

## **The Road Not Taken**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And  
sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, lon 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 better 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 leave  
so 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 took  
the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

**Robert Lee Frost**