

To those I love

If I should ever leave you whom I love
To go along the Silent Way, grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk
Of me as if I were beside you there,
(I'd come... I'd come, could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief be barriers?)
And when you hear a song or see a bird I loved,
Please do not let the thought of me be sad...
For I am loving you just as I always have...
You were so good to me!
There are so many things I wanted still to do...
So many things to say to you...
Remember that I did not fear...
It was just leaving you that was so hard to face...
We cannot see Beyond... But this I know;
I loved you so...
'Twas heaven here with you!

*Isla Paschal Richardson, American poet
read by Gregory Peck at Frank Sinatra's funeral (1998)*