

I Did Not Die

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there. I do not sleep,
I am the crunchy leaves that fall from
an Autumn tree,
I am the sweet smelling honey from one
lonely bee,
I am the powerful beach with grainy,
wet sand,
I am strands of grass that cover acres
of land,
I am the stormy, shadowy night,
I am the juicy fruit in sun light,
I am the rapid, noisy waves,
I am the stone of crumbling caves,
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there I did not die.



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