

## Along the Winding Road

By Mrs. Oualline

I am not where I thought I'd be  
Or where I wished to go,  
But surely Fate has taken me  
Along this winding road.

I once saw many flashing lights,  
Excitement everywhere,  
Not open skies and quiet nights  
Or simple country fare.

But grander is this little place  
Than I thought it could be.  
With all its charm and Southern grace,  
This place somehow suits me.

The stars as bright as city lights,  
The air as fresh as Spring,  
The open sky that somehow might  
Enchantment with it bring.

The wind that rustles through the trees  
And sings an Autumn tune  
Is just the melody I need  
To beat the Winter blues.

The moonlight that illuminates  
And dances on the lake—  
It fills my heart and fascinates;  
My Spirit is awake.

Though I'm not where I thought I'd be  
Or where I wished to go,  
I'm grateful Fate has taken me  
Along this winding road.

### **Theme Statement:**

Life often brings about unexpected journeys and destinations, but embracing the unexpected may also lead to unexpected joy and contentment.

### **Poetic Rationale:**

I chose to write this poem as a ballad, composed of quatrains with an ABAB rhyme scheme and ballad meter (alternating lines in iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter). Frost's poems always follow a set rhyme scheme, and he loves to play with form and meter, though none of the Frost poems I chose are written in ballad meter. Like Frost, I elevate natural imagery and emphasize simplicity with my diction. The repetition in the first and last stanza is characteristic of Frost's style, especially in the poems I chose to analyze.