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THE PROPHET by Kahlil Gibran. Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto his own day, had waited twelve years in the city of Orphalese for his ship that was to return and bear him back to the isle of his birth. And in the twelfth year, on the seventh day of lelool, the month of reaping, he
climbed the hill without the city walls and looked seaward; and he beheld his ship coming with the mist. Then the gates of his soul. But as he descended the hill, a sadness came upon him, and
e thought in his heart: How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Nay, not without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city. Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls, and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can depart from his pain and his aloneness without regret? Too many frag ments of the spirit have I scattered in these streets, and too many are the children of my longing that walk naked among these hills, and I cannot withdraw from them without a burden and an ache. It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands. Nor is it a thought I leave behind me, but a heart made sweet with hunger and with thirst. Yet I cannot tarry longer. The sea that calls all things unto her calls me, and I must embark. For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould. Fain would I take with me all that is here. But how shall I?

A voice cannot carry the tongue and the lips that gave it wings. Alone must it seek the ether. And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the sun. Now when he reached the foot of the hill, he turned again towards the sea, and he saw his ship approaching the harbour, and upon her prove the ma
A voice cannot carry the tongue and the lips that gave it wings. Alone must it seek the ether. And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the sun. Now when he reached the foot of the hill, he turned again towards the sea, and he saw his soul cried out to them, and he said: Sons of my ancient mother, you riders of the tides, And now you sailed in my dreams. And now you sailed in my dreams. And now you have you sailed in my dreams. And now you, a seafarer among seafarers. And you, vast sea, sleepless mother, Who alone are peace and freedom to the river and the stream, Only another winding will this stream make, only another murmur in this glade, And then shall I come to you, a boundless drop to a boundless ocean. And as he walked he saw from afar men and women leaving their fields and their vineyards and hastening towards the city gates. And he heard their voices calling his name, and shouting from field to field telling on another of the coming of his ship. And he said to himself: Shall the day of parting be the day of gathering? And shall it be said that my eve was in truth my dawn? And what shall give unto him who has left his plough in midfurrow, or to him who has stopped the wheel of his winepress? Shall my hear to become a tree heavy-laden with fruit that I may gather and give unto them? And shall my desires flow like a fountain that I may fill their cups? Am I a harp that the hand of the might had on the might had only a state of the my fill their cups? Am I a harp that the hand of the might had only in what unremmbered seasons? If this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed, and in what unremmbered seasons? If this indeed be the hour in which I lift up my lantern, it is not my flame that shall burn therein. Empty and dark shall I raise my lantern, and the gueral and the presence of the city slow of forth and said: Go not yet away from us. A noontide have you been in our twilight, and your youth has given us dreams to dream.
of the city stood forth and said: Go not yet away from us. A noontide have you been in our twilight, and your youth has given us dreams to dream. No stranger are you among us, nor a guest, but our son and our dearly beloved. Suffer not yet our eyes to hunger for your face. And the priests and the priests as du unto him: Let not the waves of the sea separate us now, and they years you have spent in our midst become a memory. You have walked among us a spirit, and your shadow has been not. He only bent his bead; and those who stood never saw his tears falling upon his breats aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you. And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation. And others came also and entreated him. But he answered them not. He only bent his head; and those who stood never saw his tears falling upon his breats aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you. And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation. And others came also and entreated him. But he answered them not. He only bent his head; and those who stood never saw his tears falling upon his breats aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you. And there came out of the sanctuary a woman whose name was Almitra. And she was a seeress. And he looked upon her with exceeding tenderness, for it was she who had first sought and there came out of the sanctuary a woman whose name was Almitra. And she was a seeress. And he looked upon her with exceeding tenderness, for it was she who had first sought and there to all the looked upon her with exceeding tenders, for you must never sold you will not you you sold you will not you you sold you you will you yet you you will you yet you you have listed you you you have listed you you you to whiteness. He had been shown you of tha
il you are pliant; And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast. All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart, and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart. But if in your fear you would seek only love's pleasure, Then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing-floor, Into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears. Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love poss esses not nor would it be possessed; For love is sufficient unto love. When you love you should not say, "God is in my heart," but rather, "I am in the heart of God." And think not you can direct the course of love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course. Love has no other desire but to fulfil itself. But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires. To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night. To know the pain of too much tenderness. To be wounded by your own understanding of love; And to bleed willingly and joyfully. To wake at dawn with a winged he
art and give thanks for another day of loving; To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstacy; To return home at eventide with gratitude; And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips. Then Almitra spoke again and said, And what of _Marriage_ master? And he answered saying: You were born together, and together you shall be forevermore. You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days. Aye, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God. But let there be spaces in your togetherness, And let the winds of the heavens day not be together you. Love one another, but make not a bond of love: Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls. Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup. Give one another of your bread to the together and be joyous, but let each one of your bread to the company of the shores of your bread to the shores of your bre
? And ne answered saying: You were born together, and together you shall be together when the winds of the nearboard of the same load. Sing and dance together and be ployaus, but let near be not between you. Love one another, but make not a bornd of love; Let it rather be a moving as a Ewench other's cup but drink not from one cup. (Give one another of you break not be and to love; Let it rather be a moving and cannot be another of you have the said of your children are not your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but he so that have the provided by the provided of your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but he so that have the provided by the provided of your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but he so the your dreams of your dreams. You was the love the bows from which you cannot have a so that the your children are not your children are not your children are not your dreams. You was the low that is stable. I not may strive to be like them, but he you go you prove the sound of your dreams. You was the low that it is stable, you may strive to be like them, but he you go you prove the your dreams. You was the low that it is stable, you may strive to be like them, but he you was not you was not you was not you was not your dreams. You was not you was not you you was not you was not you was not you was not you you was
when there is knowledge, And all knowledge is vain save when there is work, And all work is empty save when there is love;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    And when you work with love you bind yourself to yourself, and to one another, and to God. And what is it to work with love
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    build a house with affection, even as if your beloved were to dwell in that house. It is to sow seeds with tenderness
It is to weave the cloth with threads drawn from your heart, even as if your beloved were to wear that cloth. It is to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  n with a breath of your own spirit, And to know that all the blessed dead are standing about you and watchir
nd reap the harvest with joy, even as if your beloved were to eat the fruit. It is to charge all things you fashio
g. Often have I heard you say, as if speaking in sleep, "He who works in marble, and finds the shape o
ay it on a cloth in the likeness of man, is more than he who makes the sandals for our feet." But I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             f his own soul in the stone, is nobler than he who ploughs the soil. And he who seizes the rainbow to l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     say, not in sleep but in the overwakefulness of noontide, that the wind speaks not more sweetly to
the giant oaks than to the least of all the blades of grass; And he alone is great who turns t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               oice of the wind into a song made sweeter by his own loving. Work is love made visible. Ánd
if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     k and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy. For if you ba
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             f you grudge the crushing of the grapes, your grudge distils a poison in the wine. A voices of the day and the voices of the night. Then a woman said, Speak to us of
 ce bread with indifference, you bake a bitter bread that feeds but half man's hunger
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nd if you sing though as angels, and love not the singing, you muffle man's ears
 _Joy and Sorrow_. And he answered: Your joy is your sorrow unmasked. An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        fsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tear
s. And how else can it be? The deeper that sorrow carves into your being,
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burned in the potter's oven? And is not the lute that soothes your spirit
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our heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall s
ee that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your deligh
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greater." But I say unto you, they are inseparable. Together they
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upon your bed. Verily you are suspended like scales between
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y or your sorrow rise or fall. Then a mason came forth and sa
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When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his
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id, Speak to us of _Houses_. And he answered and said: B
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alÍs. For even as you have home-comings in your twiligh
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ody. It grows in the sun and sleeps in the stillness of th
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he city for grove or hilltop? Would that I could gather
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the valleys were your streets, and the green paths
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grance of the earth in your garments. But these th
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d that fear shall enduré a little longer. A little lon
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ou beauty, that leads the heart from things fas
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hioned of wood and stone to the holy moun
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Or have you only comfort, and the lust for co
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nd with hook and scourge makes puppet
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by your bed and jeer at the dignity of the
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eye. You shall not fold your wings t
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e sky, whos e doo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              said, Speak to u
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                                                                                                                                                          ght. And the weaver
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s of _Clothes_. And he a
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y hide not the unbeautiful. And th
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   d the hand o f life is in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      d. Some of you say, "It is the north
                                                                                                                                                         n and less of your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    life is in the sunlight an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d. But shame was his lo
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his work was done he laughed i
                                                                                                                                                         he forest. Forg
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sty but a fetter and a fouling of
                                                                                                                                                                                         d forget not that the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ir. And a merchant said, Speak t
                                                                                                                                                                              ered and said: To y
o us of _Buying and Selling
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              yields her fruit, and yo u shall not want if yo
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fts of the earth that you shall
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                                                                                                                                            the sea and fields and vineyards meet the weave
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nto your midst and sanctify t
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rds for your labour. To such
                                                                                                                                ou shou ld say, " Come with us to the field, or go
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n as to us." And if there com
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                                                                                                                          gers and the danc ers and the flute players,--
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        buy of their gifts a
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   gatherers of fruit and f
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g, though fashioned of drea
                                                                                                                                            food for vour soul. And before vo
the earth shall not sleep pe
                                                                                                                                                               needs of the least of yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   u are satisfied. The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       n one of the judges
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     of the city stood forth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  eak to us of _Crime and Pun
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ishment_. And he answere
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And for that wrong comm
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fts but the winged. Even li
                                                                                    ke the sun
                                                                                                                   is your god-s
                                                                                                                                              elf; It kn ows not the ways of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    the mole nor seeks it the h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       oles of the serpent.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          But your god-self d
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u is still man, and much i
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                                                                                                                   yet man, But a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               lks asleep in the mist searchin
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nd not your god-self nor
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e of you, but a stranger u
                                                                                   nto you
                                                                                                                    an intruder u
                                                                                                                                                             on your world. Bu t l
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wrong without the hidde
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       bed. The righteous is
heavy upon your hearts:
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                                                                                                                    ered is not unacc ountable for his ow n mu rder, An
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  blameless in being rob
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     deeds of the wicked, And
                                                                                    clean in
                                                                                                                     doings of the fe lon. Yea, the guilty i s oft entimes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                red, And still more often
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      the condemned is the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   bur den bearer for the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      guiltless and unblamed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ey stand togeth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     even as the black thr
You cannot separate the
                                                                                     iust fro
                                                                                                                   e unjust and the good f rom the wic
                                                                                                                                                                                            ke d; For th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             before the face of the su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ead and the white are w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     oven together. And when
                                                                                                                   shall look into the whole cloth, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            also. If any of yo u woul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d bring to judgment t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  he unfaithful wife, Let
                                                                                                                                                                                                  d let hi m w ho would l
of her husband in scales
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         offender look unt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              spirit of th e offended.
                                                                                    , and me asu
                                                                                                                    re his soul with
                                                                                                                                                    mea surements. A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 And if any of you wo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     uld punish in the name of
                                                                                                                   e evil tree, le
                                                                                                                                                              see to its roo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d a nd the ba d, the fruitful
righteousness and lay th
                                                                                   e ax unt
                                                                                                                                                                                                   ts; An d ve rily he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        roots of the goo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 and the fruitless, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Il entwined together in the
                                                                                    And yo
                                                                                                                    dges who wou
                                                                                                                                                   ld be
                                                                                                                                                                iust. What iud
                                                                                                                                                                                                   gme nt pr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e yo u u po n him who thoug
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  h h onest in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            the flesh yet is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  a thief in spirit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ? What penalty lay you up
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d an op
                                                                                   flesh yet
                                                                                                                    imself slain in the sp
                                                                                                                                                                                                   pros ecute
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            who in a ction is a dece
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            pressor, Yet wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     grieved and outraged? Ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                r an
d how shall you punish t
                                                                                   hose wh
                                                                                                                     emorse is already
                                                                                                                                                                    greater than t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  dee ds? Is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        not re mo rse the justic e whic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     administered by that very
                                                                                   serve?
                                                                                                                      ou cannot lay rem orse
                                                                                                                                                                                                  oce nt n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      om the he art of the gu ilty. Un
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     n shall it call in the night, t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               nd j ustice, ho w sh all you unle ss you
                                                                                  aze upon
                                                                                                                              themselves. A nd you
                                                                                                                                                                          who would u nde rsta
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   look upon all deeds in the fullness of light? Only then
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       shall you know that the er
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          elf, And that the corner-stone of the temple is not higher tha
                                                                                   one man
                                                                                                                                                                         n the night of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  theday of his god-s
                                                                                                                                                                          And he answ
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     You delight in laying down laws, Yet you delight more in breaking t
undation. Then a lawyer
                                                                                   said, But
                                                                                                         what of our
                                                                                                                                     La ws_, m aster?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    hem. Like children playing
by the ocean who build s
                                                                                  and-tower
                                                                                                          s with const
                                                                                                                                     anc y and then d
                                                                                                                                                                           estroy them
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ith laughter. But while you build your sand-towers the ocean brings more san
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   d to the shore, And when
                                                                                                                                                                                                             with the innocent. But what of those to whom life is not an ocean, and man-made laws are not sand-towers, But to whom life is a ro
                                                                                   n laughs w
                                                                                                           ith you. Veril
                                                                                                                                                 e oc ean lau ghs always
                                                                                                                                       y th
                                                                                                                                          ? W hat
                                                                                                                                                            of the c ripple w
                                                                                                                                                                                                    ho hates dancers? What of the ox who loves his yoke and deems the elk and deer of the forest stray and vagrant things? What of the old s
                                                                                    it in their
                                                                                                            own likeness
                                                                                                              hameless? A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           comes early to the wedding-feast, and when over-fed and tired goes his way saying that all feasts are violation and all feasters la
skin, and calls all others na
                                                                                     ked and s
                                                                                                                                                 n do
                                                                                                                                                                f him w
                                                                                                                                                                                            backs to the sun ? They see only their shadows, and their shadows are their laws. And what is the sun to them but a caster of shadows? And what is
                                                                                      tand in th
                                                                                                               e sunlight, bu
                                                                                                                                                                  h their
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                s it to acknowledge the laws
but to stoop down and trace
                                                                                                                 dows upon th
                                                                                                                                                ee art
                                                                                                                                                                                    ut you who walk faci
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ng the sun, what images drawn on the earth can hold you? You who travel with the wind, what weather-vane shall direct your course
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ? What man's law shall bind
                                                                                                                                                                                   hat laws shall you fea r if you dance but stumble against no man's iron chains? And who is he that shall bring you to judgment if you tear off your garment osen the strings of the lyre, but who shall command the skylark not to sing? And an orator said, Speak to us of _Freedom_. And he answered: At the city gate
you if you break your yoke b
                                                                                        ut upon n
                                                                                                                 o man's priso
                                                                                                                                              n doo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               yet leave it in no man's path?
                                                                                                                                                                lo
People of Orphalese, you can
                                                                                            muffle t
                                                                                                                  he drum, and y
                                                                                                                                              ou can
                                                                                                                                                                                  osen the strings of the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and by your fireside I have see
                                                                                                                                                                                  s slaves humble them selves before a tyrant and praise him though he slays them. Ay, in the grove of the temple and in the shadow of the citadel I have seen the fre you can only be fre e when even the desire of seeking freedom becomes a harness to you, and when you cease to speak of freedom as a goal and a fulfilment. You sha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          est among you wear their freed
Il be free indeed when your days
n you prostrate yourself and w
                                                                                            orship y
                                                                                                                  our own freed
                                                                                                                                               om, Ev en a
om as a yoke and a handcuff.
                                                                                             And my
                                                                                                                  heart bled with
                                                                                                                                                in me
                                                                                                                                                              ; for
are not without a care nor your
                                                                                                                    without a wan
                                                                                                                                                                                          a grief, But ra ther when these things girdle your life and yet you rise above them naked and unbound. And how shall you rise beyond your days and nights unless you break the chains which you at
                                                                                                 nights
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     r noon hour? In truth that which you call freedom is the strongest of these chains, though its links glitter in the sun and dazzle your eyes. And what is it but fragments of your own self you
he dawn of your understanding
                                                                                                                   astened around y
                                                                                                  have 1
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             w was written with your own hand upon your own forehead. You cannot erase it by burning your law books nor by washing the foreheads
would discard that you may bec
                                                                                                                    ree? If it is an unju
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ot you would dethrone, see first that his throne erected within you is destroyed. For how can a tyrant rule the free and the proud, but you would cast off, that cart has been chosen by you rather than imposed upon you. And if it is a fear you would dispel, the seat of that fear is in yo sired and the dreaded, the repugnant and the cherished, the pursued and that which you would escape. These things move within you as lights an
of your judges, though you pour t
                                                                                                                      upon them. And if it
                                                                                                                                                                  is a desp
for a tyranny in their own freedom
                                                                                                                       e in their own pride?
ur heart and not in the hand of the
                                                                                        feared. Verily a
                                                                                                                          Il things move within y our being in con
                                                                                                                                                                                                              stant half embrace, the de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        stred and the dreaded, the repugnant and the cherished, the pursued and that which you would escape. These things hove within you as lights and to anothe r light. And thu s your freedom when it loses its fetters becomes itself the fetter of a greater freedom. And the priestess spoke again and said: Speak to us of _Re our jud gment wage war against your passion and your appetite. Would that I could be the peacemaker in your soul, that I might turn the discord and the rivalry of your elem all your elements? Your reason and your passion are the rudder and the sails of your seafaring soul. If either your sails or your rudder be broken, you can but toss and dreed, is a flame that burns to its own destruction. Therefore let your soul exalt your reason to the height of passion, that it may sing; And let it direct your passion with reason ashes. I would have you consider your judgment and your appetite even as you would two loved guests in your house. Surely you would not honor one guest above the otwer when you sit in the cool sade of the white poplars, sharing the peace and serenity of distant fields and meadows—then let your heart say in silence, "God's explore and a lost in God's forcest, you so the say in good a lost in God's forcest, you so the said of the white poplars.
                                                                                                                          es and is no more, the light that lingers becomes a shadow to anothe
d shadows in pairs that cling. And w
                                                                                hen the shadow fad
                                                                                                                               is oftentimes a battlefield, upon which your reason and your jud
                                                                                  d, sa ying: Your soul
                                                                                     w sh all I, unless yo
ents into oneness and melody. But ho
                                                                                                                                u yourselves be also the peacemakers, nay, the lovers of all
                                                                                                                                    uling alone, is a force confining; and passion, unattende
ift, or else be held at a standstill in mid-
                                                                                        seas . For reason, r
n, that your passion may live through its
                                                                                                     n daily resurre
                                                                                                                                        ction, and like the phoenix rise above its own
                                                                                                        the love and th
                                                                                                                                                    e faith of both Among the hills,
                                                                                                                                                                                                           er and lightning proclaim the majesty of the sky,--then let your heart say in awe, "God moves in passion." And since you are a breath in God's sphere, and a leaf in God's forest, you too sh of _Pain_. And he said: Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know
when the storm comes, and the mighty w
                                                                                                        nd shakes the forest,
ould rest in reason and move in passion. An
                                                                                                        d a woman spoke, saying, Tell us
                                                                                                          l a woman spoke, saying, Tell us of _Pain_. And he said: Your pain is the breaking of the seasons of your understanding. Even as the stolle of the right formula break, that he said: Your pain is the breaking of the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields. And you would watch wit ch of your pain is self-chosen. It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self. Therefore trust the physician, and drink hings though it burn your lips. has been fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears. And

a man said, Speak to us of _Self-Knowledge_. And he answered, say
pain. And could you keep your heart in wond
h serenity through the winters of your grief. Mu
d, is guided by the tender hand of the Unseen, A
                                                                                                               e days and the nights. But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge. You would know in words that which you have a ld. The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to the sea; And the treasure of your infinite de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               lways known in thought. You would touch with your fingers the n
ing: Your hearts know in silence the secrets of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  pths would be revealed to your eyes. But let there be no scales ve found the truth," but rather, "I have found a truth." Say not
aked body of your dreams. And it is well you shou
to weigh your unknown treasure; And seek not the
                                                                                                                         depths of your knowledge with staff or sounding line. For self is a sea boundless and measureless. Say not, "I ha
                                                                                                                                  ve met the soul walking upon my path." For the soul walks upon all paths. The soul walks not upon a peak to us of _Teaching_. And he said: "No man can reveal to you aught but that whic
  "I have found the path of the soul." Say rather, "I ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              line, neither does it grow like a reed. The soul unfolds itse
f, like a lotus of countless petals. Then said a teacher, S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              h already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowled
                                                                                                                                                          mong his followers, gives not of his wisdom b
ge. The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ut rather of his faith and his lovingness. If he is indeed wi
                                                                                                                                                                     rather leads you to the threshold of nding. The musician
se he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            your own mind. The astronomer may speak to you of his u
nderstanding of space, but he cannot give you his understa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he ca
nnot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm nor the voice th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  at echoes it. And he who is versed in the science of numbers ca
n tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot condu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ct you thither. For the vision of one man lends not its wings to an
other man. And even as each one of you stands alone in God's kno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           wledge, so must each one of you be alone in his knowledge of God
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             _Friendship_. And he answered, saying: Your friend is your needs an ng. And he is your board and your fireside. For you come to him with your
and in his understanding of the earth. And a youth said, Speak to us of
swered. He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgivi
hunger, and you seek him for peace. When your friend speaks his mind you t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay." And when
he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart; For without words, in frie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ndship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy the
at is unacclaimed. When you part from your friend, you grieve not; For that which y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ou love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber
s clearer from the plain. And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         f the spirit. For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love b
ut a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught. And let your best be for your friend
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also. For what is your friend that
t you should seek him with hours to kill? Seek him always with hours to live. For it is his to fill y
sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed. An
peace with your thoughts; And when you can no longer dwell in the solitude of your heart you live in your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         our need, but not your emptiness. And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and
dhen a scholar sald. Sease of a falling. And the an evereds, saying: You be passed with your bulgst, and when you can not longer dwell in the solitized of your heart you live in your beare with your bulgst, and when you can not longer and in much if you live in your beare with the passed of the passed with the solitic of the passed with the passed of the passed with the passed of the passed with the passed with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            d then a scholar said, Speak of Talking. And he answered, saying: You talk when you cease to be at
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    lips, and sound is a diversion and a pastime. And in much of your talking, thinking is half murdered. For tho
ee though you close your eyes and a song you would lear hough you shut your ears. It is not the sap within the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a farden for ever in flight. People of Orphalese, beauty is field the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a garden for ever in flight. People of Orphalese, beauty is field the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a garden for ever in flight. People of Orphalese, beauty is field the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a fleet but after the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a fleet but after the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a fleet but after the form and a flock of angels for ever in flight. People of Orphalese, beauty is first first for a claw, But rather a fleet but after the flow and a flock of angels for ever in flight. People of Orphalese, beauty is first for the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a fleet but after the flow and a flock of angels for ever in flight. It is flow the flow and a flow of a fleet but and a flow of a fleet but after the flow and a flow of a fleet but after the flow and a flow of a fleet but a flow and a flow of a fleet but after the flow and a flow of a flow o
bars and wires. And he to whom worshipping is a window, to open but also to shut, has not yet visited the house of his soul whose windows are from dawn to dawn. Your daily life is your temple and your religion. Whenever you enter into it take with you your all. Take the plough and the forge and the mall
t and the lute, The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight. For in revery you cannot rise above your achievements nor fall lower than your failures. And take with you all men: For in adoration you cannot fly higher than their hopes nor humble yourself lower than their despair. And if you would
tand the late, The things you have rashioned in necessity or for delight. For in revery you cannot rise above your achievements not rail lower than their despair. And in you would know God be not therefore a solver ashioned in recessity or for delight. Bather look about you and you shall see Him playing with your children. And look into space; you shall see Him playing with your children. And look into space; you shall see Him playing with your children. And look into space; you shall see Him playing with your children. And look into space; you shall see Him playing with you would know the secret of death. But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life? The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light. If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life. For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one. In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond; And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring. Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity. Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd not joyful beneath his trembling, that he shall wear the mark of the king? Yet is he not more mindful of his trembling? For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun? And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb. And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall can be receds in the secrets said, Blessed be this day and this place and your him that has spoken. And he answered, Was in the secrets said, Blessed be this day and this place and your spirit that has spoken. And he answered, Was in the spoke? Was In order to the place the wind the place the wind the place the wind the place the place the wind the place the wind the place the
Then he descended the steps of the Temple and all the people followed him. And he reached his ship and stood upon the deck. And facing the people again, he raised his voice and said: People of Orphalese, the wind bids me leave you. Less hasty am I than the wind, yet I must go. We wanderers, ever seek
ng the lonelier way, begin no day where we have ended another day; and no sunrise finds us where sunset left us. Even while the earth sleeps we travel. We are the seeds of the tenacious plant, and it is in our ripeness and our fullness of heart that we are given to the wind and are scattered. Brief were my days among you, and briefer still the words I have spoken. But should my voice fade in your ears, and my love vanish in your memory, then I will come again, And with a richer heart and lips more yielding to the spirit will I speak. Yea, I shall return with the tide, And though death may hide me, and the greater silence enfold me, yet again will I seek your understanding. And not in vain will I seek. If aught I have said is truth, that truth shall reveal itself in a clearer voice, and in words more kin to your thoughts. I go with the wind, people of Orphalese, but not down into emptiness; And if this day is not a fulfilment of
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