

I AM NOT A POET

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A BOOK OF POETRY

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POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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A Poem: Two Doors

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TWO DOORS (MLOSP)

Where am I?

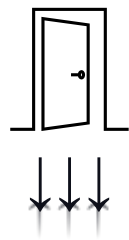
A light goes on.



One step. Two step. Every step.

Life.

Two doors.



Misery



Happiness

44

Maybe we pick the door we are meant to pick.

I don't believe.

A lesson from life.

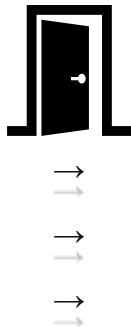
I have a choice.

I could continue →



Dragging others with me. Sharing misery.

Time to choose.



Happiness



A Poem: Two Doors
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