

1389

KOSSOVO

1918



SERBIA

"O Grave Where Is
Thy Victory"?

المهزوم من الهزيمة يتوكل على شهادته

The following poem has been written for Serbia by Khalil Gibran. Syria was and longed to be one of the victors. It is given here as a token of that brotherhood which unites oppressed nations in their struggle.

Defeat, my Defeat, my solitude and my aloofness,
You are dearer to me than a thousand triumphs,
And sweeter to my heart than all world-glory.

Defeat, my Defeat, my self-knowledge and my distance,
Through you I know that I am yet young and swift of foot,
And not to be troubled by withering wounds,
And in you, I have found shameless
And the joy of being shamed and scorned.

Defeat, my Defeat, my loved comrade,
You shall walk with me upon the unpopulated path,
Where the faint-hearted dare not walk.

Defeat, my Defeat, my shining sword and shield,
In your eyes I have read that to be embraced is to be embraced,
And to be understood is to be loved and
And to be grasped is but to reach one's fulness,
And like a ripe fruit to fall and be consumed.

Defeat, my Defeat, my bold companion,
You shall hear my songs, and my cries, and my silence,
And none but you shall speak to me of the beating of wings,
And crying of seas, and of mountains that burn in the night,
And you alone shall climb my steep and rocky road.

Defeat, my Defeat, my deathless courage,
You and I shall laugh together with the stars,
And together we shall dig graves for all that die in us,
And we shall stand to the sun with a will,
And we shall be dangerous.