

The Prophet

For what is it to die?
But to stand naked in the wind
and to melt into the sun.
And what is it to cease breathing?
But to free the breath from its restless tides,
that it may rise and expand and seek God, unencumbered.

Only when you drink from the river of silence
shall you indeed sing.
And when you have reached the mountain top,
then you shall begin to climb.
And the earth shall claim your limbs.
Then shall you truly dance.

by Kahlil Gibran