

**APPENDIX****A***Boy at the Window*

Seeing the snowman standing all alone  
In dusk and cold is more than he can bear.  
The small boy weeps to hear the wind prepare  
A night of gnashings and enormous moan.  
His tearful sight can hardly reach to where  
The pale-faced figure with bitumen eyes  
Returns him such a god-forsaken stare  
As outcast Adam gave to Paradise.

The Man of snow is, nonetheless, content,  
Having no wish to go inside and die.  
Still, he is moved to see the youngster cry.  
Though frozen water is his element,  
He melts enough to drop from one soft eye  
A trickle of the purest rain, a tear  
For the child at the bright pane surrounded by  
Such warmth, such light, such love, and so much fear.

-Richard Wilber

*Richard Cory*

Whenever Richard Cory went downtown,  
We people on the pavement looked at him:  
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean-favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,  
And he was always human when he talked;  
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,  
«Good morning,» and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich - yes, richer than a king -  
And admirably schooled in every grace;  
In fine, we thought that he was everything  
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,  
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;  
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,  
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

-Edwin Arlington Robinson

*The Snow Man*

One must have a mind of winter  
To regard the frost and the boughs  
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time  
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,  
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think  
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,  
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land  
Full of the same wind  
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,  
And, nothing himself, beholds  
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

-Wallace Stevens

*[Back to current electronic table of contents](#)*