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O Útero Metafísico

The metaphysical womb.

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Deus é a coisa mais importante que existe no mundo. Ele se manifesta através da música, da dança e na linguagem do próprio corpo. Ele se manifesta no brilho das estrelas, na cor do céu e do mar e também no brilho e na cor dos olhos dela. Ele nunca morreu ou morrerá. A minha fé é maior do que toda a solidão que já existiu no mundo. O amor dela é maior do que todo o sofrimento que já existiu no mundo. Tudo aquilo que é puro é divino. Tudo aquilo que é bonito é sagrado. A única coisa que muda é a linguagem como ele é conhecido. Ou como nós nos conhecemos. O amor dela é maior do que o universo.

Eu sou a morte. Ela é a vida.

Eu sou a noite. Ela é o dia.

Ela é a luz. Eu sou a sombra.

Ela é o sol. Eu sou a lua.

Eu sou o casulo. Ela é a borboleta.

Eu sou o relógio. Ela é o infinito.

Cada detalhe do corpo dela tem uma beleza infinita. Assim como todas as coisas da natureza e do universo por menores que sejam. O brilho de uma estrela distante.

Ela tem a beleza de todas as estrelas e galáxias

E olhando nos olhos dela eu consigo enxergar cada constelação.

Quanto tempo passou até que a minha consciência surgisse?

Até que conseguisse abrir meus próprios olhos e enxergar os olhos dela?

O amor dela é maior do que o universo.

Ela brilha e aquece mais que todas as estrelas.

Somente a escuridão dela pode me abraçar.

Somente os feixes de luz dela podem refletir nas profundezas da minha alma.

Ela toca o corpo dela como se fosse algo sagrado.

Ela toca o corpo dela como se fosse algo divino.

Em nossa alma há a faísca das estrelas.

Em nossos corpos há a semente de todos mitos.

Somente os raios e feixes de luz dela podem me abraçar.

Somente posso me esconder na escuridão ou sombra dela.

O amor é a única coisa que tanto o sábio quanto o ignorante conseguem perceber.

O desejo é a única coisa em comum que o justo e o injusto podem tocar.

Ela é a filha da escuridão da noite com a solidão.

Eu sou o filho do deserto com o mar.

Olhando nos olhos dela a única coisa que eu consigo enxergar sou eu mesmo.

Olhando nos olhos dela a única coisa que eu consigo enxergar são as profundezas da minha alma.

Cada coisa que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela. Cada coisa que existe no corpo dela também existe na natureza. Os rios, a noite, as estrelas. A escuridão e a solidão.

Conhecendo as profundezas da minha alma não há nada que o universo possa encobrir ou esconder de mim. Tocando e conhecendo o corpo dela não há nada que seja desconhecido na natureza. O corpo dela é apenas uma linguagem diferente para falar sobre tudo aquilo que existe ou não existe assim como é a poesia ou são os mitos.

A pele dela são como as páginas onde estão escritas toda a história da humanidade e da natureza.

A pele dela são como as páginas onde estão escritas toda a história das estrelas e da consciência.

Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza causa um sentimento diferente. As estrelas, a noite, as montanhas, as frutas, assim como cada parte do corpo dela causa um sentimento diferente.

Ela consegue tornar o infinito algo pequeno.

Ela consegue tornar a solidão algo efêmero.

O único sentido.

É que as coisas infinitamente pequenas sejam infinitamente importantes.

O único sentido.

É que as coisas efêmeras sejam eternizadas.

A única coisa que existe na consciência dela são as estrelas.

A única coisa que existe na minha consciência é o oceano.

Para conseguir o abraço dela eu preciso passar pelo infinito.

Eles acham que é algo pouco. Mas não sabem como me sinto.

Para conseguir o beijo dela eu preciso atravessar o infinito.

Eles insistem em dizer que tudo aquilo que existe no mundo é algo pequeno. Mas não sabem como me sinto. Nunca saberão.

A minha fé é maior do que toda a solidão que já existiu no mundo.

O amor dela é maior do que todo o sofrimento que já existiu no mundo.

No corpo e na alma dela.

Há tanto o caminho para o inferno quanto para o paraíso.

E curiosamente aqueles que estão na festa ou completamente nus poderiam estar mais próximos do céu e do paraíso do que aqueles que se vestem como puros, falam como puros, estão nos lugares puros, mas não tem um coração puro.

Ela literalmente rouba meu coração. O rapta. Como se fosse um eclipse ou a lua pela manhã. E eu sou obrigado a amar aquilo que os homens mais odeiam. A virtude da paciência.

Eu não tenho forças o suficiente para mover o sol ou a lua. Mas a maioria dos homens é tola o suficiente para acreditar que tem tal força.

Eu nunca estive fora do útero dela. Eu nunca estive fora do abraço dela.

Tudo aquilo que eu posso aprender está na terra. Tudo aquilo que eu posso desejar está no fogo.

Eu tenho certeza que ela sabe de todas as minhas intenções, sentimentos, desejos e imaginações mesmo que eu nunca diga nada. E mesmo que eu não tenha nenhuma

palavra. Estamos ligados por algo divino e sagrados. Estamos ligados por algo eterno e imortal.

O deus dela só conhece a linguagem da música. Ele só conhece a linguagem do toque e do amor. O deus mais puro só se manifesta no desejo. Só se manifesta na música.

Eu preciso esperar ela nascer novamente para mostrar a sua luz pela pequena fresta como se fosse o por do sol ou o fim da tarde.

A minha paixão e o meu desejo são como as estações do ano ou um relógio. Às vezes eu estou, mas ela não. Às vezes ela está mais eu não.

O homem do meu tempo é aquele que quanto menor ele é maior ele se considera. Eles podem errar em suas palavras, em seu tom e em seus julgamentos, mas eu ainda posso dizer algo para eles que justamente eles querem ouvir. Eu sinto uma fome que somente um corpo nu poderia alimentar.

E não existe nada nesse mundo que poderia matar ou suprimir esse desejo. Esse desejo é a própria fé ou esperança. Esse fogo é a própria vida. Esse desejo é maior do que a própria morte ou a própria vida.

Para alguns a solidão é a única coisa pior do que a morte. Eles preferem ter infinitos inimigos ou amores ilusórios do que encarar a solidão nas profundezas dos seus olhos e sentimentos.

Nem a morte ou a solidão absoluta poderiam acabar com esse desejo. Elas seriam apenas um tempero.

Quão grato eu posso ser por existir o livre arbítrio? Assim ela pode tomar as piores decisões e escolher as piores coisas apenas para alimentar meu coração e imaginação. O pior amor que ela poderia escolher seria o meu. Mas o melhor olho para enxergar como ela quisesse ou desejasse seria o meu.

Quão grato eu posso ser por existir o livre arbítrio? Assim eu posso me acorrentar em um barco para evitar o meu e o sofrimento dela.

A realidade é um útero. A realidade está dentro de um útero.

Nasci vazio e em lugar vazio. Mas dentro de mim e de todos nós há a semente mitológica. Quando todos os mitos forem esquecidos, destruídos ou se tornarem mornos nosso propósito será os criar novamente.

Quanto mais o tempo passa mais o homem regride. O homem ou a humanidade alcançaram o seu ápice quando a explicação para todas as coisas do mundo eram os mitos.

Eu sou aquele que diz que deus nunca morreu e nunca morrerá. A única coisa que muda é a linguagem como ele é conhecido.

Não existe apenas uma linguagem para se conhecer deus.

O corpo é uma linguagem?

O sonho do velho juvenzinho era tornar ciência e filosofia uma coisa só. Em suas forjas metafísicas ele falhou. Então o sonho do velho cuja consciência permanece sempre nova e jovem tornou-se fundir e tornar a mitologia e a ciência uma coisa só. Ele se aproximou daquilo que sempre esteve e sempre estará distante.

Não nasci tarde demais para falar como um poeta. Nasci no mesmo tempo de todos os homens. Do primeiro ao último que reconhece a importância e a potência do amor.

Enquanto houver desejo haverá mitologia. Enquanto houver corpo haverá filosofia.

Os olhos dela são para ele o seu telescópio. A pele dela são as páginas onde estão escritas toda a história da humanidade, da natureza e da consciência. Sua voz tão doce e sublime dá a luz a tudo aquilo que pode existir de sagrado, divino ou profano nesse mundo.

O corpo dela é tão bonito e infinito como o próprio universo.

Não existe nada no mundo que seja fácil ou difícil. Tudo depende apenas da nossa vontade. Tudo depende apenas do nosso desejo. Queremos continuar com os olhos fechados ou abri-los?

A principal questão do conhecimento não é descobrir a verdade. Mas nos perguntar por que ignoramos tudo aquilo que sempre esteve diante dos nossos olhos ou sentimentos...

A beleza do mundo não reside somente naquilo que eu faço ou os outros fazem. A beleza do mundo reside em tudo aquilo que ainda poderia ser feito.

A beleza do mundo não reside apenas nas coisas que existem, mas principalmente nas coisas que poderiam existir ou serem feitas.

A beleza do mundo não reside apenas naquilo que existe. Mas a verdadeira beleza do mundo reside em sua potência. Em tudo aquilo que ainda poderia ser feito ou criado.

O homem aprendiz do deserto. Ele se achava rico não por aquilo que ele tinha. Mas, justamente por aquilo que ele não tinha.

O homem filho do deserto. Ele se achava importante não pelas pessoas que atraía. Mas, pelas pessoas que repelia.

O homem que é o deserto. Se considerava sábio não pelo que dizia ou fazia. Mas pelo seu silêncio. Pelo aquilo que não dizia ou não fazia.

O homem mais sábio de todos não era sábio por aquilo que sabia. Mas era sábio por tudo aquilo que voluntariamente não queria saber ou conhecer.

O homem do deserto sempre admirou a filha da escuridão da noite com a solidão. O homem do deserto sempre admirou a filha do sol do meio dia com as nuvens.

Não importa em qual ano, século ou milênio eu nasci. Eu e ela podemos enxergar as mesmas coisas quando fechamos os olhos.

Ainda que o mundo se tornasse vazio eu não teria motivos para reclamar de nada. Se todas as noites eu pudesse dormir com a mesma tranquilidade de alguém que dorme sobre as nuvens.

Não é possível compreender o amor. O amor é uma doce surpresa. É a maior contradição de todas. Mas também é a coisa mais fácil de notar.

Eu acho que no corpo dela há tanto o sol quanto a lua. Há tanto montanhas quanto nuvens e desertos. Eu acho que no corpo dela há um pequeno pedaço de cada estrela ou galáxia. Contemplando a beleza dela eu me lembro da natureza. Contemplando a natureza eu me lembro dela.

Não importa se nasci ontem ou irei nascer amanhã. Eu e ela temos a mesma imaginação.

Parece que o universo não conhece nenhum início e nenhum fim. E mesmo que ele sumisse ou derretesse ele teria potência para surgir novamente com todas as suas aventuras, delírios e miragens.

O nosso maior erro é achar que o universo tem as mesmas limitações que as nossas.

A luz refletida pelo farol não é a mesma refletida pelos olhos dela. A luz da vela não é a mesma luz refletida pelo sol ou pelo neon.

Enquanto as ondas do oceano dançarem como o corpo dela eu nunca me sentirei sozinho. Eu não sei qual caminho devo seguir. Mas sei que todos os caminhos estão no corpo dela.

Enquanto o sorriso dela brilhar como o sol eu não sei qual janela devo abrir. Mas sei que todas são belas.

Enquanto os pés dela forem a própria praia, areia ou terra eu sempre permanecerei alegre ainda que ela resida apenas na minha imaginação.

Eu sei que na boca dela há o sabor de todas as frutas. Na pele e no cabelo dela há a beleza de todas as cores.

No sorriso e no riso dela estão as únicas armas cujo qual não sei me defender.

Se eu sou os olhos ela é os sonhos. Se ela são as estrelas eu sou o telescópio e as lunetas. Se eu sou as palavras ou a caneta ela é a folha feita de seda.

O que me torna grande não é eles me enxergarem. Mas é justamente eles não me enxergarem. Assim como uma formiga não enxergaria os pés de um gigante. Assim como o homem não enxerga a totalidade do universo.

Como se pode derrotar um inimigo sem conhecer ele ou a si mesmo?

E se esse inimigo tão perigoso ou grave ameaça... Nunca poder ser compreendido e muito menos ser capaz de fazer mal a alguém?

Eu vivi a vida inteira na escuridão. E ela foi a primeira fresta de luz que entrou pela janela.

O lugar onde a luz toca a escuridão.

O que sou ou não sou não é algo importante. Sou apenas um espelho que reflete o brilho das estrelas e das musas. Sou apenas um reflexo na superfície de um oceano. Sou apenas um eco entre montanhas que se movem como se fossem nuvens.

Todo texto é fruto de uma alma e consciência. Mas nem todas as almas ou consciências são iguais.

Entre os doutorares e os da hierarquia superior percebi que poucas coisas poderia aprender. Percebi que os mais simples são mais sábios. Os mais ignorantes são mais apaixonados. Percebi que não existe linguagem mais verdadeira do que a natureza ou melhor escola do que a solidão.

Doce sacerdotisa, com o seu riso que revela desprezo e constrangimento ao mesmo tempo. Confesso que tens boa vontade, coisa muito rara hoje em dia. Mas, o homem e a mulher que eu prezo de verdade são aqueles que fazem aquilo que deve ser feito. Se tiverem que ir na linha de frente da guerra eles vão. Se eles ou elas tiverem que ir para a construção, para as ruas ou plantação eles vão. Eles fazem aquilo que é útil enquanto nós nos escondemos atrás das palavras. Para mim eles são os verdadeiros sábios, os verdadeiros heróis e donos da verdade, e não nós. Eles são aqueles cujo quais as palavras devem ser levadas a sério mais do que a nossa e valem mais do que a de qualquer outro. Eles que fazem o trabalho para sustentar meu estômago e o nosso. E em sua simplicidade, ignorância e total desprendimento, eles encontram a verdade ou a sabedoria que nós nunca iremos encontrar.

Doce sacerdotisa, não me olhe desconfiada! Mas, para muitos os loucos são os verdadeiros sábios. E nós somos apenas uma piada. Nossa seriedade se torna o sinônimo de tudo aquilo que é frio ou falso. E todos aqueles que nós consideramos como errados ou inferiores são justamente aqueles que colore o mundo, enquanto nós os tornamos pálidos.

Todas as pessoas podem olhar para o sol. Ainda que seja apenas por uma fresta. Ainda que seja apenas pela imaginação ou um sonho.

*Ele olhava os olhos dela e via o pôr do sol.
Ele olhava os olhos dela e via a lua crescente.*

Ele tocava a pele dela e mergulhava no oceano mais profundo.

Ele tocava a pele dela e subia no topo da montanha mais alta. E tocava na estrela mais distante.

*Ele beijava ela e provava a fruta mais saborosa.
Ele conhecia a vastidão do mundo, da natureza e da história através da boca dela.*

Ele ouvia a voz dela. E era a coisa mais bonita ou sublime que poderia existir nesse mundo.

Ele espiava e brechava o suspiro dela. Com o mesmo cuidado e seriedade de um escultor que nunca termina a sua obra.

Ele esculpia a própria alma, consciência e corpo. E o propósito do sofrimento era tornar tudo mais belo e sublime.

*Na alma dela ele encontrava o paraíso e o inferno.
Na alma dela ele encontrava tanto o amor quanto a solidão.*

Ele percebeu que as coisas mais pequenas e efêmeras... São infinitamente importantes.

*Nos braços dela ele via todas as estrelas e constelações.
Nos seio dela ele provava um pouco de cada galáxia. E algo cósmico.*

A sua única certeza era que o corpo dela era algo infinito. A sua única certeza era que um dia a morte chegaria, mas o seu desejo nunca iria morrer.

*Eu duvido existir algo no mundo que eu ame mais do que a dança dela.
Eu amo mais a dança dela do que ela nua. Eu amo mais a dança dela do que ela fazendo amor.*

O nosso deus é dançarino. A única linguagem que o nosso deus conhece é a música. E é somente através da música instrumental e sem vozes que o nosso deus faz a sua promessa e pregação.

As festas ou festejos não são um desperdício de tempo, dinheiro ou energia. São a volta para o início, para as origens.

Tudo o que eu faço é espiritualizado. Tocar no corpo de uma mulher é algo sagrado. Tocar em uma máquina é algo sagrado. Tocar em uma pedra ou olhar para o céu é algo sagrado.

O amor dela é maior do que o universo e todas as coisas.

O mais importante não é descobrir o desconhecido. Mas nos perguntar por que certas coisas não queremos enxergar.

Ninguém é melhor do que o homem para conseguir enxergar aquilo que está muito distante ou não existe. Mas não consegue enxergar o que está na sua frente ou diante dos olhos.

A consciência e a mente tudo sabem porque sem elas nada poderia existir. Mas ela voluntariamente escolhe ser ignorante, fechar os olhos para certas coisas e não nomeá-las.

A ignorância e o desconhecido não existem. A única coisa que existe é fechar os olhos voluntariamente. É permanecer com os olhos fechados voluntariamente, mas ainda com medo dos sonhos e da escuridão.

Eu não tenho mais medo do desconhecido, pelo contrário. O desconhecido se tornou o meu único refúgio. Se tornou o meu único amigo, escudo e inspiração. O desconhecido se tornou o meu único fundamento e o meu caráter.

O que seriam as palavras senão algo para nos afastar da verdade e da realidade?

As palavras não nos dizem nada de novo. Apenas refletem aquilo que já havia em nossa alma.

Nesse mundo aqueles que fazem as melhores poesias são os que não conhecem o amor. Os que tecem a justiça desconhecem os leves fios da liberdade. Os que se acham mais próximos do divino ou do sagrado são aqueles que têm as menores asas. E justamente os que mais falam sobre a realidade e a verdade são aqueles que menos lhe conhecem.

O peso da liberdade é maior do que a escravidão? A liberdade é mais pesada do que correntes feitas de ferro? Quanto maior o vôo maior é a queda.

A verdade e a realidade existem. Mas elas são indistinguíveis de um desejo ou vontade. São coisas tão arbitrárias quanto fronteiras imaginárias ou as cores que se escolhe nomear.

A realidade e a verdade são coisas que o próprio sujeito tem que descobrir. Construir e destruir.

A humanidade não evoluiu ou progrediu. Apenas trocou os mitos vivos pelos mornos.

Quanto menor o sujeito é maior é a percepção da sua grandiosidade. Quanto mais grandioso o sujeito é maior é a percepção da sua própria pequenez ou efemeridade.

Nesse mundo cheio de ilusões, miragens e desertos às vezes o louco é mais útil do que os normais. A prostituta às vezes é mais nobre do que aquelas que se acham puras ou intocáveis. E às vezes o ladrão é mais honrado ou íntegro do que aqueles que vestem a máscara da justiça para fazer tudo aquilo que não tem coragem de fazer com as próprias mãos.

O desejo é uma das poucas coisas nesse mundo que não precisam de justificativas assim como a fé.

A mente é a consciência sabem de tudo aquilo que existe trilhando o seu próprio caminho.

Eu teria que ser muito arrogante para dizer que tenho mais conhecimento ou sentimentos do que uma borboleta. Eu teria que ser muito arrogante para dizer que eu tenho mais ondas ou movimentos do que o mar.

Eu teria que ser muito arrogante ou boçal... Para me achar mais puro do que a lama ou mais sensual do que a terra.

Eu teria que ser muito tolo. Para acreditar que minhas palavras valeriam mais do que o próprio céu ou ar.

*Quantos labirintos tivemos que passar?
Até conseguir se encontrar?*

*Quantos labirintos nós tivemos que passar?
Apenas para ver o reflexo um do outro.*

E tudo o que eu consigo ver é o reflexo dela nua por entre um espelho ou mar quebrado.

Aquilo que eu escrevo não é verdade e nem mentira. Não é um sonho e nem a realidade. Tudo depende apenas do olho que lê. Tudo depende apenas do coração que sente. Tudo depende do relógio e do tempo em que é lido.

E tudo o que ela consegue ver é a profundidade da minha alma. Cada sombra, cada luz, cada detalhe. Cada intenção, desejo e imaginação.

*Eu sou o lugar onde todas as plataformas e oceano de entrelaçam.
E ela consegue dar um nó em cada raio ou feixe de luz como se fossem fios de seda.*

Eu sei que esse desejo não existe somente no meu corpo ou no corpo dela. Mas existe por toda a natureza.

O primeiro deus foi o mar. O segundo deus foi o céu. Existirá alguma coisa mais elevada do que o próprio o céu?

Sozinho eu sou fácil de derrotar. Mas o sentimento que eu sinto está espalhado por quase toda a natureza e todos os homens. E para derrotá-lo seria necessário derrotar a humanidade. Não apenas toda a humanidade, mas seria necessário derrotar toda a natureza para me derrotar.

Eu sou o lugar onde todos os oceanos e plataformas de entrelaçam. E a dança dela é a coisa mais verdadeira, pura e bela que existe no mundo.

Não é algo magnífico ou muito belo o simples fato de eu conseguir imaginar ela?

Não é algo divino ou quase sagrado eu poder olhar para céu e sentir a sua pureza ou calor?

Cada parte do corpo dela tem uma beleza infinita. Mas cada parte tem uma beleza diferente da outra.

O olho não pode enxergar ou ver a realidade. Somente o corpo pode. O olho só enxerga aquilo que ele quer.

Somente os raios de sol dela podem me abraçar. Somente a escuridão e sombra dela podem me proteger.

*Ela é a mulher que abraçou todas as estrelas.
Eu sou o homem que abraçou todos os mares.*

*Ela é a mulher que se tornou a própria galáxia.
Eu sou o homem que se tornou o próprio oceano.*

Juntos, somente juntos poderíamos inventar infinitas novas palavras para esquecer tudo aquilo que já foi dito.

A boca dela é tão vasta quanto toda a natureza ou universo.

E em minha consciência ou alma cabem todos os mares e oceanos.

Não é possível fugir ou escapar do útero metafísico. A porta de saída leva para o início e o começo.

Cada detalhe do corpo dela tem uma beleza infinita. Assim como todas as coisas do universo por menores que sejam.

Eu sou o silêncio. Ela é o suspiro.

Conhecendo as profundezas da minha alma não há nada que o universo possa encobrir de mim.

*Na infinita solidão.
Somente a escuridão dela pode me abraçar.
Na aurora sem borda*

O homem do deserto vaga pelo mundo com uma pequena lanterna. O homem do deserto vaga pelo mundo com um pequeno espelho. E tudo aquilo que há de importante ou valioso ele consegue carregar consigo.

Tudo o que eu queria ser era tão leve quanto o vento. Para que não conseguisse carregar nada que há de pesado nesse mundo comigo.

Dormindo no deserto ele se sentia como se estivesse dormindo nas nuvens.

E olhando para o céu estrelado no deserto é como se estivesse olhando os cabelos ou olhos escuros dela. E olhando para a lua crescente é como se estivesse olhando a pele dele. E na madrugada do deserto ele se sentia como se estivesse dentro dela ou diante dela. Não era prazer ou solidão. Mas um agradável silêncio e contemplação.

Ela é uma relíquia. Mais rara do que o ouro, o rubi ou a esmeralda.

Uma multidão passou diante seus olhos. Mas, somente um ou uma compreenderão seus sentimentos.

Não existe melhor escola ou universidade na vida do que a escola do deserto. Não existe melhor escola ou universidade na vida do que a escola da solidão.

Não existe melhor escola ou universidade na vida do que a escola do amor. Não existe melhor escola ou universidade na vida do que a escola do desejo e da imaginação.

O amor é a coisa mais bela, nobre, valiosa e divina que existe no mundo. Pois é possível amar aquilo que não se entende. É possível amar aquilo que não se toca. É possível amar aquilo que não existe.

O problema do mundo não é descobrir a verdade ou a realidade, mas a vontade. A vontade tudo sabe e compreende mas nem tudo quer nomear ou tocar.

A grande questão não é descobrir a verdade ou a realidade. Mas nos perguntar o motivo de ignorarmos voluntariamente coisas que são óbvias ou evidentes.

Diante da mente e do coração tudo está disposto completamente nu. Mas os olhos da razão ou do coração se fecham voluntariamente para diversas coisas do mundo.

Tudo aquilo que ele ou ela diz não é reflexo do mundo, da realidade ou da verdade. Mas é um reflexo da própria alma e consciência.

E se o verdadeiro deus não fosse homem, mas fosse uma mulher? Afinal de contas, o que o homem tem de melhor ou superior do que a mulher para que deus fosse homem ou uma figura masculina? Não existe homem sem mulher e nem mulher sem homem.

Deus é a natureza. E a natureza é o corpo dela.

Fazer ciência em forma de poesia.

Fazer filosofia em forma de poemas.

E o corpo dela é a linguagem mais pura e verdadeira de todas. É a linguagem que pode falar sobre todas as coisas desse mundo, das que existem e não existem.

A boca dela é tão vasta quanto o conhecimento e a natureza. E o amor dela é maior do que o universo.

Ela é a filha da ciência com a mitologia.

Apenas para manter a chama da curiosidade e do desejo acessas.

Ela toca o corpo dela como se fosse algo sagrado.

Ela toca o corpo dela como se fosse algo divino.

Enquanto esses atos e imaginações permanecerem vivas os mitos nunca irão morrer.

Além disso, e se o nosso deus fosse um deus vivo e não um deus morto? Um deus cheio de desejo.

Um deus que só pode ser conhecido através da música.

Um deus cujo qual a salvação pode ser através do silêncio ou de um beijo.

Um deus cuja adoração ou ritual sejam as imaginações. E os toques metafísicos.

O nosso deus ou é artista ou é mulher.

E o seu único mandamento seria “Não existe verdade ou realidade. A única coisa que existe é o excesso de desejo e a ausência de desejo. O excesso de vontade e a ausência de vontade”.

A realidade é um útero. A realidade está dentro de um útero.

Na aurora sem baías ou limite. Somente os feixes de luz dela podem se aproximar da minha pele. Eu consigo enxergar melhor com os olhos fechados. E ela consegue tocar todas as estrelas mesmo com os pés no chão.

Na infinita solidão. Somente a escuridão dela pode me abraçar.

Cansei-me das verdades e mentiras desse mundo. Tudo o que eu quero é que a minha consciência ou estado de consciência permaneçam no mesmo lugar. Na mesma estação, baía ou onda. Eu quero que no meu pensamento só estejam o céu e o mar. Eu quero que no meu sentimento só exista o calor e o brilho dela.

Não existe algo nesse mundo que eu ame mais do que a natureza. Mas, percebi que o corpo dela é a própria natureza. Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela.

Fecham-se os olhos biológicos. Abrem-se os olhos da imaginação e do desejo. Seca-se o corpo fisiológico. Enquanto a consciência mergulha em uma chuva de sonhos e naufraga em um mar de imaginações.

Na infinita solidão. Somente a luz dela pode refletir em minha alma.

Tocando no corpo dela eu consigo descobrir quem criou esse mundo. Tocando no corpo dela eu consigo descobrir o que é esse mundo, como se originou e sua essência. O

corpo dela é uma linguagem como qualquer outra. O corpo dela, completamente nu, é a linguagem mais pura e verdadeira entre todas.

Eu nasci vazio e em um lugar vazio. Mas em mim, e em todos nós, os mitos permanecem.

Ela é a esperança. Eu sou o desespero.

Ela é o desejo. Eu sou o vazio.

Ela é a força da água. Eu sou a barragem rachada.

Ela é a justiça. Eu sou a vingança.

Ela é a constituição. Eu sou a revolução.

Ela é o amor. Eu sou a solidão.

Ela é o conhecimento. Eu sou o esquecimento

Ela é o passado e o futuro. Eu sou o presente.

Eu sou a escuridão do céu. Ela é o estrelado horizonte.

Eu consigo enxergar melhor com os olhos fechados.

E ela consegue tocar as estrelas. Mesmo os pés no chão.

Se ela é tão bonita quanto todas as estrelas e as galáxias.

Se ela é a natureza ou o próprio universo.

Eu sou apenas um telescópio.

Se ela é tão vasta quanto todos os sonhos e a imaginação.

Eu consigo enxergar melhor com os olhos fechados.

O lugar onde a luz toca a escuridão.

A perfeição é algo que somente pode existir no corpo dela.

E eu sei que na profundidade do corpo e da alma dela.

Há tanto o caminho para o inferno quanto para o paraíso.

Nos lábios e na pele dela estão as páginas com todas as histórias da natureza.

Nas profundezas da minha alma há o reflexo de cada parte do universo.

Não existe metade do caminho.

Cada passo dado já é um caminho e história em si mesma.

Ela é o céu e o mar. E eu sou apenas uma bússola quebrada.

Ela é o fogo e a terra. E eu sou apenas um pé descalço.

Criamos e destruimos a linguagem apenas para falar sobre as mesmas coisas.

Sempre acreditamos nas mesmas coisas, mas apenas usamos uma linguagem diferente. Nosso deus ou divindade nunca morrerá. Apenas a linguagem muda. Apenas a linguagem morre.

Eu sou o dia e ela é a noite. Mesmo na manhã mais serena a lua surge para lhe tornar sublime ou nostálgica. Eu sou a noite e ela é o dia. Mesmo na noite mais profunda o eclipse surge para iluminar o lugar onde só houve escuridão.

Eu sou o silêncio. Ela é o suspiro.

Eu sou o esquecimento. Ela é o conhecimento.

Eu sou nada. Ela é tudo.

Eu sou o sol e ela é a lua. Escondo-me na escuridão dela. Eu sou a lua e ela é o sol. Todos os feixes de luz dela refletem nas profundezas da minha alma.

O lugar onde a luz toca a escuridão. Eu sou a sombra. E ela é a luz. Eu consigo enxergar melhor com os olhos fechados. E ela consegue tocar todas as estrelas mesmo com os pés do chão.

Eu sou a morte e ela é a vida. Eu sou a noite e ela é o dia. Eu sou o casulo e ela é a mariposa e borboleta.

Eu não preciso usar nenhum telescópio ou luneta para descobrir os segredos da natureza ou do universo. Basta olhar dentro dos olhos dela.

Eu não preciso de todos os livros para compreender a realidade ou a verdade. Basta olhar e tocar o corpo dela. Completamente nu.

Cada detalhe do corpo dela é infinitamente bonito. Assim como é cada coisa do universo ou da natureza por menor que seja.

Quanto mais eu tento fugir mais ela se aproxima. Ela sabe de todos os meus pensamentos, sentimentos, intenções e estados de consciência. Nenhum sonho ou desejo posso esconder dela. Nenhuma intenção.

O que separa as coisas opostas são apenas um fiapo da imaginação ou linhas e fronteiras demasiadamente imaginárias?

Todas as coisas da natureza tem sentimento. As montanhas, o ar e o céu. Uma pedra. O corpo dela completamente nu. Até mesmo o nada ou silêncio tem ou carregam um sentimento.

E que coisa é essa que quando se fecha os olhos melhor consegue enxergar?

Podemos falar sobre as mesmas coisas apenas usando uma linguagem diferente. Entretanto, a linguagem do tato ou do toque é a mais pura e verdadeira entre todas.

O meu pensamento, sentimento, alma ou consciência são apenas um ciclo assim como são os ciclos da natureza. Há inverso, verão, primavera e outono ainda que, vez ou outra, um se prolongue e outro encurte. Há eclipses e momentos onde a lua nasce pela manhã.

Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza tem sentimentos. As montanhas, o mar e as estrelas. O corpo de uma mulher completamente nu.

Ela é o céu e o mar. E eu sou apenas uma bússola quebrada.

Ela é a terra e o fogo. Eu apenas um pé descalço.

Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela.

Eu me pergunto se seria melhor nunca ter nascido. Mas prefiro acreditar que a minha solidão é apenas a madrugada. Prefiro acreditar que todos os meus sonhos e esperanças nascem ao amanhecer. E ao anoitecer meus desejos finalmente abrem os olhos.

Quando ela fica nua todos os sofrimentos e desesperos do mundo são esquecidos por apenas um segundo.

Quando ela fica nua todos os problemas desaparecem.

Existe uma beleza infinita em cada detalhe do corpo dela. E também em cada coisa pequena desse mundo.

Se ela é as estrelas ou o próprio mar eu sou apenas uma régua, bússola ou ancora pesada.

Se o corpo dela nu é a própria natureza e o universo, a própria verdade ou realidade, eu sou apenas aquele que diz se a baía está perto ou distante. O quanto é quente ou fria. Eu sou apenas aquele que dá nome para as coisas que nunca poderão ser nomeadas.

Para conseguir o abraço dela antes eu preciso passar pelo infinito. Eles riem de mim. Eu consigo ,mas eles dizem que é pouca coisa. Mas eles não sabem e nunca saberão como me sinto ou meus sentimentos.

Para conseguir o beijo dela eu preciso passar por infinitos infinitos. Eles dizem que nunca será suficiente. Mas a minha única e absoluta certeza é que eles não sabem e nunca saberão como me sinto ou meus sentimentos.

Eles julgam os outros apenas por aquilo que têm. E eu julgo os outros apenas por aquilo que eles sentem.

Eu duvido existir alguém com a vontade ou desejo mais volátil do que eu. Mas, ela me oferece aquilo que eu preciso. Ainda que seja alguém apenas para enxugar minhas lágrimas. Ainda que seja alguém apenas para cometer pecados engraçados. Ainda que seja alguém apenas para me ver naufragando na minha própria alma. Alguém para me dar o alimento ou o conhecimento que não há em outro lugar.

Quanto mais eu tento fugir mais ela acaba se aproximando. Quanto mais eu tento capturar ela em uma garrafa mais ela se evade. Para ela, somente para ela, não há como esconder minhas intenções ou estado de consciência.

Se eu sou as estrelas ela é a Lua crescente. Se eu sou as nuvens ela é o pôr-do-sol. Se eu sou o deserto ela é a escuridão da noite.

Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza me causa um sentimento diferente. Desde a chuva até as estrelas. Até pisar o chão descalço.

Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela. O corpo dela é a própria natureza.

Se eu quiser descobrir todos os segredos da natureza eu não preciso usar nenhum telescópio ou microscópio, mas apenas tocar o corpo dela. Se eu quiser descobrir todos os segredos do universo para conseguir compreender a mim mesmo e as profundezas da minha alma.

Aquilo que separa as coisas opostas é algo muito fino, frágil e delicado. É apenas um fiapo da imaginação. É apenas uma fronteira imaginária.

Eu sou o sol. Ela é lua. Nas manhãs mais serena a lua às vezes aparece para lhe tornar mais sublime e singela.

Eu sou a lua. Ela é o sol. Na noite mais profunda o eclipse misterioso aproxima aquilo que é distante ou oposto.

Sem ela eu não posso saber quem realmente eu sou ou aquilo que pareço ser. Sem ela, embora sempre caminhando ou correndo, eu não posso saber onde é o início ou ponto de chegada.

Eu percebo que cada evento da natureza causa um sentimento diferente em mim. Desde a chuva até o céu pouco estrelado.

Posso ser idiota ou bobo. Mas não tenho o defeito comum do homem do meu tempo. Que é se achar superior à natureza.

Eu questiono se houve algum progresso ou evolução. O homem que acreditava nos mitos não era mais sensato, esperto ou engenhoso? O homem de hoje em dia não sabe de nada, não sente nada, mas tem uma arrogância infinita. Uma arrogância sem nada

que justifique essa arrogância. Então eu percebo que quanto mais o homem se afasta da natureza mais ele regride.

Certa vez eu conheci um homem que não conhecia nenhum número. Mas sua alma era tão sábia, pura e nobre que o tornava maior do que qualquer número.

A poesia morreu. Ou na infinita história e tempo ela deu apenas uma pausa e suspiro?

E o único resquício dessa natureza é conhecer o coração e a alma dela. Que parecem demasiadamente com o Sol.

A cada dia que passa eu tenho somente uma esperança.

De me aproximar do sorriso dela.

Tudo o que eu preciso é sintonizar meus pensamentos, a minha alma e consciência com o mesmo do universo. Tudo aquilo que eu preciso é sentir a mesma coisa que o universo. Que as frequências ou ondas da minha alma sejam as mesmas que a o do universo.

Eu sou o lugar onde o céu beija o mar. Eu sou o lugar onde a luz toca a escuridão. A fronteira entre o paraíso e o inferno. Eu sou o lugar onde a infinita escuridão da noite toca o brilho das estrelas.

Perdido entre os caminhos da Lua. Hipnotizado pelos reflexos do Sol. Somente a pele dela pode me salvar.

Silêncio. Ela é o suspiro.

*Se eu sou o deserto ela é a lua crescente.
Se ela é o passado ou o futuro. Eu sou apenas o presente*

O que me torna grande é ser aquilo que eles consideram pequeno. O que me torna eterno é ser aquilo que eles consideram efêmero.

Somente o útero metafísico poderia enxugar minhas lágrimas. O coração batendo no mesmo ritmo.

Mesmo na manhã mais serena e singela a Lua pode surgir. E lhe tornar mais sublime.

Se ela é a própria natureza ou o universo inteiro eu sou uma pequena régua. E tudo o que eu sei fazer dizer é o que está perto ou distante.

A escuridão do céu é o cabelo dela. As estrelas e as galáxias são os olhos dela. O corpo dela é a própria natureza e o universo.

Toda a areia do deserto é apenas a pele dela. As gotas da chuva suas lágrimas. O sorriso dela são os feixes de luz do sol.

E eu posso encontrar ou descobrir toda a natureza apenas no corpo dela.

Eu poderia dizer que a escuridão do céu é apenas o cabelo escuro dela. Eu poderia dizer que consigo enxergar todas as estrelas e galáxias apenas olhando nos olhos dela.

Tudo aquilo que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela. A natureza é o próprio corpo dela.

Tudo aquilo que existe no universo também existe na minha alma. O universo é a profundidade da minha própria alma.

A aventura ou descoberta nunca acaba. Ainda que exista apenas na fantasia dela. Ainda que exista no fundo dos meus sonhos. A aventura nunca acaba.

O lugar onde a luz toca a escuridão. Quanto mais eu tento fugir mais ela se aproxima. Quanto mais tento me aproximar mais ela se afasta. Não há como esconder minhas

intenções ou a minha consciência. Mas tais intenções ou desejos são voláteis assim como os ciclos da natureza.

Tanto o homem mais ignorante quanto o mais sábio reconhecem a importância do amor. Tanto o homem mais puro, justo e verdadeiro quanto o mais injusto, desonesto ou enganador sentem algum tipo de desejo. Mesmo o homem a margem ou imune ao amor sente alguma coisa ainda que seja tédio ou amor pela própria solidão e pelo silêncio. Nesse aspecto, os homens que são tão diversos e entram em conflito entre si por causa das suas diferenças se tornam muito semelhantes, demasiadamente iguais e o pedestal cai. E indiferente ao quanto ele sabe ou não sabe parece haver coisas que todos sabem até mesmo os loucos ou os solitários.

Esse homem nunca nasce cedo demais ou tarde demais em busca do seu útero ou último refúgio metafísico. Esse homem é o mesmo desde o primeiro que existiu até o último que existirá. O amor é a própria luz do sol e sem ele nada poderia existir, nem mesmo a vida. O amor é a própria morte, a própria luz da lua e sem ele nada poderia ser destruído ou esquecido.

Em cada homem e em cada mulher há todo o infinito. A grande questão não é saber o que é a verdade ou a realidade, mas nos perguntar por que existem tantas coisas que não queremos enxergar ou voluntariamente não queremos compreender, ainda que estejam e sempre estiveram diante dos nossos olhos.

Diante da vontade nada pode se esconder, nenhum véu pode ser sustentado. A vontade sabe de tudo pois ela é o fundamento da verdade e da realidade, ela é o reflexo do mundo e da natureza. Mas essa vontade mesmo vendo todas as coisas do mundo, sabendo e sentido tudo com absoluta clareza às vezes sente vontade de fechar os próprios olhos e permanecer calada. Tal homem por mais simples, bruto ou primitivo que seja não é ignorante. Entre as infinitas coisas que existem e que ele consegue enxergar, ele apenas escolhe aquilo que quer ver, tocar ou imaginar.

Um dia eu vou morrer.

Mas morrerei amando você.

Tudo aquilo que existe no universo podemos enxergar facilmente. Mas nem tudo queremos.

O amor dela é maior do que o universo.

Arthur Silva Sacramento

*The
Metaphysical
Womb*

O útero metafísico

God is the most important thing that exists in the world. He manifests through music, dance, and the language of the body itself. He manifests in the brightness of the stars, in the color of the sky and the sea, and also in the brightness and color of her eyes. He never died and will never die. My faith is greater than all the loneliness that has ever existed in the world. Her love is greater than all the suffering that has ever existed in the world. Everything that is pure is divine. Everything that is beautiful is sacred. The only thing that changes is the language by which He is known. Or how we know ourselves. Her love is greater than the universe.

I am death. She is life.

I am the night. She is the day.

She is the light. I am the shadow.

She is the sun. I am the moon.

I am the cocoon. She is the butterfly.

I am the clock. She is infinity.

Every detail of her body holds an infinite beauty. Just like all things in nature and the universe, no matter how small they may be. The glow of a distant star.

She has the beauty of all the stars and galaxies,

And looking into her eyes, I can see every constellation.

How much time passed until my consciousness emerged?

Until I could open my own eyes and look into hers?

Her love is greater than the universe.

She shines and warms more than all the stars.

Only her darkness can embrace me.

Only her beams of light can reflect in the depths of my soul.

She touches her body as if it were something sacred.

She touches her body as if it were something divine.

In our souls, there is the spark of the stars.

In our bodies, there is the seed of all myths.

Only her rays and beams of light can embrace me.

I can only hide myself in her darkness or shadow.

Love is the only thing that both the wise and the ignorant can perceive.

Desire is the only thing in common that the just and the unjust can touch.

She is the daughter of the night's darkness and loneliness.

I am the son of the desert and the sea.

Looking into her eyes, the only thing I can see is myself.

Looking into her eyes, the only thing I can see are the depths of my soul.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body. Everything that exists in her body also exists in nature. The rivers, the night, the stars. The darkness and the loneliness.

Knowing the depths of my soul, there is nothing the universe can shroud or hide from me. Touching and knowing her body, there is nothing in nature that remains unknown. Her body is merely a different language to speak of everything that exists or does not exist, just as poetry or myths are.

Her skin is like the pages where the entire history of humanity and nature is written.

Her skin is like the pages where the entire history of the stars and consciousness is written.

Everything that exists in nature evokes a different feeling. The stars, the night, the mountains, the fruits—just as each part of her body evokes a different feeling.

She can make the infinite seem small.

She can make loneliness feel ephemeral.

The only meaning

Is that infinitely small things be infinitely important.

The only meaning

Is that ephemeral things be made eternal.

The only thing that exists in her consciousness are the stars.

The only thing that exists in my consciousness is the ocean.

To reach her embrace, I must pass through the infinite.

They think it is a small thing. But they do not know how I feel.

To get her kiss, I must cross the infinite.

They insist on saying that everything that exists in the world is a small thing. But they do not know how I feel. They never will.

My faith is greater than all the loneliness that has ever existed in the world.

Her love is greater than all the suffering that has ever existed in the world.

In her body and her soul,

There is the path to both hell and paradise.

And curiously, those who are at the party or completely naked could be closer to heaven and paradise than those who dress as pure, speak as pure, and stay in pure places, but do not have a pure heart.

She literally steals my heart. Kidnaps it. As if it were an eclipse or the moon in the morning. And I am forced to love what men hate most: the virtue of patience.

I do not have enough strength to move the sun or the moon. But most men are foolish enough to believe they have such strength.

I have never been outside her womb. I have never been outside her embrace.

Everything I can learn is in the earth. Everything I can desire is in the fire.

I am certain she knows all my intentions, feelings, desires, and imaginings even if I never say a word. And even if I have no words at all. We are bound by something divine and sacred. We are bound by something eternal and immortal.

Her god only knows the language of music. He only knows the language of touch and love. The purest god only manifests in desire. He only manifests in music.

I must wait for her to be born again to show her light through the small crack, as if it were the sunset or the end of the afternoon.

My passion and my desire are like the seasons of the year or a clock. Sometimes I am there, but she is not. Sometimes she is there, but I am not.

The man of my time is he who, the smaller he is, the greater he considers himself. They may err in their words, in their tone, and in their judgments, but I can still say something to them that is exactly what they want to hear. I feel a hunger that only a naked body could feed.

And there is nothing in this world that could kill or suppress this desire. This desire is faith or hope itself. This fire is life itself. This desire is greater than death itself or life itself.

For some, loneliness is the only thing worse than death. They prefer to have infinite enemies or illusory loves than to face the loneliness in the depths of their eyes and feelings.

Neither death nor absolute loneliness could end this desire. They would be merely a seasoning.

How grateful can I be for the existence of free will? Thus, she can make the worst decisions and choose the worst things just to feed my heart and imagination. The worst love she could choose would be mine. But the best eye to see her as she wanted or desired would be mine.

How grateful can I be for the existence of free will? Thus I can chain myself to a boat to avoid my suffering and hers.

Reality is a womb. Reality is within a womb.

I was born empty and in an empty place. But within me and all of us, there is the mythological seed. When all myths are forgotten, destroyed, or become lukewarm, our purpose will be to create them again.

The more time passes, the more man regresses. Man, or humanity, reached its apex when the explanation for all things in the world was myth.

I am the one who says that God never died and will never die. The only thing that changes is the language by which He is known.

There is not only one language to know God.

Is the body a language?

The dream of the young old man was to make science and philosophy one. In his metaphysical forges, he failed. So the dream of the old man whose consciousness

remains ever new and young became to merge and make mythology and science one. He approached that which has always been and always will be distant.

I was not born too late to speak like a poet. I was born in the same time as all men. From the first to the last who recognizes the importance and the power of love.

As long as there is desire, there will be mythology. As long as there is a body, there will be philosophy.

Her eyes are his telescope. Her skin is the pages where the entire history of humanity, nature, and consciousness is written. Her voice, so sweet and sublime, gives birth to everything sacred, divine, or profane that can exist in this world.

Her body is as beautiful and infinite as the universe itself.

There is nothing in the world that is easy or difficult. Everything depends only on our will. Everything depends only on our desire. Do we want to keep our eyes closed or open them?

The main question of knowledge is not to discover the truth. But to ask ourselves why we ignore everything that has always been before our eyes or feelings...

The beauty of the world does not reside only in what I do or others do. The beauty of the world resides in everything that could still be done.

The beauty of the world does not reside only in the things that exist, but mainly in the things that could exist or be made.

The beauty of the world does not reside only in that which exists. But the true beauty of the world resides in its potential. In everything that could still be done or created.

The man, apprentice of the desert. He considered himself rich not by what he had. But, precisely by what he did not have.

The man, son of the desert. He considered himself important not by the people he attracted. But, by the people he repelled.

The man who is the desert. He considered himself wise not by what he said or did. But by his silence. By what he did not say or did not do.

The wisest man of all was not wise because of what he knew. But he was wise because of everything he voluntarily did not want to know or experience.

The man of the desert always admired the daughter of the night's darkness and loneliness. The man of the desert always admired the daughter of the midday sun and the clouds.

It does not matter in which year, century, or millennium I was born. She and I can see the same things when we close our eyes.

Even if the world became empty, I would have no reason to complain about anything. If every night I could sleep with the same tranquility of one who sleeps upon the clouds.

It is not possible to understand love. Love is a sweet surprise. It is the greatest contradiction of all. But it is also the easiest thing to notice.

I think that in her body there is both the sun and the moon. There are mountains as well as clouds and deserts. I think that in her body there is a small piece of every star or galaxy. Contemplating her beauty, I am reminded of nature. Contemplating nature, I am reminded of her.

It does not matter if I was born yesterday or will be born tomorrow. She and I share the same imagination.

It seems the universe knows no beginning and no end. And even if it were to vanish or melt away, it would have the potential to emerge again with all its adventures, delusions, and mirages.

Our greatest mistake is to believe that the universe has the same limitations as our own.

The light reflected by the lighthouse is not the same as that reflected by her eyes. The light of the candle is not the same light reflected by the sun or by neon.

As long as the waves of the ocean dance like her body, I will never feel alone. I do not know which path I should follow. But I know that all paths are in her body.

As long as her smile shines like the sun, I do not know which window I should open. But I know that all of them are beautiful.

As long as her feet are the beach, the sand, or the earth itself, I will always remain joyful even if she resides only in my imagination.

I know that in her mouth is the flavor of every fruit. In her skin and her hair is the beauty of every color.

In her smile and her laughter are the only weapons against which I do not know how to defend myself.

If I am the eyes, she is the dreams. If she is the stars, I am the telescope and the lenses. If I am the words or the pen, she is the sheet made of silk.

What makes me great is not that they see me. But it is precisely that they do not see me. Just as an ant would not see the feet of a giant. Just as man does not see the totality of the universe.

How can one defeat an enemy without knowing him or oneself?

And what if this enemy, such a dangerous or grave threat... can never be understood, much less be capable of harming anyone?

I lived my entire life in darkness. And she was the first crack of light that came through the window.

The place where light touches the darkness.

What I am or am not is not something important. I am merely a mirror reflecting the brightness of the stars and the muses. I am merely a reflection on the surface of an ocean. I am merely an echo between mountains that move as if they were clouds.

Every text is the fruit of a soul and a consciousness. But not all souls or consciousnesses are equal.

Among the doctors and those of the higher hierarchy, I realized there were few things I could learn. I realized that the simplest are the wisest. The most ignorant are the most passionate. I realized that there is no truer language than nature, nor a better school than solitude.

Sweet priestess, with your laughter that reveals contempt and embarrassment at the same time. I confess that you have goodwill, a very rare thing these days. But the man and the woman I truly prize are those who do what must be done. If they must go to the front lines of war, they go. If they must go to construction, to the streets, or to the fields, they go. They do what is useful while we hide behind words. To me, they are the true wise ones, the true heroes and owners of truth, and not us. They are the ones whose words must be taken more seriously than ours and are worth more than any others. It is they who do the work to sustain my stomach and ours. And in their simplicity, ignorance, and total detachment, they find the truth or the wisdom that we will never find.

Sweet priestess, do not look at me with suspicion! But to many, the mad are the true wise ones. And we are merely a joke. Our seriousness becomes synonymous with everything that is cold or false. And all those whom we consider wrong or inferior are precisely the ones who color the world, while we make it pale.

All people can look at the sun. Even if it is only through a crack. Even if it is only through imagination or a dream.

He looked into her eyes and saw the sunset.

He looked into her eyes and saw the crescent moon.

He touched her skin and dived into the deepest ocean.

He touched her skin and climbed to the top of the highest mountain. And touched the most distant star.

He kissed her and tasted the most flavorful fruit.

He knew the vastness of the world, of nature, and of history through her mouth.

He heard her voice. And it was the most beautiful or sublime thing that could exist in this world.

He spied and peered into her sigh. With the same care and seriousness of a sculptor who never finishes his work.

He sculpted his own soul, consciousness, and body. And the purpose of suffering was to make everything more beautiful and sublime.

In her soul, he found paradise and hell.

In her soul, he found both love and loneliness.

He realized that the smallest and most ephemeral things... are infinitely important.

In her arms, he saw all the stars and constellations.

In her breasts, he tasted a bit of every galaxy. And something cosmic.

His only certainty was that her body was something infinite. His only certainty was that one day death would arrive, but his desire would never die.

I doubt there is anything in the world I love more than her dance.

I love her dance more than her naked. I love her dance more than her making love.

Our god is a dancer. The only language our god knows is music. And it is only through instrumental music, without voices, that our god makes his promise and his preaching.

Parties or festivities are not a waste of time, money, or energy. They are the return to the beginning, to the origins.

Everything I do is spiritualized. Touching a woman's body is something sacred. Touching a machine is something sacred. Touching a stone or looking at the sky is something sacred.

Her love is greater than the universe and all things.

The most important thing is not to discover the unknown. But to ask ourselves why there are certain things we do not want to see.

No one is better than man at seeing that which is very distant or does not exist. But he cannot see what is right in front of him or before his eyes.

Consciousness and the mind know everything because without them nothing could exist. But they voluntarily choose to be ignorant, to close their eyes to certain things and not to name them.

Ignorance and the unknown do not exist. The only thing that exists is voluntarily closing one's eyes. It is remaining with eyes closed voluntarily, yet still afraid of dreams and the darkness.

I am no longer afraid of the unknown; on the contrary. The unknown has become my only refuge. It has become my only friend, shield, and inspiration. The unknown has become my only foundation and my character.

What would words be if not something to distance us from truth and reality?

Words tell us nothing new. They only reflect what was already in our soul.

In this world, those who write the best poetry are those who do not know love. Those who weave justice are unaware of the light threads of freedom. Those who consider themselves closest to the divine or the sacred are those who have the smallest wings. And precisely those who speak most about reality and truth are those who know them least.

Is the weight of freedom greater than that of slavery? Is freedom heavier than chains made of iron? The higher the flight, the greater the fall.

Truth and reality exist. But they are indistinguishable from a desire or a will. They are things as arbitrary as imaginary borders or the colors one chooses to name.

Reality and truth are things that the subject himself must discover. Construct and destroy.

Humanity has not evolved or progressed. It has merely exchanged living myths for lukewarm ones.

The smaller the subject is, the greater the perception of their own grandeur. The more grand the subject is, the greater the perception of their own smallness or ephemerality.

In this world full of illusions, mirages, and deserts, sometimes the madman is more useful than the normal ones. The prostitute is sometimes more noble than those who think themselves pure or untouchable. And sometimes the thief is more honorable or upright than those who wear the mask of justice to do everything they lack the courage to do with their own hands.

Desire is one of the few things in this world that needs no justification, just like faith.

The mind and the consciousness know everything that exists, walking their own path.

I would have to be very arrogant to say that I have more knowledge or feelings than a butterfly. I would have to be very arrogant to say that I have more waves or movements than the sea.

I would have to be very arrogant or crude... To think myself purer than the mud or more sensual than the earth.

I would have to be very foolish. To believe that my words would be worth more than the sky or the air itself.

How many labyrinths did we have to pass through?

Until we could find each other?

How many labyrinths did we have to pass through?

Just to see each other's reflection.

And all I can see is the reflection of her naked through a mirror or a broken sea.

What I write is neither truth nor lie. It is neither a dream nor reality. Everything depends only on the eye that reads. Everything depends only on the heart that feels. Everything depends on the clock and the time in which it is read.

And all she can see is the depth of my soul. Every shadow, every light, every detail. Every intention, desire, and imagination.

I am the place where all platforms and the ocean intertwine.

And she can tie a knot in every ray or beam of light as if they were threads of silk.

I know that this desire does not exist only in my body or in her body. But it exists throughout all of nature.

The first god was the sea. The second god was the sky. Will there ever be anything higher than the sky itself?

Alone, I am easy to defeat. But the feeling I feel is spread throughout almost all of nature and all men. And to defeat it, it would be necessary to defeat humanity. Not just all of humanity, but it would be necessary to defeat all of nature to defeat me.

I am the place where all oceans and platforms intertwine. And her dance is the truest, purest, and most beautiful thing that exists in the world.

Is it not something magnificent or very beautiful, the simple fact that I can imagine her?

Is it not something divine or almost sacred, that I can look at the sky and feel its purity or heat?

Every part of her body has an infinite beauty. But each part has a beauty different from the other.

The eye cannot perceive or see reality. Only the body can. The eye only sees what it wants to.

Only her sunbeams can embrace me. Only her darkness and shadow can protect me.

She is the woman who embraced all the stars.

I am the man who embraced all the seas.

She is the woman who became the galaxy itself.

I am the man who became the ocean itself.

Together, only together, could we invent infinite new words to forget everything that has already been said.

Her mouth is as vast as all of nature or the universe.

And within my consciousness or soul fit all the seas and oceans.

It is impossible to flee or escape from the metaphysical womb. The exit door leads back to the start and the beginning.

Every detail of her body has an infinite beauty. Just like all things in the universe, no matter how small they may be.

I am the silence. She is the sigh.

Knowing the depths of my soul, there is nothing the universe can hide from me.

In the infinite solitude.

Only her darkness can embrace me.

In the borderless dawn.

The man of the desert wanders through the world with a small lantern. The man of the desert wanders through the world with a small mirror. And everything that is important or valuable, he is able to carry with him.

All I wanted was to be as light as the wind. So that I could not carry anything heavy from this world with me.

Sleeping in the desert, he felt as if he were sleeping on the clouds.

And looking at the starry sky in the desert is like looking at her dark hair or eyes. And looking at the crescent moon is like looking at her skin. And in the desert dawn, he felt as if he were inside her or before her. It was not pleasure or loneliness. But a pleasant silence and contemplation.

She is a relic. Rarer than gold, ruby, or emerald.

A crowd passed before your eyes.

But only one will understand your feelings.

There is no better school or university in life than the school of the desert. There is no better school or university in life than the school of solitude.

There is no better school or university in life than the school of love. There is no better school or university in life than the school of desire and imagination.

Love is the most beautiful, noble, valuable, and divine thing that exists in the world.

For it is possible to love that which is not understood. It is possible to love that which is not touched. It is possible to love that which does not exist.

The problem of the world is not discovering the truth or reality, but the will. The will knows and understands everything, but it does not want to name or touch everything.

The great question is not to discover the truth or reality. But to ask ourselves the reason why we voluntarily ignore things that are obvious or evident.

Before the mind and the heart, everything is laid out completely naked. But the eyes of reason or the heart close voluntarily to various things of the world.

Everything that he or she says is not a reflection of the world, of reality, or of truth. But it is a reflection of one's own soul and consciousness.

And what if the true god were not a man, but a woman? After all, what does man have that is better or superior to woman for god to be a man or a masculine figure? There is no man without woman, nor woman without man.

God is nature. And nature is her body.

To practice science in the form of poetry.

To practice philosophy in the form of poems.

And her body is the purest and truest language of all. It is the language that can speak of all things in this world, of those that exist and those that do not.

Her mouth is as vast as knowledge and nature. And her love is greater than the universe.

She is the daughter of science and mythology.

Only to keep the flame of curiosity and desire burning.

She touches her body as if it were something sacred.

She touches her body as if it were something divine.

As long as these acts and imaginations remain alive, the myths will never die.

Furthermore, what if our god were a living god and not a dead god? A god full of desire.

A god who can only be known through music.

A god for whom salvation can come through silence or a kiss.

A god whose worship or ritual are imaginations. And metaphysical touches.

Our god is either an artist or a woman.

And their only commandment would be: "There is no truth or reality. The only thing that exists is the excess of desire and the absence of desire. The excess of will and the absence of will."

Reality is a womb. Reality is within a womb.

In the dawn without bays or limits. Only her beams of light can approach my skin. I can see better with my eyes closed. And she can touch all the stars even with her feet on the ground.

In the infinite solitude. Only her darkness can embrace me.

I am tired of the truths and lies of this world. All I want is for my consciousness or state of consciousness to remain in the same place. In the same season, bay, or wave. I want only the sky and the sea to be in my thoughts. I want only her warmth and her brightness to exist in my feelings.

There is nothing in this world that I love more than nature. But I realized that her body is nature itself. Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

The biological eyes close. The eyes of imagination and desire open. The physiological body withers. While consciousness dives into a rain of dreams and is shipwrecked in a sea of imaginations.

In the infinite solitude. Only her light can reflect in my soul.

Touching her body, I can discover who created this world. Touching her body, I can discover what this world is, how it originated, and its essence. Her body is a language like any other. Her body, completely naked, is the purest and truest language of all.

I was born empty and in an empty place.

But in me, and in all of us, the myths remain.

She is hope. I am despair.

She is desire. I am the void.

She is the force of the water. I am the cracked dam.

She is justice. I am vengeance.

She is the constitution. I am the revolution.

She is love. I am solitude.

She is knowledge. I am forgetting.

She is the past and the future. I am the present.

I am the darkness of the sky. She is the starry horizon.

I can see better with my eyes closed.

And she can touch the stars.

Even with her feet on the ground.

If she is as beautiful as all the stars and the galaxies.

If she is nature or the universe itself.

I am merely a telescope.

If she is as vast as all dreams and imagination.

I can see better with my eyes closed.

The place where the light touches the darkness.

Perfection is something that can only exist in her body.

And I know that in the depths of her body and soul,

There is both the path to hell and the path to paradise.

On her lips and her skin are the pages with all the stories of nature.

In the depths of my soul, there is the reflection of every part of the universe.

There is no halfway point.

Every step taken is already a path and a story in itself.

She is the sky and the sea. And I am only a broken compass.

She is the fire and the earth. And I am only a bare foot.

We create and destroy language only to speak about the same things.

We have always believed in the same things, but we only use a different language. Our god or divinity will never die. Only the language changes. Only the language dies.

I am the day and she is the night. Even on the serenest morning, the moon appears to make it sublime or nostalgic. I am the night and she is the day. Even in the deepest night, the eclipse appears to illuminate the place where there was only darkness.

I am the silence. She is the sigh.

I am forgetting. She is knowledge.

I am nothing. She is everything.

I am the sun and she is the moon. I hide myself in her darkness. I am the moon and she is the sun. All her beams of light reflect in the depths of my soul.

The place where the light touches the darkness. I am the shadow. And she is the light. I can see better with my eyes closed. And she can touch all the stars even with her feet on the ground.

I am death and she is life. I am the night and she is the day. I am the cocoon and she is the moth and the butterfly.

I do not need to use any telescope or lens to discover the secrets of nature or the universe. It is enough to look into her eyes.

I do not need all the books to understand reality or truth. It is enough to look at and touch her body. Completely naked. Each detail of her body is infinitely beautiful. Just as is every thing in the universe or nature, no matter how small.

The more I try to flee, the closer she approaches. She knows all my thoughts, feelings, intentions, and states of consciousness. No dream or desire can I hide from her. No intention.

Is what separates opposite things merely a thread of imagination, or lines and borders that are overly imaginary?

All things in nature have feeling. The mountains, the air, and the sky. A stone. Her body, completely naked. Even the nothingness or the silence has or carries a feeling.

And what is this thing that, when the eyes are closed, one can see best?

We can speak of the same things using only a different language. However, the language of tact or touch is the purest and truest among them all.

My thought, feeling, soul, or consciousness are merely a cycle, just as the cycles of nature are. There is winter, summer, spring, and autumn—even if, from time to time, one lingers and another shortens. There are eclipses and moments where the moon rises in the morning.

Everything that exists in nature has feelings. The mountains, the sea, and the stars. The body of a woman, completely naked.

She is the sky and the sea. And I am only a broken compass.

She is the earth and the fire. I am only a bare foot.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

I wonder if it would be better never to have been born. But I prefer to believe that my loneliness is only the dawn. I prefer to believe that all my dreams and hopes are born at daybreak. And at nightfall, my desires finally open their eyes.

When she stands naked, all the sufferings and despairs of the world are forgotten for just a second.

When she stands naked, all problems disappear.

There is an infinite beauty in every detail of her body. And also in every small thing of this world.

If she is the stars or the sea itself, I am merely a ruler, a compass, or a heavy anchor.

If her naked body is nature and the universe itself, truth or reality itself, I am merely the one who says if the bay is near or far. How hot or cold it is. I am merely the one who gives names to things that can never be named.

To reach her embrace, I must first pass through the infinite. They laugh at me. I succeed, yet they say it is a small thing. But they do not know, and they will never know, how I feel or the depth of my feelings.

To reach her kiss, I must pass through infinite infinities. They say it will never be enough. But my only and absolute certainty is that they do not know, and they will never know, how I feel or the depth of my feelings.

They judge others only by what they have. And I judge others only by what they feel.

I doubt there exists anyone with a will or desire more volatile than mine. But she offers me what I need. Even if it is only someone to dry my tears. Even if it is only someone to commit funny sins with. Even if it is only someone to watch me shipwrecking within my own soul. Someone to give me the nourishment or the knowledge that exists nowhere else.

The more I try to flee, the closer she approaches. The more I try to capture her in a bottle, the more she evades. From her, only from her, there is no way to hide my intentions or my state of consciousness.

If I am the stars, she is the crescent Moon. If I am the clouds, she is the sunset. If I am the desert, she is the darkness of the night.

Everything that exists in nature causes a different feeling in me. From the rain to the stars. Even stepping on the ground barefoot.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body. Her body is nature itself.

If I want to discover all the secrets of nature, I do not need to use any telescope or microscope, but merely touch her body. If I want to discover all the secrets of the universe to understand myself and the depths of my soul.

That which separates opposite things is something very thin, fragile, and delicate. It is just a thread of imagination. It is just an imaginary border.

I am the sun. She is the moon. In the serenest mornings, the moon sometimes appears to make her more sublime and simple.

I am the moon. She is the sun. In the deepest night, the mysterious eclipse brings close that which is distant or opposite.

Without her, I cannot know who I truly am or what I seem to be. Without her, although always walking or running, I cannot know where the beginning or the arrival point is.

I realize that every event in nature causes a different feeling in me. From the rain to the sparsely starry sky.

I may be an idiot or a fool. But I do not have the common defect of the man of my time: thinking oneself superior to nature.

I question if there has been any progress or evolution. Was the man who believed in myths not more sensible, clever, or ingenious? Today's man knows nothing, feels nothing, yet has an infinite arrogance. An arrogance with nothing to justify it. Then I realize that the more man distances himself from nature, the more he regresses.

Once I met a man who knew no numbers. But his soul was so wise, pure, and noble that it made him greater than any number.

Has poetry died? Or in the infinite stretch of history and time, has it merely taken a pause and a sigh?

And the only remnant of this nature is knowing her heart and soul, which seem so much like the Sun.

With each passing day, I have only one hope:

To draw closer to her smile.

All I need is to tune my thoughts, my soul, and my consciousness to those of the universe. All I need is to feel the same thing as the universe. That the frequencies or waves of my soul be the same as those of the universe.

I am the place where the sky kisses the sea. I am the place where the light touches the darkness. The border between paradise and hell. I am the place where the infinite darkness of night touches the brilliance of the stars.

Lost among the paths of the Moon. Hypnotized by the reflections of the Sun. Only her skin can save me.

Silence. She is the sigh.

If I am the desert, she is the crescent moon.

If she is the past or the future, I am only the present.

What makes me great is being that which they consider small. What makes me eternal is being that which they consider ephemeral.

Only the metaphysical womb could dry my tears. The heart beating in the same rhythm.

Even on the serenest and simplest morning, the Moon can appear. And make it more sublime.

If she is nature itself or the entire universe, I am a small ruler. And all I know how to do is say what is near or far.

The darkness of the sky is her hair. The stars and the galaxies are her eyes. Her body is nature itself and the universe.

All the sand of the desert is but her skin. The raindrops, her tears. Her smile is the beams of sunlight.

And I can find or discover all of nature only in her body.

I could say that the darkness of the sky is only her dark hair. I could say that I can see all the stars and galaxies just by looking into her eyes.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body. Nature is her very body.

Everything that exists in the universe also exists in my soul. The universe is the depth of my own soul.

The adventure or discovery never ends. Even if it exists only in her fantasy. Even if it exists in the depths of my dreams. The adventure never ends.

The place where the light touches the darkness. The more I try to flee, the closer she approaches. The more I try to draw near, the further she moves away. There is no way to hide my intentions or my consciousness. But such intentions or desires are volatile, just like the cycles of nature.

Both the most ignorant man and the wisest recognize the importance of love. Both the purest, most just, and true man, and the most unjust, dishonest, or deceptive feel some kind of desire. Even the man on the margins or immune to love feels something, even if it is boredom or love for his own solitude and silence. In this aspect, men who are so diverse and clash with one another because of their differences become very similar, too much alike, and the pedestal falls. And regardless of how much he knows or does not know, there seem to be things that everyone knows, even the madmen or the lonely.

This man is never born too early or too late in search of his womb or final metaphysical refuge. This man is the same from the first who existed to the last who will exist. Love is the very light of the sun, and without it, nothing could exist, not even life. Love is death itself, the very light of the moon, and without it, nothing could be destroyed or forgotten.

In every man and in every woman, there is all of infinity. The great question is not to know what truth or reality is, but to ask ourselves why there are so many things we do not want to see or voluntarily do not want to understand, even though they are and have always been before our eyes.

Before the will, nothing can hide; no veil can be sustained. The will knows everything, for it is the foundation of truth and reality; it is the reflection of the world and nature. But this will, even seeing all things in the world, knowing and feeling everything with absolute clarity, sometimes feels the urge to close its own eyes and remain silent. Such a man, however simple, brute, or primitive he may be, is not ignorant. Among the infinite things that exist and that he can see, he simply chooses what he wants to see, touch, or imagine.

One day I will die.

But I will die loving you.

Everything that exists in the universe we can see easily. But not everything do we want to.

Her love is greater than the universe.

Alternative translation

God is the most important thing that exists in the world. He manifests Himself through music, through dance, and in the language of the body itself. He manifests Himself in the brightness of the stars, in the color of the sky and the sea, and also in the brightness and color of her eyes. He never died nor will He die. My faith is greater than all the loneliness that has ever existed in the world. Her love is greater than all the suffering that has ever existed in the world. Everything that is pure is divine. Everything that is beautiful is sacred. The only thing that changes is the language through which He is known. Or how we know each other. Her love is greater than the universe.

I am death. She is life.

I am the night. She is the day.

She is the light. I am the shadow.

She is the sun. I am the moon.

I am the cocoon. She is the butterfly.

I am the clock. She is the infinite.

Every detail of her body has an infinite beauty. Just like all things in nature and the universe, no matter how small. The brightness of a distant star.

She has the beauty of all the stars and galaxies

And looking into her eyes I can see every constellation.

How much time passed until my consciousness arose?

Until I could open my own eyes and see her eyes?

Her love is greater than the universe.

She shines and warms more than all the stars.

Only her darkness can embrace me.

Only her beams of light can reflect in the depths of my soul.

She touches her body as if it were something sacred.

She touches her body as if it were something divine.

In our soul there is the spark of the stars.

In our bodies there is the seed of all myths.

Only her rays and beams of light can embrace me.

I can only hide in her darkness or shadow.

Love is the only thing that both the wise and the ignorant can perceive.

Desire is the only thing in common that the just and the unjust can touch.

She is the daughter of the darkness of the night with loneliness.

I am the son of the desert with the sea.

Looking into her eyes, the only thing I can see is myself.

Looking into her eyes, the only thing I can see are the depths of my soul.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body. Everything that exists in her body also exists in nature. The rivers, the night, the stars. The darkness and the loneliness.

Knowing the depths of my soul, there is nothing the universe can conceal or hide from me. Touching and knowing her body, there is nothing unknown in nature. Her body is just a different language to speak about everything that exists or does not exist, just as poetry is or myths are.

Her skin is like the pages where all the history of humanity and nature is written.

Her skin is like the pages where all the history of the stars and consciousness is written.

Everything that exists in nature causes a different feeling. The stars, the night, the mountains, the fruits, just as each part of her body causes a different feeling.

She can make the infinite something small.

She can make loneliness something ephemeral.

The only meaning.

Is that infinitely small things are infinitely important.

The only meaning.

Is that ephemeral things are eternalized.

The only thing that exists in her consciousness are the stars.

The only thing that exists in my consciousness is the ocean.

To get her embrace I need to go through the infinite.

They think it's something small. But they don't know how I feel.

To get her kiss I need to cross the infinite.

They insist on saying that everything that exists in the world is something small. But they don't know how I feel. They never will.

My faith is greater than all the loneliness that has ever existed in the world.

Her love is greater than all the suffering that has ever existed in the world.

In her body and soul.

There is both the path to hell and to paradise.

And curiously, those who are at the party or completely naked could be closer to heaven and paradise than those who dress as pure, speak as pure, are in pure places, but do not have a pure heart.

She literally steals my heart. Kidnaps it. Like an eclipse or the moon in the morning. And I am forced to love what men hate most. The virtue of patience.

I do not have enough strength to move the sun or the moon. But most men are foolish enough to believe they have such strength.

I have never been outside her womb. I have never been outside her embrace.

Everything I can learn is in the earth. Everything I can desire is in the fire.

I am sure she knows all my intentions, feelings, desires and imaginations even if I never say anything. And even if I have no words. We are connected by something divine and sacred. We are connected by something eternal and immortal.

Her god only knows the language of music. He only knows the language of touch and love. The purest god only manifests Himself in desire. He only manifests Himself in music.

I need to wait for her to be born again to show her light through the small crack like the sunset or the late afternoon.

My passion and my desire are like the seasons or a clock. Sometimes I am, but she is not. Sometimes she is, but I am not.

The man of my time is the one who, the smaller he is, the greater he considers himself. They can err in their words, in their tone and in their judgments, but I can still say something to them that they exactly want to hear. I feel a hunger that only a naked body could feed.

And there is nothing in this world that could kill or suppress this desire. This desire is faith or hope itself. This fire is life itself. This desire is greater than death or life itself.

For some, loneliness is the only thing worse than death. They prefer to have infinite enemies or illusory loves than to face loneliness in the depths of their eyes and feelings.

Not even death or absolute loneliness could end this desire. They would only be a seasoning.

How grateful can I be that free will exists? So she can make the worst decisions and choose the worst things just to feed my heart and imagination. The worst love she could choose would be mine. But the best eye to see as she wished or desired would be mine.

How grateful can I be that free will exists? So I can chain myself to a boat to avoid my suffering and hers.

Reality is a womb. Reality is inside a womb.

I was born empty and in an empty place. But inside me and inside all of us, there is the mythological seed. When all myths are forgotten, destroyed or become lukewarm, our purpose will be to create them again.

As time passes, the more man regresses. Man or humanity reached its apex when the explanation for all things in the world was myths.

I am the one who says that God never died and never will die. The only thing that changes is the language through which He is known.

There is not only one language to know God.

Is the body a language?

The dream of the old young man was to make science and philosophy one thing. In his metaphysical forges he failed. So the dream of the old man whose consciousness remains always new and young became to fuse and make mythology and science one thing. He approached that which always was and always will be distant.

I was not born too late to speak as a poet. I was born at the same time as all men. From the first to the last who recognize the importance and power of love.

As long as there is desire, there will be mythology. As long as there is a body, there will be philosophy.

Her eyes are for him his telescope. Her skin is the pages where all the history of humanity, nature and consciousness is written. Her voice, so sweet and sublime, gives birth to everything sacred, divine or profane that can exist in this world.

Her body is as beautiful and infinite as the universe itself.

There is nothing in the world that is easy or difficult. Everything depends only on our will. Everything depends only on our desire. Do we want to continue with our eyes closed or open them?

The main question of knowledge is not to discover the truth. But to ask ourselves why we ignore everything that has always been before our eyes or feelings...

The beauty of the world lies not only in what I do or others do. The beauty of the world lies in everything that could still be done.

The beauty of the world lies not only in the things that exist, but mainly in the things that could exist or be made.

The beauty of the world lies not only in what exists. But the true beauty of the world lies in its potential. In everything that could still be done or created.

The man, apprentice of the desert. He considered himself rich not for what he had. But, precisely for what he did not have.

The man, son of the desert. He considered himself important not for the people he attracted. But, for the people he repelled.

The man who is the desert. Considered himself wise not for what he said or did. But for his silence. For what he did not say or do.

The wisest man of all was not wise for what he knew. But he was wise for everything he voluntarily did not want to know or learn.

The man of the desert always admired the daughter of the darkness of the night with loneliness. The man of the desert always admired the daughter of the midday sun with the clouds.

No matter what year, century or millennium I was born in. She and I can see the same things when we close our eyes.

Even if the world became empty I would have no reason to complain about anything. If every night I could sleep with the same tranquility of someone who sleeps on the clouds.

It is not possible to understand love. Love is a sweet surprise. It is the greatest contradiction of all. But it is also the easiest thing to notice.

I think that in her body there is both the sun and the moon. There are both mountains and clouds and deserts. I think that in her body there is a small piece of each star or galaxy. Contemplating her beauty, I remember nature. Contemplating nature, I remember her.

It doesn't matter if I was born yesterday or will be born tomorrow. She and I have the same imagination.

It seems that the universe knows no beginning and no end. And even if it disappeared or melted away, it would have the potential to arise again with all its adventures, deliriums and mirages.

Our greatest mistake is to think that the universe has the same limitations as ours.

The light reflected by the lighthouse is not the same as that reflected by her eyes. The light of the candle is not the same light reflected by the sun or by neon.

As long as the ocean waves dance like her body, I will never feel alone. I don't know which path to follow. But I know that all paths are in her body.

As long as her smile shines like the sun, I don't know which window to open. But I know they are all beautiful.

As long as her feet are the very beach, sand or earth, I will always remain happy even if she resides only in my imagination.

I know that in her mouth there is the taste of all fruits. In her skin and hair there is the beauty of all colors.

In her smile and laughter are the only weapons against which I do not know how to defend myself.

If I am the eyes, she is the dreams. If she is the stars, I am the telescope and the spyglasses. If I am the words or the pen, she is the page made of silk.

What makes me great is not them seeing me. But it is precisely them not seeing me. Just as an ant would not see the feet of a giant. Just as man does not see the totality of the universe.

How can one defeat an enemy without knowing him or oneself?

And if this enemy, so dangerous or a grave threat... Can never be understood, much less be capable of harming anyone?

I lived my whole life in the darkness. And she was the first crack of light that came through the window.

The place where light touches darkness.

What I am or am not is not important. I am merely a mirror that reflects the brightness of the stars and muses. I am merely a reflection on the surface of an ocean. I am merely an echo between mountains that move as if they were clouds.

Every text is the fruit of a soul and consciousness. But not all souls or consciousnesses are equal.

Among the doctorates and those of the higher hierarchy, I realized that I could learn few things. I realized that the simplest are wiser. The most ignorant are more passionate. I realized that there is no truer language than nature or better school than solitude.

Sweet priestess, with your laughter that reveals disdain and embarrassment at the same time. I confess you have good will, a very rare thing nowadays. But, the man and woman I truly value are those who do what must be done. If they have to go to the front line of war, they go. If they or they have to go to construction, to the streets or to planting, they go. They do what is useful while we hide behind words. For me, they are the true sages, the true heroes and owners of truth, and not us. They are those whose words should be taken more seriously than ours and are worth more than anyone else's. They do the work to sustain my stomach and ours. And in their simplicity, ignorance and total detachment, they find the truth or wisdom that we will never find.

Sweet priestess, do not look at me suspiciously! But, for many, the madmen are the true sages. And we are just a joke. Our seriousness becomes synonymous with everything that is cold or false. And all those whom we consider wrong or inferior are precisely those who color the world, while we make it pale.

All people can look at the sun. Even if only through a crack. Even if only through imagination or a dream.

He looked into her eyes and saw the sunset.

He looked into her eyes and saw the crescent moon.

He touched her skin and dove into the deepest ocean.

He touched her skin and climbed to the top of the highest mountain. And touched the most distant star.

He kissed her and tasted the most flavorful fruit.

He knew the vastness of the world, nature and history through her mouth.

He heard her voice. And it was the most beautiful or sublime thing that could exist in this world.

He spied and glimpsed her sigh. With the same care and seriousness of a sculptor who never finishes his work.

He sculpted his own soul, consciousness and body. And the purpose of suffering was to make everything more beautiful and sublime.

In her soul he found paradise and hell.

In her soul he found both love and loneliness.

He realized that the smallest and most ephemeral things... Are infinitely important.

In her arms he saw all the stars and constellations.

In her breast he tasted a little of each galaxy. And something cosmic.

His only certainty was that her body was something infinite. His only certainty was that one day death would come, but his desire would never die.

I doubt there is anything in the world I love more than her dance.

I love her dance more than her naked. I love her dance more than her making love.

Our god is a dancer. The only language our god knows is music. And it is only through instrumental and voiceless music that our god makes his promise and preaching.

Parties or festivities are not a waste of time, money or energy. They are the return to the beginning, to the origins.

Everything I do is spiritualized. Touching a woman's body is something sacred. Touching a machine is something sacred. Touching a stone or looking at the sky is something sacred.

Her love is greater than the universe and all things.

The most important thing is not to discover the unknown. But to ask ourselves why we do not want to see certain things.

No one is better than man at being able to see what is very distant or does not exist. But he cannot see what is in front of him or before his eyes.

Consciousness and mind know everything because without them nothing could exist. But it voluntarily chooses to be ignorant, to close its eyes to certain things and not to name them.

Ignorance and the unknown do not exist. The only thing that exists is voluntarily closing one's eyes. It is to remain with eyes closed voluntarily, but still afraid of dreams and darkness.

I am no longer afraid of the unknown, on the contrary. The unknown has become my only refuge. It has become my only friend, shield and inspiration. The unknown has become my only foundation and my character.

What would words be if not something to distance us from truth and reality?

Words tell us nothing new. They only reflect what was already in our soul.

In this world, those who make the best poetry are those who do not know love. Those who weave justice are unaware of the light threads of freedom. Those who consider themselves closest to the divine or sacred are those who have the smallest wings. And precisely those who most

talk about reality and truth are those who least know them.

Is the weight of freedom greater than slavery? Is freedom heavier than chains made of iron? The higher the flight, the greater the fall.

Truth and reality exist. But they are indistinguishable from a desire or will. They are as arbitrary things as imaginary borders or the colors one

chooses to name.

Reality and truth are things that the subject himself must discover. Construct and destroy.

Humanity did not evolve or progress. It just exchanged living myths for lukewarm ones.

The smaller the subject is, the greater the perception of his grandeur. The more magnificent the subject is, the greater the perception of his own smallness or ephemerality.

In this world full of illusions, mirages and deserts, sometimes the madman is more useful than the normal ones. The prostitute is sometimes nobler than those who consider themselves pure or untouchable. And sometimes the thief is more honorable or upright than those who wear the mask of justice to do everything they do not have the courage to do with their own hands.

Desire is one of the few things in this world that does not need justifications, just like faith.

The mind is consciousness knows everything that exists, treading its own path.

I would have to be very arrogant to say that I have more knowledge or feelings than a butterfly. I would have to be very arrogant to say that I have more waves or movements than the sea.

I would have to be very arrogant or boorish... To consider myself purer than mud or more sensual than the earth.

I would have to be very foolish. To believe that my words would be worth more than the sky or air itself.

How many labyrinths did we have to go through?

Until we could find ourselves?

How many labyrinths did we have to go through?

Just to see each other's reflection.

And all I can see is her naked reflection through a broken mirror or sea.

What I write is neither truth nor lie. It is neither a dream nor reality. Everything depends only on the eye that reads. Everything depends only on the heart that feels. Everything depends on the clock and the time in which it is read.

And all she can see is the depth of my soul. Every shadow, every light, every detail. Every intention, desire and imagination.

I am the place where all platforms and ocean intertwine.

And she can tie a knot in each ray or beam of light as if they were silk threads.

I know that this desire exists not only in my body or in her body. But it exists throughout nature.

The first god was the sea. The second god was the sky. Could there be anything higher than the sky itself?

Alone I am easy to defeat. But the feeling I feel is spread throughout almost all of nature and all men. And to defeat it, it would be necessary to defeat humanity. Not only all of humanity, but it would be necessary to defeat all of nature to defeat me.

I am the place where all oceans and platforms intertwine. And her dance is the truest, purest and most beautiful thing in the world.

Is it not magnificent or very beautiful the simple fact that I can imagine her?

Is it not divine or almost sacred that I can look at the sky and feel its purity or warmth?

Each part of her body has an infinite beauty. But each part has a different beauty from the other.

The eye cannot see or perceive reality. Only the body can. The eye only sees what it wants.

Only her sun rays can embrace me. Only her darkness and shadow can protect me.

She is the woman who embraced all the stars.

I am the man who embraced all the seas.

She is the woman who became the galaxy itself.

I am the man who became the ocean itself.

Together, only together could we invent infinite new words to forget everything that has already been said.

Her mouth is as vast as all of nature or the universe.

And in my consciousness or soul, all seas and oceans fit.

It is not possible to flee or escape the metaphysical womb. The exit door leads to the beginning and the start.

Every detail of her body has an infinite beauty. Just like all things in the universe, no matter how small.

I am the silence. She is the sigh.

Knowing the depths of my soul, there is nothing the universe can conceal from me.

In the infinite loneliness.

Only her darkness can embrace me.

In the dawn without edge

The man of the desert wanders the world with a small lantern. The man of the desert wanders the world with a small mirror. And everything that is important or valuable he can carry with him.

All I ever wanted was to be as light as the wind. So that I couldn't carry anything heavy in this world with me.

Sleeping in the desert, he felt as if he were sleeping on the clouds.

And looking at the starry sky in the desert is like looking at her dark hair or eyes. And looking at the crescent moon is like looking at her skin. And in the desert dawn he felt as if he were inside her or before her. It was not pleasure or loneliness. But a pleasant silence and contemplation.

She is a relic. Rarer than gold, ruby or emerald.

A crowd passed before his eyes. But only one or one will understand his feelings.

There is no better school or university in life than the school of the desert. There is no better school or university in life than the school of solitude.

There is no better school or university in life than the school of love. There is no better school or university in life than the school of desire and imagination.

Love is the most beautiful, noble, valuable and divine thing in the world. For it is possible to love what one does not understand. It is possible to love what one does not touch. It is possible to love what does not exist.

The problem of the world is not to discover the truth or reality, but the will. The will knows and understands everything but does not want to name or touch everything.

The great question is not to discover the truth or reality. But to ask ourselves why we voluntarily ignore things that are obvious or evident.

Before the mind and heart, everything is laid completely bare. But the eyes of reason or the heart close voluntarily to many things in the world.

Everything he or she says is not a reflection of the world, reality or truth. But it is a reflection of their own soul and consciousness.

And if the true god were not a man, but a woman? After all, what does man have better or superior to woman that God should be a man or a masculine figure? There is no man without woman and no woman without man.

God is nature. And nature is her body.

Doing science in the form of poetry.

Doing philosophy in the form of poems.

And her body is the purest and truest language of all. It is the language that can speak about all things in this world, those that exist and those that do not.

Her mouth is as vast as knowledge and nature. And her love is greater than the universe.

She is the daughter of science and mythology.

Just to keep the flame of curiosity and desire alive.

She touches her body as if it were something sacred.

She touches her body as if it were something divine.

As long as these acts and imaginations remain alive, the myths will never die.

Furthermore, what if our god were a living god and not a dead god? A god full of desire.

A god who can only be known through music.

A god whose salvation can be through silence or a kiss.

A god whose worship or ritual are imaginations. And metaphysical touches.

Our god is either an artist or a woman.

And its only commandment would be "There is no truth or reality. The only thing that exists is the excess of desire and the absence of desire. The excess of will and the absence of will."

Reality is a womb. Reality is inside a womb.

In the dawn without bays or limit. Only her beams of light can approach my skin. I can see better with my eyes closed. And she can touch all the stars even with her feet on the ground.

In the infinite loneliness. Only her darkness can embrace me.

I am tired of the truths and lies of this world. All I want is for my consciousness or state of consciousness to remain in the same place. In the same season, bay or wave. I want only the sky and the sea to be in my thoughts. I want only her warmth and brightness to exist in my feeling.

There is nothing in this world that I love more than nature. But, I realized that her body is nature itself. Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

The biological eyes close. The eyes of imagination and desire open. The physiological body dries up. While consciousness dives into a rain of dreams and shipwrecks in a sea of imaginations.

In the infinite loneliness. Only her light can reflect in my soul.

Touching her body I can discover who created this world. Touching her body I can discover what this world is, how it originated and its essence. Her body is a language like any other. Her body, completely naked, is the purest and truest language of all.

I was born empty and in an empty place. But in me, and in all of us, the myths remain.

She is hope. I am despair.

She is desire. I am the void.

She is the force of water. I am the cracked dam.

She is justice. I am vengeance.

She is the constitution. I am the revolution.

She is love. I am loneliness.

She is knowledge. I am forgetting.

She is the past and the future. I am the present.

I am the darkness of the sky. She is the starry horizon.

I can see better with my eyes closed.

And she can touch the stars. Even with her feet on the ground.

If she is as beautiful as all the stars and galaxies.

If she is nature or the universe itself.

I am just a telescope.

If she is as vast as all dreams and imagination.

I can see better with my eyes closed.

The place where light touches darkness.

Perfection is something that can only exist in her body.

And I know that in the depth of her body and soul.

There is both the path to hell and to paradise.

On her lips and skin are the pages with all the stories of nature.

In the depths of my soul there is the reflection of every part of the universe.

There is no halfway.

Each step taken is already a path and history in itself.

She is the sky and the sea. And I am just a broken compass.

She is the fire and the earth. And I am just a bare foot.

We create and destroy language just to speak about the same things.

We have always believed in the same things, but we just use a different language. Our god or divinity will never die. Only language changes. Only language dies.

I am the day and she is the night. Even in the most serene morning the moon appears to make her sublime or nostalgic. I am the night and she is the day. Even in the deepest night the eclipse appears to illuminate the place where there was only darkness.

I am silence. She is the sigh.

I am forgetting. She is knowledge.

I am nothing. She is everything.

I am the sun and she is the moon. I hide in her darkness. I am the moon and she is the sun. All her beams of light reflect in the depths of my soul.

The place where light touches darkness. I am the shadow. And she is the light. I can see better with my eyes closed. And she can touch all the stars even with her feet on the ground.

I am death and she is life. I am the night and she is the day. I am the cocoon and she is the moth and butterfly.

I don't need to use any telescope or spyglass to discover the secrets of nature or the universe. Just look into her eyes.

I don't need all the books to understand reality or truth. Just look at and touch her body. Completely naked.

Every detail of her body is infinitely beautiful. Just like everything in the universe or nature, no matter how small.

The more I try to run away, the closer she gets. She knows all my thoughts, feelings, intentions and states of consciousness. I cannot hide any dream or desire from her. No intention.

What separates opposite things is just a wisp of imagination or too imaginary lines and borders?

All things in nature have feeling. The mountains, the air and the sky. A stone. Her completely naked body. Even nothingness or silence has or carries a feeling.

And what is this thing that when you close your eyes you can see better?

We can talk about the same things just using a different language. However, the language of touch is the purest and truest of all.

My thought, feeling, soul or consciousness are just a cycle, just like the cycles of nature. There is winter, summer, spring and autumn, although, now and then, one extends and another shortens. There are eclipses and moments where the moon rises in the morning.

Everything that exists in nature has feelings. The mountains, the sea and the stars. The body of a completely naked woman.

She is the sky and the sea. And I am just a broken compass.

She is the earth and the fire. I am just a bare foot.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

I wonder if it would have been better never to have been born. But I prefer to believe that my loneliness is just the early morning. I prefer to believe that all my dreams and hopes are born at dawn. And at dusk my desires finally open their eyes.

When she gets naked, all the sufferings and despairs of the world are forgotten for just a second.

When she gets naked, all problems disappear.

There is an infinite beauty in every detail of her body. And also in every small thing in this world.

If she is the stars or the sea itself, I am just a ruler, compass or heavy anchor.

If her naked body is nature and the universe itself, truth or reality itself, I am just the one who says whether the bay is near or far. How hot or cold it is. I am just the one who gives names to things that can never be named.

To get her embrace, I must first pass through the infinite. They laugh at me. I can, but they say it's a small thing. But they don't know and never will know how I feel or my feelings.

To get her kiss, I need to go through infinite infinities. They say it will never be enough. But my only and absolute certainty is that they don't know and never will know how I feel or my feelings.

They judge others only by what they have. And I judge others only by what they feel.

I doubt there is anyone with a will or desire more volatile than mine. But, she offers me what I need. Even if it's just someone to wipe my tears. Even if it's just someone to commit funny sins. Even if it's just someone to see me shipwrecked in my own soul. Someone to give me the nourishment or knowledge that is not found elsewhere.

The more I try to run away, the more she ends up approaching. The more I try to capture her in a bottle, the more she escapes. From her, only from her, there is no way to hide my intentions or state of consciousness.

If I am the stars, she is the crescent Moon. If I am the clouds, she is the sunset. If I am the desert, she is the darkness of the night.

Everything that exists in nature causes me a different feeling. From the rain to the stars. Even stepping on the ground barefoot.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body. Her body is nature itself.

If I want to discover all the secrets of nature, I don't need to use any telescope or microscope, but just touch her body. If I want to discover all the secrets of the universe to understand myself and the depths of my soul.

What separates opposite things is something very thin, fragile and delicate. It is just a wisp of imagination. It is just an imaginary border.

I am the sun. She is the moon. In the most serene mornings, the moon sometimes appears to make her more sublime and delicate.

I am the moon. She is the sun. In the deepest night, the mysterious eclipse brings together what is distant or opposite.

Without her I cannot know who I really am or what I seem to be. Without her, although always walking or running, I cannot know where the beginning or finishing point is.

I realize that each event in nature causes a different feeling in me. From the rain to the sky with few stars.

I may be an idiot or a fool. But I do not have the common defect of the man of my time. Which is to consider himself superior to nature.

I question whether there has been any progress or evolution. Was the man who believed in myths not more sensible, clever or resourceful? The man of today knows nothing, feels nothing, but has an infinite arrogance. An arrogance with nothing to justify that arrogance. So I realize that the more man distances himself from nature, the more he regresses.

Once I met a man who knew no numbers. But his soul was so wise, pure and noble that it made him greater than any number.

Poetry died. Or in the infinite history and time did it only take a pause and a sigh?

And the only remnant of this nature is to know her heart and soul. Which seem too much like the Sun.

With each passing day I have only one hope.

To get closer to her smile.

All I need is to tune my thoughts, my soul and consciousness with that of the universe. All I need is to feel the same thing as the universe. May the frequencies or waves of my soul be the same as those of the universe.

I am the place where the sky kisses the sea. I am the place where light touches darkness. The border between paradise and hell. I am the place where the infinite darkness of the night touches the brightness of the stars.

Lost among the paths of the Moon. Hypnotized by the reflections of the Sun. Only her skin can save me.

Silence. She is the sigh.

If I am the desert, she is the crescent moon.

If she is the past or the future. I am just the present.

What makes me great is being what they consider small. What makes me eternal is being what they consider ephemeral.

Only the metaphysical womb could wipe my tears. The heart beating in the same rhythm.

Even in the most serene and delicate morning, the Moon may appear. And make her more sublime.

If she is nature itself or the entire universe, I am a small ruler. And all I know how to do is say what is near or far.

The darkness of the sky is her hair. The stars and galaxies are her eyes. Her body is nature and the universe itself.

All the sand of the desert is just her skin. The raindrops are her tears. Her smile is the beams of sunlight.

And I can find or discover all of nature just in her body.

I could say that the darkness of the sky is just her dark hair. I could say that I can see all the stars and galaxies just by looking into her eyes.

Everything that exists in nature also exists in her body. Nature is

her very body.

Everything that exists in the universe also exists in my soul. The universe is the depth of my own soul.

The adventure or discovery never ends. Even if it exists only in her fantasy. Even if it exists at the bottom of my dreams. The adventure never ends.

The place where light touches darkness. The more I try to run away, the closer she gets. The more I try to get closer, the further she moves away. There is no way to hide my intentions or my consciousness. But such intentions or desires are as volatile as the cycles of nature.

Both the most ignorant man and the wisest recognize the importance of love. Both the purest, justest and truest man and the most unjust, dishonest or deceitful man feel some kind of

desire. Even the man on the margins or immune to love feels something, even if it is boredom or love for loneliness itself and for silence. In this aspect, men who are so diverse and come into conflict with each other because of their differences become very similar, too equal and the pedestal falls. And regardless of how much he knows or does not know, there seem to be things that everyone knows, even the mad or the lonely.

This man is never born too early or too late in search of his womb or last metaphysical refuge. This man is the same from the first who existed to the last who will exist. Love is the very light of the sun and without it nothing could exist, not even life. Love is death itself, the very light of the moon and without it nothing could be destroyed or forgotten.

In every man and in every woman there is all the infinite. The great question is not to know what truth or reality is, but to ask ourselves why there are so many things that we do not want to see or voluntarily do not want to understand, even though they are and always were before our eyes.

Before the will, nothing can hide, no veil can be sustained. The will knows everything because it is the foundation of truth and reality, it is the reflection of the world and nature. But this will, even seeing all things in the world, knowing and feeling everything with absolute clarity, sometimes feels like closing its own eyes and remaining silent. Such a man, no matter how simple, crude or primitive he may be, is not ignorant. Among the infinite things that exist and that he can see, he only chooses what he wants to see, touch or imagine.

One day I will die.

But I will die loving you.

Everything that exists in the universe we can easily see. But not everything we want to.

Her love is greater than the universe.