# 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 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.