

# The Armful

By Robert Frost

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For every parcel I stoop down to seize  
I lose some other off my arms and knees,  
5 And the whole pile is slipping, bottles, buns --  
Extremes too hard to comprehend at once,  
Yet nothing I should care to leave behind.  
With all I have to hold with hand and mind  
And heart, if need be, I will do my best  
10 To keep their building balanced at my breast.  
I crouch down to prevent them as they fall;  
Then sit down in the middle of them all.  
I had to drop the armful in the road  
And try to stack them in a better load.