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.
