



Grief Poetry

DO NOT STAND AT MY GRAVE AND WEEP

by Elizabeth Frye

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 snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's 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.

<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/do-not-stand-at-my-grave-and-weep/>

IF I SHOULD GO BEFORE THE REST OF YOU

by Joyce Grenfell

"If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone,
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known.
Weep if you must,
Parting is hell,
But life goes on,
So sing as well."

<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/death-if-i-should-go/>