

Sonny Moore **"Sadalof"**

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Through wooden double doors,
Like walking through a time machine
But destination not set back
To a date of great significance
Not time nor place
That might spark important controversial
And social discussions
At the tip of a thrusting vocalized spit sword
Not science nor religion defied
Not the place great historians rigorously
And brutally debate over
Inside text books and universities
No
These wooden doors
Cracked and sullen,
Fat from their lonely years of humidity
And quiet as the tree they came from
Popped the cork of a tragic day

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