



Blog of the Nation

Robert Frost, SMS

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I don't think my brain works quite right when it comes to acronyms, especially, which are the bread and butter of text. (The B&B if you will.) For the longest time, I had no idea what [NSFW](#) meant ("Not So Friggin' Worrisome"?), and would click on things that instantly led me to Lindsay, Brit, and Paris' bottomless moments. (Seriously bottomless -- those photos are NEVER ENDING). If you're like me, you'll need these, some of the best texting dictionaries on the web:

[Netlingo](#)
[Lingo2Word](#)
[Transl8it](#)

And of course, I'm a nerd, I like poetry and *Masterpiece Theater* and all that boring stuff. But I have often been accused of expediency to the point of carelessness -- and ther4, reader, I luv 2 txt. How to marry my twin loves of nerd-dom and techland? That's where *you* come in. I've got my favorite Robert Frost poem down to 175 characters. Can anyone get it to 160 (the limit on my Bberry?)

*natuRz 1st grEn iz gold,Her hardest hue 2 hold.Her earlE leaf's a @}-;bt onlE so an hr.thN leaf subsides 2 leaf.So Eden sank 2 grief,So dawn goes dwn 2 dA.Nuttin gold cn stA.**

*Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

by Barrie Hardyman

http://www.npr.org/blogs/talk/2008/12/robert_frost_sms.html