## The Door

by Miroslav Holub

Go and open the door. Maybe outside there's a tree, or a wood, a garden, or a magic city.

Go and open the door. Maybe a dog's rummaging. Maybe you'll see a face, or an eye, or the picture of a picture.

Go and open the door. If there's a fog it will clear.

Go and open the door. Even if there's only the darkness ticking, even if there's only the hollow wind,

even if nothing is there,

go and open the door.

At least there'll be a draught.

Miroslav Holub, 'The door' trans. Ian Milner, Poems Before & After: Collected English Translations (Bloodaxe Books, 2006) www.bloodaxebooks.com