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.

by Anon.

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