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Poems

Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg Collection

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### Keys

Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg

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## Keys

### I. Lost in Sleep

Now you are a man sleeping  
in a room full of squares of sun  
on the floors, the walls  
and the circle hum of a fan.

Earlier you searched this room  
and all others for your keys  
Unfound unheard.

Now your hands land upon your body  
like motionless birds. Your legs,  
divided into peninsulas, reach  
to the sea of the waking.

Outside the taut layers of heat  
loosen. The sun descends slowly.

Inside sleep takes you to places  
beyond keyholes: a highway that ends  
in rain and darkness; a small room  
in Japan where you are a woman  
waiting for someone; white mountains  
that turn to clouds.

Places you will forget  
like the falling of keys  
unheard. Doors you cannot  
keep open to remember more  
than the forests *of which*  
they are made. ~~of~~

### II. The Keys, Found

Now you are a man waking  
to a room full of squares of sun.  
You remember the keys lost  
that dropped behind a door  
you thought you no longer needed.

The woman beside you lies down  
uncovered and places her foot  
upon yours. Somewhere the ocean,  
found, circles and unrolls.

Her hand, an open shell,  
lands on your chest and speaks.  
It says, "this is not a door  
but a room we share."

The man beside you casually  
shouts up the stairs, "I found  
your keys." You remember your dreams.

### III. The Room

The fan hums and the air flutters  
before falling upon you.  
The man, the woman:  
not just keys lost and found.

They are places you have been  
in passing in permanence:  
deserts so wide you lost yourself;  
clearings of wind that come  
unexpectedly after the search.  
Places you are moving toward,  
places you have never seen.

You may embrace them.  
You may fall away.  
You may choose and choose again  
and still, not find the doors.

Instead there are rooms open  
filled with different shapes of light  
that dance as the sun descends.  
Rooms contained in stars  
that turn to leaves at dawn.

The keys don't matter.  
It is the courage to enter.