

SONATA IN R

This morning I tried to open the door.
The results were poor.
You see, I wasn't quite sure
Which of the three keys there were
Went with which door.
Perhaps, if I'd been,
I'd have gotten in.
But as things were,
I stood and tried the key in the door,
And it went in the lock, but no more.
It didn't respond to the oaths I swore!
But that was the key, I was almost sure.

Almost...but no, not certain quite,
And so, by the ill-placed windowlight,
I looked through all of the keys I had,
Like a man gone mad,
Telling with my two eyes the story
Of each incursion and promontory,
Until, beyond the shadow of a gnat,
I'd distinguished this one apart from that.
In fact, the key I had was right.

This time, first time I tried,
The door opened wide.
Why didn't it do that the time before?
Stupid door!
It's weird: almost as if the key
Needed something from me.
Well yes, I guess the answer's there:
That *is* how things are.
Once you don't doubt the key any more,
Once you're sure,
It opens the door.