

A WINDOW LIGHTED

The house across the road turns dark.
The hedge, the trees against the sky
Turn dark.

It is winter. One night and a barren
Road and a house silent since
This morning

Become great consideration.
Snow, the fall of all one night,
A moment

Unaccounted for, a light
Is turned on and the heart is moved.
No

Consternation of facts commending
Indifference has contradiction against
Nearness.

The up-hill road impassable,
Small foraging marking access
Only—

The hedge a snowfall higher if
You must, April brought no nearer—
The roadside

Window of a house comes on
And the world is changed with possible
Love.

Ralph Gustafson