



The Prophet

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
mountain top,
then you shall begin to climb.
And the earth shall claim your
limbs.
Then shall you truly dance.



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