

A book about being afraid of doors, a book about locking yourself in,  
a book about locking them out. A book about people that are doors,  
doors that represent armies, gateways to enemy worlds.

A book about doors  
that open somewhere new every time you lay your fingers to their handle.

A mythology of fear is the cornerstone of the patriarchal hierarchy of oppression.

If I had to tell people how to live should I tell people how to live.

I imagine to start writing small treatises from the points of views of different characters.

I have so many different ideas about writing a book now  
that aren't just sitting down and writing a book.

(It feels like being surrounded by a chorus of doors slamming shut into infinity.)

The risk is they come to life through my fingers.

The risk is I'm not even sure of trusting desire to write  
as the desire to have influences.

I'm so proud of her.

She's trying to be right about everything.

She's trying to be special.

She's trying to be above criticism.

(Imagine walking into a room and there being slightly unhinged doors everywhere,  
and then whenever you move they all slam shut in unison. I don't ever have to have  
a show right, I just have to say what it would be.)

I didn't know how to read the way she smiled when I said I was a writer.

(Finding new ways to become a writer. I don't even recognize where those words  
come from and it's been seconds. Of course the door, the knock on the door  
interrupted me. I have a problem with doors. I like them open or shut but nothing  
in between, I don't enjoy passage.)

Door, can't you pick one, open or shut? All this transition feels perilously precarious.

Door, how can I trust you when any hand can twist you to go in and out.

Door, I don't know how I'd feel if you were locked, every room with a dead cat like that box.

Door, am I living or dead, can you tell me? Is this living yet, is it?

Knocks on the door,

knocks on the door quicken the heart, set the dog barking,  
knocks on the door, hide the children. One generation loses the knowledge  
so the next one enforces it.

Doors we try to hold shut unlike the doors we try to hold open.

Nothing comes easily anymore.

No one can decide.

No more doors would be to say the end of god  
and the dawn of the days of the demons.

Demons see everywhere windows  
and never stop feeling free.

Demons are our doorless future,

the next steps are unlocked so we can step on each other,  
to each other, up.

Let's make it all a joke about surrealism to out everyone that'd rather stay mid-century.  
 Are there any records that aren't just tributes to violence  
 when joy can't be recorded and can barely be shared.  
 We've only managed the one to many ratio of mass enjoyment  
 and not the rolling tides of communal pleasure if they can be  
 through such limited forms adequately communicated. All the greatest works form  
 walls in an obvious and dated  
 appropriation.  
 Would you like us to break through?

What happens to wood when it's made into a door.  
 How does it suffer this crime against it's nature.  
 Who was the first person to cut down a tree.  
 Who struck the first whack that divorced the people from nature and doomed us all.  
 Who invented privacy.  
 Who chose what was precious and rare and built doors to hoard their riches.  
 Who loved so hard  
 they became jealous and scared  
 and wanted to trap their love in the name of protection and safety.  
 Who decided joy was scarce and must be hidden and guarded.  
 How did the wood feel, not against their skin but  
 in it's fibers as it was wrenched apart and planed and nailed into place,  
 doors as a metaphor for crucifixion or perhaps crucifixion as a metaphor for doors.  
 Who can say with certainty what came first except for fear.

doors  
 Are there doors in your mind,  
 open, shut, locked, french  
 you can throw open with both hands.

Who comes through the door but a friend,  
 all that matters is that the door stays open.  
 It's the closed doors that will threaten to destroy all our simple bonds.  
 The mouth a door, the eyes doors, ears, holes,  
 asses, pussies, cockholes doors doors doors they open and shut, open  
 and shut,  
 at will and some of them rest shut and some of them rest open and  
 they belong to you but also to everyone in some way for example the eye doors  
 own all the doors with their wild reflective processing power  
 and suck in the images of doors and feel them,  
 sense their availability, their hesitance.  
 Du gefällt mir, I said to them,  
 but they had already hardened, already turned away and shut their doors,  
 old pain old angers hardened still into a stone.  
 I wish they were ice, if there were just cold I could melt  
 them,  
 but a rock is much harder not to crack,  
 although the rock between their legs not so much.  
 I keep thinking of their cock

with my fingers rubbing on it only seconds before it exploded all over us and  
I still wanted to just sink so deep into them  
as if when I never stopped to give them pleasure

they might give me that tiny bit of  
space  
in their life instead of how,  
declaring their scared, they shut me out, shut  
me out,  
so totally and finally I could only laugh  
because our eyes  
were locked and sincere and I can't stop to flush my face over  
whenever I run into them and they dare not to love me but  
it's fine.

I'll pour over them like their hot cum poured over me  
and melt their stone until it's not even a pebble anymore  
and I can drape my arms around them and kiss their neck with  
abandon  
and tell them I love them over and over without them getting scared  
and they'll forgive me,  
forgive me somehow that I'm always,  
always a bit too much.

“What room is this?”

“I don't know, try the other door.”

“It's locked.”

She looks at the door.

“But we can also unscrew the hinges.”

“The hinges are here, ah, I see. So we're on the inside.”

“Yeah, I guess we're on the inside.”

“Yeah, I guess this is the inside, the safe space, what's outside is more locked out then we are, in any case.”

“Maybe we shouldn't take it down.”

“Hard to say.”