**The Call**

 From our low seat beside the fire

 Where we have dozed and dreamed and watched the glow

 Or raked the ashes, stopping so

We scarcely saw the sun or rain

 Above, or looked much higher

Than this same quiet red or burned-out fire.

 Tonight we heard a call,

 A rattle on the window pane

 A voice on the sharp air,

And felt a breath stirring our hair,

 A flame within us: Something swift and tall

 Swept in and out and that was all.

Was it a bright or a dark angel? Who can know?

 It left no mark upon the snow,

 But suddenly it snapped the chain

 Unbarred, flung wide the door

 Which will not shut again;

And so we cannot sit here anymore.

 We must arise and go:

 The world is cold without

 And dark and hedged about

 With mystery and enmity and doubt,

 But we must go

 Though yet we do not know

Who called, or what marks we shall leave upon the snow.

**Charlotte Mew**