

Children



And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

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 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 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.