Do Not Stand at my Grave and Weep

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 glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.

~Poet Mary Elizabeth Frye

Epitaph

When I die
Give what’s left of me away
To children
And old men that wait to die.

And if you need to cry,
Cry for your brother
Walking the street beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms
Around anyone
And give them
What you need to give to me.

I want to leave you something,
Something better
Than words
Or sounds.

Look for me
In the people I’ve known
Or loved,
And if you cannot give me away,
At least let me live on in your eyes
And not on your mind.

You can love me most
By letting
Hands touch hands,
By letting bodies touch bodies,
And by letting go
Of children
That need to be free.

Love doesn’t die,
People do.
So, when all that’s left of me
Is love,
Give me away.

~Poet Merrit Malloy

**Symphony in P-Flat**

There are some things I meant to say to you before we were old.

Not just because we may not grow old together,
But because we may not grow old at all.

You’re so much more important to me
Than any work I’ll ever do.

And just so you know,
I would have rather been your Lady than anything I’ll ever be.

And just in case you ever think nobody does,
“I love you.”

~ Poet Merritt Malloy
From “My Song for Him Who Never Sang to Me”
Where I Am From

I am from clothespins, 
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride. 
I am from the dirt under the back porch. 
(Black, glistening, 
it tasted like beets.) 
I am from the forsythia bush 
the Dutch elm 
whose long-gone limbs I remember 
as if they were my own.

I'm from fudge and eyeglasses, 
from Imogene and Alafair. 
I'm from the know-it-alls 
and the pass-it-ons, 
from Perk up! and Pipe down! 
I'm from He restoreth my soul 
with a cottonball lamb 
and ten verses I can say myself.

I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch, 
fried corn and strong coffee. 
From the finger my grandfather lost 
to the auger, 
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.

Under my bed was a dress box 
spilling old pictures, 
a sift of lost faces 
to drift beneath my dreams. 
I am from those moments-- 
snapped before I budded -- 
leaf-fall from the family tree.

Poet George Ella Leon