

The Procession of Gibrán

THE SUMMING OF THE YOUTH

Give to me the reed and sing thou!
Forget hence what both have stated;
Words are but the motes in rainbow,
Tell me now of joys you've tasted.

Have you taken to the forest,
Shunned the palace for abode?
Followed brooklets in their courses,
Climbed the rocks along the road?

Have you ever bathed in fragrance,
Dried yourself in sheets of light?
Ever quaff the wine of dawning,
From ethereal goblets bright?

Have you rested at the sunset,
As I have beneath the vine?
Laden with suspended clusters,
Ripened to golden crystalline?

Ever bedded in the herbage,
Quilted by a heavenly vast,
Unconcerned about the future,
And forgetful of your past?

☞§ 72 ☞

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Felt that the nocturnal silence,
Sea-like surged around your head,
That the breast of night had harbored
A throbbing heart within your bed?

Give to me the reed and sing thou!
Forget all the cures and ills,
Mankind is like verses written
Upon the surface of the rills.

What good is there, pray thee tell me,
In jostling through the crowd in life,
'Mid the argumental tumult,
Protestation, and endless strife;

Mole-like burrowing in darkness,
Grasping for the spider's thread,
Always thwarted in ambition,
Until the living join the dead?

☞§ 73 ☞