

MY CHILDREN

"Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of
Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from
you,
And though they are with you yet
they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not
your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not
their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of
tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not
even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but
seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor
tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children
as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the
path of the infinite, and He bends
you with His might that His arrows
may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's
hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies
so He loves also the bow that is stable.

Kahlil Gibran

