

You Can't Write a Poem about a Door Knob

We use them every day
Walking by, unappreciative and ignorant,
Stop and take a look
Feel how the smooth silver handle fits in your hands
Ensuring no discomfort
Hear the small squeak
That noise has been there in your ups and downs
Embedding itself in your golden memories
Squeak!
It sits there like a loyal dog
Waiting for your command
See the two spots of rust
From your wet body after that pool party
It endured imperfection for your enjoyment
Without it, we would be locked out or in a room
We would have no privacy
Do you appreciate the door knob yet?