

THE OPEN DOOR

(Written for Dr. Jas. L. Hughes)

How many such there are I do not know,
But know the one I found,
And so I sound
My knock unhesitating when I go
As one who seeks a friend, nor waits without
In any sort of doubt.

I think the door that lets upon your heart
Was hung sans latch or bar,
But just ajar,
As playing hospitality's own part
That meets the guest half-way with jovial din,
And bids more music in.