Anyone who has ever had to make a decision affecting his or her life and future has wondered, "What would have happened *if* . . . ?" By putting that question in terms of a traveler who has to choose between one road and another, the poet symbolizes a common human dilemma. After you read the first stanza, stop and see if you can predict the kind of road this speaker did *not* choose.

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 back.
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.