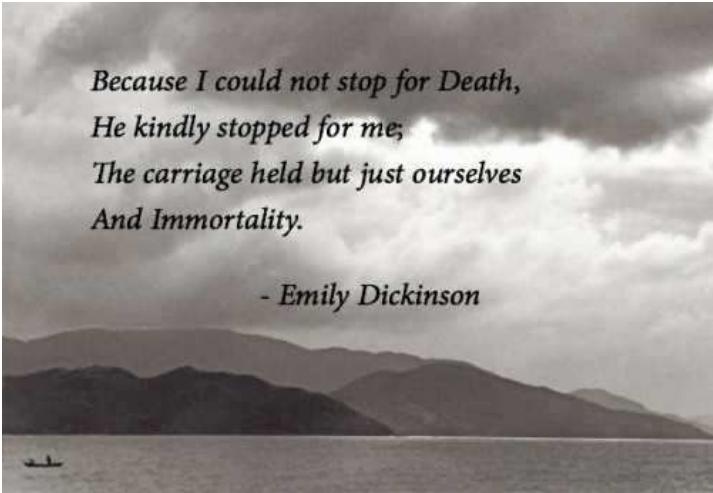




Do not stand at my grave and weep

*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*

Poem by Mary Elizabeth Frye



*Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.*

- Emily Dickinson

“The Death Poem of Ikkyu” was a favorite of Taizan Maezumi-roshi, who died in Japan in the early morning of May 15, 1995.

I won't die.
I won't go anywhere.
I'll be here.
But don't ask me anything.
I won't answer.