The Snow Man

By Wallace Stevens

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.

Source: Poetry magazine (1921)