

KAHLIL GIBRAN

'On Pleasure' (1/4)

*Then a hermit, who visited the city once
a year, came forth and said, Speak to us of
Pleasure.*

And he answered, saying:

Pleasure is a freedom-song,

But it is not freedom.

It is the blossoming of your desires,

But it is not their fruit.

It is a depth calling unto a height,

But it is not the deep nor the high.

It is the caged taking wing,

But it is not space encompassed.

*Ay, in very truth, pleasure is a freedom-
song.*

*And I fain would have you sing it with
fullness of heart; yet I would not have you
lose your hearts in the singing.*

*Some of your youth seek pleasure as if it
were all, and they are judged and rebuked.*

*I would not judge nor rebuke them. I
would have them seek.*

*For they shall find pleasure, but not her
alone;*

KAHLIL GIBRAN

'On Pleasure' (2/4)

*Seven are her sisters, and the least of them
is more beautiful than pleasure.*

*Have you not heard of the man who was
digging in the earth for roots and found a
treasure?*

*And some of your elders remember
pleasures with regret like wrongs com-
mitted in drunkenness.*

*But regret is the beclouding of the mind
and not its chastisement.*

*They should remember their pleasures with
gratitude, as they would the harvest of a
summer.*

*Yet if it comforts them to regret, let them
be comforted.*

*And there are among you those who are
neither young to seek nor old to remember;
And in their fear of seeking and remem-
bering they shun all pleasures, lest they
neglect the spirit or offend against it.*

*But even in their foregoing is their
pleasure.*

KAHLIL GIBRAN

'On Pleasure' (3/4)

*And thus they too find a treasure though
they dig for roots with quivering hands.
But tell me, who is he that can offend the
spirit?*

*Shall the nightingale offend the stillness of
the night, or the firefly the stars?
And shall your flame or your smoke
burden the wind?*

*Think you the spirit is a still pool which
you can trouble with a staff?*

*Oftentimes in denying yourself pleasure
you do but store the desire in the recesses
of your being.*

*Who knows but that which seems omitted
today, waits for tomorrow?*

*Even your body knows its heritage and
its rightful need and will not be deceived.*

*And your body is the harp of your soul,
And it is yours to bring forth sweet
music from it or confused sounds.*

KAHLIL GIBRAN

'On Pleasure' (4/4)

And now you ask in your heart, "How shall we distinguish that which is good in pleasure from that which is not good?"

Go to your fields and your gardens, and you shall learn that it is the pleasure of the bee to gather honey of the flower,

But it is also the pleasure of the flower to yield its honey to the bee.

For to the bee a flower is a fountain of life,

And to the flower a bee is a messenger of love,

And to both, bee and flower, the giving and the receiving of pleasure is a need and an ecstasy.

People of Orphalese, be in your pleasures like the flowers and the bees.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

'On 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 physician within you heals your sick self.
Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquility:*

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.*

JOHN DRYDEN

'Happy The Man'

*Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair or foul or rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.*

From Operation Mincemeat

'Dear Bill' (1/4)

Dear Bill

I'm afraid I've not got long to write

I'm off to Mary's

You know how she feels about bridge night

It's been a few days

I thought that I'd send a few lines

Next door's greyhound came into the garden this morning

I think he likes the roses

They're doing fine, I used some twine

To tie them up and rein them in

I hope they'll bloom next spring

But you'll see that for yourself

I'm following the instructions you left in your note:

"Please devote all your time to their care"

And I have done, I swear

Except from the talking, I'm not going to do that

'Cause talking to roses is mad and you knew that

When you whispered sweet nothings to flowers

To make my dad cross, and me laugh

And it did

And why did we meet in the middle of a war?

What a silly thing for anyone to do

From Operation Mincemeat

'Dear Bill' (2/4)

Your sister sends her love, of course
And your mother... is the same as ever
Diana's piano is getting much better
Well, I say better, I really just mean louder

But as she tells me

That's pretty much the same

Well, it makes a change from all of the noise and the sirens

And sometimes from all of the

Silence

With six rounds of "Jingle Bells"

And "We Wish You a Merry Christmas", even though it is June

And it's been a long summer

But she wants to be perfect for her older brother

She hopes you'll be home again soon— no

She knows you'll be home again soon

And it's fine, and we're fine

It's nice to watch her get better with time

I suppose they just miss you

I know they just miss you

And I'm not going to argue with that

And why did we meet in the middle of a war?

What a silly thing for anyone to do

From Operation Mincemeat

'Dear Bill' (3/4)

And I'm trying my best to write everything down
To fill in the gaps so that when you're around
It'll be like you'd never been gone
As if you'd been all along
'Cause you can't just miss out on the songs

And to tell you the truth, Tom
Your roses aren't thriving
Without you they're dull
Don't worry, they're surviving
But I've tried all the tricks that you put in your note
And I've watered the soil 'til it started to float
And no, I've not talked to them
I'm not going to talk to them
There's something you have that I just don't have

And since you're off gallivanting it's only fair that you know
That your roses, quite frankly, were the first things to go
And no, you're not gallivanting
I don't mean gallivanting
It's just frustrating for you to be right
When I have to do both the sides of this fight
But it's good to hear you
Even just in my head

From Operation Mincemeat

'Dear Bill' (4/4)

And the roses just miss you

I know they just miss you

And I'm not going to argue with that

There's so much to do when you come back

And I know that they say that it's all for a cause

Our brave boys out fighting a war to end wars

But it's like they don't see that when you're far from me

Our roses don't get the conversation they need

Which just seems unfair

I'm stuck here and you're there

I suppose I just miss you

I know I just miss you

Even now I still miss you

And why did we meet in the middle of a war?

What a silly thing for anyone...

LAO TZU/ TIMOTHY LEARY

'All Things Pass'

All things pass

A sunrise does not last all morning

All things pass

A cloudburst does not last all day

All things pass

Nor a sunset all night

All things pass

What always changes?

Earth . . . sky . . . thunder . . .

mountain . . . water . . .

wind . . . fire . . . lake . . .

These change

And if these do not last

Do man's visions last?

Do man's illusions?

Take things as they come

All things pass