

## *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*