



## *Little Door to the Third of December*

### **Mid-Winter by Madison Cawein**

(March 23, 1865 – December 12, 1914)

All day the clouds hung ashen with the cold;  
And through the snow the muffled waters fell;  
The day seemed drowned in grief too deep to tell,  
Like some old hermit whose last bead is told.  
At eve the wind woke, and the snow clouds rolled  
Aside to leave the fierce sky visible;  
Harsh as an iron landscape of wan hell  
The dark hills hung framed in with gloomy gold.  
And then, towards night, the wind seemed some one at

My window wailing: now a little child  
Crying outside my door; and now the long  
Howl of some starved beast down the flue. I sat  
And knew 'twas Winter with his madman song  
Of miseries on which he stared and smiled.

