



Collaborative Annotation

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

Reminds me of a fall day
Me too!
Author must have had no
purpose for this walk. Not
talking about a walk, but
life decisions I think.
I agree w/ you!

Making life
decisions is
hard for lots
of folks!
If people could
look down the roads of
life, would we go?
Can this be
personalization?
A path making a
claim!
Sounds right
to me.

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,

Could be personalization too?
Maybe
Must be walking through a
meadow. Grassy does make
me think of a
meadow.

The wearing
down was the same

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Making a choice no one
else had chosen is brave!
Very true

He took the
second path.
Wonder if he
ever went back
to the one
not taken?

Yet knowing how way leads on to
way,
I doubted if I should ever come
back.

What does this mean?

I think so
means
many years
from now?

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and
I—

Must sigh because
he knows that years?
years down the
road these same
decisions will have
to be made.
So true!

Just like a
mom always
says, Don't
follow the crowd.

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Yep! Be your own person!