

ENGL 310 Modern Poetry

January 24, 2007

Section: Robert Frost

In White¹

A dented spider like a snowdrop white
On a white Heal-all, all holding up a moth
Like a white piece of lifeless satin cloth—
Saw ever curious eye so strange a sight?
Portent in little, assorted death and blight
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth?
The beady spider, the flower like a froth,
And the moth carried like a paper kite.
What had that flower to do with being white,
The blue Brunella every child's delight?
What brought the kindred spider to that height?
(Make we no thesis of the miller's plight.)
What but design of darkness and of night?
Design, design! Do I use the word aright?

(written 1912, not collected; but cf. "Design" in the 1936 *Mountain Interval*)

¹ Robert Frost, *Collected Poems, Prose, and Plays* (New York: Library of America, 1995), ed. Richard Poirier and Mark Richardson, pp. 977–978