

THE PASSED YEARS

*I'm reprinting some Robert Frost poems;
I only include public domain works
(Their copyrights have expired—no more perks):
From long ago—What's old is new.*

*I'm offering my own new takes on them,
Riffing on his verses. It can be fun
Making your own way, from where he'd begun.
From long ago—What's old is new.*

THE PASTURE

*I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.*

*I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.*

THE PAST, HERE

*I'm finding some Frost rhyme schemes beguiling,
Challenging like the net in tennis play
(And tennis tests and teases, I must say):
I've reworked old verse.—You can too.*

*I'm going to count the lines' syllables
Though it's not easy: an acquired pleasure,
This diving deep in search of words' treasure.
I've reworked old verse.—You can too.*