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Turning

He could only walk through
one side of a wall.
Doors were a myth, he said,
invented by those with options.
He said— I must leave this place where
eyes shed tears at my leaving.
He worked nights, odd jobs—
felt his way through the dark
while the neighbors slept
until his hands became
what he was looking for.
His boots were sewn from an earlier him.
They would go anywhere, he said—
Anywhere except back.
Anywhere except the place
where new boots are required.
He said that during certain moons
there are no ghosts—
only dances without dancers.
On those nights he became that.
He said there are no doors—
only knobs turning slowly.
He taught himself to creak.
He taught himself to slam.
He learned to be the myth

that splits and joins
two eyes at a keyhole.

Martin Vest

Martin Vest is co-editor of *Arsenic Lobster*, a new poetry journal. He has received two recent Pushcart nominations, and his work is forthcoming in *Pearl*, *Slipstream*, *Rattle*, *The Temple*, *The Doomed City*, and elsewhere. His chapbook—*Dark Night of The Sybil*—was published by Acid Press.