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