

I've walked through  
so many  
damn  
doorways  
and I *don't* mean metaphorically  
actual doors  
some sticky with paint still drying  
some with handles that shock you when you touch 'em  
some automatic, and yeah that feels nice  
like the world just said "come in" without asking who you are

*fig.1*



but most doors  
*don't* do that  
most doors make you knock  
twice  
and wait  
like you're supposed to know the code already,  
or at least not look so scared

*fig.2*



I remember this one —  
red chipped paint, smelled like mildew and birthday cake  
I think I was ten  
walked through and found out what silence felt like  
the kind that presses down on your ribs when you breathe too  
loud

*fig.3*



and there was this other one  
glass, heavy, fancy as hell  
first internship  
I stood outside for seven minutes  
rehearsing how to say my *own* name five times  
before walking in  
and still forgot it when they asked  
said it too fast  
like I didn't believe it belonged in that room  
then—

*fig.4*



there was *that* door  
that old apartment with the broken buzzer  
first time it was more than just typing hearts into silence  
i stood there  
knuckles hovering

breath caught somewhere between  
"what if this ruins everything?"  
and

"what if this makes it real?"  
I knocked anyway  
And when the door opened  
It felt like time slowed down just enough

*fig.5*



not every door leads somewhere better  
some lead to versions of yourself you don't want to carry home  
some lead to fluorescent lighting and fake smiles and  
*yeah yeah we'll call you*  
and you still thank them like they just handed you some-  
thing warm

*fig.6*



I've slammed a few  
regretted slamming them later  
stood on the other side thinking  
"was that growth or just a tantrum?"  
...could be both.

*fig.7*



some doorways don't even have doors —  
just an edge  
you step over  
into a night that smells like rain and bad decisions  
and you go anyway  
because maybe  
something's waiting  
maybe someone's playing your favorite song

fig.8



maybe this is the version of you  
that doesn't overthink everything  
Maybe

i don't know

sometimes I just walk  
feet doing the deciding  
heart catching up later  
like, oh—  
we're *here* now?

fig.9



okay  
cool

and maybe that's the point, right?  
not knowing  
not pausing  
just pressing your palm to the frame  
and saying  
"i'm not ready"  
but going anyway

fig.10



and some doors never close behind you  
they just stay there  
waiting  
for you to look back  
or not

Fig. 1-3, 5-10 by  
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