

The Ship

A ship sails and I stand watching till 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 now as when I last saw her. Her diminished size and total loss from my sight is in me, not in her.

And just at that moment, when someone at my side says she is gone, there are others who are watching her coming over their horizon and other voices take up a glad shout – "There she comes!"

Bishop Brent