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30 January 2026

### The Doors

The door is before me. I can feel the hard edges of rough carved out wood underneath my fingertips as I drag them across the surface. The edges are sharp, jagged, and unwelcome. But I do not stray. My hand brushes the door handle. The golden nob sits funny against the battered door. The immense contrast between the two objects that somehow make one. My fingers find their way to it. It's cool, like a deep sea. But I can feel it thrumming with anticipation. Begging for my hand to twist the handle. To open the door. See the secrets that lay inside. But I'm suddenly nervous. What if I don't like what is behind the door? What if the frightening door is exactly the same on the inside? Or, will it be like the nob? The swirls of gold like the cool breeze that blows my hair into the wind. I release my hand from the handle, back away. I look over to a long line of other doors. Some are made of sapphires and rubies. Some are constructed purely of moss and soil. Some just look like normal doors with a buttermilk colored paint. But the doorknobs don't match. Some are made of tree bark or sand. Some are constructed of stone or coal. Some don't have a doorknob at all. Just the dark hollow shadow of one that used to be. But none have the same extraordinary handle of gold.

I find my gaze back at the door in front of me. I can still feel it. It feels as though I have forgotten it. Now that I've seen the marvelous doors around it. *It's mourning.* Mourning the loss of its new companion. Mourning the shattered shards of hope that had settled deep within. I take a step closer to the door. *It's confused.* Confused about its purpose. Confused on why it's even

there next to the doors made of sapphires and rubies, the doors that shine like the stars, the doors that are made of water that swirls into oceans. The doors that glow with color, the blending of sunshine yellows and pastel purples, luminous golds and vicious reds, deep sea blues and rich emerald greens. I take a deep breath to calm myself. *It's denying.* Denying that anyone would ever choose a door like them. A door that has rough wood with scary juttled out edges. A door with many holes from the insects that crawl within it. A door with moss and gravel that is bleeding through the gap at the bottom. A door with a little golden handle that has been broken and reattached one time too many. My fingertips find the doorknob. *It's understanding.* I swing open my door.