

Willful Homing  
by Robert Frost

It is getting dark and time he drew to a house,  
But the blizzard blinds him to any house ahead.  
The storm gets down his neck in an icy souse  
That sucks his breath like a wicked cat in bed.

The snow blows on him and off him, exerting force  
Downward to make him sit astride a drift,  
Imprint a saddle, and calmly consider a course.  
He peers out shrewdly into the thick and swift.

Since he means to come to a door he will come to a door,  
Although so compromised of aim and rate  
He may fumble wide of the knob a yard or more,  
And to those concerned he may seem a little late.