

## Untraveled Roads

How quickly wilderness  
reclaims untraveled roads.  
I followed paths of Boyle  
and Gay-Lussac to mountain  
passes hewn by Gibbs  
where Maxwell's Demon sat:  
a difficult terrain,  
yet, traveled daily, these  
were unobstructed roads.  
I went away and after  
five short years returned.  
Now tangled grasses grew  
where wheel-tracks once had been.  
The outline of the road  
was well defined and with  
some plodding I still made  
the journey. It was twenty  
years before I came  
again. Now bush and bramble  
blotted out the way.  
Travel was impossible  
and alders arched overhead  
shut out much of the light.

-- J. H. Lowell

Havertown, Pennsylvania

### City Almshouse

It stood among  
fields of grass  
and flowers  
under fair-weather clouds.  
Bulfinch was the designer.  
Inside old men  
and women  
spent their days  
in long rooms:  
one chair,  
one bed apiece.