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The Tracks

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The Tracks · *Philip Murray*

The tracks in the fresh snow led up to my window
And then turned back into the grass hugging the side
Of the barn. They were not deer, I know those;
Possum most likely. I take a foolish pride
In such an incident. Some poor creature came
Explicitly begging outside my part of the barn
Seeing my light out, some creature half-tame
Looking for some scraps or fruit I might have thrown
Away. It's a pity I didn't waken, but I slept
Right through the visit and only discovered it
Next morning, looking out to see what depth
Of snow had fallen. I've been putting out bits
Of bread and fruit hoping he might come back.
I think he will. We owe each other that.