

Trio

At the top of the steps
In a snow-white house
Lived a beautiful snow-white door.
Its glass was all etched
With white tree limbs and snowflakes.
Its glossy white paint reached the floor.

Though the steps were of marble,
The sill, solid oak,
All felt that the door was the best.
It opened. It closed.
Light poured through the etchings
To welcome each road-weary guest.

One day, small Renee,
The young child of the house,
Got carried away with her ball.
She whipped it and whacked it.
She popped it and smacked it
At lightning speed through the front hall.

When all of a sudden,
The door gave a moan
As the ball hit the etching full tilt,
And snowflakes and tree limbs
In splinters of glass
Caused the door to lean forward and wilt.

"My friend," called the sill
To the stair steps below,
"Please pray that I hold up the door."
And the marble soon started
Its own marble chant
That sent strength to the sill through the floor.

The family took
The door out for repairs.
And when she returned, good as new,
She gave a slight bow
To the sill and the stairs and said,
“Friends, if it were not for you,

“My wood and my brass
Would have shattered as well.
I thank you with all of my heart.
For a door cannot do
All the work she must do
Without others so doing their part.”

The sill shimmered and gave
The white door a small hug.
The stairs gave the door a small kiss.
And to this very day
As you climb to the door
You can sense their support and their bliss.

“We welcome you here.”
So whispers the door
At the top of the snow-white abode.
“And the sill and the stair —
Such a beautiful pair —
Also wish you sweet rest from the road.”

By Susan Engle, Copyright 2018