

Untitled

I am standing on the sea shore.
A Ship sails and spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
And starts for the ocean.

She is an object of beauty
And I stand watching her till at last
She fades on the horizon,
And someone at my side says,
"She is gone."
Gone where?
Gone from my sight,
That is all.

She is just as large in the masts, hull and spars
As she was when I saw her,
And just as able to bear her load of living freight
To its destination.

The diminished size and total loss of sight
Is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment
When someone at my side says, "She is gone,"
There are others who are watching her coming,
And other voices take up a glad shout,
"There she comes,"
And that is dying.

by Bishop Brent