**In A Disused Graveyard - Poem by Robert Frost**

The living come with grassy tread  
To read the gravestones on the hill;  
The graveyard draws the living still,  
But never anymore the dead.  
The verses in it say and say:  
"The ones who living come today  
To read the stones and go away  
Tomorrow dead will come to stay."  
So sure of death the marbles rhyme,  
Yet can't help marking all the time  
How no one dead will seem to come.  
What is it men are shrinking from?  
It would be easy to be clever  
And tell the stones: Men hate to die  
And have stopped dying now forever.  
I think they would believe the lie.