

**Chapter 1 : SparkNotes: Frost's Early Poems: "The Road Not Taken"**

*A Different Road Taken. AN: Set in Season 4, Episode 1 after Kate Beckett is shot. AU immediately after Rick leaves Kate's room in the hospital - Rick takes a very different road, and finds a very different and fulfilling purpose.*

I had no reason not to take the scenic route. It was time I became better acquainted with the section of highway between Dallas and Fayetteville. That stretch between hell and heaven I consider boring and monotonous. Finally I would take one of those often imagined road trips, stopping when I like, reading historical markers, antiquing, whatever. I would find something ok about Oklahoma. Fuel for the road trip. A sign pointing to the Indian Territory Museum easily lured me off the beaten path. Inside, a treasure trove of artifacts along with two little ladies who seemed thrilled at the prospect of a RealLiveVisitor. They asked me to sign the guest book. I felt like such the tourist. It was not quite noon and I found myself at a free wine tasting. This was shaping up to be a truly good day. Home of the Wampus Cats. The site of my first speeding ticket since Since the Atokans so desperately want folks to c-r-a-w-l through their fair tiny town, I decided to really give it the once over, even parade waving while driving oh-so-slowly by the Atoka jailhouse before heading straight to the Antique Store. With antiques and garden art spilling onto the sidewalk, it catches my eye each time I whip through. Full of china and crystal and silver and art and vintage everything, it did not disappoint! I almost bought a hardback Edgar Allan Poe book, but how many Poe books does one need? And, I almost bought a vintage red apron but resisted. Get thee behind me, Atoka. Seemed a bit pricey, but they were fragrant and beautiful. Down a deserted gravel road. I could have wandered around for hours, but the wind was whipping down the plains with the first cold front of the season. Stringtown Cemetery Last side stop " Eufaula. A quick trip inside Steel Daffodils on the charming square where I passed up all the cute Halloween decor and Moon Pies, opting for fresh brewed iced tea instead. Near the park, a historical marker. And the grand finale! I Smell Bacon. A must see for the name alone. Outside, the parking lot was packed. Inside, a pan of freshly made buttermilk biscuits was pulled from the oven as if choreographed especially for me. Six vats of homemade soups lined the countertop. Eufaula, Ok The exclamation point to my drive, dinner and a wild card game of War with my father-in-law. Once again I am reminded life is fleeting. I arrived in Fayetteville well after dark yet relaxed and at ease after my hayseed tour of Route Plus I bonded a bit with those Sooners. Two roads diverged in a wood, and I, I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. Fayetteville Wanna receive my monthly Newsletter?

Chapter 2 : The Road Not Taken Analysis - racedaydvl.com

*It is normal to wonder what the outcome would have been if the other road, the road not taken, was the road chosen. But to contemplate this hypothetical deeply is folly, for it is impossible to say whether taking the other road would have been better or worse: all one can say is that it would have been different.*

His poems begin in delight and in wisdom. Robert Frost finds himself at a point where the road splits into two. He must make a decision. He chooses the grassy and less travelled path. The other road is more conventional, risk free and well-traveled. He says that perhaps he may use the more conventional path some time in future, but it is not possible to start the journey afresh. It seems to be a characteristic of Robert Frost to express doubt while making revolutionary decisions. Here conflict is between the right choice and wrong choice. We should always have the courage to choose the right way even if it is rough and thorny. The poem makes us think about choice we must make in life. All of us reach a crucial point in life when we must make a right choice. That choice determines our destiny. The poem inspires us to face the challenging realities in life. The chief theme of his poetry is an ambiguous relationship with nature. He is interested in the paradox of life. However, Frost is very optimistic. He looks into distant future. A small courageous step makes a big difference. It can lead to a great discovery, success, prosperity, or happiness. The poet beautifully leaves this to the imagination of the readers; Ambiguity is one of the striking features of Frost in poetry. It is a poem about the journey of life. Frost captures the uncertainty about making decisions. Our natural desire to know what will happen because of the decisions we make is in the first stanza of the poem: The narrator eventually decides to take the other road because it really does not matter. Whichever path he chooses, he has no way of knowing where he is going to end up. At this point in the poem, Frost tries to encourage readers to overcome the fear of the unknown: Almost immediately, however, he seems to contradict his own judgment: He decides to save the first, perhaps more traveled route for another day but then confesses that he does not think it probable that he will return. This implies that this seemingly casual and inconsequential choice is likely to be a crucial commitment. The tone of this stanza, coupled with the title, strongly suggests that the traveler, if not regretting his choice, at least laments the possibilities that the need to make a choice. Had Frost had a particular and irrevocable choice of his own? If so, what feeling in this poem of mixed feelings, should be regarded as dominant? There is no way of identifying such a specific decision from the evidence of the poem itself. On more than one occasion the poet claimed that this poem was about his friend Edward Thomas, a man inclined to indecisiveness out of a strong and as Frost thought amusing habit of dwelling on the irrevocability of decisions. What is clear is that the speaker is, at least, a person like Thomas in some respects though there may well be some of Frost in him also. Critics of this poem are likely always to argue whether it is an affirmation of the crucial nature of the choices people must make on the road of life or a gentle satire on the sort of temperament that always insists on struggling with such choices. Frost composed this poem in four five-line stanzas with only two end rhymes in each stanza abaab. The flexible iambic meter has four strong beats to the line. It is an effect possible only in a rhymed and metrical poem and thus a good argument for the continuing viability of traditional forms.

Chapter 3 : The Road Not Taken's True Meaning | At the Smithsonian | Smithsonian

*In an alien artefact was discovered in Egypt and activated for the first time a few years later. In one reality Doctor Littlefield stepped through and was stranded on the planet Heliopolis for decades.*

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 Iâ€” I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. The Breakdown Stanza 1: I encounter two roads 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; What It Means: So here I am, a lone traveler, standing at a crossroads. There are two roads. I can take either one. I take one of the roads 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, What It Means: And both that morning equally lay In leaves no step had trodden black. This is the most telling stanza of the poem. It talks about how we rewrite our own histories. We tell stories and revise our memories as if decisions were made differently than they really were. We know that from the first and second stanzas. The roads were the same. But this is the one I took. Hire me to coach you! But you take one or the other and your life happens after that.

*The different ways of reading a classic American poem Read More. Audio. Play Episode The Road Not Taken. From Audio Poem of the Day The Road Not Taken.*

Pritchard On December 16, , he received a warm letter from Meiklejohn, looking forward to his presence at Amherst and saying that that morning in chapel he had read aloud "The Road Not Taken," "and then told the boys about your coming. They applauded vigorously and were evidently much delighted by the prospect. What the college was, or should be -what Meiklejohn hoped to make Amherst into - was a place to be thought of as "liberal," that is, "essentially intellectual": There are those among us who will find so much satisfaction in the countless trivial and vulgar amusements of a crude people that they have no time for the joys of the mind. There are those who are so closely shut up within a little round of petty pleasures they that have never dreamed of the fun of reading and conversing and investigating and reflecting. A liberal education would rescue boys from stupidity, its purpose being to draw from that "reality-loving American boy" something like "an intellectual enthusiasm. Now, five years after his address, he was bringing to Amherst someone outside the usual academic orbit, a poet who lacked even a college degree. But despite - or perhaps because of - this lack, the poet had escaped triviality, was an original mind who knew about living by ideas. For he had written among other poems "The Road Not Taken," given pride of place in the just-published Mountain Interval as not only its first poem but also printed in italics, as though to make it also a preface to and motto for the poems which followed. For President Meiklejohn and for the assembled students at compulsory chapel, it might have been heard as a stirring instance of what the "liberal college" was all about, since it showed how, instead of acceding to the petty pleasures, the "countless trivial and vulgar amusements" offered by the world or the money-god or the values of the marketplace, an individual could go his own way, live his own life, read his own books, take the less traveled road: 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. The poem ended, the boys "applauded vigorously," and surely Meiklejohn congratulated himself just a bit on making the right choice, taking the less traveled road and inviting a poet to join the Amherst College faculty. I should like to be so subtle at this game as to seem to the casual person altogether obvious. The casual person would assume I meant nothing or else I came near enough meaning something he was familiar with to mean it for all practical purposes. If we juxtapose these remarks with his earlier determination to reach out as a poet to all sorts and kinds of people, and if we think of "The Road Not Taken" as a prime example of a poem which succeeded in reaching out and taking hold, then something interesting emerges about the kind of relation to other people, to readers - or to students and college presidents - Frost was willing to live with, indeed to cultivate. For the large moral meaning which "The Road Not Taken" seems to endorse - go, as I did, your own way, take the road less traveled by, and it will make "all the difference"-does not maintain itself when the poem is looked at more carefully. Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -- I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. Is it not the high tone of poignant annunciation that really makes all the difference? An earlier version of the poem had no dash after "I"; presumably Frost added it to make the whole thing more expressive and heartfelt. And it was this heartfelt quality which touched Meiklejohn and the students. When Frost sent "The Road Not Taken" to Thomas he was disappointed that Thomas failed to understand it as a poem about himself, but Thomas in return insisted to Frost that "I doubt if you can get anybody to see the fun of the thing without showing them and advising them which kind of laugh they are to turn on. Yet it became a popular poem for very different reasons than what Thomas referred to as "the fun of the thing. One of his notebooks contains the following four-line thought: The mischievous aspect of "The Road Not Taken" is what makes it something un-boring, for there is little in its language or form which signals an interesting poem. But that mischief also makes it something other than a "sincere" poem, in the way so many readers have taken Frost to be sincere. Its fun is outside the formulae it seems almost but not quite to formulate. A Literary Life Reconsidered. The walker looks down one, first, then the other, "as just as fair. My guess is that Frost, the wily ironist, is saying something like this: I shall pretend, as we all do, that I took the

less traveled road. But I shall be lying. In art the same choice was often represented by the letter "Y" with the trunk of the letter representing the careless years of childhood and the two paths branching off at the age when the child is expected to exercise discretion. In one design the "Two Paths" are shown in great detail. On the other side a crowd of men and women are engaged in feasting, music, love-making, and other carnal pleasures while close behind them yawns the flaming mouth of hell in which sinners are writhing. But hope is held out for the worldly for some avoid hell and having passed through a dark forest come to the rude huts of Humility and Repentance. Midway upon the journey of our life I found myself within a forest dark, For the straightforward pathway had been lost. So bitter is it, death is little more. Two waies are proposed and laide open to all, the one inviting to vertue, the other alluring to vice; the first is combersome, intricate, untraded, overgrowne, and many obstacles to dismay the passenger; the other plaine, even beaten, overshadowed with boughes, tapistried with flowers, and many objects to feed the eye; now a man that lookes but only to the outward shewe, will easily tread the broadest path, but if hee perceive that this smooth and even way leads to a neast of Scorpions: Frost seems to have deliberately chosen the word "roads" rather than "waies" or "paths" or even "pathways. At the beginning of the *Inferno* Dante is thirty-five, "midway on the road of life," notes Charles Eliot Norton. The first of these, an event, took place in the winter of in the woods of Plymouth, New Hampshire, while the second, a general observation and a concomitant attitude, grew out of his long walks in England with Edward Thomas, his newfound Welsh-English poet-friend, in Two lonely cross-roads that themselves cross each other I have walked several times this winter without meeting or overtaking so much as a single person on foot or on runners. The practically unbroken condition of both for several days after a snow or a blow proves that neither is much travelled. Judge then how surprised I was the other evening as I came down one to see a man, who to my own unfamiliar eyes and in the dusk looked for all the world like myself, coming down the other, his approach to the point where our paths must intersect being so timed that unless one of us pulled up we must inevitably collide. I felt as if I was going to meet my own image in a slanting mirror. I verily expected to take up or absorb this other self and feel the stronger by the addition for the three-mile journey home. I stood still in wonderment and let him pass by; and that, too, with the fatal omission of not trying to find out by a comparison of lives and immediate and remote interests what could have brought us by crossing paths to the same point in a wilderness at the same moment of nightfall. Some purpose I doubt not, if we could but have made out. I like a coincidence almost as well as an incongruity. This portentous account of meeting "another" self but not encountering that self directly and therefore not coming to terms with it would eventually result in a poem quite different from "The Road Not Taken" and one that Frost would not publish for decades. He had also, she implies, filed away his dream for future poetic use. That poetic use would occur three years later. In Frost arrived in England for what he then thought would be an extended sabbatical leave from farming in New Hampshire. By all the signs he was ready to settle down for a long stay. Settling in Gloucestershire, he soon became a close friend of Edward Thomas. Later, when readers persisted in misreading "The Road Not Taken," Frost insisted that his poem had been intended as a sly jest at the expense of his friend and fellow poet. For Thomas had invariably fussed over irrevocable choices of the most minor sort made on daily walks with Frost in , shortly before the writing of the poem. Living in Gloucestershire, writes Lawrance Thompson, Frost had frequently taken long countryside walks with Thomas. Repeatedly Thomas would choose a route which might enable him to show his American friend a rare plant or a special vista; but it often happened that before the end of such a walk Thomas would regret the choice he had made and would sigh over what he might have shown Frost if they had taken a "better" direction. More than once, on such occasions, the New Englander had teased his Welsh-English friend for those wasted regrets. Frost found something quaintly romantic in sighing over what might have been. Such a course of action was a road never taken by Frost, a road he had been taught to avoid. But the poem might have had other targets. One such target was a text by another poet who in a different sense might also be considered a "friend": By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good, or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence: But whereas Longfellow had invoked Providence to account for acts

performed and actions not taken, Frost calls attention only to the role of human choice. A second target was the notion that "whatever choice we make, we make at our peril. If we take the wrong road we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right one. What must we do? If death ends all, we cannot meet death better. Nothing will happen to him through default. Nor, argues the poet, is it likely that anyone will melodramatically be dashed to pieces. We can also project the poem against a poem by Emily Dickinson that Frost had encountered twenty years earlier in *Poems, Second Series* Our pace took sudden awe, Our feet reluctant led. Before were cities, but between, The forest of the dead. The University Press of Kentucky, This is the easiest way to come to terms critically with the popularity of "The Road Not Taken" but it is not, perhaps, the only or best way: For Frost by all accounts was genuinely fond of Thomas. He wrote his only elegy to Thomas and he gives him, in that poem, the highest praise of all from one who would, himself, hope to be a "good Greek": It might be argued that in becoming Thomas in "The Road Not Taken," Frost momentarily loses his defensive preoccupation with disguising lyric involvement to the extent that ironic weapons fail him. Here Frost is not writing about that contentiously erotic love which is predicated on the sexual battles between a man and a woman, but about a higher love, by the terms of the good Greek, between two men. As Plato says in the *Symposium*, b-c, "But the heavenly love springs from a goddess [Aphrodite] whose attributes have nothing of the female, but are altogether male, and who is also the elder of the two, and innocent of any hint of lewdness. And so those who are inspired by this other Love turn rather to the male, preferring the more vigorous and intellectual bent. Frost sent this poem as a letter, as a communication in the most basic sense, to a man to whom he says, in "To E. From Robert Frost and a Poetics of Appetite. Reprinted by permission of the author. Frank Lentricchia Self-reliance in "The Road Not Taken" is alluringly embodied as the outcome of a story presumably representative of all stories of self-hood, and whose central episode is that moment of the turning-point decision, the crisis from which a self springs: The analogical landscape poem draws its force from the culturally ancient and pervasive idea of nature as allegorical book, in its American poetic setting a book out of which to draw explicit lessons for the conduct of life nature as self-help text. And yet Frost has played a subtle game in an effort to have it both ways. In order to satisfy the Atlantic and its readers, he hews closely to the requirements of popular genre writing and its mode of poetic production, the mass circulation magazine. But at the same time he has more than a little undermined what that mode facilitates in the realm of American poetic and political ideals. There must be two roads and they must, of course, be different if the choice of one over the other is to make a rational difference "And that has made all the difference". The fact is, there is no text to be read, because reading requires a differentiation of signs, and on that morning clear signifying differences were obliterated. The unpleasant news is hard to hear, in addition, because Fireside form demands, and therefore creates the expectation of, readable textual differences in the book of nature. For a self to be reliant, decisive, nonconformist, there must already be an autonomous self out of which to propel decision. But what propelled choice on that fateful morning? That is why he can admit to what no self-respecting self-reliant self can admit to:

Chapter 5 : A Different Road Taken | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

*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.*

The Self in Poetry: Ever since infancy I have had the habit of leaving my blocks carts chairs and such like ordinaries where people would be pretty sure to fall forward over them in the dark. Forward, you understand, and in the dark. In the spring of , Robert Frost sent an envelope to English critic Edward Thomas that contained only one item: It staggered me to think that perhaps I had always missed what made poetry poetry. A tap would have settled my poem. I wonder if it was because you were trying too much out of regard for me that you failed to see that the sigh [in line 16] was a mock sigh, hypo-critical for the fun of the thing. There is no evidence that Frost ever contemplated doing so, in agony or otherwise. The more one thinks about it, the more difficult it becomes to be sure who is doing what and why. As the scholar Mark Richardson puts it: Or does the title refer to the supposedly better-travelled road that the speaker himself fails to take? Precisely who is not doing the taking? Frost wanted readers to ask the questions Richardson asks. More than that, he wanted to juxtapose two visions—two possible poems, you might say—at the very beginning of his lyric. The second is the parodic poem that Frost himself claimed to have originally had in mind, in which the dominant tone is one of self-dramatizing regret for a path not taken by the speaker. These two potential poems revolve around each other, separating and overlapping like clouds in a way that leaves neither reading perfectly visible. But if you think of the poem not as stating various viewpoints but rather as performing them, setting them beside and against one another, then a very different reading emerges. Two distinct objects may, by being dexterously presented, again and again in quick succession, to the mind of a cursory reader, be so associated together in his thoughts, as to be conceived capable of being actually combined in practice. What is fallacious in an argument can be mesmerizing in a poem. The title itself is a small but potent engine that drives us first toward one untaken road and then immediately back to the other, producing a vision in which we appear somehow on both roads, or neither. This is true even of its first line. Yet, as the scholar George Monteiro observes: First, a road, unlike a path, is necessarily man-made. The act of choosing may be solitary, but the context in which it occurs is not. In this case, we have what seems like the most straightforward proposition imaginable: After all, Frost might more easily and obviously have written the stanza like so emphasis mine: And why does Frost think that difference worth preserving? If he were, it would make more sense to use the modified version above. The act of choosing changes the person making the choice. This reading of the poem is subtly different from, and bolder than, the idea that existence is merely subject to the need to make decisions. The thaumatrope spins, the roads blur and merge.

**Chapter 6 : Poetry Analysis of The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost | Teen Ink**

*The "road" in Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken" is a metaphor for the journey of racedaydvl.com has traditionally often been envisaged as a road down which we progress from birth to death; in.*

Rick takes a very different road, and finds a very different and fulfilling purpose. Set in Season 4, Episode 1 after Kate Beckett is shot. None of these characters are mine, but they are memorable. Talk about your third wheel; he sure feels it right now. It hurts, yeah, because he wishes beyond reason that it was him sitting there, not Josh. He wishes that she was his. They must see him out of the corner of their eyes, because she leans back, putting her head back onto her pillow, away from Josh. Josh pauses a moment, looking at Castle, then stands up to leave. The last time he and Rick laid eyes on each other, punches almost flew. Well, I flew - Rick thinks to himself "flew into the wall. These are the thoughts dominating his thinking as Castle steps toward the bed. He and Josh nod at one another in passing. Castle feels kind of silly standing there with flowers. And then it begins. Eyes downcast, Kate offers him what he later will recall as the most liberating of greetings. For the past three years, he has slowly but surely been falling deeper and deeper into bondage over this woman. For a while, he used to wonder if it was love. And if it was, it was certainly uni-directional love. It was purely one-way. Her greeting turns out to be a much-needed splash of cold water to the face. But his mouth is moving far quicker than his mind can catch up, and before he can think, the most obvious of questions escapes his lips. Her lips are moving, and perhaps his are also. But right now, his mind is on the fast track, circling the course, lap after lap in monotonous agony. He tells her he will see her tomorrow. I just need a little bit of time. He wonders aloud how much time she is going to need. Shutting the door, he leans against the wall outside her room. The tears in his eyes seem to stay there, mercifully. The last people he wants to see right now are the two guys he almost considers his younger brothers. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Straightening his jacket, he is surprised at the almost indescribable calm he is feeling right now. He should be torn up, ripped to pieces emotionally. He dived in front of her, trying to save her. That one heroic, courageous, incredibly stupid moment could have simultaneously saved the woman he clearly loves and orphaned the daughter he absolutely adores. His reward for his selfless act was to see Kate making gooey eyes with Josh, and making zip eye contact with himself as she summarily dismissed him from her presence. As an author, he knows how he would write this dramatic and tragic scene. This is not headed for a happily-ever-after ending. He scrolls down his screen on his phone and punches the SEND button. Have you been able to see Detective Beckett" Martha asks. I just left her room. Do you have some time, mother? That you know of. Can you meet me at home? Believe it or not, I really need to talk with you," he counters. Is everything all right, Richard? Damn, Kate - he thinks as the elevator door closes - I never saw us ending. Thirty minutes later, Castle unlocks the door to his loft and walks in. Martha is there waiting, a glass of wine in her hands as she waves him over to sit with her on the sofa. He manages a brief smile. Everything his mother does is theatrical. Why do I not believe there is good news here? This does not go unnoticed by Martha, but she chooses not to say anything. At least not just yet. After all, he did ask her to come over to talk, so obviously there is something on his mind. He will get to it in his own time. But just as quickly, the tears which threaten to overflow pull back to their shores. He looks her squarely in the eyes as he sits down on the sofa with her. I love her so very much. And you told her," she agrees, and almost under her breath she adds "not the greatest timing in the world as she was on the ground, shot in the heart, but tomato-tomahto. Are you going to listen or not," he smirks. Not news, really darling, but okay. But right now, Martha is stunned. She still has her mouth slightly hanging open when Castle continues: He realizes despite her eccentric manners and flighty appearance, his mother is a rock. She raised her son by herself in the seventies and eighties, for crying out loud. His father walked out, never to be seen or heard from again. And now that you have finally "and I do mean finally" admitted this to yourself. And your dramatic conclusion - in your moment of clarity - is that you need to let her go. He nods his head. Again, he nods his head. Martha eyes him for a few seconds, and then laughs out loud. For a moment he leans back into the soft cushions of his sofa, taking comfort in the safety of his retreat, his loft. This is his sanctuary, where he feels safe. Then he leans forward again, elbows on his knees and hands folded under his

chin to anchor him for what he needs to say. Both keep their full focus on the other. He brushes it off quickly, standing and going to his bar area to pour himself a scotch. He seems to have shrunk an inch or so. Like many people who see Castle and Beckett interact, she always thought that somehow, some way, some day these two star-crossed kids would find each other and get together. That she can literally and tangibly feel this conversation heading in a completely different direction is both unnerving and surprising to her. Evidently, he opted for the chivalrous approach and left Kate and I to talk. Then told me she was tired and it was pretty much time for me to leave. It seems Detective Beckett really did help her son find himself, as she knew she would â€” she just never figured this would be how it turned out. I feel my heart breaking. I see things so clearly, Mother â€” for the first time in a couple of years, I see things quite clearly - Not as I hoped or wished, but as things really are. Not in the way that I love her. Not in the way that I want to be loved. He needs to say this â€” it is important for his own ears to hear what his mouth is saying. Right in front of me, she chooses to have these other relationships. These are her boyfriends. She has let them in to that wonderful place, that wonderful zone that she keeps closed off to me. How do you know how you would react to something like this? Not now â€” not when the clouds have scattered and he is seeing things clearly now for the first time in a long, long time. That is by design. God help her, she actually hears the wisdom in what he has just said. I thought we were getting there, Mother. Multiple dates, kissing in the office, holding hands everywhere, sleeping together. Worse, I run away with Gina. Damn it all, what in the hell was I thinking there! Where the hell did he even come from?

*One day, I'll say that it was this choice, in this moment, to take this particular road that made my life better, but in fact, both roads weren't very different from one another, so my life might've been different if I'd taken the other road, but probably would've yielded other cool stuff."*

If life is a journey, this poem highlights those times in life when a decision has to be made. Which way will you go? External factors therefore make up his mind for him. Robert Frost wrote this poem to highlight a trait of, and poke fun at, his friend Edward Thomas, an English-Welsh poet, who, when out walking with Frost in England would often regret not having taken a different path. Thomas would sigh over what they might have seen and done, and Frost thought this quaintly romantic. Frost liked to tease and goad. People take it very seriously. It is the hallmark of the true poet to take such everyday realities, in this case, the sighs of a friend on a country walk, and transform them into something so much more. It contains all of his classics and more. This person, faced with an important conscious decision, chose the least popular, the path of most resistance. He was destined to go down one, regretted not being able to take both, so he sacrificed one for the other. Ultimately, the reader is left to make up their own mind about the emotional state of the speaker at the end. Was the choice of the road less travelled a positive one? It certainly made "all the difference," but Frost does not make it clear just what this difference is. 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 Iâ€™ I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. Thus, one should make their decision swiftly and with confidence. It is normal to wonder what the outcome would have been if the other road, the road not taken, was the road chosen. But to contemplate this hypothetical deeply is folly, for it is impossible to say whether taking the other road would have been better or worse: The central message is that, in life, we are often presented with choices. When making a choice, one is required to make a decision. Viewing a choice as a fork in a path, it becomes clear that we must choose one direction or another, but not both. Nonetheless, that is the way he is going now, and the place he ends up, for better or worse, was the result of his decision. This poem is not about taking the road less travelled, about individuality or uniqueness. This poem is about the road taken, to be sure, as well the road not taken, not necessarily the road less traveled. Any person who has made a decisive choice will agree that it is human nature to contemplate the "What if This pondering about the different life one may have lived had they done something differently is central to "The Road Not Taken. Would that be possible? Perhaps not, life has a way of letting one thing leading to another until going backwards is just no longer an option. But who knows what the future holds down the road? Most common speech is a combination of iambs and anapaests, so Frost chose his lines to reflect this: Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both This simple looking poem, mostly monosyllabic, has a traditional rhyme scheme of ABAAB which helps keep the lines tight, whilst the use of enjambment where one line runs into the next with no punctuation keeps the sense flowing. The whole poem is an extended metaphor; the road is life, and it diverges, that is, splits apartâ€™forks. There is a decision to be made and a life will be changed. The situation is clear enough - take one path or the other, black or white - go ahead, do it. But life is rarely that simple. So, the tone is meditative. As this person stands looking at the two options, he is weighing the pros and cons in a quiet, studied manner. The situation demands a serious approach, for who knows what the outcome will be? All the speaker knows is that he prefers the road less travelled, perhaps because he enjoys solitude and believes that to be important. On reflection, however, taking the road "because it was grassy and wanted wear" has made all the difference, all the difference in the world. Other poetic devices include the rhythm in which he wrote the poem, but these aspects are covered in the section on structure. Then, the poet reaches a fork in the road. The fork is a metaphor for a life-altering choice in which a compromise is not possible. The traveler must go one way, or the other. The descriptions of each road one bends under the undergrowth, and the other is "just as fair" indicates to the reader that, when making a life-altering decision, it is impossible to see where that decision will lead. At the moment of decision-making, both roads present themselves equally, thus the choice of which

to go down is, essentially, a toss up—a game of chance. The metaphor is activated. Life offers two choices, both are valid but the outcomes could be vastly different, existentially speaking. Which road to take? The speaker is in two minds. He wants to travel both, and is "sorry" he cannot, but this is physically impossible. As for color, Frost describes the forest as a "yellow wood. This sets the mood of indecision that characterizes the language of the poem. Frost also mentions the color black in the lines: And both the morning equally lay In leaves no step had trodden black. Clearly, this is to emphasize that both roads appeared untouched, not having been tarnished by the foot of a previous traveler. The poet is the first to encounter this dilemma. The first road is described as bending into the undergrowth. The second road is described as "just as fair," though 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 steps had trodden black. So, again, the roads are equalized. Yet, as if to confuse the reader, Frost writes in the final stanza: I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. With that, we are left to wonder how Frost knew the road he took was the one less traveled by. But Frost likely left this ambiguity on purpose so that the reader would not focus so much on condition of the road, and, instead, focus on the fact that he chose a road any road, whether it was that which was less traveled by or not , and that, as a result, he has seen a change in his life. Can you explain iambic anapaestic tetrameter?

**Chapter 8 : Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken": Theme & Analysis** SchoolWorkHelper

*"The Road Not Taken" is one of Robert Frost's most familiar and most popular poems. It is made up of four stanzas of five lines each, and each line has between eight and ten syllables in a.*

The sight of the human-like man that was their leader was burned into his mind forever. The Cylons proved that by attacking Earth and he doubted that they were the only ones out there. In the years since the end of the Earth-Cylon War, the United Nations had pooled their resources in the face of possible extra-terrestrial threats and dedicated themselves to creating the means to defend Earth. It was simple really Either everyone worked together or they all died After raiding the downed Basestar they had managed to reverse-engineer most of the technology though it was still being worked on. With knowledge gleaned from the captured Cylon technology they began construction of spacecraft that could conceivably intercept enemy ships. The FA was a single person spaceplane designed to face the notorious Cylon Raiders both in the air and in space. Considering the size of the Basestar it was obviously a carrier and likewise other races would conceivably operate similarly sized vessels. Using the antigravity technology the ship was able to lift off of the ground and rise out of the hangar. Once clear of the hangar its main engines engaged and started to push the vessel forwards. It accelerated before angling up towards the sky and flying up into the clouds. It passed through the atmosphere and continued to ascend until finally all they saw was the void. How many launches was this now? A few seconds later the Prometheus vanished in a flash of light, jumping away from the Sol System and beginning the journey into deep space. The mission was simple; investigate the coordinates that Doctor Daniel Jackson had recently discovered from the symbols on the Stargate and the artefacts that were recovered in Egypt. It was one of two sets of coordinates that he had discovered, the other being an eight symbol address found in the Ancient outpost. Those coordinates led to a planet in the neighbouring Pegasus galaxy where "if Daniel was right" was the location of the legendary lost city of Atlantis. An expedition was being put together to head through the Stargate to Pegasus along with their newest class of battlecruiser, one that would hopefully replace the aging Prometheus-class, which would hopefully make the journey in a little over a year. As for the first set of coordinates, the old Prometheus had spent months being refitted and upgraded with new systems. Faster weapons, better sensors, improved energy shields, everything. Finally he reached his destination and entered the Mess Hall. There were only a handful of people there when he arrived and he quickly walked over towards the food. God he was hungry, especially after staying up all last night watching the latest season of the Simpsons. After getting his breakfast tray he sat down on the table near the window and started eating. He was only about quarter way through his breakfast when two people approached the table, one man with dark hair and one woman with blond hair. It was only then that he realised the Mess Hall was a lot more crowded than what it was when he first arrived. The rest of the tables were full with only the odd few spaces on each table, including his. "I did think that was possible, here take these," Jack spoke as he pushed over a few serviettes. Daniel wordlessly thanked him before taking the serviettes and blowing his nose. It was at that moment the communication system started blaring, three slow siren-like sounds echoing throughout the entire ship. Everyone immediately stopped eating and either sat down or stood completely still. Space seemed to compress around them and shift before finally returning to normal. The process was uncomfortable at the best of times but thankfully it was quick. A few minutes later their destination came into view through the window, a massive orange desert that seemed to cover the entire planet. It was hard to believe that anything could survive down there but if the coordinates were right then whoever used the Egyptian Stargate found at Giza might be found here. Before anyone could comment on it however the alert sirens started sounding throughout the ship. Almost as one everyone started to rush out of the door to where they needed to be. Prometheus turned slowly, its massive engines pushing it forward slightly as its manoeuvring thrusters forced its nose to lead the rest of it in a turn. There even seemed to be pyramids of all things on the surface, specifically near the local Stargate that their probes had spotted. They also spotted something else! "Colonel? Years ago right after the Cylon War ended a new threat emerged from within, a group of extremists led by a man called Seth started a campaign which nearly saw him become the president of the United States. An alien symbiotic life form, one

that had apparently jumped into the body of Vice President Kinsey that they discovered what the creature was. After the death of Robert Kinsey and Seth, the Kinsey family has been rather vocal about hunting down the rest of the aliens before they could hurt anyone else. They found a body inside it along with another alien symbiote though this one was much larger. Not long after that two more were discovered in Egypt though these ones had seemingly been imprisoned in jars. They were found near an alien ship that was hidden away which was later brought to Area 51 for study. Now they had come across another such vessel The ship was pyramid shaped and had no visible engines yet despite that it was fast and quickly closed into weapons range before a bolt of superheated plasma shot out of its side. Not for the first time George thanked the mining crews working on the Ulysses VI colony for discovering the mineral that they now used to both construct spacecraft and for ammunition. The rounds tore through them and kept going, their armour not even slowing them down. Research had been started on using antimatter and Naquadah power instead but they were still decades away from any kind of working prototype. Still, it was enough to power the shield long enough for them to close into weapons range. Once in range two of the ventral hatches opened and a pair of missiles shot out. Nuclear light consumed the pyramid shaped ship almost instantly, almost blinding George who was staring out of the main viewport at the time. Prepare a drone to fire," Hammond gave the order. Sam wordlessly carried out the order as she shunted power from the main engines to the FTL Drive. A split second later a single orange drone shot out from the tube at the nose of the human warship. Sadly they had still not been able to manufacture more drones however there were thousands of them stockpiled at the outpost. It was rather easy to shuttle some to the various Terran warships and military installations. One more nuclear missile shot out of one of the ventral tubes and slammed into the now unshielded vessel, smashing its space frame and sending what remained of it into a decaying orbit of the planet below. Your review has been posted.

**Chapter 9 : Analysis of "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost: Includes Tips on How to Analyze a Poem**

*"The Road Not Taken" is a narrative poem. It reads naturally or conversationally, and begins as a kind of photographic depiction of a quiet moment in woods. It reads naturally or conversationally, and begins as a kind of photographic depiction of a quiet moment in woods.*

Learn how to do your own poem analysis by reading this example of an analysis of "The Road Not Taken". Print out the poem. Most poems can be found online. Annotate the poem using the following steps: Write the poem analysis. The following steps are for how to write a paragraph analysis: Provide analysis explaining how your facts support your topic sentence. Impress your friends and neighbors with a brilliant poem analysis. The rhyme scheme is a b a a b The poem uses the well known metaphor of a path being compared to life, and a divergent path representing a choice. He can only see so far down the first path and took the other The first path is full of undergrowth; the second is grassy 5,8. They are both worn just the same He knows he makes the wrong choice and sighs He lies by saying he "took the one less traveled by" The last line is ambiguous: The biggest enemy of success is fear. Fear causes the speaker in "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost to choose the wrong path, something he realizes when making the choice, yet knows he will rationalize later in life. The speaker claims he "took the one less traveled by" 19 --at best a rationalization, at worst a lie. Both paths were worn "really about the same" 10 , and lay equally. The only difference between the two is that one is grassy, implying comfort and ease, and the other contains undergrowth, connotative of roughness and discomfort. It is even possible that they are worn the same at the path entrances only and that many turned around when reaching the undergrowth of the first path. The speaker understands he shall be telling his life story with a "sigh" 16 , having taken the easy path, foregoing adventure and risk. Each stanza follows an a b a a b rhyme scheme, drawing emphasis to the last line of each stanza, a line that already has a natural emphasis. In stanza one, the last line mentions the undergrowth, symbolic of risk and adventure; in stanza two, the paths being worn the same is emphasized calling attention to his lie in the final stanza; the last line of stanza three emphasizes the realization that the speaker will never return; and stanza four hammers home the remorseful realization that his wrong choice has made all the difference.