



Jackie MacMillan 83

## Road Not The Taken

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“A poem may be worked over once  
it is in being, ... It can never  
lose its sense of a meaning that  
once unfolded by surprise as it  
went.”

— Robert Frost

diverged Two yellow roads a wood in  
I both not sorry could travel And  
traveler, stood And long, I be one  
one And as I could far looked as down  
in the undergrowth; To where it bent

just as fair, Then took the other, as  
better claim, having the perhaps And  
wear; wanted grassy it was Because and  
passing Though as the that for there  
them about really the same, worn Had

And lay that morning equally both  
step black. In leaves had trodden no  
kept day! Oh, another for first the I  
leads way, Yet on how knowing to way  
ever should I back. if come I doubted

be I shall with sigh telling this a  
ages hence: ages and Somewhere  
Two a wood, in roads I — diverged and  
I took one by, the less traveled  
the difference. And that made has all

— Jay Dougherty