**Mowing** by Robert Frost

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|  | There was never a sound beside the wood but one, |
|  | And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground. |
|  | What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself; |
|  | Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun, |
|  | Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound— |
|  | And that was why it whispered and did not speak. |
|  | It was no dream of the gift of idle hours, |
|  | Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf: |
|  | Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak |
|  | To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows, |
|  | Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers |
|  | (Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake. |
|  | The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows. |
|  | My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make. |

What is a summary of this poem? What is actually happening in the poem.

What do you think the message of this poem is? What does it mean?

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**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

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| Whose woods these are I think I know.    |
| His house is in the village though;    |
| He will not see me stopping here    |
| To watch his woods fill up with snow.    |
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| My little horse must think it queer    |
| To stop without a farmhouse near    |
| Between the woods and frozen lake    |
| The darkest evening of the year.    |
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| He gives his harness bells a shake    |
| To ask if there is some mistake.    |
| The only other sound’s the sweep    |
| Of easy wind and downy flake.    |
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| The woods are lovely, dark and deep.    |
| But I have promises to keep,    |
| And miles to go before I sleep,    |
| And miles to go before I sleep. |

What is a summary of this poem? What is actually happening in the poem.

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What do you think the message of this poem is? What does it mean?

My Butterfly by Robert Frost

Thine emulous fond flowers are dead, too,
And the daft sun-assaulter, he
That frighted thee so oft, is fled or dead:
Save only me
(Nor is it sad to thee!)
Save only me
There is none left to mourn thee in the fields.
The gray grass is not dappled with the snow;
Its two banks have not shut upon the river;
But it is long ago--
It seems forever--
Since first I saw thee glance,
With all the dazzling other ones,
In airy dalliance,
Precipitate in love,
Tossed, tangled, whirled and whirled above,
Like a limp rose-wreath in a fairy dance.
When that was, the soft mist
Of my regret hung not on all the land,
And I was glad for thee,
And glad for me, I wist.
Thou didst not know, who tottered, wandering on high,
That fate had made thee for the pleasure of the wind,
With those great careless wings,
Nor yet did I.
And there were other things:
It seemed God let thee flutter from his gentle clasp:
Then fearful he had let thee win
Too far beyond him to be gathered in,
Snatched thee, o'er eager, with ungentle grasp.
Ah! I remember me
How once conspiracy was rife
Against my life--
The languor of it and the dreaming fond;
Surging, the grasses dizzied me of thought,
The breeze three odors brought,
And a gem-flower waved in a wand!
Then when I was distraught
And could not speak,
Sidelong, full on my cheek,
What should that reckless zephyr fling
But the wild touch of thy dye-dusty wing!
I found that wing broken to-day!
For thou are dead, I said,
And the strange birds say.
I found it with the withered leaves
Under the eaves.