



**Fabrice Poussin** teaches French and English at [Shorter University](#). Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in [Kestrel](#), [Symposium](#), *The Chimes*, and dozens of other magazines. His photography has been published in [The Front Porch Review](#), the [San Pedro River Review](#) and more than 350 other publications.

## Open Door

BY FABRICE POUSSIN

First breaths of a new life born by a soft breeze of Spring,  
why keep them prisoner on the outside when a door is  
gaping beyond the hazy boundaries of the man's soul?

A gentle spider tangles, architect of a pearly trap;  
soon she will glide into another trestle solid as marble,  
viewing the world with a thousand acute senses.

It is dark in every atom now, the opening remains,  
inviting in, inviting out, communication begins eternal,  
with the fresh air of life at the hands of the sweet fairy.

Mysterious sighs, murmurs meant to be only secrets,  
the creation speaks in formulas, prayers and divine spells,  
injecting its eternal and mighty force to every part.

Falling leaves dusted in light pollen, caress the nest  
of the eloquent nightingale, leaving their signature  
in a word majestic, imprinted in every minute detail.

Let a draft live as it grows into a hurricane of complex  
mechanics, made of infinite waves carrying with them  
color, sound, music, gaiety, peace and all anxieties.

Watch the spirits as they giggle to ecstasy with every bump,  
and leave the trace of a conversation however brief yet,  
which will resonate from now, and simply forevermore.