The Visitor

Sliding in slippers along the house-side

You find fragments of the turkey’s carcass

Beneath the toppled dustbin lid. And there

On the lawn's snow quilt, a line of paw marks.

Town fox, that wraith of winter, soundlessly

Thieved here as frost bit hard and stars shivered.

This bleak morning, under a raw-boned sky

You stoop to examine the frozen tracks

And print yours where a spectral guest came late to share a Christmas dinner. From the

Gable-end a starved wind razors and

From the split gutters icicles hang like fangs.

Q1. What, do you think, is the message in the poem?

Q2. What words/images best capture the harshness of winter?