

Robert Frost (1874-1963)

*In Hardwood Groves*

The same leaves over and over again!  
They fall from giving shade above  
To make one texture of faded brown  
And fit the earth like a leather glove.

Before the leaves can mount again  
To fill the trees with another shade,  
They must go down past things coming up.  
They must go down into the dark decayed.

They *must* be pierced by flowers and put  
Beneath the feet of dancing flowers.  
However it is in some other world  
I know that this is the way in ours.

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