

Hello Friends,

While perusing through my own archived channeled material, I came across the Kahlil Gibran folder and found this one that has once again touched me deeply. I hope that you, too, enjoy it.

With Love, Miriandra

*Transcript, January 20, 1991,
channeling through Miriandra Rota*
Kahlil Gibran speaks "On War"

It has been spoken
By men
Who place their shields
Before their hearts,
Lest one dart
Of that rascal, Cupid,
Find its mark
And weaken the strength within.

Yes,
It has been spoken,
"Ne'er shall one tread upon
This place,
Upon which I have demarked
My place."

And then there comes one, riding,
Innocently crossing those lines,
Bidding, "Hello,"
And that one with the shield
Upon his heart
Doth say,
"You have entered my domain."

"Oh?" saith he,
"And where doth these markings
Begin and end?"

Thought he, "This one must be mocking me,
For he has ridden through the gates!
Has he not seen the walls
I have built around me? And he,
So easily, treading upon my domain.
He mocketh me for certain!"
Thought he.

"Who be you," saith he,
Looking upward at that one,

Such innocence upon the stead,
Who be thee!"

"I? I? I have been riding,"
His sweet voice did float downward,
"Upon the mountains,
In the valleys,
Through small villages,
Where the women carry their fruits
In their aprons,
And the children upon their hips,
And their hair piled high,
Tied, lest their locks
Mix within their work,
And their softness
Turn to labor.

"Through those villages
Have I ridden.
They have supped me
And provided a lair
Upon which I did rest,
And before dawn,
I be gone,
Slipping through
Their still sleeping
Village.

"Rode I to the edge of the sea,
Breathing her in,
Hearing her sounds,
Seeking have I, Seeking
Have I been.
"And now I come here!"
His soft gaze
Did fall upon
The great shield.

"Why do you wear that
Upon your being?
What purpose doth it serve?"

He did look up, "I,"
Saith he so strongly,
"Explain nothing to thee,

For it is thee who has
Passed through these portals
Into my domain!
Why be you here?
For what have you come,
Seeking, seeking?
And who be thee?"

Placing one foot upon
The earth,
And then another,
He did dismount his stead,
Gently, slowly.
Then, standing
He did meet him,
Looking into his stern eyes,

"Seeking, seeking
Have I been,
For thee.
And here you are!
Who I be?
You and me be..."

"I be thee.
I be you.
Ridden have I,
Ridden and ridden,
Coming to thee,
I be thee."

He thought
To protest
The crazed words
Of the slight being
Upon the stead
Who had ridden into his domain
And now placed his feet
Upon his domain,
Yet before he could protest,
That slight one
Did step closer.

Surprised was he,

Surprised.
Looking into his eyes,
Before he could say the words,
“Stand your ground there!
Come not closer!”
He did come closer
And closer
And closer.

And then,
Though he daren't whisper
A word of this truth
To another,
Lest they think *he* be crazed,
That slight one
Did step directly
Into his being.

He felt his presence
Within him.
“I be thee,”
Echoed through him.
“I be thee,
Remember.”

And did he
Remember,
Riding atop the mountains
And in the valleys,
Through the villages
To the sea.

It seemed long ago,
How had he come
To claim a domain
In which
He captured himself
And barred the gates
To himself,
Lest he go outward again,
How had he come
To do such a thing
To himself?

And before he knew

Another thought,
Down came that shield
From his breast.

His heart did ache
For the sea,
His heart did ache
For the village,
And the people
He had barred himself
Against.

Remember,
Remember
Who you be.