



Joan Colby

The Nature of Freedom

An open door is terrifying.
Hauls the eye to blue distances,
Roads narrowing like arrowheads,
A sky soaring with birds of prey.

A closed door cannot be borne.
The heart knocks on it. Beats a key
Of breath into shape. Fits it as one
Body fits another. The door
Slides open. Lovers fall apart,
Everything spreads, amorphous,
Uncontained.

Thus: strategy of a window.
Before it, a table,
A book, face down.
Iris in a glass vase.

Outside, a dead
Garden. Bent rake.
An elm
Dressed in rain.

Joan Colby lives in Illinois.