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## **Crossing the Woods: On the Foot Prints of Robert Frost**

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Ha ha I said looking at the woods Neither dark, nor deep, but yes lovely for sure. Had I the leisure to stop by?

I passed.

Path all clear, Goal decided, Determined to conquer; What? I thought.

What!

I too had a horse to give an alarming bell, Run it said, I ran, Perhaps some diamonds fell: I couldn't count.

Name and fame at a halt I got, Goal accomplished? NO! Not at all. More I earned more I lost at each and every halt.

Even the horse asked to sleep,
But promises were yet to keep,
Reins were in my hand,
Again I made it stand,
It galloped again having me on top,
Why further? It asked,
Because *I am the woods myself*, I replied with a Ha ha again some diamonds fell down: I couldn't count.
Were they some Tears?