

## **Him**

Brian Allan Skinner

Across the white field  
walks the man in the black coat.  
Each day he gets closer to the house  
before he disappears in the blizzard.

I can almost see his face.  
He raises his knuckles to rap.  
I see the stitching in his glove  
as he reaches from the shadows.

The days soon outrun him;  
the patches of white grow smaller.  
The man in the black coat  
disappears into the black field.