

He Is Gone

I am standing on the seashore.

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

*I am watching until he fades on the horizon,
and someone at my side says,*

“He is gone.” Gone where?

*The loss of sight is in me,
not in him. Just at the moment when
someone says “He is gone,”*

*There are others who
are watching him coming.*

*Other voices take up the gladshout,
“Here he comes!”...And that is dying.*