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## Face at the Window

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**FACE AT THE WINDOW**

When she woke in the dark she cried at the sounds outside  
until they told her it was only the cows moving against their stanchions  
in the barn,—and to go back to sleep and try to dream,  
but when the storm that wasn't expected broke over the farm and  
rain sluiced  
through the rain gutters and overflowed the barrels beneath her window,  
she held herself stiffly between the cold sheets and tried not to cry.

When morning broke through the mist, the old horse came up from  
the fields  
lifting his heavy feet in and out of the wet grass, and the men rode  
the wagon  
into Turley's Woods to cut the sweet-gum and balsam while someone said  
to rouse the girl for biscuits and gravy;  
but when the women in the kitchen heard the scream they stood still,  
wrapping and unwrapping their hands in their aprons.