

**My November guest. [New York, The Poets' Guil. ca. 1930].**

MY NOVEMBER GUEST

My sorrow, when she's here with me, Thinks these dark days of autumn rain  
Are beautiful as days can be; She loves the bare, the withered tree; She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay. She talks and I am fain to list: She's glad the birds are gone away,  
She's glad her simple worsted grey Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees, The faded earth, the heavy sky, The beauties she so truly sees, She  
thinks I have no eye for these, And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know The love of bare November days Before the coming of the snow; But  
it were vain to tell her so, And they are better for her praise.

ROBERT FROST