



PET BEREAVEMENT

Do Not Stand By My Grave and Weep

~ Clare Harner

*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 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.*

