



Westview

Volume 35 Article 8 Issue 1 Summer

5-1-2019

Carved Door

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Recommended Citation

Ross, Dennis (2019) "Carved Door," Westview: Vol. 35: Iss. 1, Article 8. Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol35/iss1/8

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Carved Door

By Dennis Ross

I stagger with a heavy door, thick, ancient oak with six carved panels: a dove, a plow, flowers, wreathed acanthus leaves. Setting it upright, I balance it on brown, frustrated grass in a parched, frustrated world with the present eating the future.

I hear a group singing and a guitar from the far side, a folk song from the 60s about love, a new spirit of peace in the world. Maybe

if I open my door, a revolution of understanding will emerge, a new thrust of green and growing, and the bird of life, many colored with many different and strange ideas, will sing again on the Earth and drown out the bigoted chants of death in jackboots marching.