A Road Through The Woods by Marge Piercy

This free verse poem has no exact poetic rules to follow. Though, word spacing and framing is important.

A road through the woods  
is paved with fallen leaves  
that crush beneath our soles  
a ripe earthy smell, decay  
and a certain toasty scent:  
  
the road dips down, sidles  
up a shallow hill to the crest  
of oaks, easy to walk on  
side by side, a golden road  
summoning, so that we hike  
  
miles farther than we meant to.  
The woods are ours a few  
weeks more before hunters come  
to soak the leaves with blood.  
A time to harvest butternut,  
  
striped delicata, the grooved  
Red Rouge Vif d' Estampes pumpkins,  
bring in the green tomatoes  
before frost softens them to rot,  
seasons of pears laid in paper  
  
of the first good apples hanging   
bright as poppies against the wood,  
season of hawks, hunting over the cliff  
on the wind, hunting over the cliff.  
The swallows, warblers are gone  
  
with the summer daisies. Crickets  
chirp suddenly from under   
the radiator. Spiders web  
the high corners. Golden  
moment that will fade quickly  
  
to leaves the color of old blood,  
to skeletal weeds, to the world  
thinned down, only the birds  
who winter here, only wood  
and stone and monotone to see.

A Road Through The Woods is divided into 7 stanzas, which are paragraphs of a poem.

Here, an example of repetition is, “Season of hawks, hunting over the cliff on the wind, hunting over the cliff.”

“of the first good apples hanging bright as poppies against the wood,” is a vivid example of a simile.

Not only does this create imagery, but also a certain scent of the earth.

More examples of repetition is written at this stanza, repeating words like “To” and “only”.