

THE ROAD Two roads diverged
in a yellow wood, - And sorry I could not travel
both - And be one traveler, long I stood - And
looked down one as far as I could - To where it
bent in the undergrowth; - Then took the other,
as just as fair, - And having perhaps the bet-
ter claim, - Because it was grassy and wanted
wear; - Though as for that the passing there - Had
worn them really about the same, - And both
that morning equally lay - In leaves no step had
trodden black. - Oh, I kept the first for another
day! - Yet knowing how way leads on to way, - I
doubted if I should ever come back. - I shall be
telling this with a sigh - Somewhere ages and ages
hence: - Two roads diverged in a wood, and I- - I
took the one less traveled by, - And that has made
all the difference.

NOT TAKEN

by Robert Frost