

After Apple-Picking Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

After Apple-Picking By 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.