

John Lehman: To penetrate that room

"To penetrate that room is my desire,  
The extreme attic of the mind, that lies  
Just beyond the last bend in the corridor.  
Writing I do it. Phrases, Poems are keys.  
Loving's another way (but not so sure).  
A fire's there, I think, there's truth at last.  
Deep in a lumber chest. Sometimes I'm near,  
But draughts puff out my matches, and I'm lost.  
Sometimes I'm lucky, find a key to turn,  
Open an inch or two--but always then.  
A bell rings, someone calls, or cries of fire'  
Arrest my hand when nothing's known or seen,  
And running down the stairs again I mourn."