



You wouldst know the secret of death.
But how shall you find it
Unless you seek it in the heart of life? ...
If you would indeed behold the spirit of death,
Open your heart wide unto the body of life.
For life and death are one,
Even as the river and the sea are one. ...

Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd
When he stands before the king
Whose hand is laid upon him in honour.
Is not the shepherd joyful beneath his trembling
That he shall wear the mark of the king?

For what is it to die
But to stand naked in the wind
And to melt into the sun?