



The Ship

I am standing on the shore as a great ship gently glides from the harbor and sails toward the horizon. She is beautiful; sails billowing, and shining bright as sunlight sparkling on distant waters.

She grows smaller and smaller until at last, her white sails shine as ribbons out where the sky and water mingle as one.

And as I watch, a voice behind me says, "Well, she's gone." She's gone. Gone? "No," I tell myself. No, she is not really gone. Not really. She is gone only in the sense that I can no longer see her.

In reality, she is the same as ever, just as beautiful, just as shining.

And deep in my heart I know, that on another shore someone is crying out, "Look! Look everyone! Here she comes!!"

~Author Unknown

Photographer Unknown