Acquainted with the Night

By Robert Frost

I have been one acquainted with the night.
    I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
    I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
    I have passed by the watchman on his beat
    And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
    When far away an interrupted cry
    Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
    And further still at an unearthly height,
    One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
    I have been one acquainted with the night.
