

This poem was written by Robert Frost, one of the most famous and important American poets, in 1915. About this poem, Frost himself said:

*One stanza of 'The Road Not Taken' was written while I was sitting on a sofa in the middle of England: I found it three or four years later, and I couldn't bear not to finish it. I wasn't thinking about myself there, but about a friend who had gone off to war, a person who, whichever road he went, would be sorry he didn't go the other.*

Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, 23 Aug. 1953

## **The Road Not Taken**

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.