

TO
ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER



OET, who has heard thee but the
spirits that follow thy solitary path?

Prophet, who has known thee
but those who are driven by the
Great Tempest to thy lonely grove? ⊗ ⊗

And yet thou art not alone, for thine is the
Giant-World of super-realities, where souls
of unborn worlds dance in rhythmic ecstasies;
and the silence that envelops thy name is the
very voice of the Great Unknown. ⊗ ⊗

Thine is the Giant-World of primal truth
and unveiled visions, whose days stand in awe
of mystic nights, whose nights are big with
high and lustrous days, whose hills relate the
unrecorded deeds of unremembered races,
whose seas chant the deep melody of distant
Time, whose sky withholds the secrets of un-
named gods. ⊗ ⊗ ⊗ ⊗ ⊗

O, poet, who has heard thee but the spirits
that follow thy footprints? ⊗ ⊗ ⊗

O, prophet, who has known thee but those
the Tempest carries to thy lonely fields?

O, most aloof son of the New World, who
has loved thee but those who know thy burn-
ing love? ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Nay, thou art not alone, for we, we who
walk on the flaming path, we who seek the
unattainable and reach for the unreachable,
we whose bread is hunger and whose wine
is thirst, we know thee and we hear thee and
we love thee and we hold thee high. ❁ ❁

KAHLIL GIBRAN

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