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An autographed copy
of
the poem by
JEAN LITTLE
entitled
"Two Doors"

is available from **CCL** for
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is printed on high quality
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TWO DOORS

Jean Little

A child's look shows a door behind her,
Putting her where no one can find her,
Sitting still and unmoving
His darkest sin, his angriest sorrow,
That show, it opens another door
Leading him to trouble, to pain
A moment too few people find
The expanse, the drift of his private mind
Where he approaches his destination,
The land of his own imagination.
Wonder-struck he will stand and see
Magic, mystic mystery.

Heaven's there just for a thunder.
Fingering walls, improving later
We'll not speak - and every youth
Is a youngster and the road of truth,
Leaving the apple, pear and nutmeg,
And grasping back with the tables turned.
There, Mary figures, never failing,
Sliding easily up the basement railing,
Alive, invisible a child's hide.
The Kurosvensky fudge, hat and shoe
Miser with bank, Bill Hamm blood
from the riots to reward the good.
The child who waits there comes to know
Peter, Dan and Providence,
Hollywood, Babes, Bush
And Dr. Frank's fantastic crew,
Readers' next Oswald and Amann,
The Light Trucking become a man,
Gulliver lost in a world too big
And "Willow country" children "some pig"
Dum-dum in there on North West's back,
Aunt Shirley waiting for her new black,
Jully Busting from safety
To Canada and liberty,
Hank Bremer skimming across the ice,
Pygmy Longspine, Homer Price,
Don, Chicago, Healy, All these names
Mina and her brother James,
Fang and Gail and Willy Tyler,
Hersheyberg and Mrs. Fitzpatrick,
I know I might as well tell her,
But, if I did, I would have missed
Between the Post and Johnny Thelma,
The Treasure Chests, how long Mark Train
Wrote into life, Kim, Sam, Crew,
Fritschi to be disturbed a whole life through.

Through space, through time, a look can go,
Through children play in snow
Island children ride the waves
Midwestern children dwell in caves,
Kids whose sole pet is a fish
Kids launched any time they wish,
Apart from children get no more
At stock exchange and go with the crowd
Kids whose lesson for the eyes
Lave wash in champagne
Tears nestle and do the back flip
Or stare away on zipper slips.

The bookish child, by turns, can be
Joseph, Hilda, Christian, Dave,
Hudson, Horner, Robinson
(Without resulting confusion)
Around the globe this child may roam
And find, in every country, home,
Flying without jet lag or trauma
From, Heidi's Aie in Foggara
(Or Nanna and Elda) Earth's
Children change best diet of fruit,
Swamp, water, fry out other races,
For in their mirror strange new faces -
Islandia, Zulu, Jim, Japanese -
And switch back to themselves with ease,
And once a child has lived within
A different shade of thought or skin,
Heckly will make no sense
Measured against experience
Forgetters do not seem and
To live heart that's been afraid,
Square their lectures, Silesia don't show,
Give them looks and let them go.

A child's look shows a door behind her,
Putting her where no one can find her,
And then it opens another door
To walking well and discovery
Horseplay and the Table Linnet
The greatest papers run to hand,
Laura Leggin, Janice Brown,
Eve's side on Westside Dawn,
Mama Eva, Stracey, Jane Joyce
And Harriet, Willy are writing there

Oh, better child who looks so lonely
(Whisper fills or one seat only)
Child who driving people crazy,
Child everybody knows to hate,
Child who frightened of the dark,
Child who looks so much
May find or child who's need,
Child who left books unopened,
Come and be bewitched, beguiled,
For heaven is the reading child.


Texas, Mough, Beth and Jo
Are people you will want to know,
Emma pausing the sky at night,
Gilly ending to start a fight,
The Young Devs, mother man now boy,
Hazy Level, the Bellbirds,
The Middle Mafia, the brave few
Who made up Billie Baggett's crew,
Rosemary Sault's Pa Brice, Irma,
Don't miss your chance of knowing them,
Jeremy, Talbot join the list
As soon as I'm an expert,
Here are friends for every mood,
Some to fight off loneliness,
Some to tell the never ends,
None to stare love's mystery.

If you're a child who haunts pet stores,
Open a book and there are just
Ficks whooping for "Heh",
Bunch, Broder, Beaudin, Lee,
The flower grows circling into land,
The Yearling eating from your hand,
Gert, Jean, Sidley, Elmer Chief,
Will leave - and then - your heart with grief.

My pretty sound in prose can
As well as my figure in prose,
From Jack and Jill went after water
To poor Leni Vili's stunning daughter,
From slips that sing a child to sleep
To lines which make you want to weep
For Browning's Madonna and the bear
Of him who ailed the allusion,
And now you drink, before you drink,
A level of all-gate soup.

Soon you'll grow and then you'll be
Made to read something,
Tricked into working satisfaction
From books that look of "Get your own!",
Books that look and books that feel,
How do it look on sex,
Books where children never flush,
Where heroes are myths to detest,
Where nobody would ever dream
Of putting in some long lecture
Or ending "happy ever after"

Hurry, child, before they get you
In light in making while they try you
Acquire that lost in a vision look,
Child with a flowing, child with a look
Let by a story, come, explore,
She has told you the first door
But wait for second and wait, though
To all the worlds which wait for you.

Read a Little

Jean Little

Jean Little is author of over a dozen books for young people, and over the years her books have won many prizes - the Canada Council Children's Literature Award, the Vicky Mitchell Award, The Canadian Library Association Book of the Year Award, the Ruth Schwartz Award, as well as several other awards.

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