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English 2XL  
Section 4  
PV Poem CM #1

“Nothing Gold Can Stay” by Robert Frost

Robert Frost’s “Nothing Gold Can Stay” brings symbolism and poetry together as he tells the story of a little plant bud growing into a flower. He describes the bud as “gold,” meaning that it is very valuable and has great potential. He watches as it grows into a flower and so forth, losing its goldenness and changing color. The poem has lots to offer if one just digs deep enough.

This poem is packed with meaning, and it has immense relevance to the world around us. Everything in the world, and I mean just about everything, starts off pure, innocent, beautiful, and golden. Human life itself begins with a beautiful innocent child. Over time, however, that child grows up, and begins to understand the world around him or her more greatly. They learn about evil and develop a conscience. They learn what sin is, and they even sin themselves. They lose their gold, and they lose the pureness they once had. The theme of this poem is loss of perfection over time, but it also brings a message of cherishing that perfection while it is still there.

This poem means a lot to me, and I think it can certainly apply to everyone’s life. This poem is about cherishing “gold” moments, and enjoying every moment of life when experiencing something considered gold. There are many traits that make this poem “poetic,” but the ones that stand out most are those applying to innocence, perfection, pure, clean, and valuable. These traits apply not only to my life, but everyone’s lives, for every single person on earth started their lives as innocent, pure infants with nothing to lose but so much to gain. This poem applies to any work that portrays a transformation,

so it applies to just about every book we've read this year. King Arthur's Round Table was gold in its prime, but it lost its shine over time. Hally in "*Master Harold*" and *the boys* started off his day naïve, and walked out of his family's shop later that day enlightened and filled with knew wisdom. At the end of the day, I can't find a single thing that this poem does not apply to in the real world.