

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring various autumn leaves in shades of green, red, and orange, along with several butterflies in orange and brown tones.

# Gathering Leaves

*by Robert Frost*

Spades take up leaves  
No better than spoons,  
And bags full of leaves  
Are light as balloons.  
I make a great noise  
Of rustling all day  
Like rabbit and deer  
Running away.  
But the mountains I raise  
Elude my embrace,  
Flowing over my arms  
And into my face.  
I may load and unload  
Again and again  
Till I fill the whole shed,  
And what have I then?  
Next to nothing for weight,  
And since they grew duller  
From contact with earth,  
Next to nothing for color.  
Next to nothing for use.  
But a crop is a crop,  
And who's to say where  
The harvest shall stop?