

She Is Gone

I am standing on the seashore.

*A ship spreads her sails to the
morning breeze and starts for the ocean.*

I am watching until she fades on the horizon,

and someone at my side says,

“She is gone.”Gone where?

The loss of sight is in me, not in her.

Just at the moment when

someone says “She is gone,”

There are others

who are watching her coming.

Other voices take up the gladshout,

“Here she comes!”...And that is dying.