Design By Robert Frost

On a white heal-all, holding up a moth  
  
Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth --  
  
Assorted characters of death and blight  
  
Mixed ready to begin the morning right,  
  
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth --  
  
A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,  
  
And dead wings carried like a paper kite. What had that flower to do with being white,  
  
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?  
  
What brought the kindred spider to that height,  
  
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?  
  
What but design of darkness to appall?--  
  
If design govern in a thing so small.

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| God’s Grandeur |
| THE WORLD is charged with the grandeur of God. |  |
| It will flame out, like shining from shook foil; |  |
| It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil |  |
| Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod? |  |
| Generations have trod, have trod, have trod; | *5* |
| And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; |  |
| And wears man’s smudge and shares man’s smell: the soil |  |
| Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod. |  |
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| And for all this, nature is never spent; |  |
| There lives the dearest freshness deep down things; | *10* |
| And though the last lights off the black West went |  |
| Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs— |  |
| Because the Holy Ghost over the bent |  |
| World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings. |  |
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