

DO NOT STAND AT MY GRAVE AND WEEP

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 sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn 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 star that shines at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there; I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye, 1905-2004