

Father's Doors

By Diana Hendry

He had this habit with any door he met –
Once shut, he'd stand outside and tap three times.
Impossible to know what impulse took
His fingers so. Was it a hex to ward
Off wrong? His own Morse code for *peace* or did
He simply doubt that any door – however strong
And even as its keeper slotted snug
Within its slot – was properly secure?
One Two Three. Tap Tap Tap –
Like a spirit announcing itself on a ouiji board.

'Were you born in a house without doors?'
He'd call if I forgot. And when in winter
A bout of bronchitis kept me in my bed
He'd shyly poke his head around the door
Demanding *What d'you want to catch a cold for?*
As if I'd chosen to. I'd lie and listen –

There he goes. I hear him now. The three taps
In my skull as if he never meant to close a door
But always wanted in.