

## Kahlil Gibran On Love

When love beckons to you, follow him  
Though his ways are hard and steep  
And when his wings enfold you yield to him

Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you  
And when he speaks to you believe in him  
Though his voice may shatter your dreams  
as the north wind lays waste the garden.

For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you  
Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning.  
Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your  
Tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,  
So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.

Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.  
He threshes you to make you naked.  
He sifts you to free you from your husks.  
He grinds you to whiteness.  
He kneads you until 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 peace and 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 possesses 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, For love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course.

Love has no other desire but to fulfill 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 heart  
And give thanks for another day of loving;  
To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;  
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.