Or when Frost tersely sums up the tragedy of the hired man's life:

Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope.
So now and never any different.

And again, the pungent definition of home which husband and wife exchange—they bear a light irony and unmistakable trademark of Frost's forthrightness:

Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in.

and

I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve.

The poem itself, told mainly by the kindly tongue of the farmer's wife, in an atmosphere of moonlit whispers, is filled with a gentle sense of peace—the peace of a wanderer come at last to rest.

THE OBSERVATORY

Claire Gaddy

We traced Orion's image in the stars,  
Saw Cancer crawl over the dome's pattern,  
Surveyed the galaxies and turned from Mars  
To calculate the involute rings of Saturn.

We mounted higher, by reason stellar and sound,  
To space no mind can leap or violate.  
Queried, your lips gave answer: thus we found  
Passage through heaven's adamantine gate.