

## The Frozen Man by Kit Wright

Out at the edge of town  
where black trees

crack their fingers  
in the icy wind

and hedges freeze  
on their shadows

and the breathe 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:

you can hear the warmth  
like a sleeping cat

breathe softly  
in every room

When the frozen man  
comes to the door,

let him in,  
let him in,  
let him in.

