

I am the Old Door through which they Enter

I am the old door through which they enter.
A thousand stars will prick night's lonely dark,
long tails still glowing orange at the centre.

Each one drags its thin tail across my sky,
a milky-white scrawl that might be a name
but the sky tilts and it doesn't survive.

I am the old door on which they knock,
throwing stars into the dark of my womb.
Each one moves the hands on some giant clock.

The muscle of my womb curls around them
holding their faint light in a feeble fist.
It tries to somehow stop the falling sands.

I am the old dark their light has punctured,
lonely night sky that cannot hold its stars.
Each time they shoot and fall out through the centre.

—*Sharon Berg*