



Patrick Gary Malec

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For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?
And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides,
that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered? Only when you
drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing. And when you have
reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb. And when the earth
shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

... an excerpt from "Death" by Khalill Gibran