

For Meg and Bert Raynes September 22, 2007

I give you this one thought to keep --

I am with you still -- 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 think of me as gone --

I am with you still -- in each new dawn.