“The Road Not Taken” ~ by 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.