

*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 stars that shine at night.*

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

*~Mary Elizabeth Frye - 1932*