

I AM NOT THERE

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awaken in the morning's
hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at
night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there, I did not die.

By: Mary Frye