

MANY LANGUAGES: ONE TONGUE

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In Chinese pain is pain in English
Both new born cry the exactly same cry
In either tongue
When torn out from their mother
The horror of this Earth appears in either language
In England and in China new born souls would prefer
To return to the Cosmos whence they came from.

Love is in Swahili as in French is Love
Both hearts always beat
At the exactly same rhythm
The same measure of blood
Bursts out from either heart
Equal, the horror of the Absence
When the loved ones just die
In Black Africa and in France
The Essence of Love is equal in aroma.

Singing in Nahuatl is in Italian Singing
Lyrics signify the exact longing nostalgia
The glorious past forgone
But still pure landscapes
Both hearts keep on bleeding
The present in the instantaneous Void
And the bacchanalia Void in the future
The melody, the harmony and the lyrics
In Italy and in Mexico
Burst out from the exactly same fountain
And the depths of the source
Are as crystalline in each language.

In Japan, metaphors are ceremonies
As ceremonies metaphors in Araby
Marriage, Family, Work: three themes
In either tongue ring one single bell
In Arabic "I do" rings exactly the same Temple bells
As "I do" reverberates in Minarets in Japanese
On these lands, Fate has absolutely no power
In the care and the rearing of children
Valued more than the pearls from the Sea of Japan
Valued more than the Black Gold from the Sands of the Desert

And the exactly same sweat is now raining out
From the labor in factories and the work in oil fields.

In Hindi, Death has exactly the same meaning
As the meaning of Death in Spanish
In Mexico and in India both scythes cut just as sharp
Death is a liberation from misery and cast
A return to the immaterial Void
The maternal, the ethereal Cosmic Light
Where Love, Harmony and Spirit
Emanate from the exact same Center and Mass.

All the languages of the world
Speak in only one soul
Russian, Urdu, German, Wolof
So many, many languages
To name one single emotion
The magic of Poetry and Prayer
In exactly the same wavelength
Love, Agony, Pain and Joy
All our enduring struggles for perfection
Clamors resounding in the waves of the wind
From the Sea to the Sun and Beyond
Like the Wheel of our Fortune
Like the pull of the moon on the ocean
Our inalterable seesaw of existence
From our Earth to the Galaxies
To begin once again and Again
Our endless Karmic, Cosmic Cycle.

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