



## **Death Is Nothing At All**

Death is nothing at all.  
It does not count.  
I have only slipped away into the  
next room.  
Nothing has happened.  
Everything remains exactly as it  
was.  
I am I, and you are you,  
and the old life that we lived so  
fondly together is untouched,  
unchanged.  
Whatever we were to each other,  
that we are still.  
Call me by the old familiar name.  
Speak of me in the easy way  
which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity  
or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at  
the little jokes that we enjoyed  
together.  
Play, smile, think of me.  
Let my name be ever the  
household word that it always  
was.  
Let it be spoken without an effort,  
without the ghost of a shadow  
upon it.  
Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.  
There is absolute and unbroken  
continuity.  
What is this death but a  
negligible accident?  
Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?  
I am but waiting for you, for an  
interval,  
somewhere very near,  
just round the corner.  
All is well.  
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.  
One brief moment and all will be  
as it was before.  
How we shall laugh at the trouble  
of parting when we meet again!



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