## QUEBEC WINTER SCENE

## By RALPH GUSTAFSON

And the snow trodden round the yard,
Soiled with boots and fetched cordwood,
Straw ravelled near the barn—
The long snow of the fourfold land.
At dusk, acres clamped cold,
Threshold and clearing everywhere white
To the distant scribble of alders, across
The frozen field railfence like a crazy
Staff of music; sky only harvest
Helps over, cold, the taste of tin
Dipper a man drinks from, gulping,
Sweat of snug barn-work a hazard
Once out, door-to, headed for house.

At eight, night now pitch, the train,
Halted for mailsacks at the swung
Lantern—the ringing horizontals
A history happening the hills—
The engine alongside, monstrous, civil
Pistons poised. Then pulls past.
At the cutting, heard lonely
whose only

Answer is the human heart.