The Road Not Taken

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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 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 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.

**Sonnet 18**

By William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?   
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:   
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,   
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date:   
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,   
And often is his gold complexion dimm’d;   
And every fair from fair sometime declines,   
By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d;   
But thy eternal summer shall not fade   
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;   
Nor shall Death brag thou wander’st in his shade,   
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:   
   So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,   
   So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.