

FAVORITE POEMS TAMUK

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Robert Frost, 1874-1963

The road not taken is my favorite poem because it was one of the first poems I read. It really stuck to me since it connects to me in my life; I am very different in not only the way I think but the actions I take. I recognize the words Frost says in the poem. Sometimes I feel my life is the road not taken.

Jacob Linkhart
Student

Growing up surrounded by poverty, I had always known in my heart of hearts that I had wanted to be one to break the generational curse for settling for a GED and falling to teen pregnancy. I had worked hard in high school while my family mocked me for constantly studying and having my nose buried in a book, telling me there was no use because I was bound to end up living the life they were living. I had felt I had missed out on many coming-of-age experiences such as homecomings, Friday night football games, proms and parties due to constantly needing to study. In the end all my hard work paid off. I graduated high school not only ranked 28th in my class, but I had graduated a whole year early. Now I am in college and am taking the road less travelled by my family who would never have ever dreamed of attempting to attend college. I do this not just for myself but in hopes that my younger sibling, cousins, and nieces follow in my footsteps and see how they can accomplish anything if they are willing to work hard for it. I am thriving and striving for better each day. I know my decision to take this road will soon make all the difference.

Miranda Nicholas
Student

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.

Frost, Robert. "The Road Not Taken." *Mountain Interval*. New York: Holt, 2016. The Poetry Foundation.
www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/the-road-not-taken.