

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

The recipient of a Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1935, Robert P. Tristram Coffin taught at Bowdoin College and was a well-known historian as well as a poet. Walking by himself on a winter night in this poem, Coffin makes an unexpected connection with a stranger.

### *Winter Friends*

*By Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

The high cold moon rides through the frost,  
The branches of the trees make lace  
Along the drifted snow beneath,  
There is no friendliness in the place,  
Except in twelve small squares of light  
Set in a house's midnight side.  
Someone is awake with me  
On the cold earth's wintry ride,  
Through the pathways of the space,  
He and I go on like friends,  
Saying nothing, quietly,  
To our separate unknown ends.

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