Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Morning

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From this hill-top where flash
of silver birches challenges snow
in remnant drifts, I see
far out over miles of reservoir and woods.

Winter ice still rests in its pale
shroud, stretched over the blue
breast of these waters. And
deep underneath lie drowned

the hamlets and farms
built by New Englanders
in their first invasions of these
drumlin hills and dumped moraines.

Frost, you were well named,
for my fingers tingle and ears
inflame in the stiff hill-top breeze;
whose woods these are I think I know.

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