

A POEM ON DYING

Henry Scott Holland 1847-1918

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning 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 and 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 at my side 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.