



Hilda Sofia Cruz-Curiel

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I Am Not There

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am in a thousand winds that blow,

I am the softly falling snow.

I am the gentle showers of rain,

I am the fields of ripening grain,

I am in the morning hush,

I am in the graceful rush

Of birds in circling flight.

I am the star shine of the night.

I am in the flowers that bloom,

I am in a quiet room,

I am the birds that sing,

I am in the each lovely thing.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there. I did not die.

-- May Frye