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we three years of age, and she left you as a precious treasure in my lap. Or was it that her brightness, sweetness, and grace opened my eyes and showed me the happiness and sorrow of love? The scent of flowers mingled with the breeze as we came into the garden and sat silently on a bench near a jasmine tree, listening to the breathing of sleeping nature, while the blue sky above witnessed our drama. The Book of Job was, entered and greeted me like the old man, saying "His Grace, the Bishop, has sent me for you with his private carriage; he wishes to discuss important business with you." The old man's face clouded and his smile disappeared. And Selma focused her eyes upon the heart of an evil man. They were like two equal forces, wearing each other away silently. THE WHITE TORCH 5. The father's heart was melting because of his daughter's plight. Tenderly he led Selma into the house while I remained standing in the garden, waves of perplexity beating upon me like a tempest upon autumn leaves. I came here to see you, and in my weak spirit there is a new strength, and this strength is the ability to sacrifice a great thing in order to obtain a greater one; it is the sacrifice of my happiness so that you may be led man virtuous and honourable in the eyes of the people and be far away from their treachery and persecution. We met secretly in the old temple, remembering the old days, discussing our present, fearing our future, and gradually bringing out the hidden secrets in the depths of our hearts and complaining to each other of our misery and suffering, trying to console ourselves with imaginary hopes and sorrowful dreams. Let us stand like brave soldiers before the enemy and face his weapons. I am not frightened of fate which has shot all its arrows in my breast, but I am afraid the serpent might bite your feet and detain you from climbing the mountain peak where the future awaits you with its pleasure and glory." I said, "He who has not been bitten by the serpents of light and snapped at by the wolves of darkness will always be deceived by the days and nights. Selma was deeply thoughtful rather than talkative, and her silence was a kind of music that carried one to a world of dreams and made him listen to the throbbing of his heart, and see the ghosts of his thoughts and feelings standing before him, looking him in the eyes. In an hour I saw Selma walking in the midst of the gardens and I approached the temple, leaning on her parasol as if she were carrying all the worries of the world upon her shoulders. Tonight the two families will set the marriage date. They were two pure souls, one departing and the other agonized with grief, embracing in love and death; and I was between the two with my own troubled heart. I cried like a king whose kingdom and treasure have been usurped, but immediately I saw your face through my tears and your eyes gazing at me and I remembered what you said to me once (Come, Selma, come and let us be strong towers before the tempest. This world is full of wonder and beauty. I watched you grow, and your face reproduced your mother's features as stars reflected in a calm pool of water. The heads of religion in the East are not satisfied with their own munificence, but they must strive to make all members of their families superiors and oppressors. The beauty of Selma's face was not classic; it was like a dream of revelation which cannot be measured or bound or copied by the brush of a painter or the chisel of a sculptor. Why do I shed tears for oppressed peoples rather than keep all my tears for the memory of a weak woman whose life was snatched by the teeth of death? Selma raised her face toward the sky and gazed at the heavenly stars which studded the firmament. Then she looked at me as if she regretted what she had said and tried to take away those words from my ears by the magic of her eyes. Those whom Love has not chosen as followers do not hear when Love calls. I was lost in sorrow and reverie. Thus the sun enlivens and kills the fields with its heat. I felt as if my heart were choked with grief. If you're not located in the United States, you must check your local laws to verify that the contents of this ebook are free of copyright restrictions in the country you're located in before downloading or using this ebook. She seemed to have known intuitively that I was coming, and when I sat by her she gazed at me for a moment and sighed deeply, then turned her head and looked at the sky. Love provided me with a tongue and tears. His voice choked and he said, "Your child is dead, Madame, be patient. Spring is beautiful everywhere, but it is most beautiful in Lebanon. And, by means of his uncle's prestige and influence, Mansour Bey made it his business to secure political plums for those who could offer a sufficient bribe. Thus despair weakened our sight and closes our ears. Selma was a prisoner of misery and it was Heaven's will that she would not have another prisoner to share her life. In a few minutes the old man came out and greeted me as usual. The hour of my days are perishing like the leaves of autumn. He did not live to console and comfort his mother. Then he said to the maid, "Let the man in." As the maid left, a man, dressed in oriental uniform and with big moustache curled at the ends, entered and greeted the old man, saying "His Grace, the Bishop, has sent me for you with his private carriage; he wishes to discuss important business with you." The old man's face clouded and his smile disappeared. And Selma focused her eyes upon the doctor and cried, "Give me my child and let me embrace him; give me my child and let me nurse him." Then the doctor bent his head. Can a dead man remember the singing of a nightingale and the fragrance of a rose and the sigh of a brook? We rose and walked through the orchard to meet him. I understand everything. What a strange and impressive hour! Last week at this time, under this jasmine tree, Love embraced my soul for the first time, okay. SILENT SORROW 2. Will you listen to my sighs? The day will come sooner or later when he will place his nephew on his right and Farris Effandi's daughter on this left, and, holding with his hand the wreath of matrimony over their heads, will tie a pure virgin to a filthy degenerate, placing the heart of the day in the bosom of the night. Farris Effandi has one daughter whose character is similar to his and whose beauty and gracefulness are beyond description, and she will also be miserable because her father's wealth is placing her already at the edge of a horrible precipice." As he uttered these words, I noticed that his face clouded. Youth, my dear son, does not combine with senility, as morning does not have meet the night; but you will come to me and call to my memory the youthful days which I spent with your father, and you will tell me the news of life which does not count me as among its sons any longer. The Broken Wings book download started. Very soon fate will carry you from this lonely home to the world's spacious court, and this garden will miss the pressure of your footsteps, and your father will become a stranger to you. As I dismounted and entered the spacious garden, I saw Farris Effandi coming to meet me. If we are killed, we shall die as martyrs; and if we win, we shall live as heroes. No man could disobey his religious head and keep his reputation. Please wait... But Selma's face! No words can describe its expression, reflecting first great internal suffering, then heavenly exaltation. Selma's beauty was not in her golden hair, but in the virtue of purity which surrounded it; not in her large eyes, but in the light which emanated from them; not in her red lips, but in the sweetness of her words; not in her ivory neck, but in its slight bow to the front. His eyes were sunken and looked like two deep, dark valleys haunted by the ghosts of pain. Now, I grow old, and my only resting place is between the soft wings of death. Every time I looked at the grey sky I felt my heart contract. In the past, when I came to this place I felt as if heavy chains were pulling down on me, but today I came here with a new determination that laughs at the shackles and shortens the way. I hope you will I take his place in frequent visits to my house." I promised gratefully to do my duty toward a dear friend of my father. What flower is that on whose leaves the dawn has never poured a drop of dew; what streamlet is that which lost its course without going to the sea? Farris Effandi and I rose from our seats. Night had already come when I awakened from my swoon and found myself bewildered in the midst of the gardens, repeating the echo of every word uttered by Selma and remembering her silence, her actions, her movements, her expression and the touch of her hands, until I realized the meaning of farewell and the pain of lonesomeness. a cry of a weak force before the stillness of great forces... As we sat down, he told us about his friendship with my father, recalling the time which they spent together. Since the time I met you we have been in the hands of the Bishop like two balls which he has thrown around as he pleased. We were three people, gathered and crushed by the hands of destiny; an old man like a dwelling ruined by flood, a young woman whose symbol was a lily beheaded by the sharp edge of a sickle, and a young man who was a weak sapling, bent by a snowfall, and all of us were toys in the hands of fate. As one enters this temple he sees on the wall at the east side an old Phoenician picture, carved in the rock depicting Ishtar, goddess of love and beauty, sitting on her throne, surrounded by seven nude virgins standing in different poses. Those whom love has not given wings cannot fly the cloud of appearances to see the magic world in which Selma's spirit and mine existed together in that sorrowfully happy hour. It is said that unsophistication makes a man empty and that emptiness makes him carefree. Every young man remembers his first love and tries to recapture that strange hour, the memory of which changes his deepest feeling and makes him so happy in spite of all the bitterness of its mystery. He is the head of religion in this land of the religions. Your character, intelligence, and beauty are your mother's, even your manner of speaking and gestures. CHAPTER FOUR — THE WHITE TORCH The month of Nisan had nearly passed. At dawn, Love will wake me from slumber and take me to the distant field, and at noon will lead me to the shadows of trees, where I will find shelter with the birds from the heat of the sun. Spiritual disease is inherited from one generation to another until it has become a part of people, who look upon it, not as a disease, but as a natural gift, showered by God upon Adam. She prayed successively until Heaven answered her prayers... Why hast Thou crushed me with Thy foot? In that year I was reborn and unless a person is born again his life will remain like a blank sheet in the book of existence. In most countries the young men win while the parents lose. I found out that our love was as deep as the ocean and as high as the stars and as spacious as the sky. As the sun came out, Selma took the infant to her breast; he opened his eyes for the first time and looked at his mother; then he quivered and closed them for the last time. Or will sick man give medicine to another which he himself needs badly?" She rose, her head bent slightly forward and we walked to the old man's room and sat by the side of his bed. CHAPTER THREE — ENTRANCE TO THE SHRINE In a few days, loneliness overcame me; and I tired of the grim faces of people; I hired a carriage and started for the house of Farris Effandi. The substantial man considers his childless wife as an enemy; he detests her and deserts her and wishes her death. Every now and then we would become calm and wipe our tears and start smiling, forgetting everything except Love; we embraced each other until our hearts melted; then Selma would print a pure kiss on my forehead and fill my heart with ecstasy; I would return the kiss as she bent her ivory neck while her cheeks became gently red like the first ray of dawn on the forehead of hills. When I raised my head and he saw the tears in my eyes, he bent toward me and touched my forehead with his lips. Then, the people, individually, approached the Bishop and his nephew and offered their respects to them with sweet words of sympathy, but I stood lonely aside without a soul to console me, as if Selma and her child meant nothing to me. Trembling with sorrow and filial affection. Due to its seclusion, it had become a haven for worshippers and a shrine for lonely lovers. The gardens were full of Nisan flowers and the earth was carpeted with green grass, and like a secret of earth revealed to Heaven. Mansour Bey was a man to whom all the luxuries of life came easily, but, in spite of that, he was dissatisfied and rapacious. I reached my room, and like a wounded bird shot down by a hunter, I fell on my bed, repeating the words of Selma: "Oh, Lord God, have mercy on me and mend my broken wings!" CHAPTER SEVEN — BEFORE THE THRONE OF DEATH Marriage in these days is a mockery whose management is in the hands of young men and parents. I was depressed and heart-broken. Where are you sending me? Then she looked at him searchingly, trying to discover his secret. It is hard to answer these questions, but I say truly that in that hour I felt an emotion that I had never felt before, a new affection resting calmly in my heart, like the spirit hovering over the waters at the creation of the world, and from that affection was born my happiness and my sorrow. The sky is clear and the sea is calm and the boat is ready to sail; do not delay its voyage. Will a lover be satisfied embracing a ghost, or will a thirsty man quench his thirst from the spring or a dream?" I answered her, "Tomorrow, destiny will put you in the midst of a peaceful family, but it will send me into the world of struggle and warfare. That night, in which I had been born again, I felt that I saw death's face for the first time. Every visit gave me a new meaning to her beauty and a new insight into her sweet spirit. Until she became a book whose pages I could understand and whose praises I could sing, but which I could never finish reading. All is done; may God bless you." Hearing these words, Selma's face clouded and her eyes froze as if she felt a premonition of death. We never conspired or practised mutiny, then why are we descending to hell? I shall give him all that a weak woman can give a strong man. Love that is cleansed by tears will remain externally pure and beautiful. In this place spring united us in a bond of love, and in this place has brought us together before the throne of death. It was this bread which Kain, the Arabian poet, Dante, and Sappho tasted and which set their hearts afar; the bread which the Goddess prepares with the sweetness of kisses and the bitterness of tears. Be happy because I shall live in you after my death. A look which reveals inward stress adds more beauty to the face, no matter how much tragedy and pain it bespeaks; but the face which, in silence, does not announce hidden mysteries is not beautiful, regardless of the symmetry of its features. He lives spiritually in the past because the present passes swiftly, and the future seems to him an approach to the oblivion of the grave. In the opinion of the fox, high bunches of grapes that can't be reached are sour. A woman's heart will change with time or season; even if it dies eternally, it will never perish. Then he looked straight through my eyes in a strange manner, a look of love, mercy, and fear — the look of a prophet who foresees what no one else can divine. Thou art great and almighty, while I am nothing but a tiny creature crawling before Thy throne. Love will be my sole comforter, and I shall drink love like wine and wear it like garment. The oppressed prisoners, who can break away from his jail and does not do so, is a coward. That tomb and this heart are all that is left to bear witness of Selma. As she looked at me, she said, "Why are you silent? His life began at the end of the night and ended at the beginning of the day, like a drop of dew poured by the eyes of the dark and dried by the touch of the light. It is originally written in Arabic. The novel is set at the beginning of the 20th century in the city of Beirut and introduces us to Selma Karamy, a young woman who is going to marry the nephew of a very prominent religious in the community. The protagonist falls in love with this girl and is reciprocated, so they see each other in secret. A man's eyes have become accustomed to the dim light of candles and cannot see the sunlight. If your father spoke to you in the same way, then this meeting is not the first one between us." The old man was delighted to hear his daughter talking in such a manner and said, "Selma is very sentimental. But after my death let the doctors and priest do what they please, for my ship will continue sailing until it reaches its destination." At midnight Farris Effandi opened his tired eyes for the last time and focused them on Selma, who was kneeling by his bedside. In that year, I saw the angels of heaven looking at me through the eyes of a beautiful woman. You will be in the home of a person whom chance has made most fortunate through your beauty and virtue, while I shall be living a life of suffering and fear. Bishop Bulos was a thief who hid himself under the cover of night, while his nephew, Mansour Bey, was a swindler who walked proudly in daylight. A tree grown in a cave does not bear fruit, and Selma, who lived in the shade of life, did not bear children... Like a devoted worshipper who receives his blessing by kissing the altar in a shrine, I took Selma's hand, placed my burning lips on it, and gave it a long kiss, the memory of which melts my heart and awakens by its sweetness all the virtue of my spirit. Can a prisoner who is heavily loaded with shackles follow the breeze of the dawn? Do not shed tears of misery upon my hand, for they may grow thorns upon my grave. Arriving at the old man's house, I entered and found Farris Effandi lying on his bed, weak and pale. Will not the light be dim if the oil in the lamp is low? What sin has she committed to deserve such a punishment? We stood up and bade each other farewell, but love and despair stood between us like two ghosts, one stretching his wings with his fingers over our throats, one weeping and the other laughing hideously. Oh, Lord, Thou art strong, and I am weak. She became a supreme thought, a beautiful, an overpowering emotion living in my spirit. Is this your will, Father?" His answer was a deep sigh. It holds in its hands the soil of the past and the seeds of the future. He ushered me into his house with a hearty welcome and sat by me, like a happy father when he sees his son, showering me with questions on my life, future and education. THE END This site is full of FREE ebooks - Project Gutenberg Australia Shall we consider this week an hour of intoxication to be replaced by sobrieness? The servants hurried to spread the good news to Mansour Bey, but the doctor stared at Selma and her child with a disappointed look on his face. I remember her saying: "The poets and writers are trying to understand the reality of woman, but up to this day they have not understood the hidden secrets of her heart, because they look upon her from behind the sexual veil and see nothing but externals; they look upon her through the magnifying glass of hatefulness and find nothing except weakness and submission. Their exhilaration is like footprints on sand which remain only till they are washed away by the waves. Only our spirits can understand beauty, or live and grow with it. Her face, that had resembled the unfolding, sun kissed leaves of a sly, had faded and become colourless. And the mother, the prototype of all existence, is the eternal spirit, full of beauty and love. No available domains were found it seems the domains have been blocked by your Internet Provider. We three sitting in twilight were eating and drinking in that solitary home, guarded by Heaven's eyes, but at the bottoms of our glasses were hidden bitterness and anguish. Thus destiny seized Selma and led her like a humiliated slave in the procession of miserable oriental woman, and thus felt that noble spirit into the trap after having flown freely on the white wings of love in a sky full of moonlight scented with the odour of flowers. The love of Selma was my sole entertainer, singing songs of happiness for me at night and waking me at dawn to reveal the meaning of life and the secrets of nature. I have ruined your evening with the shedding of tears, but please come to see me when my house is deserted and I am lonely and desperate. A hungry man in a desert will not refuse to eat dry bread if Heaven does not shower him with manna and quails. Real beauty is a ray which emanates from the holy of holies of the spirit, and illuminates the body, as life comes from the depths of the earth and gives colour and scent to a flower. Selma looked at me and her eyes revealed the secret of her heart. But listen, my beloved, listen carefully. I am standing today at the door of a new life which I know nothing about. One day, in the month of Nisan, I went to visit a friend whose home was at some distance from the glamorous city. Gibran was a Lebanese-American writer, poet and visual artist, also considered a philosopher. In time her beauty fades and she becomes like an old piece of furniture left in a dark corner. We sat at the table enjoying the food and sipping the old wine, but our souls were living in a world far away. In the Spring I shall walk side by side with love among violets and jasmines and drink the remaining drops of winter in the lily cups. There is nothing else in that little temple except deep silence, revealing to the living the secrets of the goddess and speaking wordlessly of past generations and the evolution of religions. Farris Effandi opened his mouth and said, "Your mother was nursing you when she lost her father; she cried and wept at his going, but she was wise and patient. She whispered softly, "Now I know that there is something higher than heaven and deeper than the ocean and stranger than life and death and time. But Mansour Bey spent his days in pursuit of sexual satisfaction. Repeat to her pleasant tales and sing for her the songs of life so that she may forget her sorrows. We were both silent, each waiting for the other to speak, but speech is not the only means of understanding between two souls. Selma used to come in her carriage to a place named Pasha park and from there she walked to the temple, where she found me anxiously waiting for her. Selma Karamy was the one who taught me to worship beauty by the example of her own beauty and revealed to me the secret of love by her affection; se was the one who first sang to me the poetry of real life. The sorrowful spirit finds relaxation in solitude. Did my spirit and Selma's reach out to each other that day when we met, and did that yearning make se see her as the most beautiful woman under the sun? She walked gracefully and rhythmically. They join affectionately, as a stranger is cheered when he sees another stranger in a strange land. Does pride prevent me from describing Selma in plain words since I cannot draw her truthfully with luminous colours? The nightingale in the cage commenced making its nest with the feathers of its wings. During my youth, Love will be my teacher; in middle age, my help; and in old age, my delight. We feared not the observer's eyes, neither did our consciences bother us; the spirit which is purified by fire and washed by tears is higher than what the people call shame and disgrace; it is free from the laws of slavery and old customs against the affections of the human heart. I am like a blind man who feels his way so that he will not fall. Three persons were separated in thoughts, but united in love; three innocent people with much feeling but little knowledge; a drama was being performed by an old man who loved his daughter and cared for her happiness, a young woman of twenty looking into the future with anxiety, and a young man, dreaming and worrying, who had tasted neither the wine of life nor its vinegar, and trying to reach the height of love and knowledge but unable to life himself up. As the coffin went down, one of the bystanders whispered, "This is the first time in my life I have seen two corpses in one coffin." Another one said, "It seems as if the child had come to rescue his mother from her pitiless husband." A third one said, "Look at Mansour Bey: he is gazing at his three incoes were made of glass. Farris Effandi moved slowly and stretched his weak hand toward Selma, and in a loving and tender voice said, "Hold my hand, my beloved." Selma held his hand; then he said, "I have lived long enough, and I have enjoyed the fruits of life's seasons. How shall we part and when shall we meet? In the past she walked blindly in the light, but now she walks open-eyed in the dark. The cry of poor Selma who was lying down in despair under the feet of life and death. A barren woman is looked upon with disdain everywhere because of most men's desire to perpetuate themselves through posterity. The dignity of an Oriental wedding inspires the hearts of young men and women, but its termination may drop them like millstones to the bottom of the sea. I used to come to this temple like a scared phantom, but today I came like a brave woman who feels the urgency of sacrifice and knows the value of suffering, a woman who likes to protect the one she loves from the ignorant people and from her hungry spirit. Every time I close my eyes I see those valleys full of magic and dignity and those mountains covered with glory and greatness trying to reach the sky. The Bishop went to church in the morning and spent the rest of the day pilfering from the widows, orphans, and simple minded people. Mansour Bey's character was similar to his uncle's, the only difference between the two was that the Bishop got everything he wanted secretly, under the protection of his ecclesiastical robe and the golden cross which he wore on his chest, while his nephew did everything publicly. Were all those nights we spent in the moonlight by the jasmine tree, where our souls united, in vain? The smile which had always enlivened his face was choked with pain and agony; and the bones of his gentle hands looked like naked branches trembling before the tempest. I shall sing your name as the valley sings the echo of the bells of the village churches. I shall listen to the language of your soul as the shore listens to the story of the wind, revealing to the living the secrets of the goddess and speaking wordlessly of past generations and the evolution of religions. Farris Effandi opened his mouth and said, "Your mother was nursing you when she lost her father; she cried and wept at his going, but she was wise and patient. She whispered softly, "Now I know that there is something higher than heaven and deeper than the ocean and stranger than life and death and time. But Mansour Bey spent his days in pursuit of sexual satisfaction. Repeat to her pleasant tales and sing for her the songs of life so that she may forget her sorrows. 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