

“Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening” ~Robert Frost

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

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.

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.

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.

“Admiring Light on a Sunny Day” ~Erika Fitzpatrick

What light this is I may it know.

Its beams barred by finite time, though:

He should not mind me pausing now

To admire this light ere it go.

My wearied mind considers how

There is time enough to allow

Dead and dilated eyes to gaze

On light that's not for me endowed.

It filters through in timid haze

For this room it's not seen in days.

Dust dances where lighted day glows

In mute music and golden rays.

Sunlight is happy hope arose

But I have assignments to close,

And pages to rove before I doze.

And pages to rove before I doze.