

If You Shop for a Door Knocker While Writing a Thesis
on Post-Structuralist Literary Theory

The hand-shaped one attracts you right away:
Five pewter fingers make a polished fist.
You have to bend your wrist to bend its wrist
to knock. *Ironic doubling*, you hear it say,
the hand as meta-hand. Yet your eyes stray
across the aisle. How could it be you've missed
the gilt brass lion's head that whispers *resist*
me if you can? His sale price ends today.
If what I symbolize is dead, why do you long
to put me on your door? You know it's true
(though there's no truth, objectively) the flare
of bestial nostrils makes you blush, his tongue
a glint of light. That mane. What can you do?
You turn back to the hand, but it's not there.

- Caitlin Doyle