

POEM: DOOR KNOCKING – CAN YOU HEAR?

Some of us know not only what the sound of knocking a door is like but also what it feels like.

You have either knocked on doors over the years and there is something about that sound and there is something about the wait.

Maybe you are the father, mother, brother or sister,

Husband, wife, partner or advocate,

One who has over the years been knocking doors for yourself or another.

You've done it for so long that you could identify another 'door knocker'

As there is something about the look on the face of a 'door knocker'

Oh, the art of knocking doors. It's becoming music to my ears.

Why won't doors just be open, with no need for the knock

Could we not be proactive and give this some thought?

There are different doors that people need to knock

There are different doors that are being locked

What are these doors, I hear someone say

There are different doors depending on the time of the day

In the morning, it's the door of education

In the afternoon, employment and accommodation, and

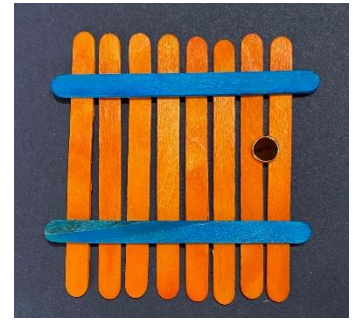
In the evening its health, wealth and wellbeing

All that is needed to live as a human being

Oh! the art of knocking doors, it's become music to my ears.

Why won't doors just be open, with no need for the knock

Could we not be proactive and give this some thought?



POEM READ AT NADSN CONFERENCE & 10TH ANNIVERSARY - 6 DEC 24

There is a rhythm, and there is a beat

I can hear the knocking on the doors and the tapping of the feet

Many a knock regardless of the time of the day

Oh! the art of knocking doors, it's become music to my ears.

The knock for access

The knock for the key

The knock to be able to be me

The knock for quiet, the knock for peace

The knock to be heard, and be part of a team

[PAUSE]

I think there's a slowing down of the beat. What do you think?

And why could that be?

Is it that the door knockers are tired because they have been knocking for so long and have run out of steam?

Or could it be that the doors are now open?

We call it ANTICIPATORY

Only the door knockers could tell,

'Who is at the door'? I hear you say

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Poem by Oyebanji (Banji) Adewumi

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