

come to my window  
汉英典藏版

And ye flow leaves  
of autumn, which have  
no songs, flutter and  
fall there with a sign.  
O troupe of little vagrants  
of the world, leave your  
footprints in my words.  
The world puts off its  
mask of vastness to  
its lover. It becomes  
small as one song,  
as one kiss of the  
eternal. It is the tears  
of the earth that keep  
her smile in bloom.  
as one kiss of the  
eternal. It is the  
of the wor leave

〔黎巴嫩〕卡里·纪伯伦 著  
林志豪 译

# 纪伯伦的散文

The Collection of Gibran's Essays

【诗化的哲学 散文的圣经】

我的朋友，你和我仍将是生  
命的陌路人，是彼此的陌路  
人，也是自己的陌路人。直  
到有一天，你向我倾诉，我  
聆听你的心声，将你的声音  
当成自己的声音。直到有一  
天，我站在你面前觉得自己  
正站在一面镜子前。



海南出版社  
三环出版社

紀伯倫的散文

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Smoke boasts to the sky, and Ashes to the earth, that they are brothers to the fire. The raindrop whispered to the jasmine, "Keep me in your heart for ever." The jasmine sighed, "Alas," and dropped to the ground. Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me. I am a poet. The dim silence of my mind seems filled with crickets' chirp ---- the grey twilight of sound. Rockets, your insult to the stars follows yourself back to the earth. Thou hast led me through my crowded travels of the day to my evening's loneliness.

I wait for its meaning through the stillness of the night. This life is the crossing of a sea, where we meet in the same narrow ship. In death we reach the shore and go to our different worlds. The stream of truth flows through its channels of mistakes.

My heart is homesick today for the one sweet hour across the sea of time. The bird-song is the echo of the morning light back from the earth.

"Are you too proud to kiss me?" the morning light asks the butterfly. "How may I sing to thee and worship, O sun?" asked the little flower.

The simple

### The Collection of Gibran's Essays

Man is worse than an animal when he is not an animal. Dark clouds become heaven's angels when kissed by light. Smoke boasts to the sky, and Ashes to the earth, that they are brothers to the fire. The raindrop whispered to the jasmine, "Keep me in your heart for ever." The jasmine sighed, "Alas," and dropped to the ground. Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me. I am a poet. The dim silence of my mind seems filled with crickets' chirp ---- the grey twilight of sound. Rockets, your insult to the stars follows yourself back to the earth. Thou hast led me through my crowded travels of the day to my evening's loneliness. I wait for its meaning through the stillness of the night. This life is the crossing of a sea, where we meet in the same narrow ship. In death we reach the shore and go to our different worlds. The stream of truth flows through its channels of mistakes. My heart is homesick today for the one sweet hour across the sea of time. The bird-song is the echo of the morning light back from the earth. "Are you too proud to kiss me?" the morning light asks the butterfly. "How may I sing to thee and worship, O sun?" asked the little flower.

The simple silence of thy purity," answered the sun. Man is worse than an animal when

当爱召唤你时，跟随它，虽然它的道路艰难而险峻；当它展翅拥抱你时，依顺它，虽然它羽翼中的利刃会伤害你；当它开口对你说话时，相信它，虽然它的声音会像狂风劲扫园中的花朵似的击碎你的梦。



## 纪伯伦的散文

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林志豪 杜静斐 译

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## 关于作者

一生颠沛流离、贫病交迫，终身未婚，一生孤独，英年早逝。这样历经磨难的天才，却将残酷的现实当圣殿，把爱与美当信仰，深情地为生命献上一朵玫瑰。

卡里·纪伯伦 (Kahlil Gibran 1883~1931)，生于黎巴嫩北部临海的贝什里村 (Besharri) 一个宗教气息浓厚的家庭。童年时期，母亲教他阿拉伯文和法文，又专门请家庭教师教他英文。

1888年，纪伯伦随母亲和同母异父的哥哥及两个妹妹离开家乡，移居美国波士顿。全家在唐人街过着清贫的日子，纪伯伦则被送进美国公立学校学习英语，在那里奠定了扎实的英文基础。

1897年纪伯伦返回黎巴嫩继续学习阿拉伯文和法文，同时选修了医学、国际法、宗教史和音乐等课程。暑假期间纪伯伦随父亲游历中东各地，心情豁然开朗，开始以丰富的思维和充沛的情感架构自己的生命。

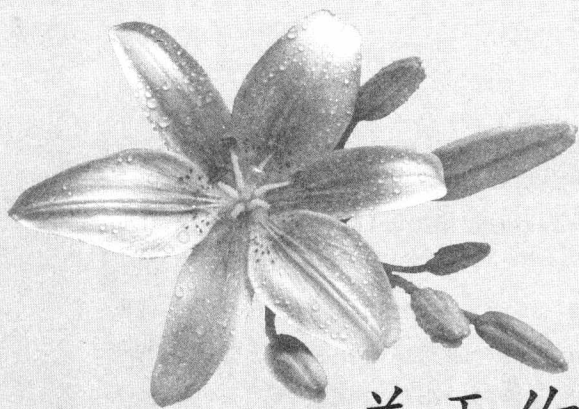
15岁时，他用阿拉伯文写下《先知》的初稿，16岁发表第一篇散文诗，并主编一份文学与哲学刊物——《真理》，以笔挞伐统治者对人民的压迫，批判教会堕落，同时，他的文章开始在阿拉伯世界大量发表，其中最著名的《叛逆的灵魂》被视为危险、叛逆，含西方思想剧毒。他因此被政府驱逐出境。

1901年他以优异的成绩大学毕业后，游历了希腊、意大利、西班牙等地，并前往巴黎学习绘画。1902年后纪伯伦进行了大量的创作，开始了自己的写作生涯。

1910年，纪伯伦重返波士顿，于同年岁末移居纽约，在这期间他的妹妹、母亲和哥哥相继离世。失去亲人的悲痛给纪伯伦带来终身的创伤。他专心作画、写作，然而都不被重视，生活日渐窘迫，只好替他人设计封面及画像维生，一直在社会底层艰难地生活着。

1923年，他的英文散文诗集《先知》出版，奠定了他在文学史上不朽的地位。从此，阿拉伯语系和英语系民族都知道了有一个纪伯伦，是诗人兼画家。罗丹称赞他为“20世纪的布雷克”；美国人曾称誉他为“像从东方吹来横扫西方的风暴”，并将其作品视为“东方赠给西方的最好礼物”。

1931年4月10日，纪伯伦病逝于美国纽约。他短暂的一生，以深沉的哲学思考和火一般的激情给后人留下了无数在文学史上永久不衰的篇章，征服了一代代读者的心灵。



## 关于作品

在阿拉伯现代文学史上，纪伯伦是一页传奇；在世界文学史上，纪伯伦的艺术风格也是独树一帜。他的作品融合了东西方心灵精髓，超越时空，成为人类永恒的箴言。诗人说，它是诗化的哲学；哲人说，它是充满哲理的诗；恋人在这里看到了爱的定义；艺术家在这里看到了灵魂的颜色；年轻人在这里找到了火一般的热情；老年人在这里找到了生死之道……

《纪伯伦的散文》包括《先知》、《沙与沫》、《疯人》、《流浪者》等作品，它代表了纪伯伦不同时期、不同风格，用英文所写的作品。

《先知》是纪伯伦巅峰之作，一经出版就轰动了全世界，译文多达五十几种语言，欧美评论家将它与泰戈尔的《吉檀迦利》相提并论，称之为“东方最美妙的声音”。它超越了时空、国界的限制，体现了人类共同的情感，满足了不同心灵的需求；它富于音韵之美的文字，宛如天籁之音，传达出人生的真理，让所有困顿彷徨的人们，得到慰藉与鼓舞！

纪伯伦作品受到如此的欢迎，能给人留下深刻的印象，不仅因为他深沉的哲学思考与火一般的激情，更主要是人们从他那睿智的人生哲理中得到顿悟！这一点在《疯人》、《沙与沫》、《流浪者》中体现得十分明显。



《疯人》是纪伯伦用英语写的第一部最具讽刺性、思想最深刻的作品。书中一篇篇语言优美、含义深刻的寓言，颂扬了真善美，鞭挞了虚伪、懒惰与怯懦。字里行间渗透着诗人对社会和自身全新的认知！

《沙与沫》是纪伯伦的一部格言集，字数不多，长短不一，短的只有一句，长的有十几句，但句句都充满了诗情和哲理，阐明了他对人生、爱情、艺术与生死等重大问题的理解。

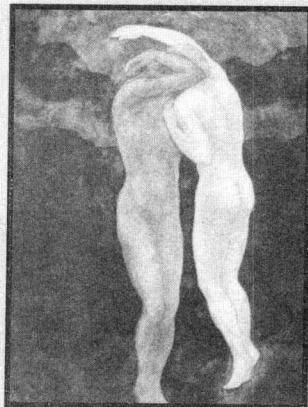
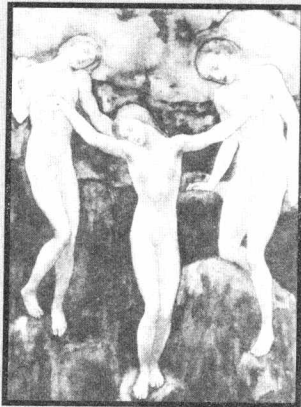
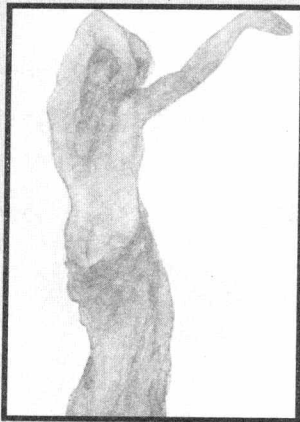
《流浪者》是纪伯伦晚期的作品，同样是通过一则则寓言故事，描述了形形色色的生活，犹如一位白发苍苍的长者在向年轻人倾诉自己的心声。

纪伯伦的作品是年轻人心灵的初恋，也是长者历经世事，蓦然回首的感悟，任何时候打开本书，就像打开了通往灵魂的窗口，让你领略这位先知隽永不朽的哲思。





纪伯伦画展



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# The Prophet

## 先知

Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.

Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;

For love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say,

“God is in my heart,” but rather,

“I am in the heart of God.”

**爱**，除了自身别无所欲，也别无所求；

爱，不占有也不被占有。

因为，在爱里一切都足够了。

你付出爱时，

不要说“上帝在我心中”，

而应说“我在上帝心中”。





## 船来守

在当代的曙光下，被选与被爱的艾玛达法，在奥菲里斯城等待来接他返回自己出生之岛的船只，已经十二年了。

在第十二年，也就是“收割月”的第七日，他登上没有城墙的山冈，远眺大海，看到他的航船正从雾霭中驶来。

他的心胸豁然开朗，喜悦之情直奔海面。他闭起双眸，在灵魂的静默处祈祷。

然而当他走下山冈时，却有一阵悲哀袭来。他默想：

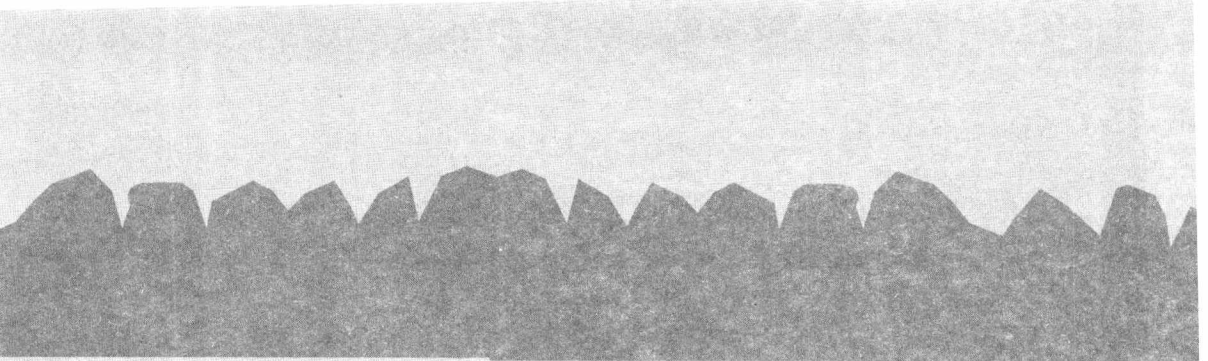
我如何能平静地离去，而不带丝毫哀伤？不，我无法不带着精神上的伤痛离开这个城市。

在这个城市中，我度过了多少个漫长而痛苦的日子，又经历了多少个漫长而孤寂的夜晚；谁能无牵无挂地摆脱他的痛苦和孤寂？

这里的大街小巷都撒满了我心灵的碎片，这里有许多充满朝气与希望的孩子赤足穿梭在山林间，我无法做到毫无负担与伤痛地从这些景物中悄然离去。

今天，我不是脱去一件外衣，而是用自己的手撕下一层皮。





## The Coming of the Ship

**A**lmustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto his own day, had waited twelve years in the city of Orphalese for his ship that was to return and bear him back to the isle of his birth.

And in the twelfth year, on the seventh day of lelool, the month of reaping, he climbed the hill without the city walls and looked seaward; and he beheld his ship coming with the mist.

Then the gates of his heart were flung open, and his joy flew far over the sea. And he closed his eyes and prayed in the silences of his soul.

But as he descended the hill, a sadness came upon him, and he thought in his heart:

How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Nay, not without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city.

Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls, and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can depart from his pain and his aloneness without regret?

Too many fragments of the spirit have I scattered in these streets, and too many are the children of my longing that walk naked among these hills, and I can not withdraw from them without a burden and an ache.

It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands.

我置之身后的不是一种思绪，而是一颗用饥渴凝结起来的甘甜之心。  
然而，我无法再滞留了。  
召唤万物的大海在召唤我，我必须启程了。

因为，留下来只会使在黑夜中依然燃烧发热的生命逐渐冷却，结晶成形。

假若能带走这一切，我该有多高兴。然而，我怎么能够？

唇齿赋予声音飞翔的翅膀，而声音却无法携唇齿同行，它只能独自翱翔天际。

雁鸟必须离开巢穴，才能独自飞越太阳。

现在，他已行至山下，再次面向大海，看见他的船已驶近港口，水手来自他的故乡。

于是他的心灵向他们呼唤道：

我先人的子孙们，你们这弄潮的健儿，你们曾在我梦中航行多次。

如今，在我苏醒之时，你们翩然而来，也就是我更深的梦境。

我已整装待发，渴望的心早已扬起帆，等待着风起。

只想在这沉静的气氛中再吸一口气，再回首投下深情的一瞥。

然后我就加入到你们中，成为水手中的一员。

而你，浩渺的大海，不眠的母亲，将是  
河与溪流惟一的安宁与自由。这溪流只要  
再蜿蜒一回，在林中空地低吟一曲，我就会  
投入你的怀抱，犹如一滴自由的水滴，融入  
无穷的大海。



Nor is it a thought I leave behind me, but a heart made sweet with hunger and with thirst.

Yet I cannot tarry longer.

The sea that calls all things unto her calls me, and I must embark.

For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould.

Fain would I take with me all that is here. But how shall I?

A voice cannot carry the tongue and the lips that give it wings. Alone must it seek the ether.

And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the sun.

Now when he reached the foot of the hill, he turned again towards the sea, and he saw his ship approaching the harbour, and upon her prow the mariners, the men of his own land.

And his soul cried out to them, and he said:

Sons of my ancient mother, you riders of the tides, how often have you sailed in my dreams.

And now you come in my awakening, which is my deeper dream.

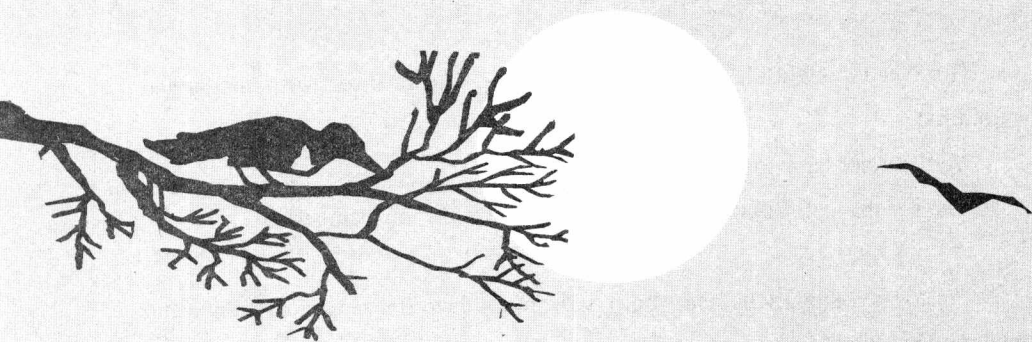
Ready am I to go, and my eagerness with sails full set awaits the wind.

Only another breath will I breathe in this still air. Only another loving look cast backward.

And then I shall stand among you, a seafarer among seafarers.

And you, vast sea, sleepless mother, who alone are peace and freedom to the river and the stream. Only another winding will this stream make, only another murmur in this glade, and then shall I come to you, a boundless drop to a boundless ocean.





他行走着，看到远处的男男女女都离开了农田与果园，纷纷涌向城门。他听到他们喊着自己的名字，并在田野间奔走相告他的船即将到达的消息。

他对自己说：

莫非离别之时也是相聚之日？

难道我的黄昏实际是我的黎明？

我能为那些放下耕田犁具、停下酿酒转轮的人们奉献什么？

是以心灵为树，采摘累累果实与他们分享？

还是将渴望化作涌泉，倾满他们的杯盏？

是做一只万能之手可以弹拨的竖琴，还是一管能让他们的呼吸可以穿过我身躯的长笛？


我是个寂寞的追寻者，而在寂寞中究竟寻得了什么，使我得以自信地施与？

如果这是我的丰收日，那我又是在哪个被遗忘的季节和哪块土地上播撒下种子呢？

如果此刻是该高举我的明灯之时，那灯中燃烧的火焰并不是我点燃的。我举起的灯空虚而黑暗，夜的守护者将为它注满油，点起火。

他开口讲述这些，但还有许多未说出的话藏在心间。因为他是一个无法表达自己更深层秘密的人。





And as he walked he saw from afar men and women leaving their fields and their vineyards and hastening towards the city gates.

And he heard their voices calling his name, and shouting from field to field telling one another of the coming of his ship.

And he said to himself:

Shall the day of parting be the day of gathering?

And shall it be said that my eve was in truth my dawn?

And what shall I give unto him who has left his plough in midfurrow, or to him who has stopped the wheel of his winepress?

Shall my heart become a tree heavy laden with fruit that I may gather and give unto them?

And shall my desires flow like a fountain that I may fill their cups?

Am I a harp that the hand of the mighty may touch me, or a flute that his breath may pass through me?

A seeker of silences am I, and what treasure have I found in silences that I may dispense with confidence?

If this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed, and in what unremembered seasons?

If this indeed be the hour in which I lift up my lantern, it is not my flame that shall burn therein.

Empty and dark shall I raise my lantern, and the guardian of the night shall fill it with oil and he shall light it also.

These things he said in words. But much in his heart remained unsaid. For he himself could not speak his deeper secret.