

Like the dead fragrance of the flower on it,  
Withering and old I come out from the shadows.  
It's all I can see.  
It's all I'm moved to.  
The key won't fit.  
The knob won't turn.  
The hinges won't open.  
All behind it left to wither and die.  
What about me?

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Inspired by the painting *The Door* by Albright