

There is No Death  
By John McCreery

There is no death. The stars go down to rise upon another shore  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown they shine forevermore

There is no death. The forest leaves convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed the hungry moss they bear.

There is no death. The dust we tread shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit, or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death. The leaves may fall. The flowers may fade and pass away--  
They only wait through wintry hours the warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death, although we grieve when beautiful familiar forms  
That we have learned to love are torn from our embracing arms

Although with bowed and breaking heart, with sable garb and silent tread  
We bear their senseless dust to rest, and say that they are dead--

They are not dead. They have but passed beyond the mists that blind us here,  
In the new and larger life of that serener sphere

They have but dropped their robe of clay; to put a shining raiment on  
They have not wandered far away. They are not "lost" or "gone".

Though unseen to the mortal eye they still are here and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind they never do forget.

Sometimes upon our fevered brow we feel their touch, a breath of balm  
Our spirit sees them, and our hearts grow comforted and calm

Yes, ever near us, though unseen, our dear, immortal spirits tread--  
For all God's boundless universe is Life.  
There are no dead.