

On the sacredness of the word

The truth that you go in search of
the truth that every man goes in search of

the truth that
knowingly or unknowingly
each person searches for
and every soul desires

and each soul reaches towards that truth
that everyday life
that the physical life
of self-interests and striving
renders overwhelming.

will man ever be able
to render full that truth
for which his soul reaches?

we see expressed hopes
we see unexpressed hopes
we see solved problems
we see unsolved problems

we see disappointments
illusions, prevarications

we see improper meanings
of events and about events
that appear decisive
that appear to be bringers of the new in truth

and which are nothing other than
liars
without innovation of thought
of intentions or of capacity to comprehend.

man
in his era filled with a movement of hatred and tension,
and of contrast
unequaled in history

man is confused
by what appears to be power
by what appears to be ability

by what is instead a mass
in dissolution of evil
through the mass experience
in performing evil.

words become wind
if the word does not sink into the soul of the listener,
words become empty sounds
if the word does not enter the soul of the listener.

words are repetitive
if heard superficially
only of interests, only of tolerance
only of shunned effort

and of refused engagement
in the entering into acceptance
of the word itself
in a formal grammatical context
of a conceptual sentence
that leads to a resolution of ability to comprehend.

words seem to be the sustaining wind
of that form of communication
defined as politics

words seem to be the substratum
of those who invoke nothingness
in their favour and their endorsement.

words are the weapon
of whoever wants to pierce
the independence and autonomy of thought
of easily-deceived people
with sapient logic
with logic laden with ambition
wanted to fill their own supposed superiority.

the word instead
is a sacred sound.

one has to reflect a lot
before saying the word.

the word is a divine gift
through which man can express his soul
man can reveal his spirit.

how much we abuse words.

and how well-said words fascinate us
even if they contain nothing

and how well-said words revolt us
although they want to bring
present, bestow on, give us a strong subject.

empty words
placed on a majestic throne.

pregnant words
deprived of their holiness, their content scarred
and scorned for the involvement they exhort us to engage in.

words are always written:
never has so much paper been printed
with futile words.

words are spoken:
never have so many pointless sounds echoed round planet earth.

there are words left unsaid
and yet instead how they should be freed
from their silence

there are words repressed
and yet instead how they should explode
in a freedom of expression
to shake peoples' souls.

there are words betrayed
by facts, by events
which don't follow the original intention.

there are pathetic words
covering by trickery
realities that man is unable to support.

there are words that kill trust.
there are words that delegate to others
responsibility for one's own life.

oh you who listen,
as we always ask:
where are you?

do you know where you are
in this river of words
that overflows the banks
that flood from that so-called
natural course of its bed?

do you know where you are
regarding this divine gift
of the word and of the expression that
are the legacy of the superior man?
the superior man who is
in awareness and in expression of awareness.

with what would superior man be in expression of conscience?
if not with the word given and donated to him
the only creature of known creation
that possesses the divine means
of expression of conscience?

do we understand the responsibility
of this sound?
do we understand the necessity
of this sound?

sound given not to express futility
not to express scorn
not to express betrayal
not to pillory our brothers

sunk within their grimmer limits.

this means
utilised deprived of its sacredness
must return to the recognition
of its sacredness.

it was said
long ago
that in the beginning was the word.

it was said
for primitive souls
that God, the absolute rendered
a limited figure within the confines of form,
via the word, created the observable universe:

in the beginning was the word.
and we say to you
that there is no beginning
and there is no end

everything is in awareness of being
and man, in transmission and expression of his being,
must say the word
must activate the word
in expression of his state of consciousness
of his being present and future.

so
must we do without song
if it is a futile sound?

so
must we do without joyfulness
if saying it is futile?

no, no-one said that.
singing is poetry in harmony
but the harmony of poetry must be respected
even in simple words.

joyfulness is the laughter of the soul
but the laughter of the soul can't be fatuous
vacuous, doleful or lazy.

if you are able to understand
in the attention of yourself
the principle of sacredness
of the sound in expression
you will never
blaspheme again.

how important speech is
we appreciate it in the false situation of life
that an actor expresses.

so
if an actor in his false situation of life
a truth in falsehood,
knows how to express that falsehood well with his speaking
he is admired

he is lauded
he goes down in the history of human culture
as a great performer.

but how much more important it is to be eloquent
in the truth of life
of every true event of each of us:
there lies man's greatness.

let's discover in each of us
this greatness in telling the truth of our being
in telling the truth of events
in the telling, even though it is our truth
limited to our capacity of awareness,
but faithful to our truth,
being great tellers of our being.

let's recompose ourselves in that sacredness united
by being and seeming
by feeling and expressing.

we cannot go on remaining
straw burned by false prophets
who take advantage of their eloquence
to overwhelm crowds
the overwhelm souls
to subvert justice
wanting to enfranchise individual freedom
thought and expression.

everyone must play his part
ignoring mockery
everyone must play his part
paying no attention to his missing neighbour:

everyone must play his part
in full awareness
that everyone responds to his own works
understood as and expression of his own being.

and in one's own works
there is also the right use of the word.

the right use of the word
is not necessary for anyone outside yourself

the right use of the word
is needed by every soul
in communion of feeling and being.

the sacredness of the word

does not know limits defined by things
defined by quantities
defined by the separation of the number
the sacredness of the word is like the breath
the whisper, the divine spark that envelopes
that permeates every moment
in its virtual time.

what would remain of man
if not the expression of himself along his path
albeit virtual
in that process of awareness
expressed with the word given
and the word received?

what would remain of you, o man
if everything was defined
by that assembly of component realities.
an assembly, be it material or psychological or psychic
of elementary component realities
that apparently form you?

what would remain of you, o man
if these elementary realities
composing your apparent individuality
had no meaning
were not rendered sacred
by what the word as a unifying sign composes
if the word as a unifying sign
didn't exist?