

Doors,
Persons,
Types, genres, colors and moods,

Each door delivers me to a person,
Each person leads me through a door,
To a person through a door,
To a door through a person,

Beware!
There are blank areas,
Neither doors nor persons,
And one could see the blank itself,
Confused with the image of types, genres, colors and moods,
And the endless chain of doors/persons
Locked, in no end cycle

Let me rest alone at silence,
With my wooden limbs,
Craving for a gentle encounter,
Uselessly sought at ironsides,

Come in, you may pass through,
Only if you oriented by
The odor of my wooden limbs.



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