



“DEFEAT”

BY KAHLIL GIBRAN

Defeat, my Defeat,
my solitude
and my aloofness;

You are dearer to me
than a thousand triumphs
And sweeter to my heart
than all worldglory.

Defeat, my Defeat,
my solitude and my aloofness;

You are dearer to me
than a thousand triumphs
And sweeter to my heart
than all worldglory.

Defeat, my Defeat,
my self-knowledge
and my defiance

Through you I know that I am yet
young and swift of foot
And not to be trapped
by withering laurels.

And in you I have found aloneness
And the joy of being shunned
and scorned.

Defeat, my Defeat,
my shining sword and shield

In your eyes I have read
That to be enthroned
is to be enslaved

And to be understood
is to be levelled down

And to be grasped
is but to reach one's fullness
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 silences

And none but you
shall speak to me
of the beating of wings

And urging of seas
And of mountains
that burn in the night

And you alone shall climb my
steep and rocky soul.

Defeat, my Defeat
my deathless courage

You and I shall
laugh together with the storm

And together we shall
dig graves for all that die in us

And we shall stand in the sun
with a will

And we shall be dangerous.

“DEFEAT”

from *The Madman*
by *Kahlil Gibran*

Layout and design by
TED HOGEMAN

**Enjoy this story?
Help us out!**

- Drop a like or comment
(all hail the algorithm)
- Join the e-mail list
(**laughingwiththestorm.net/mail**)
- Share it with others
who might enjoy it!
- Tell us what you think!
Send a DM or email us at:
laughing.with.the.storm@gmail.com

a laughing with the storm publication

laughingwiththestorm.net

