

# 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.