

I thought that when doors never close,
You could always run back within their abodes.
Where you are welcome, safe and warm,
Away from those who may do you harm.
But at the same time, your open door
Obstructs other paths that are meant for
All those who may seek something more.

I never saw all that was betrayed
When you did not shutter—wide open you laid.
And there I remained, all but frozen,
Guided by one I had recklessly chosen.
And there I had followed, trapped alone
On a path that wasn't my own,
Afraid to step off into the unknown.

I never thought that beyond your door
Was a whole other world that I could explore.
So when you did open, at first I withdrew,
Back to the lie that I held onto:
That I was just a shell of the
Strong, fearless one I could truly be—
Trapped deep down inside of me.

But one day I peeked, and could not believe
My eyes as other paths did weave
In twists and turns to other places
That seemed to call to my inner graces.
“Go ahead and shut that door,
There's a whole other world for you to explore—
You are meant for something more.”

At first I thought it was just a dream,
But I could feel an inner scream
Rising up from deep below
As the one who was lost began to show
Their strength—or is that my own?
And suddenly your door was thrown
Back to shutter and atone.

In virgin light, I could finally see
The other paths ahead of me.
I took one step, and then two,
And with each step, I felt anew.
Of my doubts, I have been rid.
So, at long last, it can truly be said,

“To the door that closed, I am happy you did.”

by Claire Louise Huder