

Kahil Gibran children

AND a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

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.*

*You may give them your love but not
your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.*

*You may house their bodies but not
their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of to-
morrow, which you cannot visit, not even
in your dreams.*

*You may strive to be like them, but seek
not to make them like you.*

*For life goes not backward nor tarries
with yesterday.*

*You are the bows from which your children
as living arrows are sent forth.*

*The archer sees the mark upon the path
of the infinite, and He bends you with His
might that His arrows may go swift and far.*

*Let your bending in the archer's hand
be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,
so He loves also the bow that is stable.*