

## Death is nothing at all

Death is nothing at all;  
I have only slipped away  
into the next room.

I am I,  
and you are you;  
whatever we were to each other,  
that, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name,  
speak to me in the easy way  
which you always used,  
put no difference in your tone,  
wear no forced air  
of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed  
at the little jokes we shared together.  
Let my name ever be  
the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effect,  
without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all  
that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was.  
There is unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you,  
for an interval,  
somewhere very near,  
just around the corner.

All is well.

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Henry Scott Holland  
1847 -1918