

ON THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

the triumph of life is not in great things.
it is not expressed in great works
it is not expressed in great actions.

the triumph of life
regarding the multitude of difficulties
of all the obstacles that, moment after moment,
rain down on man's daily life;
the triumph of life, over these difficulties, over these obstacles
is in tiny things.

it is not in pursuing a clamorous success
it is not in pursuing glitzy vanity
it is not in pursuing an achieved or to-be-achieved ambition
that it is manifest, that it occurs
that it happens, the triumph of life.

the triumph of life
is in that silent, secret
bright, accelerated renewal;
in that continuous renewal of your cells.

the triumph of life
is in that moment of rest
that you manage to snatch between so much work
between so much to do, between so much to manage.

the triumph of life
is seizing a moment of silence
while thousands of earthly matters clamour for you
they pound, they pull, they drag you into their demands.

and you manage to seize
to live that moment of silence
that is the triumph of life.

the triumph of life
for each human being, is not equal:
each one has his own share.

each person on earth
throughout the ages past present and future
has his unique reality
has his unique truth
where life manifests itself in the peculiarities of that individual
of that moment, of that reality.

thus the triumph of life is
for each of you men

human beings of today and of always
is unique.

for each of you never repeatable
similar but never repeatable.
never the same
because the instances of virtual time that man lives are never the same.

never the same
are the instances of the same truth of that individual
who lives that truth.

every human life is a continuous renewal
it is a continuous flux of new sensing
of new saying
of sentiments, of hopes,, bitternesses
of joys, of disappointments, of strengths, of weaknesses.

no moment is ever
no instance is ever
equal to the preceding one
nor will it be equal to the following one.

thus the triumph of life
is subject to the peculiarities
to the singularity of the individual
and to the singularity of the moments of the individual.

we always say that every moment is unique.

never become poor, never take offence
never become sad in thought, in life
in trying to challenge the repetitiveness of the moments that you live.

nothing is repetitive.

people tell us to see with a child's eyes, always:
a child's eye is always rapt by novelty.
for him every flight of a butterfly is new
for him every drop of rain is new
for him every mark left by that drop as it runs down the glass
is history, is a fable, is fantasy.

they say, indeed, to look at life with a child's eyes
because that water of that river
that always seems the same to you
is never the same.

each moment of your life
which appears this life, although at first glance monotonous
each moment is never the same.

each moment is full of all the potential
that all the causes favourable or not
can allow you in that very moment
of your moment of life.

you are free, o man
free to create yourself, to invent yourself
to fantasize in your being.

you are free to vibrate
you are also free to suffer.

your freedom is relative
but in the relativity of your freedom
you could do much, but much more than you do;
much, but much more than you do live
could you live.

do not look at life with greed
as if you want to swallow it, to take it
feed on everything at once:
because in that way you don't have, you can't
you don't feel anything or very little.

come closer to life by following it
observing it, marvelling at it
moment after moment
in whatever you do.

look at your thought
feel your emotions

look at that time:
how can you define it, how can you feed on it
how can you live it pushing the pain away from you
the suffering, the tribulations that
despite all your best intentions threaten you,
want to confront you
want you to lose, want to defeat you
o man.

those difficulties , those pains, those sufferings
they never reach you alone:
nothing comes alone.

the word solitude
does not exist in existing.
the word solitude
is given by the intelligence of man
that cuts itself out its own personal space
in everything that is instead a united existence.

even the person
who appears physically to feel or to seem alone
even though he doesn't perceive his spirit
and he doesn't perceive all the psychic movement of the planet
because his soul is rough,
is never alone.

can he feel alone
he who feels in his footsteps
the maternal protective benevolent earth
that supports his steps?

can he feel alone
he who in his breath
so necessary to his life
feels that effluvium of air
feels that refreshing lightness
that enters inside him with his breathing
to then come out gently
already consumed by its gift
in expiration?

can he feel alone
he who one night turns his eyes to the sky
and sees the stars, sees the moon
even though they are hidden by fog mists and clouds?

but certainty is that beyond the clouds
beyond the mists, beyond the fog
they shine, incorruptible by the obstacles
that interpose themselves between our eye and their starry distances.

can he feel alone
he who in hunger
finds fulfilment of his needs?
he who in thirst
finds satisfaction of it?
he who in his need for rest
finds fulfilment of his need?

man is never alone
because he is accompanied by life
with all those gifts that life brings
without fatigue, without exhaustion
without ransom, without demanding pacts
without demanding rewards
but always giving triumphs.

man walks, without noticing

the comforting, reassuring support
of earth.

man breathes without noticing the beneficial freshness
that goes down inside his body.
in his need to eat man
satisfies this need
and feels that everything is owed to him.

in his need for rest man
is unhappy and angry
when this need cannot be satisfied.

man
in this order so complex
of the gift of life
in this order so complex
of that equilibrium of giving and receiving
pays a lot of attention
to what he wishes to receive
and he is very distracted
by what he receives as a pure gift
for which his life can exist.

the triumph of life
is also that laughter
that smile, that forgetting and that remembering
for each of us
in the moment that it is specific to laugh
smile, remember or forget.

let's welcome knowingly all these gifts
even if prickly
that life offers us
that life sprinkles along our path.

let's welcome knowingly
those smiles, that grace, those kindnesses
that other brothers offer us.

a smile, a favour
a grace, a kindness
is a sign of peace in the soul
and in that moment he who feels peace
gives it to another.

know this
in your moments
in your passage.
if you can smile
if you can be kind
if you can bring joy to what you do.

he who receives the gentleness of the peace of your soul
will gain benefit
even if he is distracted and loses the knowledge
of that moment that you give him.

in every circumstance pour love
in every circumstance let universality excel
in every circumstance if you can, forget egoism
in every circumstance see yourself in others
in every circumstance know how to defend yourself from evil.

if you are attentive, o man, to good
evil will also be revealed to you.

if you are attentive to good
you will also recognise evil
and you will know how to defend yourself and keep it away
not with anger, not with rage, not with violence:
but only with observation
which will make you untouchable.

observe evil: recognise it.
put it in the passing of mankind
accept it as a necessary thing
accept it and send it away.

you can never take or leave one thing
if you have not possessed it first.
you can leave evil
only after you accept you possess it.

this is the path
to dissolve evil, to not have evil
not outside yourself
which will continue to go
continue to be
continue to reveal itself.

but this acceptance
and this letting go of evil
is the right path
to dissolve evil inside you.

and we know
that all humankind in all times
is made up of single individuals

and the single individual, attentive in himself
to the acceptance of evil to then leave it,
will free humanity from evil.
amen