

ON CHRISTMAS

Christmas of blood and not christmas of love.
what, for the man of today,
does the celebration of christmas mean?

there is no annual feast
since the astronomical cycle of time began
known on a global scale
as is the feast of holy christmas.

if we asked today
in a lucky chance meeting
on the streets of some city
in the streets of some village
in the carriage of a train

in a crowded square
in a conference centre
or in any other place
where people gather,

where men gather
willingly or unwillingly together
to proceed in an experience of life,

so if we asked at random
one of those who are together,
staying together,
what, in all truth and conscience,
the holy christmas feast actually meant

well, there wouldn't be one person
there wouldn't be one individual,
that could or would know how to respond

with that meaning which in previous centuries
christmas had in different forms
in different rituals for different populations
for the various ancient peoples
who lived in different areas of planet earth.

in latin america too,
on the other side of the world from where you are now,
the feast of christmas was celebrated;

in the sense that that force

that acts on the world and on things
was recognised,

they recognised and they knew
Its value of being able to manage
give, donate or take away life
and support
for man's life.

the sun that sinks bit by bit below the horizon
the sun that loses bit by bit the power of its heat,
its spread of light,

the sun that seems to no longer want to remain
high in the celestial vaults,
the sun that seems to want to abandon
man to the pallor of the night

here is man's attention
with his face turned toward celestial forces
on which man felt he had to depend
for his survival;

and what joy what happiness
in seeing the gradual return of the sun
reborn, re-emerging, rising again
from its eclipse.

that's how the christmas feast
was felt in a way not pagan
but truly holy
by the people of the earth
who observed the forces of nature

who felt part of this harmonious design
created in a continuous synergy
with every element of nature.

these people felt part,
an integral part,
of all that is life
and manifestation of life

they recognised the links
they recognised the complementariness
they recognised the sustenance
within respect for the various forms of energy
lavished on them from the cosmic reality.

then man,
man who, bit by bit has advanced
in his technological process,

man
who, bit by bit, began to feel himself
sovereign over nature, trampling it
using and abusing it
for his own self,

man
no longer lives in the holiness of attention
to the things that grant life.

man lives in the abuse
in the exploitation of things
and of the realities of nature
that grant him life.

the man of today understands christmas as a commemoration
of a ritual born in that distant century
when that candid soul called Francesco
wanted to pay homage to that master
called Jesus

returning it to that metaphoric event
of the night of time
understood as astronomic night,
in salvation with light and by the light
of the great master Christ.

in harmony with the nature of that humble soul
the metaphor of the darkness of time
with the darkness of the spirit

and of the light of knowledge
of forgiveness and of love
with the light regained
by the rising sun is welcome.

but over time the metaphoric ritual
has assumed improper significance.

over time man
has covered with superstition
that which, in his nature
and in his roots, is holiness.

everything is transformed
into the role of possession
into the role of interests
into the role of commerce
into the role of glitz
of worldly things
that distract
from the essence of the light
of the things of the spirit.

the christmas of people, who with easy words,
give wishes of good
give wishes of love
give wishes of peace.

it seems that by giving the word
one can pay off and make amends for
the not giving of existence.

it seems that with one day's smile
one can repay and make amends for
the non-love of time.

it seems that with the music
the sound the racket the gifts
the shiny cards
the children's voices full of enthusiasm
the boredom of the adults
for something owed to this date
but already worn out in their lives,

well it seems that on that day
on which many feelings are mixed up,
on that day one can make amends for
the indifference, the closure
the rejection of true effort
simple, small but profound,
towards your neighbour.

if we cancelled out
every glitzy commercial,
if we cancelled out every physical wish,
if we cancelled out every regard for property,

very little would remain of that "holy" origin
not only of brother Francesco
but also of the ancient people,

those very ancient people,

very little would remain of that holiness
in our present and on our day
of festivity of so-called holy christmas.

churches too are wrapped in uncertainty
churches too straddle superstition
churches too distract man
from the true holiness
not only of the winter solstice day
but from the true holiness of every day

where the sun seems to be continually eclipsing
where the sun, as a metaphor of light,
of comprehension of life,
seems to no longer cure itself
no longer rise
but only eclipse.

today we see wars
and in these armies that oppose each other
that confront each other
we hear their call to a god of war
who must support, who must bring victory
to the different armies.

today we fight in the name of a peace
that needs to be brought, donated to humanity.

today we fight
we kill
we torture
not just physically
but also psychologically
morally, too
with the excuse of bringing peace
bringing sovereignty

of bringing justice to those lands
where yes, they know sovereignty
but that of the opponent.
where yes, they know justice
but only of those who want to overwhelm.
where yes, they know peace
but only that of death.

there are war battles
there are economic battles
there are individual battles

everyone wants to win
everyone wants to have
everyone wants to overwhelm.

it seems that on the planet
only the reality of war exists

war between people
the war of individuals
power struggle
political wars
family wars.

so is everything lost
of all that, with so much love,
is told and given to man
lavished in support
lavished in knowledge
lavished in understanding
by God to man?

everything seems lost,
but is everything really all lost?

everything seems to be in chaos
but is everything really in chaos?

the eyes of the body
the mind, the heart
are tight and dismayed
on hearing the news
from all over the world.

the eyes of the heart
the thoughts of the mind
feel that within the immense force of turbulence
of tempest that disturbs humanity,
the thoughts of the mind and the eyes of the heart
see also light of salvation.

light of salvation
that doesn't come from multitudes
that doesn't come from an acquired power:
light of salvation that comes from reflection

from an individual's own introspection

to the point when he can welcome as knowledge
every event
in which he is spectator or protagonist.

man is called to know
man is called to see
things unknown in other epochs

man is called to receive
a hard lesson
a strong lesson
a lesson of earthly coalescence
to be able to free himself from earthly interests
and evolve towards the freedom
of his conscience.

being free in conscience
does not mean
being detached.
being free in conscience
does not mean being demotivated.

being free in conscience
sees man free, active.

sees man free in hope
sees man free in faith
sees the free man busy
sees the free man intensely live
his time understood as an epoch
and understood also as dailyness.

every voice, every word
every movement, every gust of wind
means something that goes beyond what appears.

we will never tire of saying
of looking, of seeing
beyond every apparent manifestation.

it is hard to see
beyond every apparent manifestation
but it is much harder still to not see
every beyond-apparent manifestation.

the hard part of the vision

is given by the revelation
that nothing can deter us
from that which is our cognitive walk.

there are no empty prayers
there are no lighted candles
there are no novenas
that can lift this pain from us
which is only and exclusively
our cognitive walk.

in this way of observing
and knowing beyond the apparent
we must hasten
to be protagonists and spectators
of this world 'carnival'
called 'holy christmas'.