



Do Not Weep For Me

Do not weep for me for I have
not gone.

I am the wind that shakes the
mighty Oak.

I am the gentle rain that falls
upon your face.

I am the spring flower that
pushes through the dark earth.

I am the chuckling laughter of the
mountain stream.

Do not weep for me for I have
not gone.

I am the memory that dwells in
the heart of those that knew me.

I am the shadow that dances on
the edge of your vision.

I am the wild goose that flies
south at Autumns call and I shall
return at Summer rising.

I am the stag on the wild hills
way.

I am just around the corner.

Therefore, the wise weep not.

But rejoice at the transformation
of my Being.



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