The Red Wheelbarrow
BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
so much depends upon
a red wheel barrow
glazed with rain water
beside the white chickens

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
BY ROBERT FROST
Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound’s the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.