

MY HOME

But you, children of space,
you restless in rest, you shall
not be trapped nor tamed.

Your house shall not be an
anchor but a mast.

It shall not be a glistening
film that covers a wound, but
an eyelid that guards the eye.

You shall not fold your wings
that you may pass through doors,
nor bend your heads that they
strike not against a ceiling,
nor fear to breathe lest walls
should crack and fall down.

You shall not dwell in tombs
made by the dead for the living.

And though of magnificence
and splendour, your house shall
not hold your secret nor shelter
your longing.

For that which is boundless
in you abides in the mansion of the
sky, whose door is the morning
mist, and whose windows are
the songs and the silences
of night.

Kahlil Gibran

