

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.

Various sources attribute this poem to the one of the following authors:

- (A) Mary Frye
- (B) Joyce Kilmer
- (C) An unknown member of the Hopi Native American Tribe