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”.