

Kahil Gibran pain

AND a woman spoke, saying, Tell us of Pain.

And he said:

*Your pain is the breaking of the shell
that encloses your understanding.*

*Even as the stone of the fruit must break,
that its heart may stand in the sun, so must
you know pain.*

*And could you keep your heart in wonder
at the daily miracles of your life, your pain
would not seem less wondrous than your
joy;*

*And you would 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.

*It is the bitter potion by which the phy-
sician within you heals your sick self.*

*Therefore trust the physician, and drink
his remedy in silence and tranquillity:*

*For his hand, though heavy and hard, is
guided by the tender hand of the Unseen,
And the cup he brings, though it burn
your lips, has been fashioned of the clay
which the Potter has moistened with His
own sacred tears.*