

In honor of all of those buried in Springfield's small or disused cemeteries and those single graves throughout the town that have been forgotten or lost for many, many years.

In a Disused Graveyard

By
Robert Frost

*The living come with grassy tread
To read the gravestones on the hill;
The graveyard draws the living still,
But never any more 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.*