

# Calling

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From the painting *Village Road in Winter* by Gustave Courbet

Sherryl Clark

*Come out and play in the snow,*  
*she said, before the light goes.*  
And the ones who hadn't found  
a place by the fire  
followed her into the growing dusk.

Shadows clung to the rooftops  
sightless windows flickered  
snow dropped from the soundless trees.

Along the road, mud held  
their small feet like memories  
water rushed to the river

their shouts echoed off  
the blackened mountains.

Nobody in the village  
is coming out today.

They are in mourning.