

I disassembled the lock on my door.

I disassembled the lock on my door.
I took it apart, piece by piece.
Each piece was a choice, made year after year,
each a bit easier to remove than the last.

first, I removed a housing screw
then the other, after a while
then the inside cylinder housing
that took a while
after that came the inside parts
like the cotter pin
the stator, the rotor, the spring
the mounting screws, and the mounting plate
the keyway slot, the inside cylinder
the cam slot
the deadbolt, and the deadbolt screws
the housing ring
the faceplate
and the strikeplate

after a while I finally removed the last outside component
the outside cylinder housing assembly, which includes the keyway
that's the one that implies you need a key to open the door
even if all the other parts aren't really there.

I'm still disassembling it further on my kitchen table.
I like taking apart locks :)

Now, when people look at my door,
they see a hole where the lock once was.
At least, I hope they do.

Lots of people just walk by,
and that's fine, of course
that's part of why I did it
but I also see lots of eyes peeking in
some stay for a while
others, not so long at all.

Each time it's a bit of an exercise:

No matter what eye looks through the hole in my door,
it comes with a feeling of being seen, of being watched.

And sometimes, when I feel their gaze

I want to put the lock back,
if not just one part of it.

Like, perhaps, the outside cylinder housing assembly
so they think they need a key
to look at me.

I haven't yet.

Some people, you know, they have wide open doors!
Sometimes I meet people with wide open doors, and I think
"I wish that I could open my door more, too."
Some people don't have a door at all!

...or at least, it seems that way.
Maybe I'm just making that up.
Maybe it feels that way because I'm still opening mine.

But it's better than the one-way hole, right?
That's in lots of doors, where I live.

They're those little windows that let you see the other person, but they can't see you.
So they're stuck wondering if you're watching them
after they knock on the other side of the door,
deciding whether or not to let them in.

At least with the hole in my door we can make eye contact,
and they can always open the door and come in.
I have to remind myself of that, sometimes.

If I don't, I start feeling down
wishing I didn't have a door
frustrated that I need one for my room.

I've been playing a game when I leave my room:

It's called: There Are No Doors.

It's quite simple, actually.
You don't need a key to visit me,
you don't need my address,
you don't need to buzz yourself in.
You're welcome, any time.

It took some time to start playing this game.
I've noticed something that came from it,
something I want to share with you.

Little by little
As I play this game
I need the door to my room less
In fact, I'm starting to look at my door differently now,
I've started entertaining the idea of disassembling it, too.

I know I still need it right now,
although much less than I needed it in the past.
But if I'm honest, some days I'm quite impatient with myself
and I want the door to my room to be gone.
Those days are becoming fewer.

I also want the door lock to the apartment building I live in to be disassembled, as well.

But that would take a lot of people
who first need to disassemble the locks in their own doors.
And I know all I can do is disassemble my own.

All that said,
I'm grateful for that bit of light
that shines through the hole in my door.
And I'm proud that I have made it.

Though it is blocked out by some eyes
or softly dimmed by others
sometimes there are eyes that shine light in
giving freely as the sun.