

Winter and hesitation

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [February 24, 2004](#) issue

The way from home
falls along the fields.
The hour's leaving,

but still we wait and wait.
I've no more will
to shape the words.
See that line of trees—
a mile or two ago,

I thought to speak,
but let it drop.
Something left me

there, along the path—
some call and drift—
and now I cannot trace
what was. Light
in a window. Frozen

breath. The sound
such distance gives.
I dare not make a move.