

ON WINTER

Winter is the season
in which everything goes to sleep
in which everything closes down
in which everything meditates

in which everything is wrapped and protected
from that cold, that greyness
from that dim light of those short days.

the trees shed.
the flowers, if still on the plants,
wilt.

the bare winter hedges
reflect the silent season
reflect the season of no colour
reflect the season
of this apparent closure.

we have few colours in winter.
everything quietens.
everything is silent in nature.

everything is awaiting that ray of heat
that brings light
that brings colour
that brings germination

that brings a push
from the subterranean layers
to the surface of the earth
so that branch
so that shoot
can become a strong shoot
a strong shrub, powerful plant.

a powerful plant doesn't mean a large plant
a powerful plant also means
a tiny flower bush

a powerful plant is one bursting with energy
to form
to give birth to
to multiply
its leaves and its flowers.

the powerfulness is in the quality
not in the quantity.
everything is always in the quality.

winter appears to be
a period of rest
a period of collection.

the sky seems to bend over the earth
like a benevolent and protective blanket

the clouds are there, ever present
the clouds are there in their homogeneity
but not in the carefreeness of spring
or the turbulence of summer.
you see them flat, as if the sky had really
come close to the earth.

how can we reflect man's life
in the relationship of this metaphor
with the winter season?

I would like to be able to say
dear friends, dear children
I would like to be able to say:
reflect.

take this metaphor
let it sink
into the deepest part of your soul
into the deepest part of your being
and see what this metaphor brings you
as enlightenment
as further knowledge
of what you already knew.

I would like to be able to say
that any teaching
even the most brilliant
even the clearest
even the most exhaustive

would bring nothing inside you
if you didn't let it sink
into the profundity of your being
that is yours alone.

a single teaching, its ramifications thousands:
everyone will welcome into himself
that part that belongs to him
that part that is necessary to him
that part that seems pertinent
to his own moment.

and so use, welcome
this winter metaphor
inside each one of us.

each of us searches
what our real meaning is
what our real payment is
what our real quality of life is
of our own moment
when faced with the winter metaphor.

winter is not passive waiting
winter is not a flattening of emotions
winter is not a stopping of creativity
winter does not betray man's hopes.

winter is not a stepfather
for man
or for nature
or for animals.

winter is the coordinator
winter is the demiurge

winter is protective
aware
preparer
equilibrator
orderer
demiurge.

how can you let sink
in what moment can you let sink
this season of the earth
into the season of your life?

you must unite with nature.
to observe yourself well
you must observe nature.
to hear yourself well

you must listen to the song and the silence.

to accept yourself
you must accept whatever manifestation
that appears externally,
but being part of that entirety
of which you are an efficient part
an involved part
an irreplaceable and inalienable part.

if your life didn't know by alternate rhythms
the winter season
it couldn't have a springtime
thus it couldn't have a blossoming,
it couldn't reap during summer
and thus it couldn't harvest the fruit

and it couldn't have with autumn
the rest and the sweet abandonment to rest.

the winter season in your life
will not be defined
by the movement of the earth
by the earth's rotation around the sun.

the winter season in your life
will be defined by your path towards the spirit
not around the spirit.

as you proceed bit by bit in your reality
that opens to other realities
you will meet your winter seasons.

do not refuse them
do not reject them
see all their beauty
see all their capacity
for renewal and creativity.
see all their fervour of rebirth.

see all their vital force that accumulates
that spreads, that expands,
in that truth, though apparently latent,
but what a fervent tumult of life
and of desire to express itself
and of expression and of drive
it is.

you can't decide your winter
your spring
your summer
or your sunset.

you can't predict
with repetitive, mathematical rhythms
like those rhythms of the seasons of the earth

when your winter will be
when your spring will come
when your summer harvest will arrive
when your well-deserved autumn rest
will come.

you cannot know
you cannot predict

but you can recognize.

you have to be attentive
to the moments of your existence.
you'll have to be attentive
oh you man and you daughter
to the moments of existence.

the moments of existence
do not seem
do not appear
but are.

and everything depends on you
to know how to recognize them.
no-one outside yourself
can recognize your seasons.

it is pointless to refuse them
it is pointless to deflect them
it is pointless to reject them.

by only postponing, and not overcoming
diversion is expressed
and refusal is expressed.

postponing a responsibility
doesn't mean resolving it
it means deflecting it
but it means that it is always waiting

for our truth.

winter has its poetry
winter has its beauty
winter has its mysticism
winter has its enchantment.

you have to be well prepared
to discover its beauty
its poetry
its charm and its mysticism.

everything is around man
all the truth is present.
man must only, bit by bit,
step by step, get to know it
recognize it and possess it.

the truth a brother reaches
can only be information of truth for you
but it won't become your truth.

your truth is yours only

only yours is the specificity
of your truth.

it is beautiful to share with other brothers
the information of truth gained
the taste, the beauty of the different
truths gained.

this is the gift man receives
in granting his own truth
and in welcoming within himself the truths of others:
the pleasure, the taste of diversity
and of the multitude of truths

but no-one or nothing
could ever grant you a truth
that is not yours
that is not allowed to you
that is not the fruit of a path
a journey, a commitment undertaken by you alone.

and books?
and the teaching of the masters?
and the great philosophers?

and the sages?

you will say to me:
why do they exist, why do they commit themselves
if they can give me nothing?
if you ask this
you have not understood well
the meaning of giving
and the meaning of receiving.

the teaching of masters
of sages, of great philosophers,
if they really are so,
can give you the great news
of your freedom.

a great master
would never want your plagiarism.

a great master
would never want your falling back
on a truth that is not yours
that doesn't belong to you.

a great master exhorts you
a great master supports you
a great master throbs with you
so that you can find your path
your effort in your freedom
for your truth.

welcome are the great masters
who are also anonymous, silent
blended in with the multitude
blended in within the home
blended in on that path,

welcome are the great masters
who can help you understand
what your form is
what your need is
how heavy you are
how strong you are
how big you are
how brave you are

and how generous you are
especially as regards yourself

and in your effect on others.

you will be generous with your brother
if you are generous with yourself.
you will be tolerant towards your brother
if you are tolerant towards yourself.
you will understand your brother
if you understand yourself.

this doesn't mean perdition
this doesn't mean loss
this doesn't mean degeneration
this means love.

Christ says:
love your neighbour as yourself
and from here one can gather you must give love to yourself
you must bring love to yourself

love for yourself
to be able to love the other

who else isn't he if not a part of you
who else isn't he but a part of you.