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. |  |
|   |  |
| 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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