
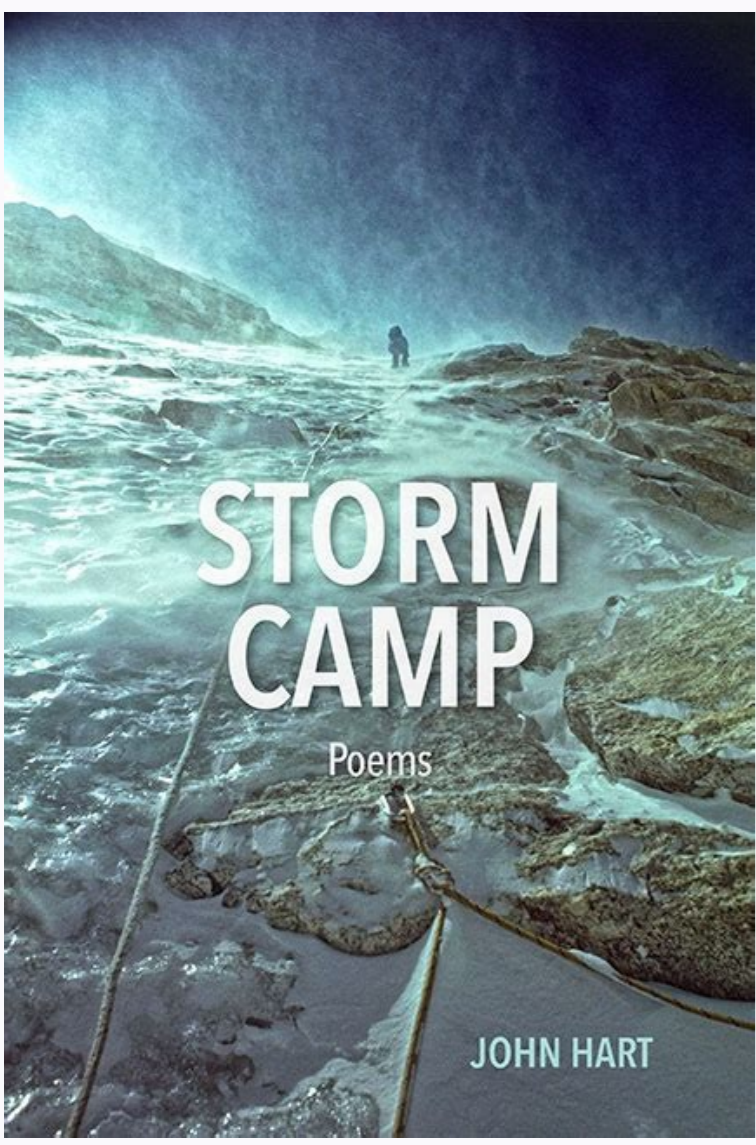


**What are the poetic devices in the poem the road not taken**

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**Next**

# What are the poetic devices in the poem the road not taken



## The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,  
Though as for that, the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost



What are the poetic devices used in the poem the road not taken class 9. What poetic devices are used in the poem the road not taken. What are the literary devices used in the poem the road not taken.

Poems on maternity cover topics as comprehensive as anxiety about parenting for child counseling. The verses also can be a metaphor for nature and remember mother who have already died. Far from just celebrating maternity in a positive light, these poems cover complex issues, such as practical of bad parents and how the hands can take care of a larger humanity. Education Images / Uig / Getty Images In this poem, May Sarton decides not to focus on the health challenges of his aged mother. Instead, she will remember how strong it was her mother, as this stretch reveals: I convince you now do not think of the incessant battle with pain and sick health, fragility and angourth. No, today I remember the Creator, the Lion-Heated. Culture Club / Getty Images Here, Poet of Centro XIX John Greenleaf Whittier, a Quaker also known for his abolitionism, reflects on how his mother disciplined him when it was child. But more soon now, a gray gray man, the needs of my infancy are best known. My mother is punishing the love I have. DEA Picture Library / Getty Images Other well-known poet, Robert Louis Stevenson, reflects his relationship with his mother. You too, my mother, my rhymes. For the love of not forgotten times, and you can chance to listen once more the little feet along the ground. Simon McGill / Getty Images In this poem, Joanne Bailey Baxter remembers its deceased mother who left behind a resilient family. This tribute can bring comfort for those who mourn the loss of a loved one. Because she had fulfilled her prophecy love, honor and hoping she instilled in those who left behind the ability to understand and deal. Sheridan / Levy / Library / Getty Libraries Rudyard Kipling's rather sentimental poem Honor the unconditional love that a hand goes to a child, even if the child committed a crime. Elsewhere in the poem, he describes how the love of a hand can to in a child in hell. If I were hanged on the highest, mother and mine hill, the mother's mine! I know whose love would still follow me, Mãe à Mãe à Mãe Mom, stop it! Hulton Archive/ Getty Images Walt Whitman describes motherhood very traditionally in this poem about childhood. The mother at home, quietly putting the dishes on the dinner table; The m o m with soft words clean up her bona © And tap, a healthy scent falling from your person and clothes as you pass... Rolf Hicker Photography/ Getty Images In Saturdays © 19th century, poetic men and women wrote about motherhood in a sentimental way. Men tend to write from the perspective of an adult child, and women typically write from the perspective of their daughter. Sometimes, however, they wrote from the mother's point of view. Here, Lucy Maud Montgomery, known for her sake © book series "Anne of Green Gables", writes about a mother who contemplates her younger son's future. Nobody © I'm as close t o you as your mother! Others may hear your words of beauty, but your precious silence © Only mine; Here in my arms I inscribed you, far from the world that grabbed you, Flesh from my flesh and bone from my bone. Colin McPherson/Corbis/Getty Images Sylvia Plath, poet remembered by "The Bell Jar," married Ted Hughes and had two children: Frieda, 1960s, and Nicholas, 1962. She and Hughes split into 1963, but this poem is among those she composed shortly after the birth of her children. In it, he describes his own experience of being a new mother, contemplating the child for which © now responsible. It's very different from the sentimental poetry of previous generations. Love drives you around like a fat gold relay. The midwife slapped you on the head. © S, and your bald scream took its place among the elements. From Agostini/Veneranda Library Ambrosiana/ Getty Images Sylvia Plath's relationship with his own hand was a problem. In this poem, Plath describes both his closeness to his mother and his frustrations. The title expresses some of Plath's feelings about his mother, as well as this excerpt: In any case, you are always there, tremendous breath, end of my line, Water Curve My water stick, stumming and grateful, tapping and sucking. Edgar Allen Poe's poem, from the Culture Club/Getty Images, is © dedicated to AA, nor his own deceased mother, but the mother of his late wife. As a work of the 19th ©, it belongs to the most sentimental tradition of maternal poems. My mother lives with my own mother, who died early, was just my mother. But you'© the mother I loved so much. The Anne Bradstreet Library of Congress, the first published poet of Colonial © British, wrote about life in Puritan New England. This 28-line poem reminds us of the fragility of life and the risks of childbirth, and Bradstreet meditates on what can happen to her husband and children if she succumbs to those risks. She acknowledges that her husband may marry, but fears that a stepmother may be harmful to her children. Yet love your dead, who have long lay on your arms, and when your loss will be rewarded with serenity, look at my little babies, my dear. And if you love yourself, or love me, these protect you from the lesions of the early riser. Mixing images - Kevin Dodge/Getty Images The poet Robert William Service recognizes that motherhood changes, and children grow farther away over the years. He describes the messages that the hands carry as "a little ghost who ran to cling to you!" Your distant children will become, and the abyss will grow. The songs of love will be mute, the trust you knew Will in the home of the heart of another, the voice of another will cheer... And you caress baby clothes and brush a little while. Frazer Harrison/Getty Images A maternity job is © create a child to be a successful adult. In this poem, Jos160; Judith Viorst gives some advice to motherwho, in turn, are offering tips to their children about marriage. The answer to make you love me ©, I married you, didn't ©? Can't we discuss this after the game? No, no well, that all depends on what you mean by "love". Underwood Archives/Getty Images Langston Hughes, one of the key figures of Harlem Renaissance describes the advice a Black mother can share with her son. Both racism and poverty color their words. Well, son, I'm telling you, life for me has not been a crystal ladder. It has had studs, and shards, ... Bettmann/Getty Images The black experience in the United States © sane si-© of slavery. In this poem from the 19th century, Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, writing from the perspective© of a free black woman, imagines the feelings that an enslaved mother without control over the fate of her children could have. He was not ©, though she bore him the pains of a mother; He is not ©, although his blood runs through her veins! It is not © hers, by cruel men © is Maia rudely disdained The only wreath of love © DomÀ© stico That binds his heart despedaçado. Three Lions/Getty Images In this poem, Emily Dickinson applies her vision of the hands as kind and gentle educators of nature itself. Nature the most gentle mother is ©, Impatient not to have children, The most naughty of the most disobedient, His gentle admonition JHU Sheridan Libraries/Cattle/Getty Images Many poets and writers have used motherhood as a meddler for the world itself. In this poem, Henry Van does the same, © the earth through the lens of a loving mother. The mother of all the poets and singers of high tension departed, Mother of all the grass that weaves on their graves the glÀ'ria of the field, Mother of all the best ways of life, Mother of all life forms, deep, patient, impassable, silent child and nurse of joys and lyrical sorrows! Barney Burstein/Corbis/VCG/Getty Images Many poets wrote about the Virgin Mary as a model mother. In this poem, Dorothy Parker, best known for her wit, ponders what life must have been like for Mary as the mother of a small child. She wishes that Mary could have a little relationship with her ©, instead of seeing the child as the Messiah. Let her laugh with her teaches you the interminable and challenged songs to sing, grants you the right to whisper to your child names a foolish Don't call a king. Hulton Archive / Getty Images Julia Ward Howe wrote the words for what © known as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" during the Civil War. After the war, she became more dog © He began to wait for the end of all wars. In 1870, she wrote a proclamation of Mother's Day promoting the idea of a Mother's Day for peace. Our children will not be taken from us to unlearn everything we have been able to teach them about charity, mercy and patience. Feliks Topolski/Hulton Archive/Getty Images Sometimes poets unload their frustrations with their parents writing very frank verses. Philip Larkin, for example, does not hesitate to describe his parents as imperfect. They \*\* you, your mother and your father. They may not have the intention of doing so, but yes. They fill it with the flaws they had and add a few extras, just for you.



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