

*New York Nocturnes and Other Poems*

On a day there comes once more  
To the latched and lonely door,  
    Down the wood-road striding silent,  
One who has been here before.

Green spruce branches for his head,  
Here he makes his simple bed,  
    Couching with the sun, and rising  
When the dawn is frosty red.

All day long he wanders wide  
With the gray moss for his guide,  
    And his lonely axe-stroke startles  
The expectant forest-side.