

# Canadian Literature

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# 205



Queerly Canadian

# Knob

When the door opened  
When the door swung  
When the door creaked  
When the door  
Opened  
You were standing there  
And I did not care.  
I've always liked doors

I broke my tooth  
My toe  
My nose  
My aunt's vase  
Against doors

I've closed them on fingers  
And at the wrong time and at the right time  
And leant against them for the drama  
And scratched  
My fingers, and banged  
My fingers, and pressed  
My fingers against  
So many doors. My favorite

The big wooden ones or glass  
Ones that slide and hide  
Nothing. I'd make  
A world full of doors where  
I could always arrive and never  
Get in. I'd like it that way

I'd just open doors and close  
Doors and listen to them bang  
Or be knocked.