

Written by Catherine Grey

### The Door Between Us

I'm acquainted with a girl who is a prep,  
And when we talk this much I now do know:  
If we talk of "just stuff," she wants to go;  
But once we spoke of books, and she wept.  
This girl, through her whole life, has carefully stepped  
Between the lines of unforgiving flows;  
But once, with me, she did talk with a glow  
Of the stories where in her heart had leapt.  
She loved the horror of Mr. Stephen King.,  
While I loved tales of jewels and angel wings.  
For me, the fantasy of true love was real;  
For her reality was a murderer's kill.  
We both escaped and made a new friend that day;  
The door was opened, a book wedged in to stay.