The Road Not Taken
By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  - Reminds me of a Fall day
And sorry I could not travel both  - Author must have had no purpose for this walk. Not talking about a walk, but life decisions I think.
And be one traveler, long I stood  - I agree with you!
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Is this like a curve in a road?
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,
One was grassy, the other had-undergrowth, not the same at all
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.

Metametrics
Collaborative Annotation