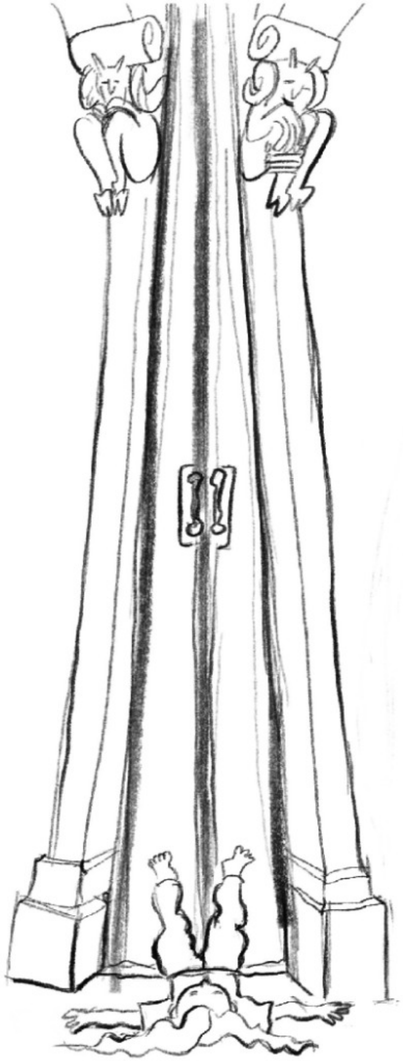
Doors of gnarled wood,





Doors of dancing gold,

Doors of frozen rock.



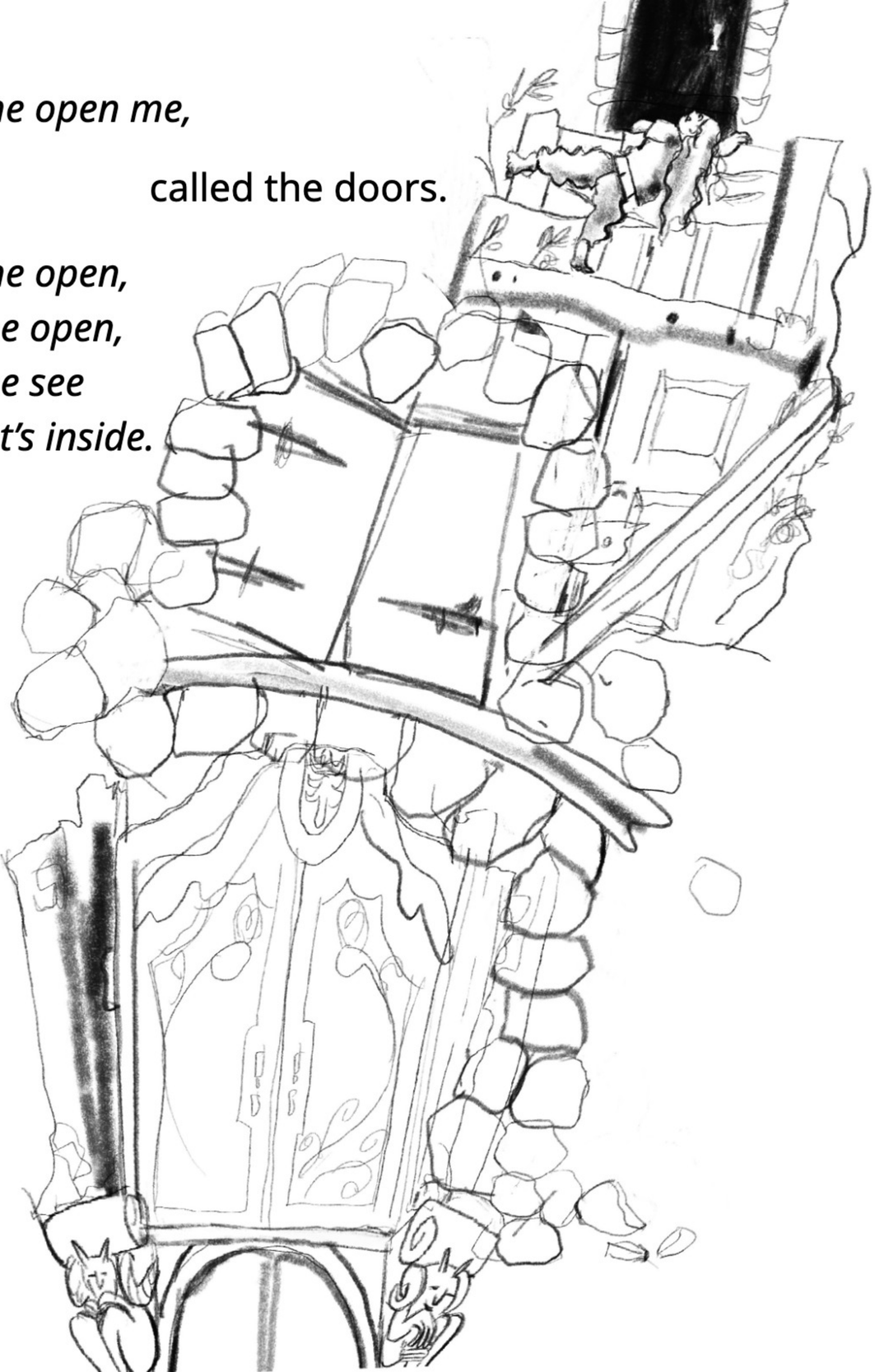


Doors tall, tall,
and doors just as high
as my knee.

Come open me,

called the doors.

Come open,
come open,
come see
what's inside.



Oh, you cannot imagine
what lies locked behind me.
I will take you away to places you have seen
only in light-dappled dreams.



Come and take a look.

I opened another
and there were things
I had yet to discover,
things that wouldn't be mine
for a week,
a month,
a year.

I opened a door
and found things I'd left behind,
things I'd tossed aside,
buried,
locked up,
hidden away.

But there was no sign of you,
no matter how high I looked.

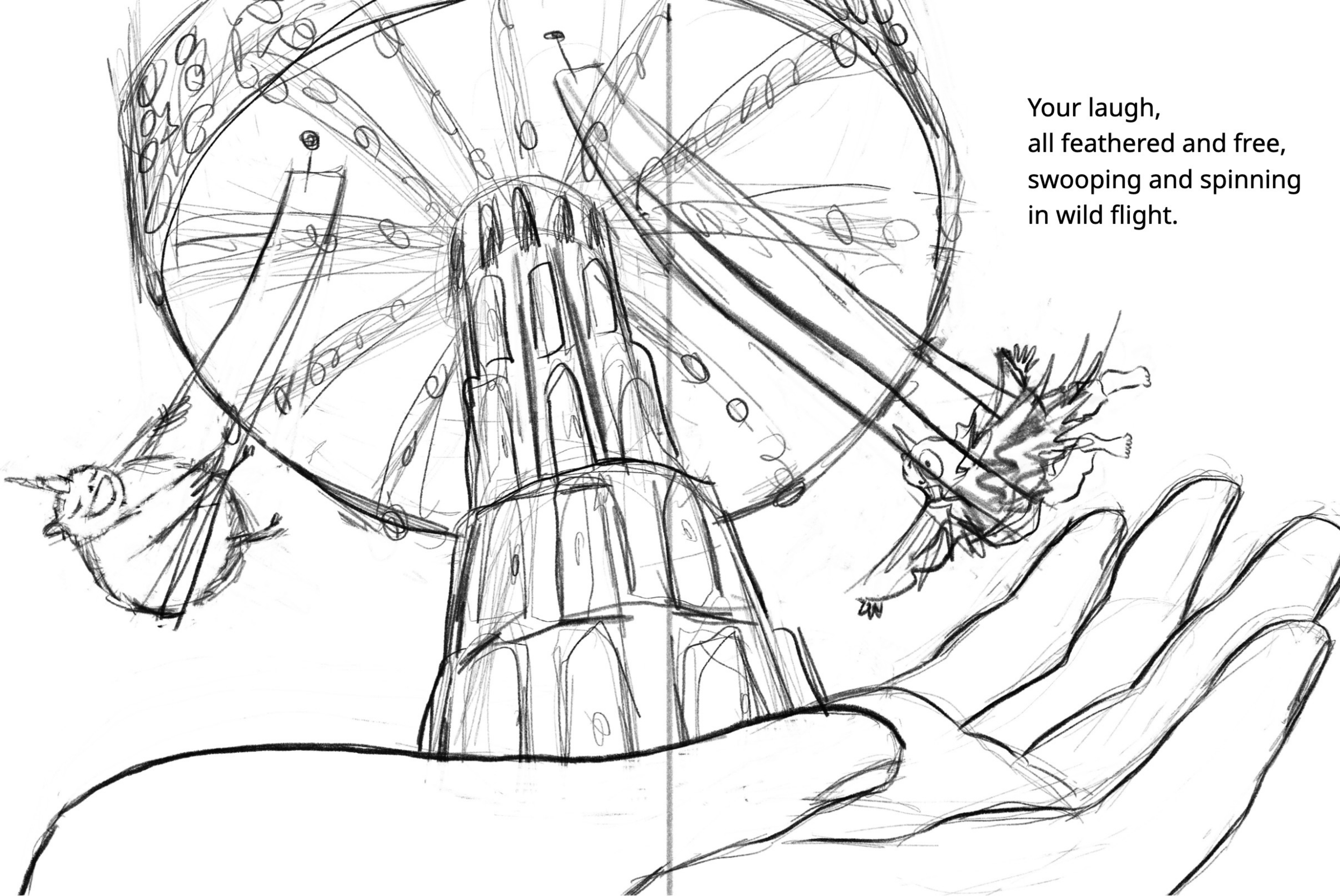
Or how low.

When did I lose you?
Your curious hands,
so full of clinking trinkets





and things glowing
and things growing.



Your laugh,
all feathered and free,
swooping and spinning
in wild flight.

Your heart
burning
bright
bright
bright
in the dark.

Where

have

you

gone?

Alone in the depths,
I promised,
I will find you again.

I will walk the coiled paths
that swallow my footprints
and drink up my tears,



Until...

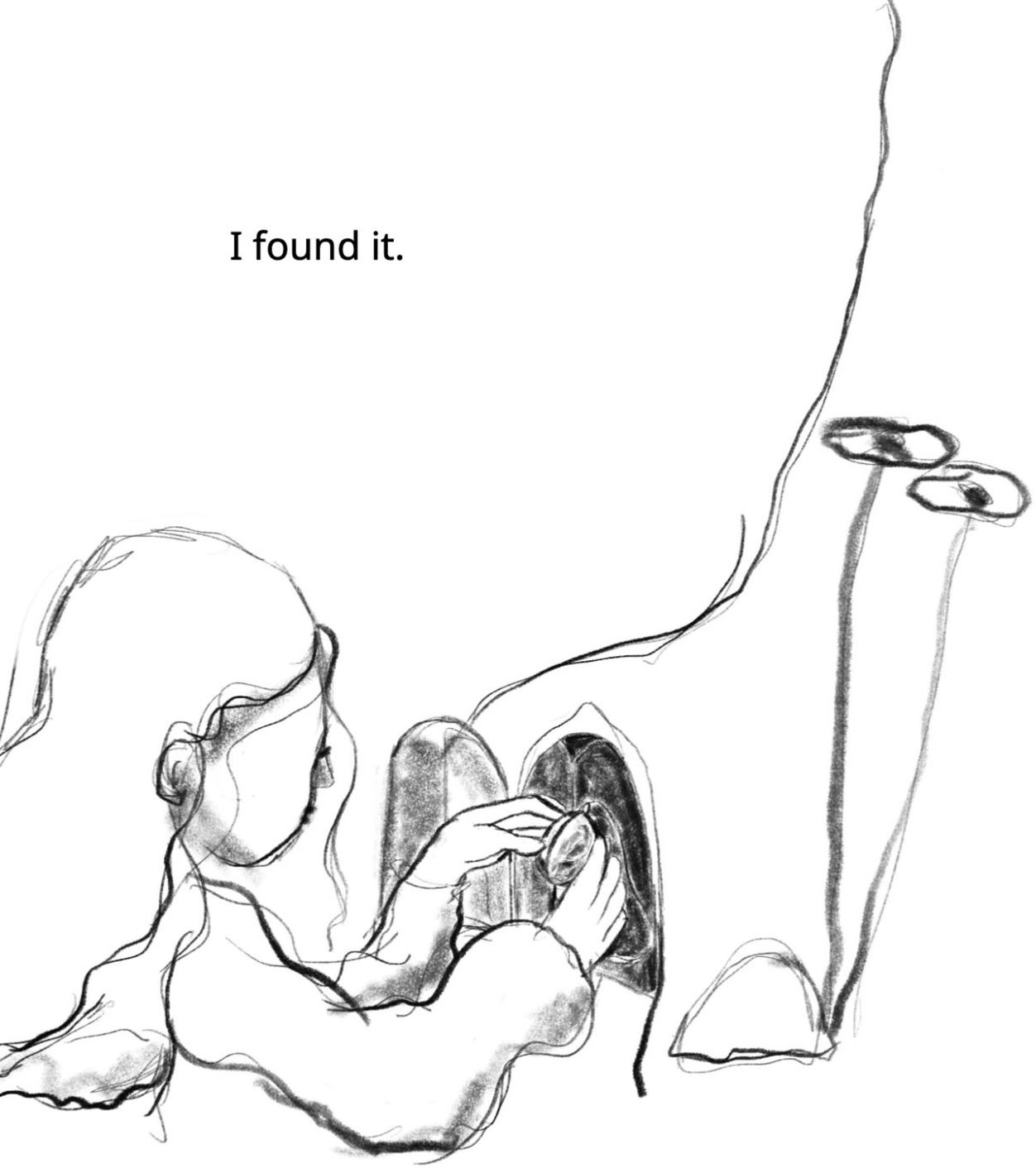
tucked in
a twilit hollow,

I'll see it.

The door I was
searching for all along,

as far as the other side of the ocean,
as near as last night's moon.

I found it.





I found you.

I found...

Me.


gatefold



Sample Reference Images of artwork for City of Doors.

(materials: gouache, colored pencil, oil pastel, pan pastel.)

pictures: Erin Przekop





