



Gone From My Sight Poem Lyrics

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

Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is
gone."

Gone where?

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as
large in mast,
hull and spar as she was when she left my side.
And, she is just as able to bear her load of living
freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.

And, just at the moment when someone says,
"There, she is gone,"
there are other eyes watching her coming, and
other voices

ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she
comes!"

And that is dying...

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