



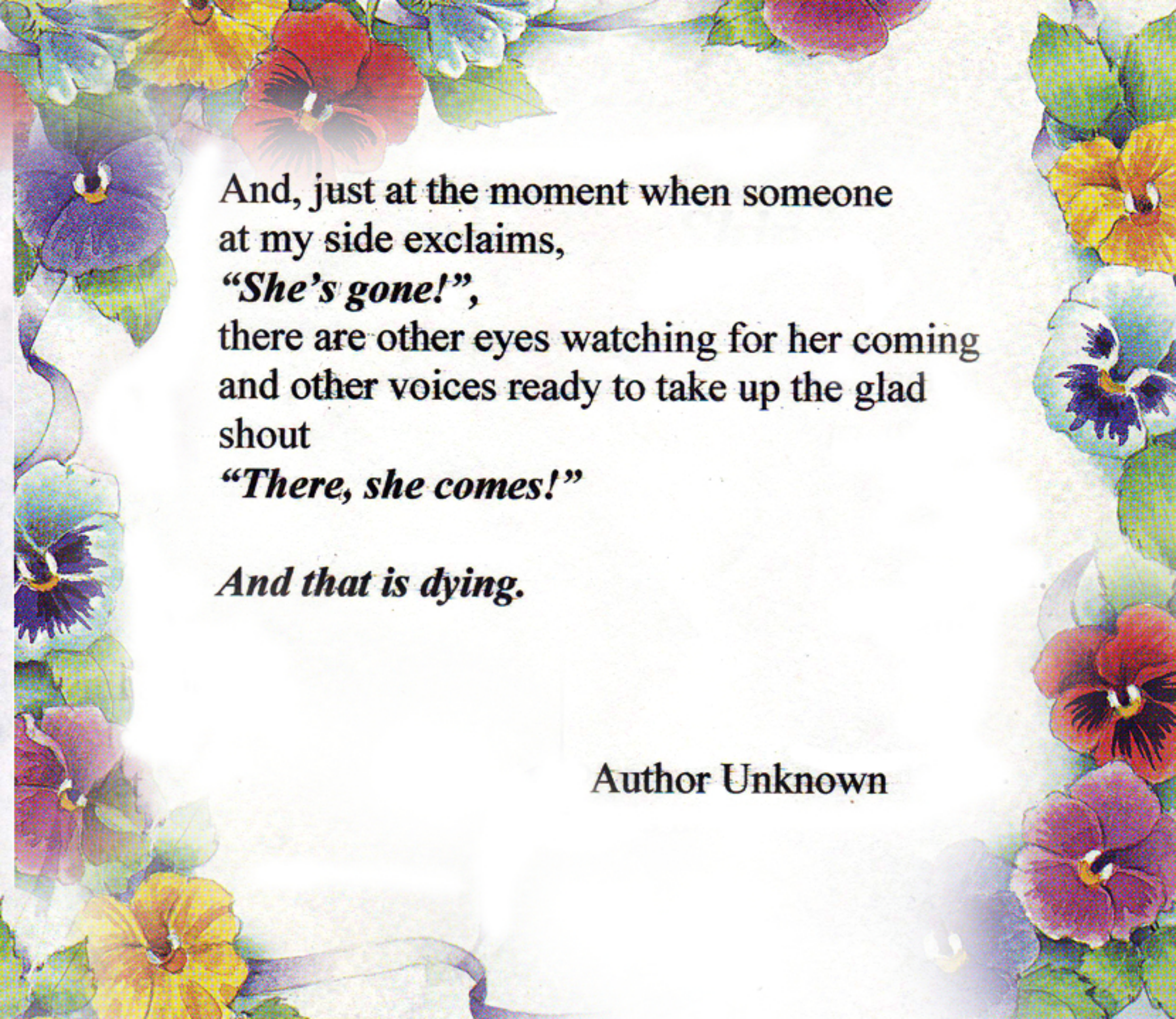
The Ship

I am standing along upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails
to the morning breeze
and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength,
and I stand and watch her until at length
she is only a speck of white cloud,
just where the sea and sky meet
and mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side exclaims,
“There, she’s gone!”

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that’s all.
She is just as large in hull and mast
as she was when she left my side,
and just as able to bear her load
of living freight to her place of destination.
Her diminished size is in me,
not in her.



And, just at the moment when someone
at my side exclaims,
“She’s gone!”,
there are other eyes watching for her coming
and other voices ready to take up the glad
shout

“There, she comes!”

And that is dying.

Author Unknown