



Donna Marie Gilmore

September 2, 1948 - April 17, 2017

I Am Not There

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 the snow,

I am the sunlight on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the mornings 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.