The Frozen Man

Out at the edge of town
where black trees
crack their fingers
in the icy wind
and hedges freeze
on their shadows
and the breath of cattle,
still as boulders,
hangs in rags
under the rolling moon,
a man is walking
alone:

on the coal-black road
his cold
feet
ring
and
ring.

Here in a snug house
at the heart of town
the fire is burning
red and yellow and gold:

breathe softly
in every room.

When the frozen man
comes to the door,
let him in,
let him in,
let him in.

Kit Wright