

What is dying?

I am standing on the sea shore.
A ship sails to the morning breeze and starts for the ocean.
She is an object of beauty and I stand
watching her till at last she fades on the horizon
and someone at my side says: 'She is gone.'
Gone! Where? Gone from my sight, that is all...
The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her:
and just at the moment when someone at my side says:
'She is gone,' there are others
who are watching her coming,
and other voices take up a glad shout,
'There she comes.' And that is dying.

Bishop Brent