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## **Eventide of The Feast**

Kahlil Gibran

Night had fallen and obscurity engulfed the city while the lights glittered in the palaces and the huts and the shops. The multitudes, wearing their festive raiment, crowded the streets and upon their faces appeared the signs of celebration and contentment.

I avoided the clamour of the throngs and walked alone, contemplating the Man Whose greatness they were honouring, and meditating the Genius of the Ages Who was born in poverty, and lived virtuously, and died on the cross.

I was pondering the burning torch, which was lighted in this humble village in Syria by the Holy Spirit.... The Holy Spirit Who hovers over all the ages, and penetrates one civilization and then another through His truth.

As I reached the public garden, I seated myself on a rustic bench and commenced looking between the naked trees toward the crowded streets; I listened to the hymns and songs of the celebrants.

After an hour of deep thinking, I looked sidewise and was surprised to find a man sitting by me, holding a short branch with which he engraved vague figures on the ground. I was startled, for I had not seen nor heard his approach, but I said within myself, "He is solitary as I am." And after looking thoroughly at him, I saw that in spite of his old-fashioned raiment and long hair, he was a dignified man, worthy of attention. It seemed that he detected the thoughts within me, for in deep and quiet voice he said, "Good evening, my son."

"Good evening to you," I responded with respect. And he resumed his drawing while the strangely soothing sound of his voice still echoing in my ears. And I spoke to him again, saying, "Are you a stranger in this city?"

"Yes, I am a stranger in this city and every city," he replied. I consoled him, adding, "A stranger should forget that he is an outsider in these holidays, for there is kindness and generosity in the people." He replied wearily, "I am more a stranger in these days than in any other." Having thus spoken, he looked at the clear skies; his eyes probes the stars and his lips quivered as if he had found in the firmament an image of a distant country. His queer statement aroused my interest, and I said, "This is the time of the year when the people are kind to all other people. The rich remember the poor and the strong have compassion for the weak."

He returned, "Yes, the momentary mercy of the rich upon the poor is bitter, and the sympathy of the strong toward the weak is naught but a reminder of superiority."

I affirmed, "Your words have merit, but the weak poor do not care to know what transpires in the heard of the rich, and the hungry never think of the method by which the bread he is craving is kneaded and baked."

And he responded, "The one who receive in not mindful, but the one who gives bears the burden of cautioning himself that it is with a view to brotherly love, and toward friendly aid, and not to self-esteem."

I was amazed at his wisdom, and again commenced to meditate upon his ancient appearance and strange garments. Then I returned mentally and said, "It appears that you are in need of help; will you accept a few coins from me?" And with a sad smile he answered me, saying, "Yes, I am in

desperate need, but not of gold or silver.”

Puzzled, I asked, “What is it that you require?”

“I am in need of shelter. I am in need of a place where I can rest my head and thoughts.”

“Please accept these two denars and go to the inn for lodging,” I insisted.

Sorrowfully he answered, “I have tried every inn, and knocked at every door, but in vain. I have entered every food shop, but none cared to help me. I am hurt, not hungry; I am disappointed, not tired; I seek not roof, but human shelter.”

I said within myself, “What a strange person he is! Once he talks like a philosopher and again like a madman!” As I whispered these thoughts into the ears of my inner self, he stared at me, lowered his voice to a sad level, and said, “Yes, I am a madman, but even a madman will find himself a stranger without shelter and hungry without food, for the heart of man is empty.”

I apologized to him, saying, “I regret my unwitting thought. Would you accept my hospitality and take shelter in my quarters?”

“I knocked at your door and all the doors one thousand times, and receive no answer,” he answered severely.

Now I was convinced that he was truly a madman, and I suggested, “Let us go now, and proceed to my home.”

He lifted his head slowly and said, “If you were aware of my identity you would not invite me to your home.”

“Who are you?” I inquired, fearfully, slowly.

With a voice that sounded like the roar of the ocean, he thundered, bitterly, “I am the revolution who builds what the nations destroy.... I am the tempest who uproots the plants, grown by the ages.

...I am the one who came to spread war on earth and not peace, for man is content only in misery!”

And, with tears coursing down his cheeks, he stood up high, and a mist of light grew about and he stretched forth his arms, and I saw the marks of the nails in the palms of his hands; I prostrated myself before him convulsively and cried out, saying, “Oh Jesus, the Nazarene!”

And he continued in anguish, “The people are celebrating in My honour, pursuing the tradition woven by the ages around My name, but as to Myself, I am a stranger wandering from East to West upon this earth, and no one knows of me. The foxes have their holes, and the birds of the skies their nests, but the Son of Man has no place to rest his head.”

At that moment, I opened my eyes, lifted my head, and looked around, but found naught except a column of smoke before me, and I heard only the shivering voice of the silence of the night, coming from the depth of Eternity. I collected myself and looked again to the singing throngs in the distance, and a voice within me said, “The very strength that protects the heart from injury is the strength that prevents the heart from enlarging to its intended greatness within. The song of the voice is sweet, but the song of the heart is the pure voice of heaven.”

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