

The Voice House

An Diran

An diran tan solde
an diran tan solde
The tide at thy head and feet
The wind about thy shoulder

Though thee sun should know thy face
though the wind bring back thy name
They'll not bring thee back again
That walk the sea in sorrow

Far from me is singing gone
Far from me is laughter gone
They will never bring thee home
that walk the sea in sorrow

Now the deeps are home for thee
now the seal thy keeper be
Now the seabird hear thy cry
The windy world over

Call the wild outstepping sea
Call the wind to comfort thee
May she bear thee peacefully
The windy world over.....

On Children

(by Kalil Ghibran, music by Ysaye M Barnwell)

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters
Of life's longing for itself.
They come through you,
But they are not from you
And though they are with you
They belong not to you.

You can give them your love
But not your thoughts –
They have their own thoughts.
They have their own thoughts.
You can house their bodies
but not their souls -
For their souls dwell in a place of tomorrow
Which you cannot visit,
Not even in your dreams.

You can strive to be like them
But you cannot make them just like you.
(x4)