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Accidentally on Purpose

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ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE

GREETINGS AT **Christmas 1960**

AND HOLIDAY GOOD WISHES COME TO

YOU WITH THIS NEW POEM, FROM

ROBERT FROST

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE

BY ROBERT FROST

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The Universe is but the Thing of things,
The things but balls all going round in rings,
Some of them mighty huge, some mighty tiny,
All of them radiant and mighty shiny.

They mean to tell us all was rolling blind

Till accidentally it hit on mind

In an albino monkey in a jungle

And even then it had to grope and bungle

Till Darwin came to earth upon a year

To show the evolution how to steer.

They mean to tell us, though, the Omnibus

Had no real purpose till it got to us.

Don't you believe it. At the very worst

It must have had the purpose from the first

To produce purpose as the fitter bred:

We were just purpose coming to a head.

Whose purpose was it? His or Hers or Its?

Let's leave that to the scientific wits.

Grant me intention, purpose, and design—

That's near enough for me to the Divine.

And yet for all this help of head and brain
How happily instinctive we remain,
Our best guide upward further to the light,
Passionate preference such as love at sight.

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