

# Through Gate

By [Diane Webster](#) (November 2023)



*Black Columns in a Landscape*, Paul Klee, 1919

## Through Gate

Newly-painted blue gate  
stands at meadow edge.  
It grasps no fence  
left or right;  
it exists in and of itself.

Visitors wander/wonder  
about no trespassing,  
welcome to my world.  
No demand to open  
the gate and pass through.

Will an evolved scene  
fade into view as gate  
opens and closes?  
Is it a test  
of who walks around,  
who unlatches the gate?

### **Only Person Left**

You wonder if you're the only person left. Left alive. It snowed last night. Snowed heavy, quiet, a sarcophagus silence. Pristine whiteness with only your tracks destroying the smooth as you venture outside. No sparrows twitter in branches. No doves ask, "Who who who?" Dogs are afraid to bark, to cause an avalanche of tree snow to beat them into submission. Traffic? Even muffled you should hear tires waffle over streets. Or hear snowplow blades rasp across pavement in distant echoes. But you hear nothing. You close your eyes. You are back in bed snuggled in white sheets. You dream. Excited about looking out the window and seeing it had snowed. Barely able to wait for sunshine. Sunshine that never came. But it got lighter. That cloudy lightness that mimics snowfall so outside is flat from top to bottom. You dream of Christmas. The new sled you could run outside and play with today, now, right now. Coming in from the cold and standing in the kitchen where all the food was being cooked. It was hot, a welcoming hot as long as you stood in the corner and didn't get in the way. Steam stung your cheeks as you peel off layers and leave the wet beside the door or hung on chairs to dry. You wonder if you're the

only person left. At this moment it's glorious! At this moment  
you are only you! At this moment you are one!

## **Gravity Pulls**

Gravity pulls  
the waterfall  
down  
the mountain;  
like sand  
in an hour glass  
descending  
from top  
to bottom  
again  
and again...  
like evaporation,  
snowfall,  
rainfall  
from the mountain  
in waterfalls  
from spring  
to winter  
Drop  
by drop  
like grains  
of sand  
eroding  
into dust,  
and we  
all  
fall down.

## **Falls**

Clowns frown on the ground  
because they covet my height  
as I tightrope across. My balance  
finer than floppy shoes  
tripping each other in pratfalls.  
No net to catch either of us,  
painted-on smiles challenge  
audience anticipating  
both of our falls.

## **Small Portion**

Multi-globed street lights  
reach upward into the night  
to plunge their brilliance  
into the massive black  
even just to glow  
a small portion of the night.

Purple thistle blooms  
stretch skyward toward  
the sun blazing  
upon their royal pods,  
stickery but pleasant  
for butterflies to pause  
in search of nectar  
for a moment.

## [Table of Contents](#)

**Diane Webster's** goal is to remain open to poetry ideas in everyday life, nature or an overheard phrase and to write. Diane enjoys the challenge of transforming images into words to fit her poems. Her work has appeared in *El Portal*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *New English Review*, and other literary magazines. She also had a micro-chap, *Between Journeys*, published by Origami Poetry Press in 2022.

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