

Storm Fear by Robert Frost

When the wind works against us in the dark,  
And pelts the snow  
The lower chamber window on the east,  
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,  
The beast,  
"Come out! Come out!"—  
It costs no inward struggle not to go,  
Ah, no!  
I count our strength,  
Two and a child,  
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark  
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length,—  
How drifts are piled,  
Dooryard and road ungraded,  
Till even the comforting barn grows far away  
And my heart owns a doubt  
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day  
And save ourselves unaided.

-Excerpt from *A Boy's Will* (1915)

Robert Frost