

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her sails to
the morning breeze and starts for the
blue ocean. She is an object of beauty
and strength and I watch her until at
length she hangs like a speck of white
cloud just where the sea and sky come
down to mingle with each other. Then
someone at my side says, "There, she's
gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight ..that
is all. She is as large in mast and hull
and spar as she was when she left my
side, and just as able to bear her load
of living freight to the place of
destination. Her diminished size is in
me, not in her: and just at the moment
when someone at my side says, "There,
she's gone," there are other eyes
watching her coming, and other voices
ready to take up the glad shout, " Here
she comes!"

And this is dying.