

# Mending Wall Annotations

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\* look at title - "mending" = - indeed or bringing together

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
 That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
 And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
 And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
 The work of hunters is another thing:  
 I have come after them and made repair  
 Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
 But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
 To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
 No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
 But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
 I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
 And on a day we meet to walk the line  
 And set the wall between us once again.  
 We keep the wall between us as we go.  
 To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
 And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
 We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
 'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!  
 We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
 Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,  
 One on a side. It comes to little more:  
 There where it is we do not need the wall;  
 He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
 My apple trees will never get across  
 And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
 He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'  
 Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
 If I could put a notion in his head:  
 'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.  
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
 What I was walling in or walling out,  
 And to whom I was like to give offense.  
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
 That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,  
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
 He said it for himself. I see him there  
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
 He will not go behind his father's saying,  
 And he likes having thought of it so well  
 He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'

Wald out (winter) - Frost? Doesn't like it

large gaps 2 people can pass through

Hunters knock it down to get to rabbits

Gaps appear in spring

Spring = new beginning  
↳ rebuilding wall = renewing "friendship"

→ Narrator questions reason for wall but he initiates the rebuilding of it

Wall is between them

- different shapes

They don't care if it falls after they walk away - so what's the point?

It becomes a game

Trees won't get onto each other's property like cows, so what is the purpose?

Is there significance in choice of tree types?  
Maybe they represent their differences

Asks why they need to build the wall and challenges his neighbor

- is he offended by it?

- once again, something doesn't like it being there

- ridiculous idea - mythical - it could be anything but it clearly isn't meant to be

He's a savage because he doesn't change his mindset & he is in darkness = he isn't smart

- All the neighbor says is "good fences make good neighbors"

Boundaries (fences) can be used to separate & bring together

The wall in this case does make good neighbors. The men don't speak with each other except during "spring mending time." It is the one thing that brings them together.