

I can still remember the City of Doors,
as far away as the other side of the ocean,
as near as last night's moon.



That's where I lost myself.

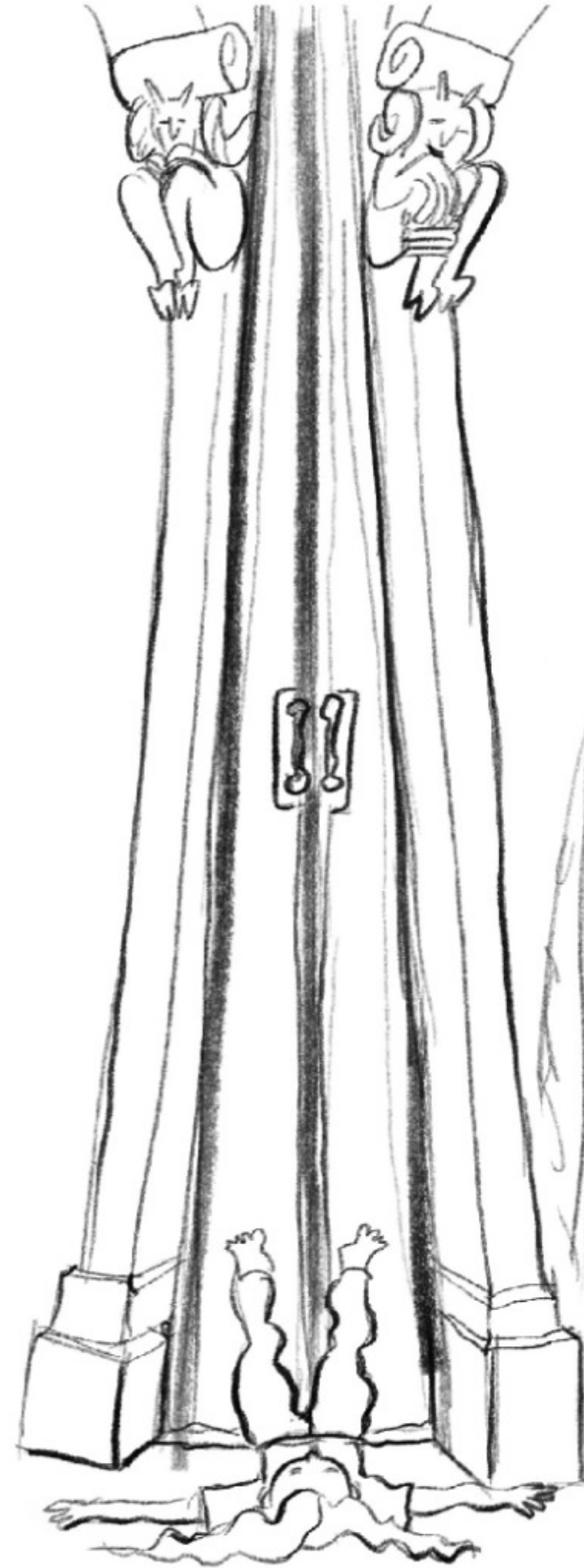
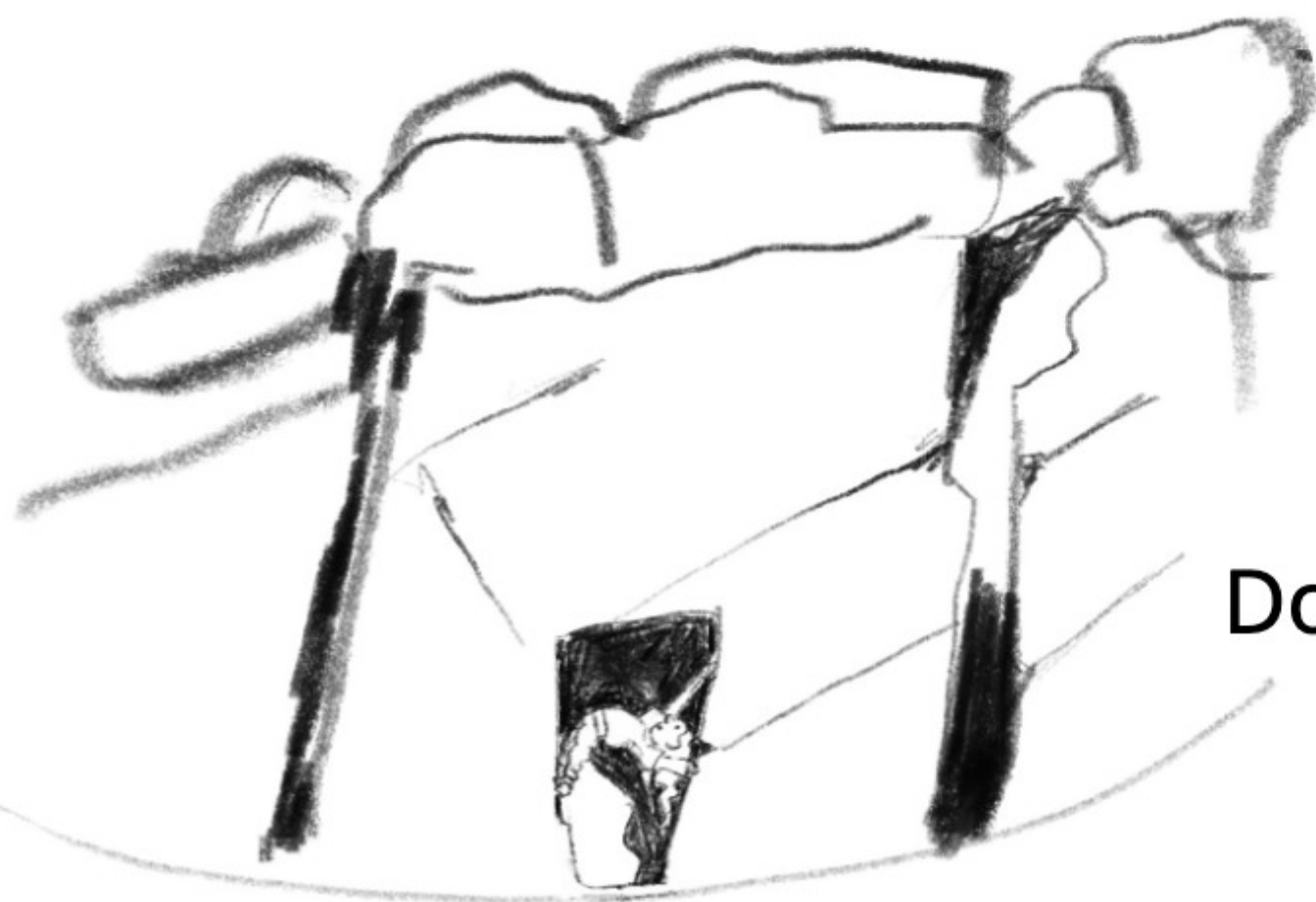
Doors of gnarled wood,



Doors of dancing gold,



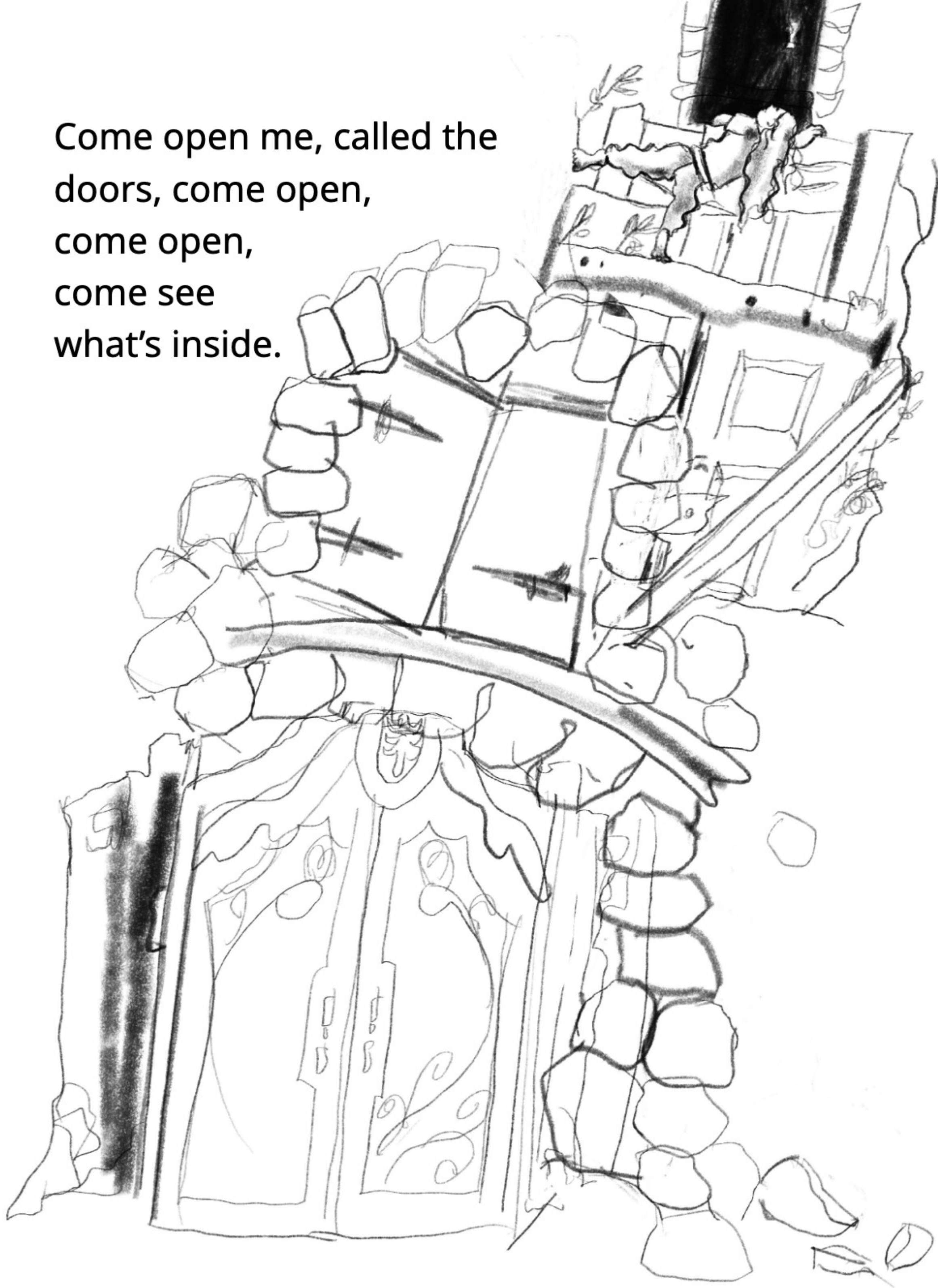
Doors of frozen rock.



Doors tall, tall,
and doors just as high
as my knee.



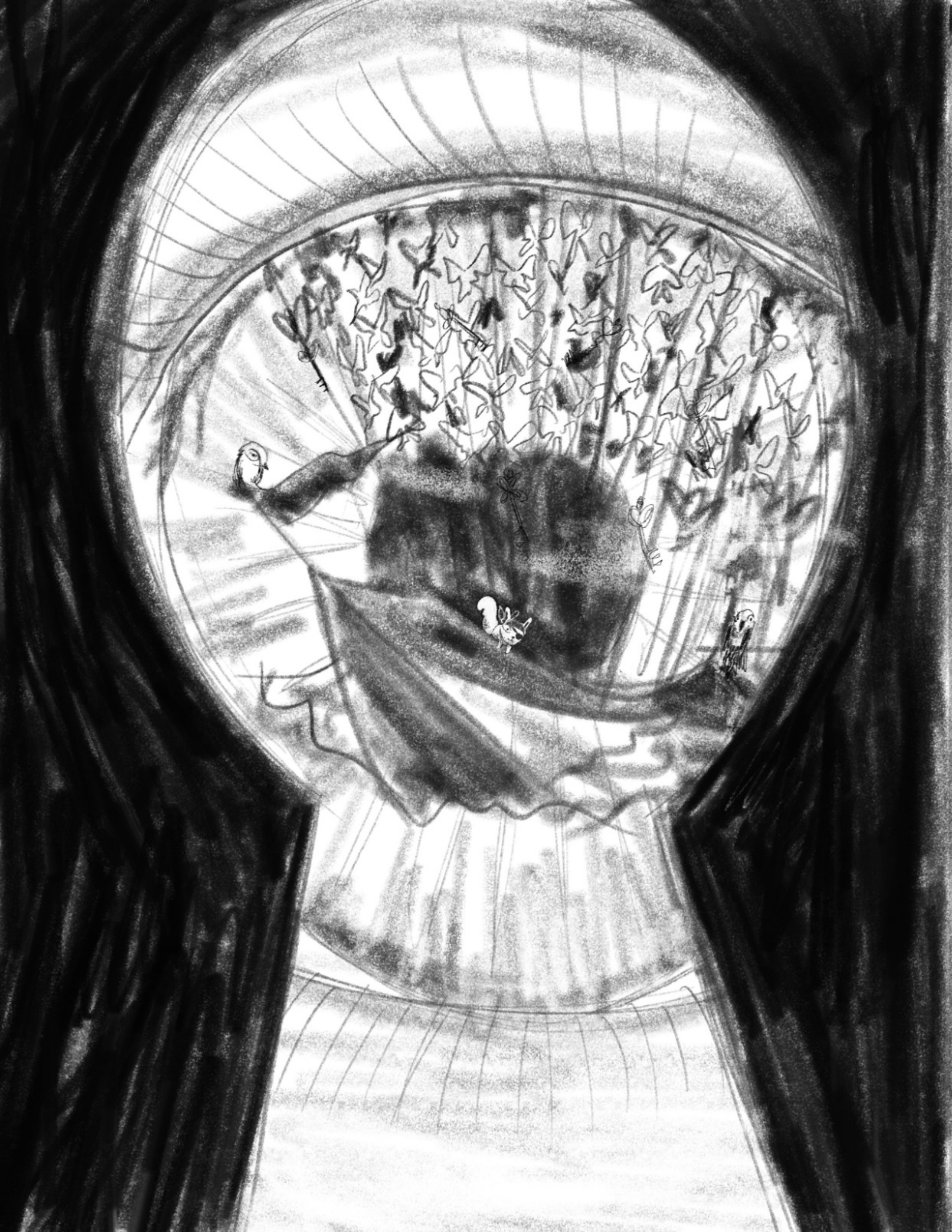
Come open me, called the
doors, come open,
come open,
come see
what's inside.



Oh, you cannot imagine
what lies locked behind me.
I will take you away to places you have seen
only in light-dappled dreams.

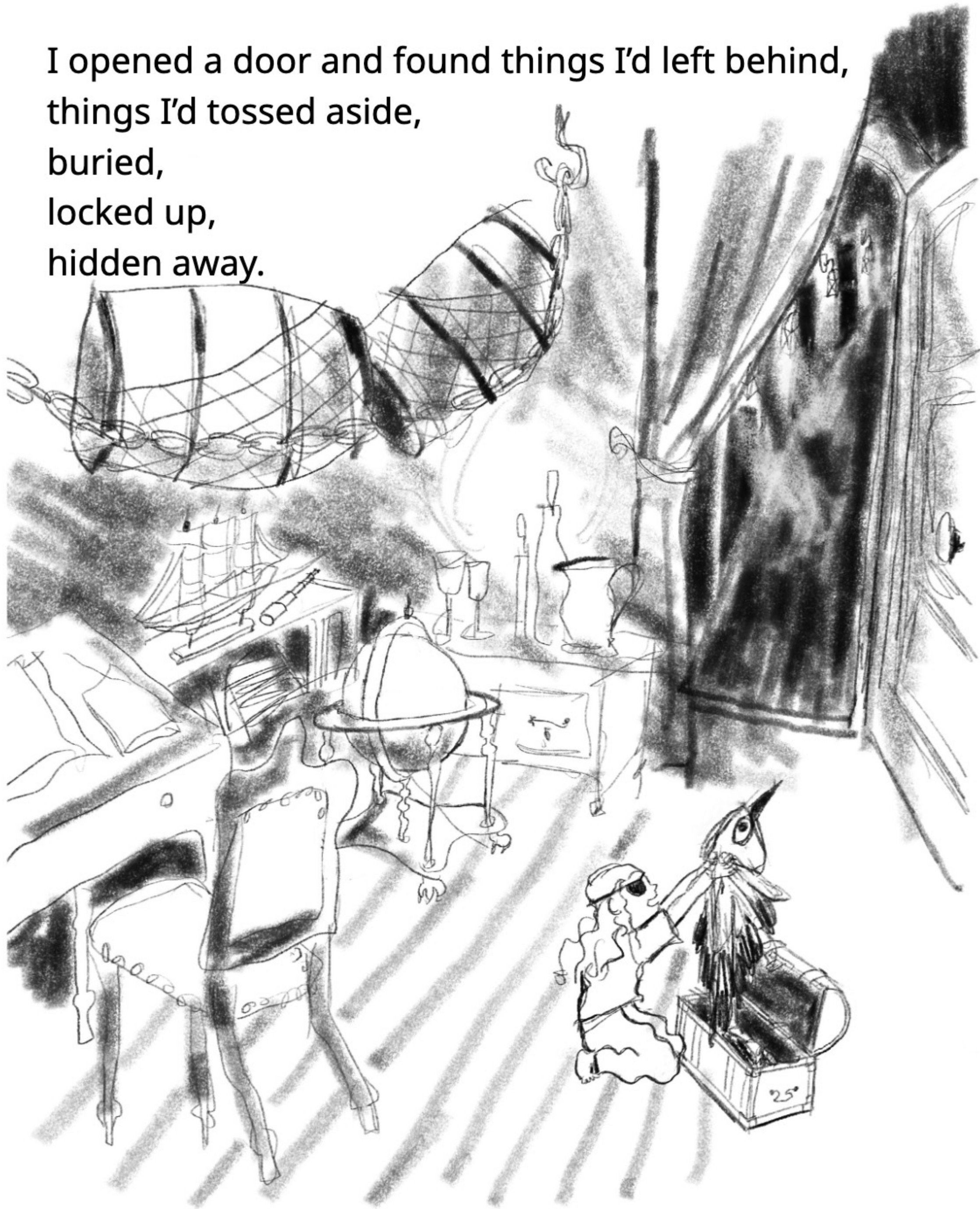


Come and take a look.

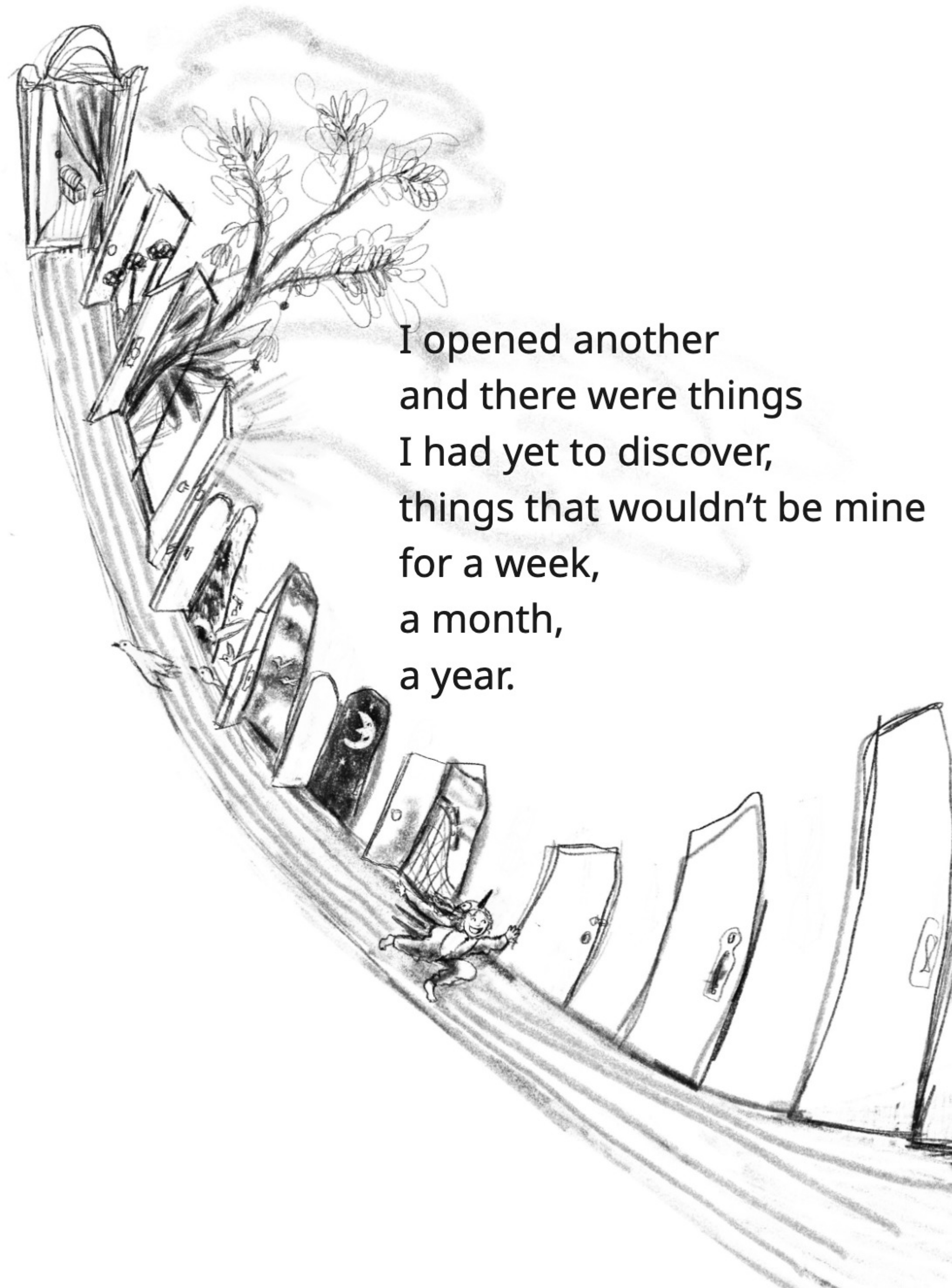


How many doors in a city?
How many dreams in an ocean?

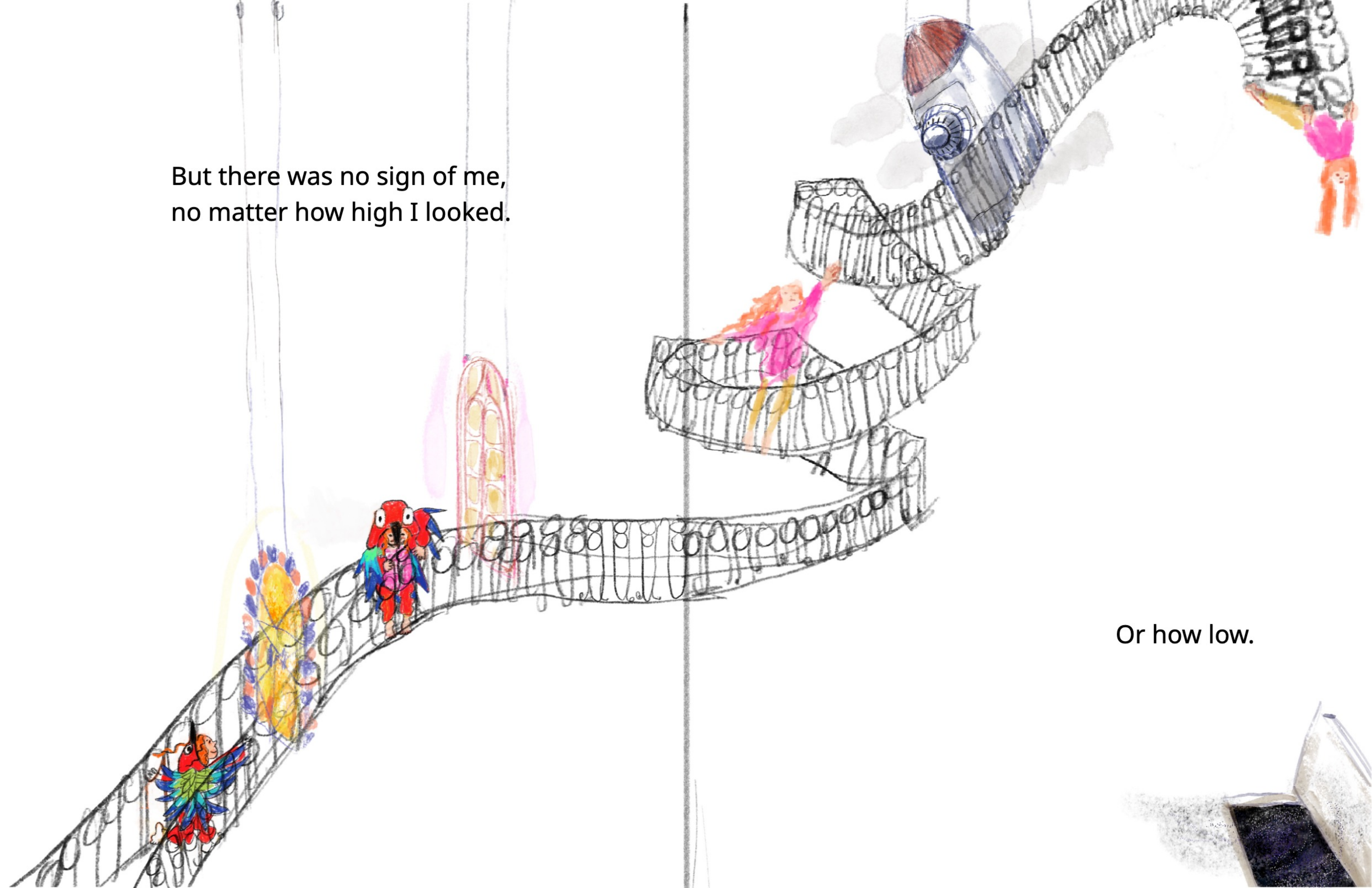
I opened a door and found things I'd left behind,
things I'd tossed aside,
buried,
locked up,
hidden away.



I opened another
and there were things
I had yet to discover,
things that wouldn't be mine
for a week,
a month,
a year.



But there was no sign of me,
no matter how high I looked.



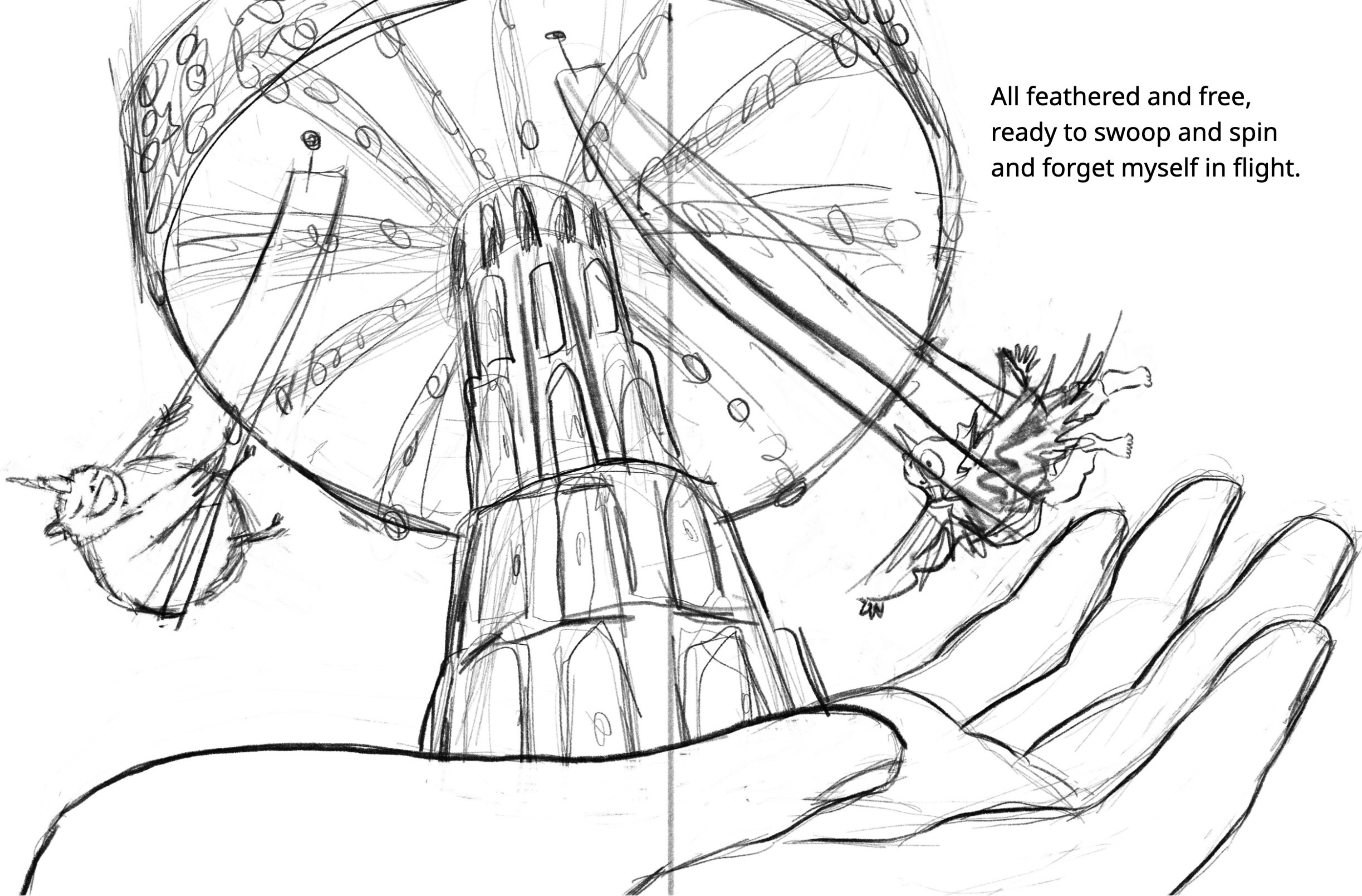
Or how low.

Who was I?

I used to be so full of laughter,
of wild treasures.



All feathered and free,
ready to swoop and spin
and forget myself in flight.





Bright burning
to open doors
into the dark places,



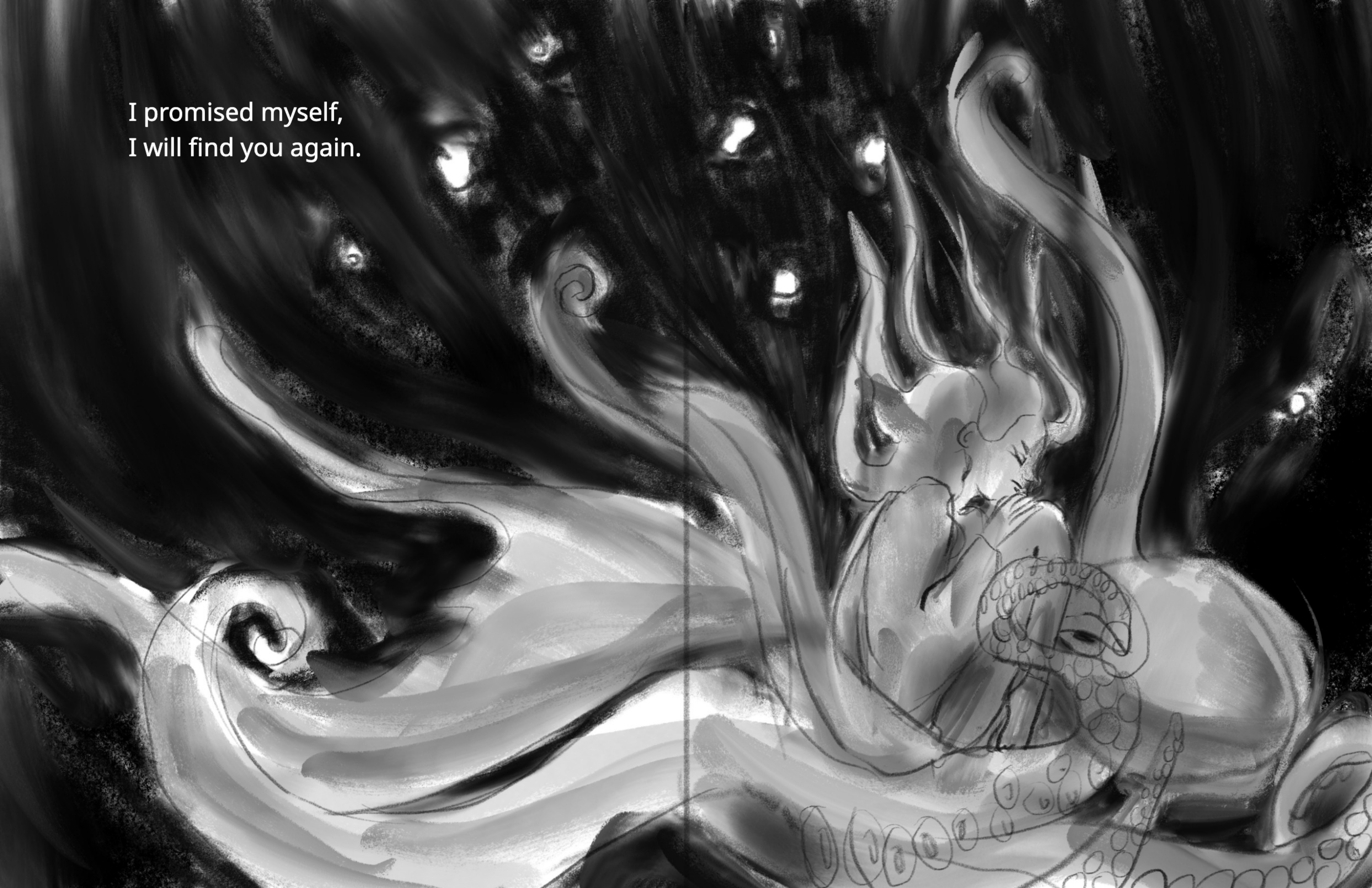
which now send icicles
prickling through my veins.



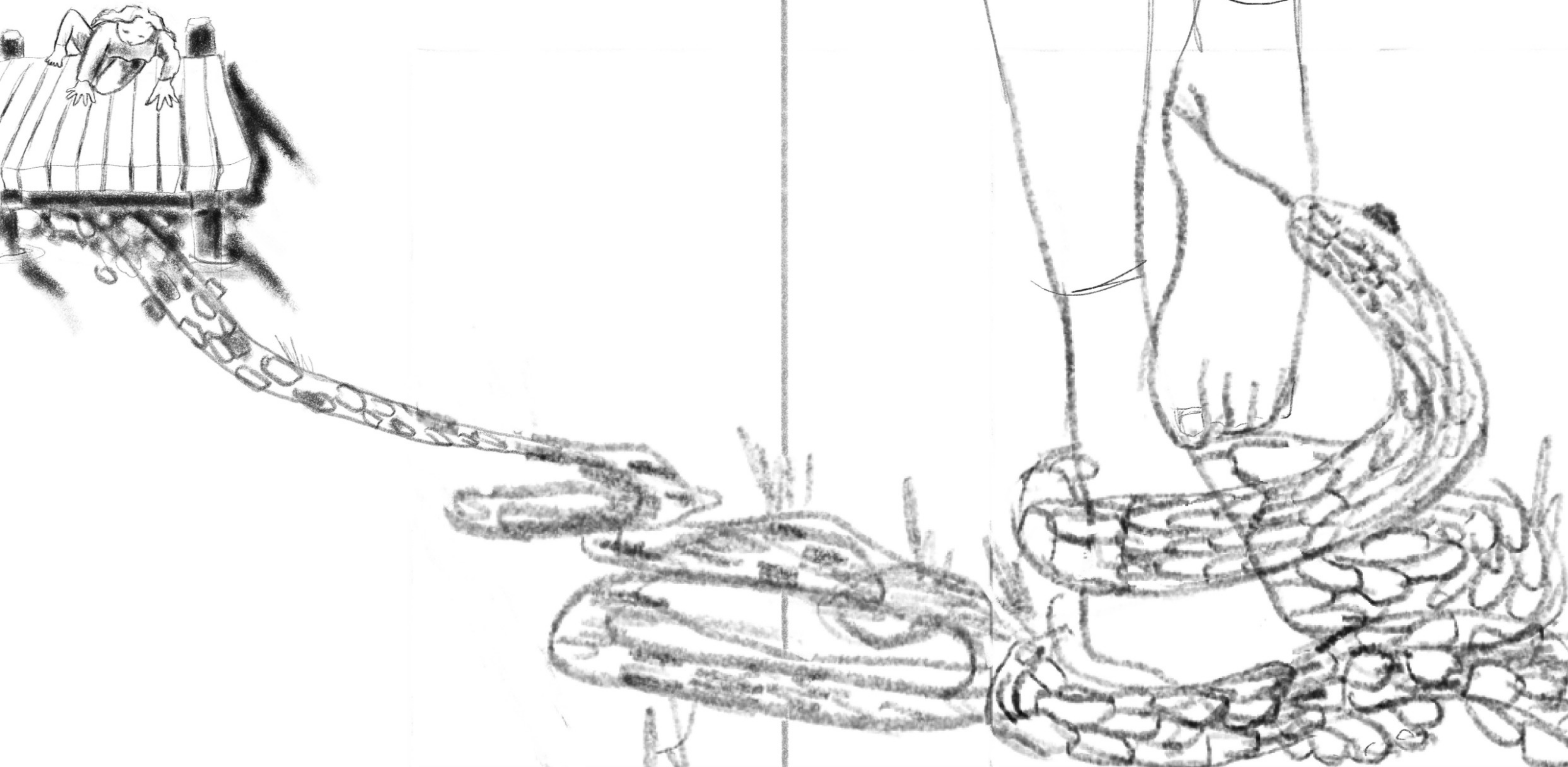
Down, down in the murky depths,

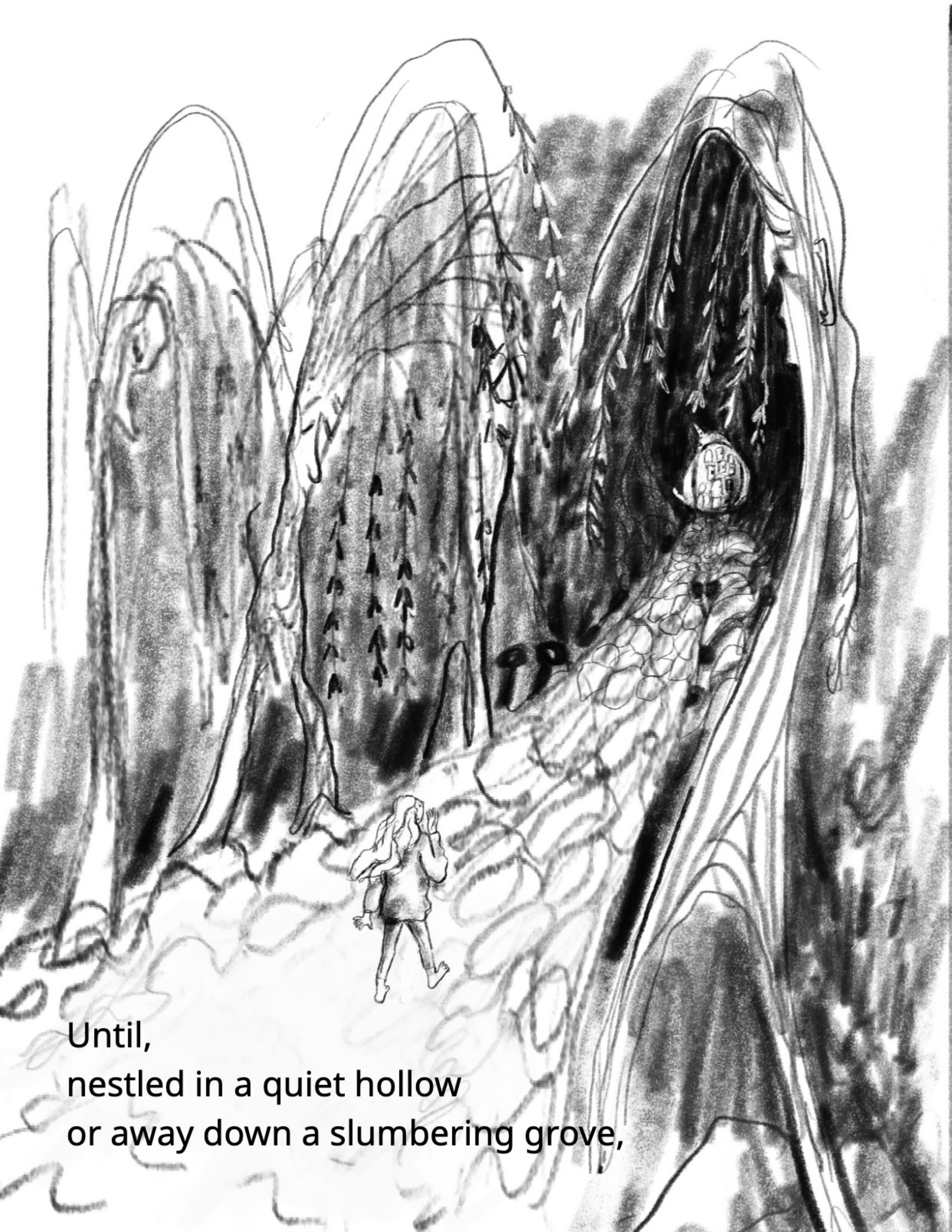


I promised myself,
I will find you again.



I will walk the coiled paths
that swallow my footprints
and drink up my tears,





Until,
nestled in a quiet hollow
or away down a slumbering grove,

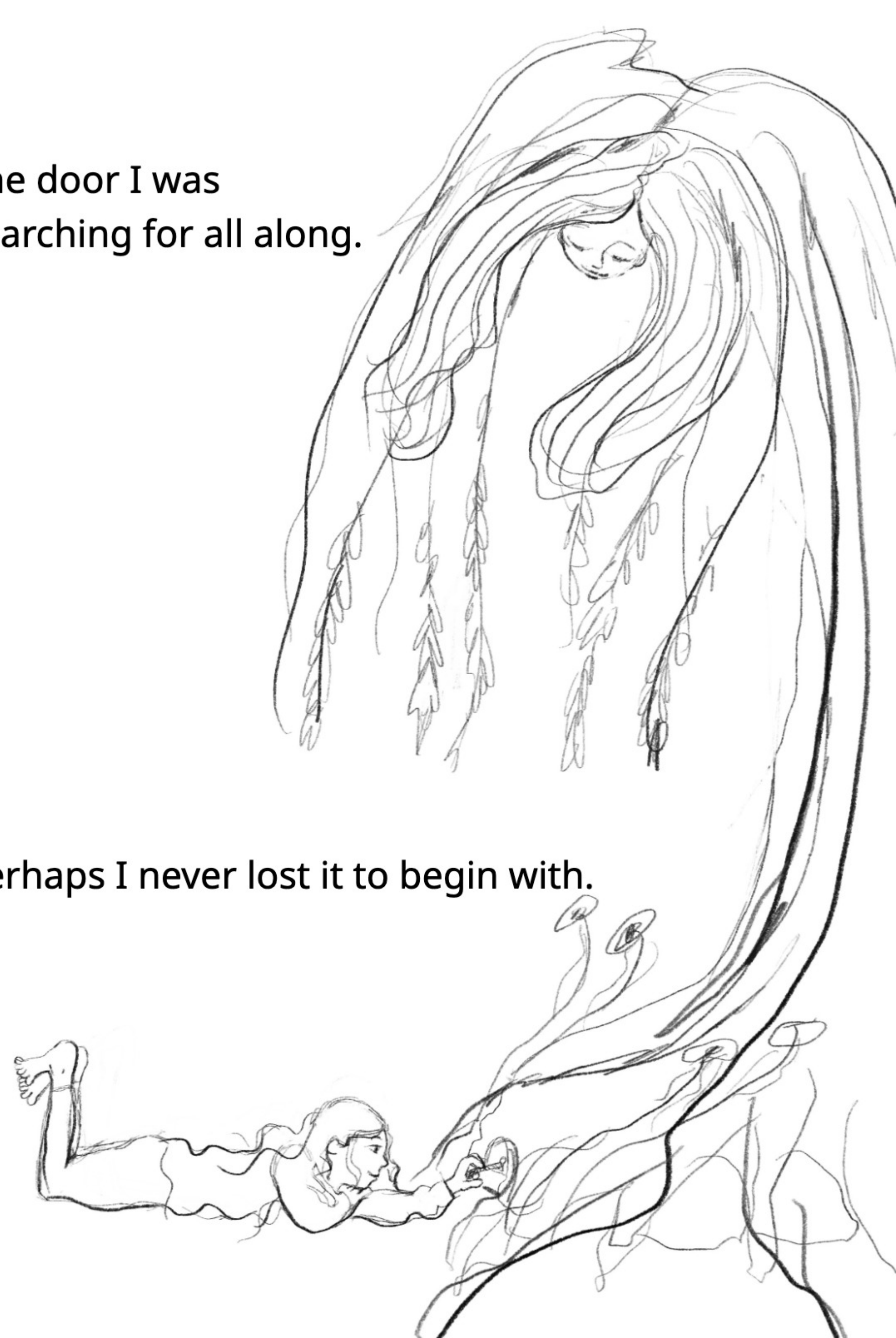
I'll see it.



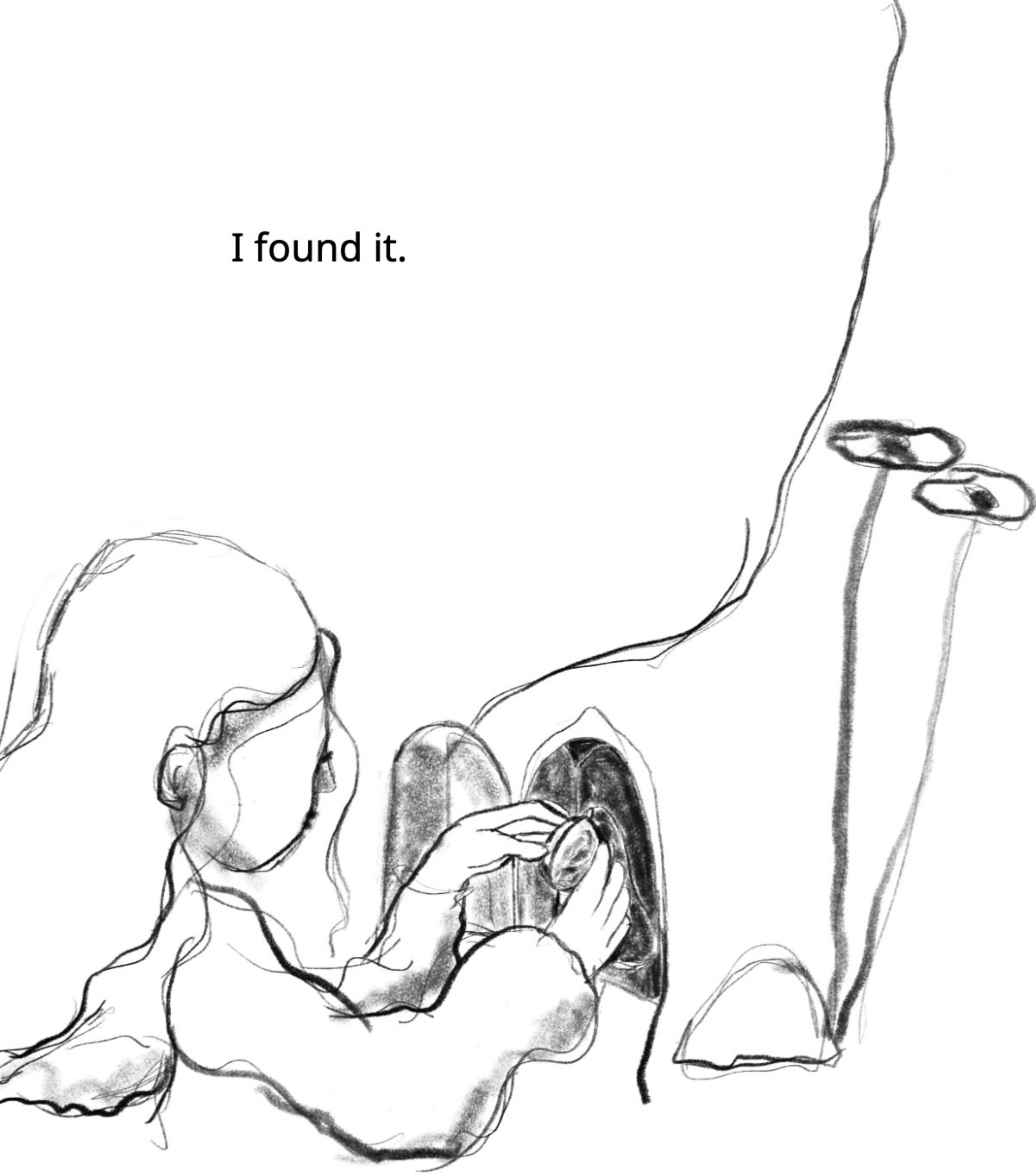


The door I was
searching for all along.

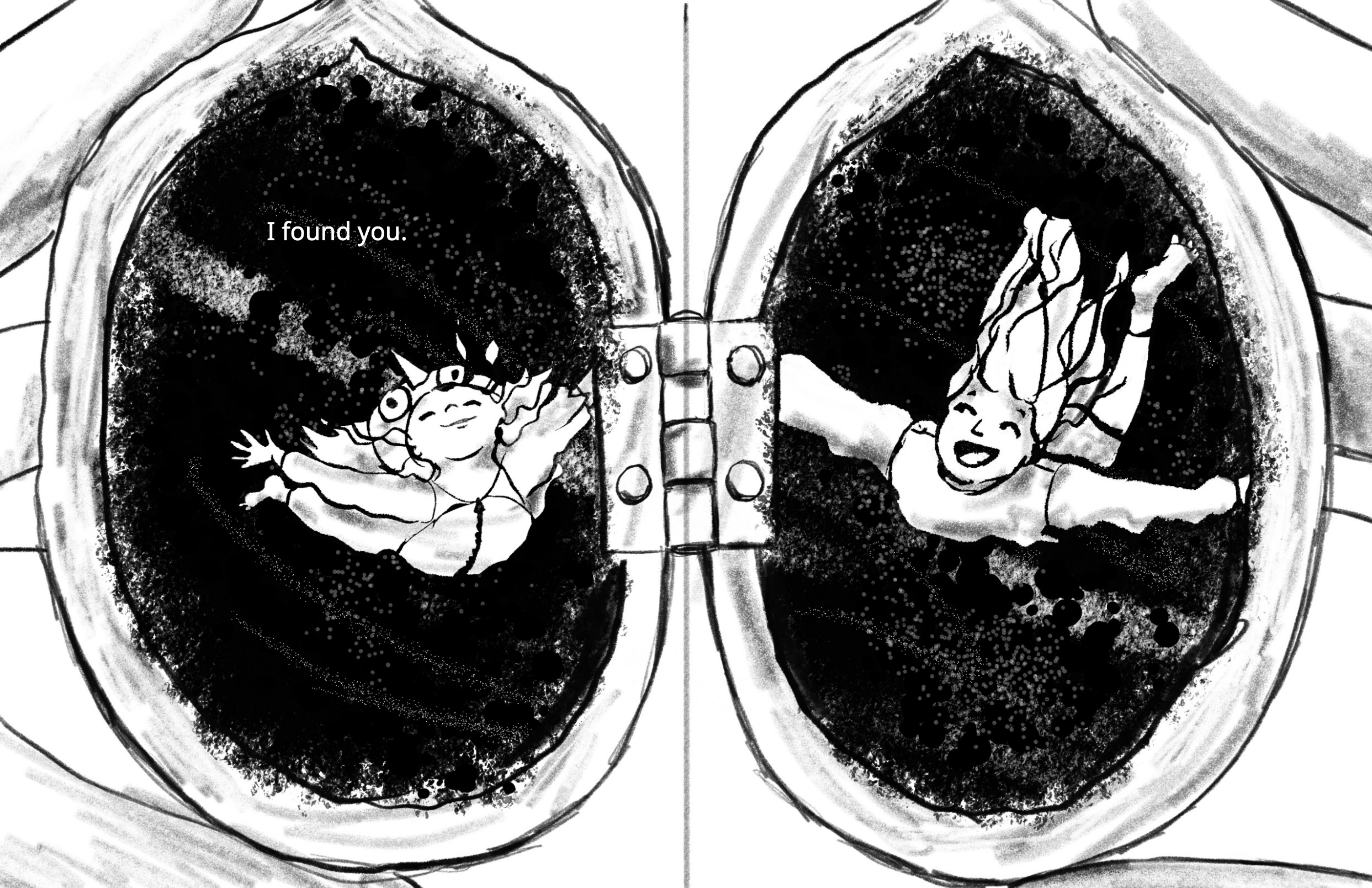
Perhaps I never lost it to begin with.

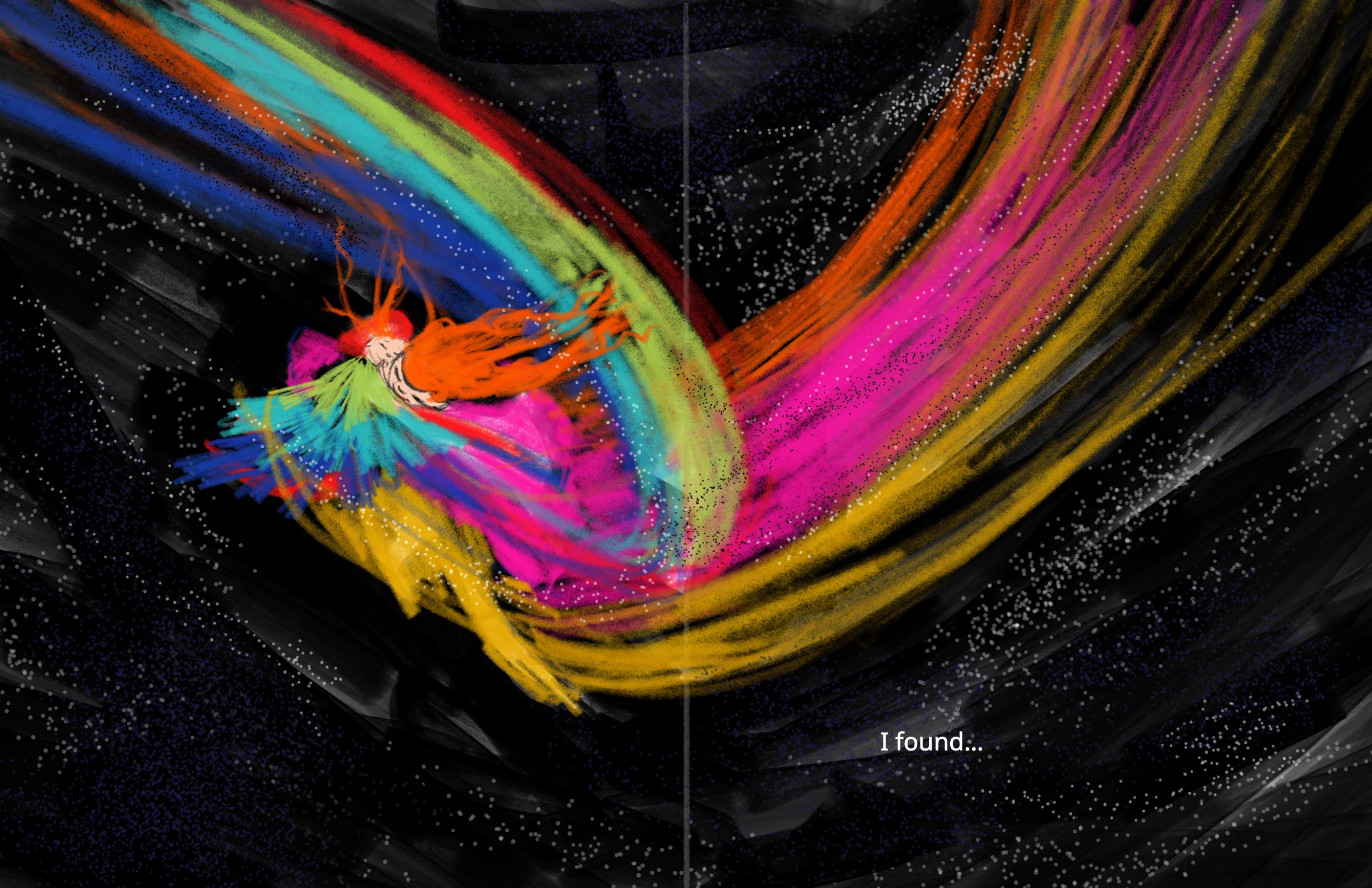


I found it.

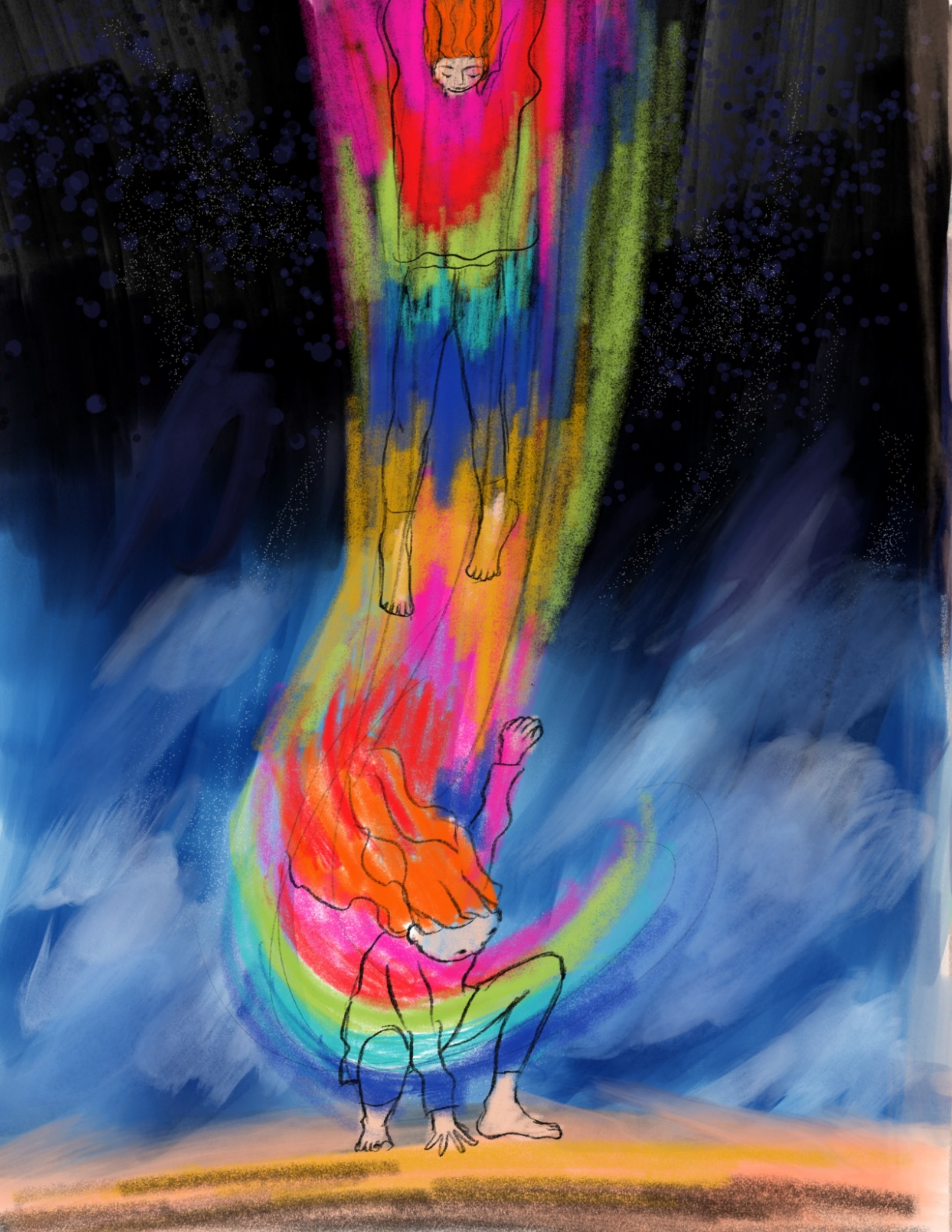


I found you.





I found...



Me.



Sample Reference Images of
artwork for City of Doors.

(materials: gouache, colored pencil, oil pastel, pan pastel.)

words: Jonah Dragan pictures: Erin Przekop











