

# On Love By Kahil Gibran

Then said Almitra, Speak to us of Love.  
And he raised his head and looked upon  
the people, and there fell a stillness upon  
them. And with a great voice he said:  
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 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 under-  
standing 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 grati-  
tude;  
And then to sleep with a prayer for the  
beloved in your heart and a song of praise  
upon your lips.