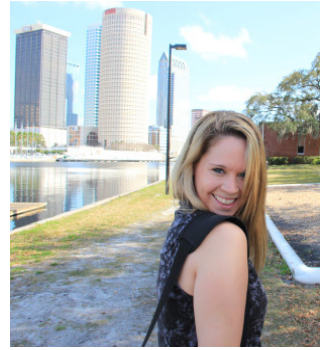


Digital Artist

LAUREN morande



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POEM • By: Mary Elizabeth Frye

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 circling

night

I am the soft starshine at night

Do not stand at my grave and cry

I am not there; I did not **die**

