

Churchyards

*Of all the places on this earth
Where I may choose to be
Though I don't often visit
I feel there, strangely, free*

*It's quiet there and peaceful
And seldom overrun
One hardly ever goes there
As a lark or just in fun*

*It's a spot for contemplation
It elevates the mind
I see myself quite differently
From what I seem to leave behind
When I enter an old churchyard
And walk among the stones
That mark the final resting place
For old and weary bones*

*I wander 'mong the rows of stones
Etched with names and dates
Bearing silent witness
To bygone lives and fates*

*There the stones, row by row,
Tilted, weathered, mute
Faithfully perform their tasks
Of asking tribute and salute*

*From me, the living one,
For all those lying there
Who once walked as I do now
Upon this earth, in this air*

*When comes my turn to lie there
Whenever that may be
I hope you find it in your heart
To come and visit me*