

## Riders

The surest thing there is is we are riders,  
And though none too successful at it, guiders,  
Through everything presented, land and tide  
And now the very air, of what we ride.

What is this talked-of mystery of birth  
But being mounted bareback on the earth?  
We can just see the infant up astride,  
His small fist buried in the bushy hide.

There is our wildest mount--a headless horse.  
But though it runs unbridled off its course,  
And all our blandishments would seem defied,  
We have ideas yet that we haven't tried.

## About the Author

Robert Frost (1874-1963) was born in San Francisco, California. His father William Frost, a journalist and an ardent Democrat, died when Frost was about eleven years old. His Scottish mother, the former Isabelle Moody, resumed her career as a schoolteacher to support her family. The family lived in Lawrence, Massachusetts, with Frost's paternal grandfather, Wil...

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