

Because we invest too much hope in the future, we have a bad habit of expecting too much from it. We're always waiting for something, always eagerly saying, "Until then!" It's as if we're watching from a cliff as a glittering fleet of hopes and dreams sails toward us. They seem to sail so slowly and waste so much time—they won't hurry up! And they always leave us feeling disappointed, as if we're holding a handful of limp weeds. Because even though nothing prevents each huge ship from arriving—tilting forward, decked out in brass, its rigging clearly visible, its flag raised, the golden-breasted carving on its prow leaning toward us—it never stops for us. It's no sooner here than gone. Until the very end, we think each of these metaphorical ships will slow down and bring us everything we've dreamed of—everything we deserve for waiting so patiently and faithfully. But that's not going to happen. There's only one ship heading straight for us (the ship of death). It's mysterious, has a dark sail, and is dragging an enormous, bird-free silence behind it. No waves rise or fall in its wake