

MUSIC

The music that you listen to,
the music that people listen to,
the music that is heard
in all places, at all times,
do you think perhaps that it has been given
by a single spirit?

do you think perhaps that it is the result
of intelligence, of inspiration
of a single intelligence
of a single sentiment
of a single sensibility?

the music that each of us listens to
the music that everyone listens to
music, sovereign of joy
of pain, of emotion,

music, sovereign of song
of crying, of farewell, of elevation,
music, sovereign of life
of sensation, of spirituality,

music given by the pipe organ, by the wind,
music given by the leaf
music given by the voice
music given by the instrument
that man wanted, knew how to create.

music is a universal gift.

music does not belong only to mankind.
music is true harmony of worlds
music is true harmony of cosmoses
music is true vibration of the spirit
music is true laughter of the soul
music is true weeping of the soul.

music is the wave that takes
that inspires, that consoles.

music is that wave
that speaks to the most clouded souls
that speaks to the brightest souls
that speaks to the most uncouth man
that speaks to the most evolved man.

music becomes hiccups
when it is derived from yearning
and when it covers a yearning.

music accompanies the life of a man
as a gift, as lightness
as joy, as an awakening
as turmoil.

what would life be like without music?
it would be like the planet without sunshine.

the music
that a man manages to hear
that a man manages to define
that a man manages to conceive,

is not just a fruit of his mere semblance.

that man is an antenna of the harmony
in which all the universe is immersed.
it is as if he gathered with his spirit,
he gathered gifts to offer to those whose hands
are not suitable to collect gifts
but whose souls are ready to receive gifts.

there is not just the music of sound
there is also the music of silence.
there is not just the music of the wind
there is also the music of starry nights
there is also the music of that glance
that looks up beyond the horizon.

there is also the music of that glance
that pierces the darkness
that goes beyond starlit spaces.

there is also the music of he whose
mind opposes ignorance,
there is the music of he whose
feelings oppose hardness,
there is also the music of he who
responds to snubs with kindness.

there is music of the body
there is music of dance
there is music of innocence
there is dramatic music of guilt
there is music of absolution
there is music of responsibility
there is music of omission.

everything is music.

this is why man
for every moment he lives
in the being of his being
finds affinity, finds comparison
finds satisfaction, finds consolation
in that verse, in that harmony
that suits him best at that moment.

it is a barren soul the soul that does not sense music.
music sings in the heart
music sings in the air.

man is used to
going through his pain,
man is attentive
to going through his pain,
never forgets himself
in all the parts of his suffering,
he is never distracted in his suffering.

man must greatly reconnect himself
with everything that is universal harmony
where equilibrium of masses, of forms, of light
of shadow, of sounds and silences
spreads incessantly
tirelessly
to exist and give form to existence.

man, until he finds
progress of equilibrium
of connection in harmony
between his positive being
and his negative being,
much suffering, too much suffering
does he bring on himself.

let's not distract ourselves from our joys
let's not distract ourselves, let's not forget them
let's not forget our joys
let's keep them in our hearts, in our eyes
in our blood, in our heartbeats
in our minds, in our voices and our words,
our joys.

let's bear in mind
the achievements of our efforts,
let's not underestimate
the results of our efforts,
let's see them there as cornerstones
to support our shortcomings
our depressions, our sadness.

we must not be present
only at our sufferings.

man's path is never
given by a single pole.

man's path can never
even symbolically
be given by a single foot.

thus you man
who feels overwhelmed by your pain,
you man
who feels overwhelmed by your melancholy

open your eyes
finally open your heart
to everything immense that enlightens you

reawaken to that sound
reawaken to that music
that seems so dear only when
a little instrument reacts and is activated.

so are you perhaps less valuable
less important, less pliable
less able than that tiny instrument
which just touched
just pressed
just activated
can give and does grant such consolation?

you man
have you not yet discovered
what a precious instrument of cosmic harmony reception
you can be?

you are the instrument
in input and in output.

act, work, receive, give
but not only darkness,
not only suffering,
but also holiness.

act, receive, give
that unique sense too
that complex sense
of that feeling everything that appears in you,
but is of everyone.

that new feeling
that feeling of awakening
that feeling of wonder
that feeling of marvelling at the discovery
of what is that moment in life
that sees you as the protagonist.

how can you not get used to suffering,
which is part of life?
how can you instead get used to life
no longer noticing
what marvellous wonder
what enchanting amazement this life is?

how can you notice only evil?
how can you notice only pain?

how can you be so small, short-sighted
narrow, deaf, crippled
to that universality that, instead, belongs to you?

how can you forget the immensity of your being
how can you forget the being that is in you
and that gives you existence?

how can you circumscribe yourself
only in those tiny steps, in that tiny body,
which, even though painful, gives you so much
in proof, in knowledge, in support

so much experience it gives you
but it itself cannot be
everything in your existence

how can you reduce yourself to seeing yourself
only in the step of that little foot
which, while important, is limited
in comparison with your whole existence?

let's look at ourselves in a global sense
let's observe ourselves in a total sense.

we mustn't come only and exclusively
to a physical, superficial conviction
of mood of state of being
even though a calm state of being.

we mustn't come to the conviction
that our being is only and exclusively
in this calm sensing of being:
when pain does not appear
when there is no suffering
when misfortune does not touch your shores.

being and living
in the calmness of feeling,
being and living
in the drama and in the suffering of pain,
you are never alone or circumscribed
only in that setting where you think you are
only and exclusively confined.

you are that point
in that trajectory
where other points intersect
where other trajectories interweave.

you are that point
in that cosmic vibration of life
of all existence.

understand yourself o man
understand yourself and exult
in the gift of existence.

how tiny each suffering is
even if it appears immense
for your tiny, bony shoulders.

how tiny all suffering is
compared with that light which, yours,
awaits you.

how great your whole existence is
even though you don't participate *in toto*
in the greatness of your existence:

this is where faith brings relief
this is where faith is the lever
this is where faith restores tired limbs
this is where faith grants repose to the tired mind
this is where faith grants peace to the worn out body
this is where faith keeps resurrected
and never sleeping from its resurrection, the spirit.

man's path is nothing other
as we always say, than his path
for an ever-more fulfilled understanding.

man's path leads
always and exclusively
to a more complete understanding.

man's path is not for few
it is not for many, it is not for lots
but it is for all.

but everyone has his step
everyone fills his part
everyone bears his weight and his strain
everyone bears his responsibilities
everyone makes his choice
everyone carries his bag, his weight,
his kit.

everyone is a co-participant

in his path in evolution
everyone is called
to bring his own contribution
to what is his specific becoming
in spiritual hierarchy
different from earthly hierarchy.

spiritual hierarchy is evolution of conscience.
spiritual hierarchy is ever greater fusion
between the feelings that become.

spiritual hierarchy does not see separation
it does not see authority, it doesn't see command
it does not see power
if not the power of love
that per se links, per se unifies
per se gives communion
per se gives consolation.

every man is in this enchantment.

we* come to be that light
that marks the way in that darkness,
where the tension of the world
where the egoism of the world
where the pain of the world,
leads to oppression, to the detriment
of peace and brotherhood.
(*disembodied spiritual entity)

we are a light.
we are that tiny light
that fends off darkness.

and you, man of good will
that sees that light
proceed toward that horizon
towards that glowing flame
that quivers, that warms

proceed paying no heed
to the brambles your feet encounter,
to the blood seeping from your feet
take no notice of the clods of earth, the cliffs
do not mind the sharp rocks

but go on, come nearer
follow that flame, follow that light
that was given by our teaching;
have faith that that light
will not bring you to an abyss of perdition.

have faith, because that light
is a trace of your truth
of all truth
of that omnipresent truth
that belongs to all
and that waits to be possessed.

friends, brothers, sons, sisters
we are all everything
nothing is separate.

man's intelligence, which creates wonders
is the fulcrum of the intelligence of all.

man's music,
which creates wonders
is the fulcrum of the harmony of all

and the cry of man is the cry of all.
the joy, the exultation in beauty
in hope, in faith
is the goal of all.

our task is
to live even pain positively.
our task is
to see efforts positively.

our task is to not lose ourselves
in that tiny trace,
which seems our whole life
but is just a mere trace
and it is a big trace of this body,
which leaves its mark
bit by bit as it is used up
in this journey of its incarnation.

it is a big trace
if it becomes small for us.
it is a small and insignificant trace
if for us it remains unique and absolute.

how can we think we are separate
if the harmony of a sound
if the beauty of a music
of today of yesterday of tomorrow
can make many hearts vibrate
so different in their proceeding
in so many different bodies
in so many different circumstances of life:

but equally trembling,
they vibrate to the sound of that harmony.

man
see, look, observe
discover beyond the form
beyond space
beyond time

there
you are