



The Silken Tent by Robert Frost

She is as in a field a silken tent
 At midday when the sunny summer breeze
 Has dried the dew and all its ropes relent,
 So that in guys it gently sways at ease,
 And its supporting central cedar pole, (5)
 That is its pinnacle to heavenward
 And signifies the sureness of the soul,
 Seems to owe naught to any single cord,
 But strictly held by none, is loosely bound
 By countless silken ties of love and thought (10)
 To everything on earth the compass round,
 And only by one's going slightly taut
 In the capriciousness of summer air
 Is of the slightest bondage made aware.