

Divergent Roads in Retrospect

He recalled seeing the roads and how they've diverged,
and feels again all of those feelings that powerfully urged
Him to witness the untouched beauty of that yellow wood
Rather than settle for what the poet wrote, however good
It sounded when read aloud, but trusted his own experience
And that thinly veiled vanity that evaluates the difference
Between the magical beauty of words that have been scrolled
And yet more marvelous woods the five senses could behold.

It was a long time back when he'd made up his mind
To take lesser roads that tempted his wandering kind.
Not just for some pleasant Sunday afternoon drive
But for knowing-by-doing that has kept him alive.
There've been some roads he shouldn't have taken
Some leads that he's followed that were mistaken.
They have never been the easiest paths to navigate.
He makes no recommendation on how to participate.

Looking back, he wonders about each alternative and the extent
To which, and whether, he would have been more or less content
With where he is on this day with few diverging paths remaining,
Dreaming of yesterdays and yellow woods, his energy draining.