



**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.**

**Robert Frost**

***A Boy's Will*. 1913**