



Image from Pexels

Dennis Ross

### The Door

Even birds know the way;  
certainly my old Aunt Julia  
living alone on her little farm  
with her goats, black cat,  
and supper-fish from the river.

The door was always there  
for me to enter,  
but I complicated the simple,  
threw sand in my own eyes,  
sailed the seven seas  
looking for water.

I must visit the unceasing spring  
deep in the sacred grove,  
clean out all the sand, rinse out  
the smoke from all the temples;  
find the sacred door.

A black cat will be there,  
lithe body pooled, soaking up  
sunshine on a homemade rug  
with Welcome woven large  
for those, like me, slow to see.

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Dennis Ross, a retired physicist, has published many poems. His chapbook, *Relatives and Other Strangers*, has been published by Finishing Line Press.