

The runaway. New York. The Poets' Guild [ca. 1930].

THE RUNAWAY

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall, We stopped by a mountain pasture to say
"Whose colt?" A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall, The other curled at his breast. He dipped
his head And snorted to us. And then he had to bolt. We heard the miniature thunder where he fled
And we saw him or thought we saw him dim and grey, Like a shadow against the curtain of falling
flakes. "I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow. He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away. I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes, It's only weather.'
He'd think she didn't know! Where is his mother? He can't be out alone." And now he comes again
with a clatter of stone And mounts the wall again with whited eyes And all his tail that isn't hair up
straight. He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies. "Whoever it is that leaves him out so late, When
other creatures have gone to stall and bin, Ought to be told to come and take him in."

ROBERT FROST

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