

## Channah Moshe

### Doors

High arched  
thick mahogany  
thudded shut  
blotting out  
light  
warmth  
They kept me  
in a French education

My parents  
home  
beyond  
heavy metal  
firmly bolted  
doors  
Along cool hallways  
prayers echoed  
repeated  
unanswered

No one  
to play with  
not even Blacky  
the Angora cat  
I remembered  
ruled a harem  
of felines  
in our back garden  
in Talpioth  
At six  
I didn't know  
which bus number  
could take me back

In another country  
with lush grass  
the corrugated iron gate  
could be opened  
with a finger

Alps spectacular, snowy  
and insurmountable  
reflected in limpid lakes  
where swans snapped  
when fed  
None of the roads  
were familiar

The headmaster's aviary  
Chirped his loneliness  
with a woman  
only sometimes his wife

Another country  
where hot desert storms  
breathed on one's face  
as though  
an invisible hand  
had opened an oven door  
without the savor  
of cinnamon buns

Then the door  
in Jerusalem  
closed  
while in London  
mother opened another  
hoping father  
would relent  
beg her  
to come back  
but  
before she suspected  
five others  
had replaced her  
Years she waited  
wasted  
hoping  
that door  
would open  
No one asked  
which doors  
we might need  
eventually  
we walked low

through open doors

**Channah Moshe** was born born in Jerusalem, Israel and grew up in the French-speaking part of Switzerland as well as London England. She has published in the *American Literary Magazine* of the American University, *The Attitude Problem*, *Dan River Anthology*, *ARC 21*, *Poetry Super Highway* (Annual Yom HaShoah Issue and *Prosopisia*.