METAPHORS WITH ROBERT FROST

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN ROBERT FROST

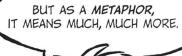
TWO ROADS DIVERGED IN A YELLOW WOOD, AND SORRY I COULD NOT TRAVEL BOTH AND BE ONE TRAVELER, LONG I STOOD AND LOOKED DOWN ONE AS FAR AS I COULD TO WHERE IT BENT IN THE UNDERGROWTH:

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,

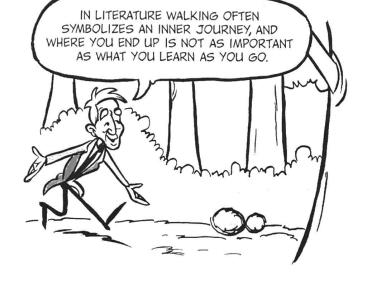
AND BOTH THAT MORNING EQUALLY LAY IN LEAVES NO STEP HAD TRODDEN BLACK. OH, I KEPT THE FIRST FOR ANOTHER DAY! YET KNOWING HOW WAY LEADS ON TO WAY, I DOUBTED IF I SHOULD EVER COME BACK.

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.











Questions:

What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?

Many readers see the two roads as a choice between a good path and a bad path. However, you can make the claim that both roads are equal in value. What parts of the text support this idea?

Think about the different reasons the speaker might "sigh" while thinking back on his journey. How does each reason offer a different perspective on the speaker's attitude toward his choice?