

*Melanie Flores*

**Closed Doors**

Demons in my head  
take me for dead,  
close the door on my life—  
open back rooms  
with broken windows.

I hang my baggage  
on a closed line to dry  
stalking yesterdays  
erasing tomorrows.

"We'll be in touch" means  
"Don't come here anymore."

Walking into closed doors  
I've forgotten how to stretch out  
my hand, twist the doorknob  
and push the door open.

And those damned  
demons in my head  
keep up their chatter,  
confusing and beguiling.  
Maybe...maybe...something.  
Maybe...nothing.