

**Stopping by words
on a snowy evening**

by [R Hodges](#) (poets license #142857)
...with apologies to Robert Frost

Whose words these are I think I know
His house has gone to pillage though
He will not mind me stopping here
To watch my head fill up with snow

Words are nice but not so deep
Like promises nobody keeps
And whether dream will end in sleep
I do not know, I do not know