



ROBERT GENE DAY
1932-2008

Indian Prayer

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 glint on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain,

When you wake in morning hush.

I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet

Birds in circling flight.

I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.

I am not there, I do not sleep.
