




NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY BY ROBERT FROST

- Poetry in Motion
- Rubina Khan



Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leafs 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.

NATURE'S FIRST GREEN IS GOLD, HER HARDEST HUE TO HOLD.



Green is a sign of spring gold is the fact.
Gold, precious and permanent as a metal

HER EARLY LEAFS A FLOWER;
BUT ONLY SO AN HOUR.

Temporary Happiness



Unpredictable/ Uncertain





**Death may be the
greatest of all human
blessings.**

Socrates

THEN LEAF SUBSIDES TO LEAF,
SO EDEN SANK TO GRIEF,



SO DAWN GOES DOWN
TO DAY.
NOTHING GOLD CAN
STAY.

