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## Which Door? Which Door?

William Dickey

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saw immediacy in magnified patterns  
of rough-grained bark,  
vision in folded fields  
and imagined valleys,  
in folded fields and far away.

ROBERT MEREDITH

*WHICH DOOR? WHICH DOOR?*

Here every bottle cries O drink me quickly;  
The leaves are shaped like arrow points, the eye  
Befurred with drugs looks around only thickly;  
The Rabbit mutters it is time to die.

Innocent Alice in this queasy mirror  
Displays the breastworks of a Minoan jade;  
Everything one can hear will mock the hearer,  
Everything one can make will be unmade.

The Rabbit mutters and the night arises;  
It must have been the wrong hole after all,  
Certainly this one holds no nice surprises,  
Only the consequences of the fall.

WILLIAM DICKEY

PATRIMONY

The statuesque people were shrilling bright —  
Hard as the rock in a mountain head.  
This was the valley of whirling knives.  
Here was the stone for the chisel bred.  
Now like the gods we would blaze in our lives,  
And splinter the gloom by the idols shed.

The foe led a beast with a bellowing mouth.  
The sting of its blackness was mist on the bone.  
But we grappled at noonside the thick web of dark,  
Till the gold of our fire in bare heaven shone.  
Then centuries circled the eagle's mark,  
And the statuesque people were changed to stone.