

NOTES FROM: *The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran

SUMMARY: This classic work of poetry was first published in 1923, and finally found its way to me in 2015, when it completely destroyed any notion I might have held that I *didn't* want to dedicate the rest of my life to tracking down books as amazing as this one.

The Prophet has sold *well* over ten million copies worldwide (some people say 20M+), and it's made up of a collection of poetic essays that cover the *full range* of human experience: freedom, self-knowledge, love and marriage, crime and punishment, good and evil, life and death, pleasure and pain - and virtually everything in between.

This was yet *another* book that changed my life (I know that's a common phrase that people tend to just throw around like it's nothing, but in this case it's actually true), and it basically made me want to go out and read *everything else*. All the books.

Seriously, there's at least several lifetimes worth of wisdom within this little tiny book, and it's made *my* lifetime infinitely better, both at the time I first read it, and every time I come back to my notes to remind myself of how amazing it is.

In fact, I'd say that it's one of those books that, even if you don't *like* poetry, you can read this one and discover that you actually do.

"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 aloneness without regret?"

"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 I shall come to you, a boundless drop to a boundless ocean."

"How often have you sailed in my dreams. And now you come in my awakening, which is my deeper dream."

"And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation."

"Of what can I speak, save of that which is even now moving within your souls?"

"You give but little when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give."

"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.”

“Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you, and though they are with you yet they belong not to you.”

“For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.”

“You often say; I would give, but only to the deserving, The trees in your orchard say not so, nor the flocks in your pasture. Surely he who is worthy to receive his days and nights is worthy of all else from you. And he who has deserved to drink from the ocean of life deserves to fill his cup from your little stream. See first that you yourself deserve to be a giver, and an instrument of giving. For in truth it is life that gives unto life-while you, who deem yourself a giver, is but a witness.”

“Work is love made visible.”

“The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.”

“Oftentimes have I heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you, but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world. But I say that even as the holy and the righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each one of you, So the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest which is in you also.”

“Accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields. And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.”

“Much of your pain is self-chosen.”

“Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights.”

“You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts.”

“Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness, And knows that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream. And that which sings and contemplates in you is still dwelling within the bounds of that first moment which scattered the stars into space.”

“But what is evil but good tortured by its own hunger and thirst?”

“In your longing for your giant self lies your goodness; and that longing is in all of you.”

“God listens not to your words, save when He Himself utters them through your lips.”

“You pray in your distress and in your need; would that you might pray also in the fullness of your joy and in your days of abundance.”

“If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.”

“People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unveils her holy face. But you are life and you are the veil. Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror.”

“Your daily life is your temple and your religion.”

“And if you would know God be not therefore a solver of riddles. Rather look about you and you shall see Him playing with your children. And look into space; you shall see Him walking in the clouds, outstretching His arms in the lightning and descending in rain. You shall see Him smiling in flowers, then rising and waving His hands in trees.”

“For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.”

“Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd when he stands before the king whose hand is to be laid upon him in honor. Is 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 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 mountaintop, then you shall begin to climb. And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.”

“You are also as strong as your strongest link.”

“To measure you by your smallest deed is to reckon the power of the ocean by the frailty of its foam. To judge you by your failures is to cast blame upon the seasons for their inconstancy.”

“Wise men have come to you to give you of their wisdom. I came to take of your wisdom. And behold I have found that which is greater than wisdom. It is a flame spirit in you ever gathering more of itself. While you, heedless of its expansion, bewail the withering of your days. It is life in quest of life in bodies that fear the grave.”

“There are no graves here. These mountains and plains are a cradle and a stepping stone.”

"A little while, a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me."