

**I M.A ENGLISH**  
**AMERICAN LITERATURE**  
**SEMESTER -I**  
*After Apple-Picking*

--Robert Frost - 1874-1963

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree  
Toward heaven still,  
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill  
Beside it, and there may be two or three  
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.  
But I am done with apple-picking now.  
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,  
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.  
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight  
I got from looking through a pane of glass  
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough  
And held against the world of hoary grass.  
It melted, and I let it fall and break.  
But I was well  
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,  
And I could tell  
What form my dreaming was about to take.  
Magnified apples appear and disappear,  
Stem end and blossom end,  
And every fleck of russet showing clear.  
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,  
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.  
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.  
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin  
The rumbling sound  
Of load on load of apples coming in.  
For I have had too much  
Of apple-picking: I am overtired  
Of the great harvest I myself desired.  
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,  
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.  
For all  
That struck the earth,  
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,  
Went surely to the cider-apple heap  
As of no worth.  
One can see what will trouble  
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.  
Were he not gone,  
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his

Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,  
Or just some human sleep.

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**"After Apple-Picking"**

**Summary**

I left my tall two-legged ladder in a tree pointing toward the sky, and I also left an empty barrel next to it. There are probably a few apples left on some branch that I didn't pick, but I'm not apple picking anymore. The night is beginning to feel like winter and I can smell like apples. I'm falling asleep.

I can't stop picturing the strange image I saw while looking through a piece of ice that I picked up out of a water trough this morning, and looked through toward the frosty grass. It started to melt and I dropped it, but I was already starting to fall asleep before it hit the ground, and I knew what kind of dreams I was about to have: close-ups of apples fading in and out, some showing their tops and others showing the opposite ends. I can see every speck of brown and red coloring clearly.

The arch of my foot still aches, and in fact still feels the pressure of a ladder rung. I can still feel the ladder moving slightly as the apple tree's branches bend. I keep hearing the rumbling sound of loads upon loads of apples being rolled into the bin in the cellar. I'm sick of apple picking. I'm so tired, even though I'm the one who wanted this great harvest.

There were thousands upon thousands of apples I could have gently picked and made sure wouldn't fall to the ground. Any apples that touched the ground, even those that weren't bruised or dirtied by the fall, were considered worthless and only suitable for cider. You can see already why I'm going to have a restless sleep, if I even do sleep. If the woodchuck, were he not already hibernating for the winter, could tell me whether the sleep I feel coming is like his hibernation, or if it's just regular old human sleep.