



On the Wings of a Dove

*Do not come to my grave and cry
Look up instead toward the sky
For wings of white as they fly by.
Don't come to stand and weep or bring
Dying flowers. Instead please sing
A song or feel the autumn wind
As it blows past your tender cheek,
That is me. I am not asleep.
I'm in the rain on summer days.
I'm with the children as they play.
I have not gone so far away.
Look among stars shining at night.
See me riding on rays of light
Gently brushing leaves. Watch a flight
Of Snow White Doves. They always tease
My soul, and then so softly weave
It through clouds of white, over seas,
Under the breeze, and far above
The trees, knitting like yarn my love.
I'm there on the wings of a dove.
Do not visit my grave and weep.
I am near. I am not asleep.*

~ by Sandra van Riper