**Oranges by Gary Soto (1995)**

The first time I walked

With a girl, I was twelve,

Cold, and weighted down

With two oranges in my jacket.

 December. Frost cracking

Beneath my steps, my breath

Before me, then gone,

As I walked toward

Her house, the one whose

 Porch light burned yellow

Night and day, in any weather.

 A dog barked at me, until

She came out pulling

At her gloves, face bright

With rouge. I smiled,

 Touched her shoulder, and led

Her down the street, across

A used car lot and a line

Of newly planted trees,

Until we were breathing

 Before a drugstore. We

Entered, the tiny bell

Bringing a saleslady

Down a narrow aisle of goods.

I turned to the candies

 Tiered like bleachers,

And asked what she wanted—

Light in her eyes, a smile

Starting at the corners

Of her mouth. I fingered

 A nickel in my pocket,

And when she lifted a chocolate

 That cost a dime,

I didn't say anything.

I took the nickel from

 My pocket, then an orange,

And set them quietly on

 The counter. When I looked up,

The lady's eyes met mine,

And held them, knowing

 Very well what it was all

About.

Outside,

A few cars hissing past,

Fog hanging like old

 Coats between the trees.

I took my girl's hand

In mine for two blocks,

Then released it to let

Her unwrap the chocolate.

 I peeled my orange

That was so bright against

The gray of December

 That, from some distance,

Someone might have thought

I was making a fire in my hands.

**The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost (1916)**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth.

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same. 1

And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back. 1

I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.