
Desert Places Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Desert Places By [Robert Frost](#) (1874-1963)

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.
The woods around it have it - it is theirs.
All animals are smothered in their lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me unawares.
And lonely as it is, that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less -
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.
They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars - on stars where no human race
is. I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.