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## Tree At My Window Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

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### Tree At My Window By Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Tree at my window, window tree, My sash is lowered when night comes on; But let there never  
be curtain drawn Between you and me.

Vague dream head lifted out of the ground, And thing next most diffuse to cloud, Not all your  
light tongues talking aloud Could be profound.

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed, And if you have seen me when I slept, You have  
seen me when I was taken and swept And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together, Fate had her imagination about her, Your head so much  
concerned with outer, Mine with inner, weather.

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