

RASUR

by

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A Voice on the Threshold

Poetry pours emotion into images to make us happy, to beautify this Paradise of man on Earth; therefore, Poetry cannot be enjoyed in its own language: the most beautiful interpretation of a poem is the poem itself. It leaves inside us a sweet and profound wisdom; it is not the wisdom we obtain through science and ideas, or even through the concepts we produce from things around us.

Poetry leads us to the very heart of things, to the inside of phenomena and beings, without forcing us through the labyrinth of mere analysis.

Imagination comes from the creative power of Poetry: it is the Third Eye through which we become real.

There, in such a world, my Third Eye discovered Rasur, a dreamlike reality I shall share with you on the following pages.

RASUR, OR THE WEEK OF SPLENDOR.

I

Facing the town of Escazu,  
among the emerald hills, hidden,  
we found the village of Quizur.

Something really strange has happened in this humble village:  
from each crack of the old walls rays of the purest gold are glowing,  
the wind goes back and forth joyful in the golden light  
of the most exhilarating and bluest sky,  
moistening our eyes with the sweetest nectars.

As if enchanted, the mountain sings  
with its crystal voice,  
with the help of the tumbling waters  
that come downhill, twittering along.

There is a melodious rumor,  
so distant, so sweet,  
just like a breeze playing

with the flutes in the fronds,  
over the valleys and the hills.

II

The children from this village,  
and the children from vacationing families,  
they have all met here, this morning,  
and they have gotten lost,  
beyond the deepest valleys, in the hills  
bathed with splendor and turquoise lights.

Julian, the painter.  
David, the mystic writer of tales,  
and Servulus, too.  
They have all parted.  
They followed the paths which end  
by the banks of the river.  
Damian, the engineer.  
Armando, the town's judge.  
Benjamin, the oxdriver.  
They all followed the paths through the woods,  
heading for the hills.

Spread throughout the forest,  
women call out the children by their names.  
Only the leaves, like tongues, rustling on the trees,  
answer their calls with slow and deep voices,  
as if a chorus of echoes  
repeated their cries at a distance.

The forest is no solitary place,  
it is the divine mansion of magic deities,  
who are always busy preparing  
the magic brews, the fragrances,  
the subtle virtues of the herbs,  
the many tastes and syrups made with  
fruits.  
Then they give them to the birds,  
to men, and to themselves;  
Thus they live surrounded by honey and  
perfumes.

But this morning the dryads' voices  
are louder than the wind's:  
you can almost see their white voices  
entangled with the vines,  
like climbing tresses aiming at the peaks.

Damian now presses on his march,  
he calls his friends' attention.  
Then they hear a chorus of children.  
The children they are searching,  
the children they cannot see.

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The voices drift through the darkest  
pines.  
The oxdriver is restless.  
He has never heard of  
either cave or grotto large enough  
to hold so many children.  
The Justice reassures him, then:  
"If they are singing, they are well.  
Magical shepherds guard over the  
flocks of children on this earth,  
since they are the flowers of eternal  
beauty,  
the flowers of truth and goodness."

Damian noticed a little hut uphill  
and he headed towards it.  
Benjamin could not recall that hut  
but then, as they got nearer,  
the three men felt the strongest  
magnetic force which held them to the  
ground,  
as if with many intangible chains.

They could not move.  
They looked at each other in  
astonishment.  
The three of them, transfigured,  
without really understanding,  
apprehended and grasped the truth:  
they were stepping into a forbidden circle.  
At a distance, next to the hut,  
they were able to see a reposing  
silhouette,  
as if carved from light itself:  
The same light which was now  
spreading upon the forest.

It seemed to come from inside the mountain.

They felt a sensation of not belonging to the world; their most subtle sensations floated to the surface  
A world of visions and enchantment came alive.

Coming from underground  
the children's voices were flying like birds  
and they were singing songs  
of the bluish dawn breaking in the forest.

All the villagers were running to the mountains,  
their souls were exalted.  
But none of them could cross  
the line separating that world of mystery,  
from this other world of things,  
that is unable to express,  
like us,

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their deepest feelings.

The tongues of the leaves became silent  
once more.  
Only Silence itself with its mossy feet,  
was stepping over the forest floor back  
and forth,  
but leaving everything in perfect  
neatness,  
as if the forest was an altar.

The radiant figure in front of the hut,  
suddenly interrupted its rest:  
and then a point of light seemed to move:  
The hamadryads rose to their lips,  
the horns that were hidden in the vines,  
and the music of the wind spread all over;  
Wise and witty was their melody,  
full of youth and human kindness.

Absorbed, as if entranced,  
the visitors heard inside their minds,  
a revelation of intimacies,

secrets known only to themselves.  
It was an invitation to invade  
each chamber of remembrances.  
It was a call to consciousness itself  
in order to evoke the images of dreams,  
in order to judge reality  
while lying among the leaves and the  
vines.  
But, since time is the creation of men,  
nobody knew for how long  
this enchantment flowed from their own  
souls.  
Suddenly they were awakened  
by the repeated singing  
from Dryads and children  
throughout the enchanted woods.

It was for the first time  
the villagers had ever felt inside their  
minds  
the discovery of a totally unexpected,  
interior kingdom of light and ideas,  
Their first primal thought blossomed that  
day.  
Damian and the Judge were calling out to  
the children.  
Nonetheless, their calls were only  
raindrops  
over the darkened hair of the stormy  
night.  
The flocks of children seemed  
to get together and then to separate:  
they seemed more obedient to an  
unknown call

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than to their own wills.

Then the villagers began to recognize  
the only word which was coming out  
of the children's row:  
Rasur! Rasur! Rasur!

III

Evening,

wearing her robe of most splendid blue,  
lies over the hills and is observed from  
the village:

David and Julian, Damian and Armando,  
they are talking,  
it is more a soliloquy than a conversation.  
They feel their souls as if they were vases  
bursting with clear water;  
they would express their feelings  
in one single, soft outburst of their breasts,  
as water being emptied into the earthen  
container at the well.

Then David says:

"Today you cannot complain  
that my tales are pure fantasy;  
your eyes have observed,  
your hearts have responded  
to the calls of vision and have felt  
the illusion and the rapture."

Even Benjamin, the oxdriver,  
was transformed, and so he said:  
"The words coming from Rasur  
are fireflies shining in the dark,  
enlightening my mind as never seen before;  
I do not understand what is happening  
inside me: I am another Benjamin  
and for the first time I am discovering  
within myself another Benjamin,  
more powerful and real than the other one,  
who was a mere illusion.

"Around Rasur," states Julian,  
"the light seems whiter, the air purer,  
his eyes seem to read from the deepest waters,  
the ground, the light, the air;  
and his gestures and his words surround you in mystery  
and go deep into your thoughts.  
He provokes a feeling  
of being initiated into the occult,  
as David used to tell us  
when he read the Iambic and the Proclus.  
Rasur is a source of miracles and a  
miracle:  
The effects of his acts go far beyond  
the expectations of the artist or the mechanic."

Then Julian extracted green gemstones  
from his pocket,  
and showed them to his friends,  
"These are the work of Rasur,  
Myria, my daughter, told me,  
as she has learned from Rasur,  
in the grotto, when his figure glowed  
with a light coming from inside his body  
which has cleared the darkness  
there, in the enchanted cave:"

She said to me:  
"The luster of the green leaves  
was made of earth and sun,  
is made of air, of water and life,  
is made with the air's life,  
with the water's life,  
is made of earth, sun and fire,  
because everything in this world  
comes from the divine mind,  
and it is the essence of the world's life.  
Our own hands may heal,  
because they possess the healing powers  
found in the roots of plants:  
they may heal, they may poison,  
they may kill, and alleviate,  
and sooth and provide exaltation,  
they may turn the ground into  
brilliant luster, shining in the sun.  
Look at the tree: it changes  
the dark matter in the soil  
into shining green leaves, and yet  
you do not consider the tree  
to be a miracle.  
I do as the tree does:  
I provide a certain glow to the pebble  
that tomorrow shall be dust or soil.  
The Dryads who taught its tasks to the tree,  
taught me as well, and they shall teach you, too,  
if you should obey their Call."

Then Armando exclaimed:  
"I sense a bit of paganism  
in what Myria has just told us,  
and also in what I hear from Grisda.  
Rasur has told them  
the immortals never forget whom they have loved:

If we creatures of the flesh do forget our love  
then it was never a true love:  
they called love what was desire,  
that vanishes into thin air  
after it reaches the object of its lust.  
True love is born within the soul,  
it travels with the soul as its companion,  
and it searches for the beloved beauty  
and finds it, at last, next to itself,  
within the soul."  
Grisda, my daughter, has affirmed this  
with such certitude,  
that my own son Florio, smiling, incredulous  
has asked her: "Then, who is Rasur?"

"Who he is I do not know,"  
she answered, "But when I look at him,  
adoration is what I feel.  
In his presence my ideas  
struggle in turmoil,  
and I am a goddess,  
hovering over the ground.  
When I find myself in Rasur's World,  
my life is like the lark in the fields,  
soaring from the earth up into the sky, at daybreak.  
We youngsters all become older,  
and good and so beautiful,  
we believe ourselves to be angels.  
When Rasur speaks to us  
and tells us that we are all imprisoned gods,  
not one of us is coveting a doubt.  
Rasur penetrates into our thoughts,  
as if they were halls of his own home;  
we do what he wishes,  
we feel happy to do what is pleasing us.  
Next to Rasur we live not in obedience  
as he does not command us, because his  
will is ours."

Florio was mocking no more.  
Then, he asked me:  
"What is your opinion of all this?  
Julian, I await your answer."  
"I cannot answer you, for the time being,  
because brilliant sparks  
are lighting in my mind,



and answers you shall see  
in my paintings, in my landscapes.

Today I have learned to paint;  
I shall paint as never before.  
Today I learned that light itself  
is the container of the very essence of  
Divinity,  
that it creates reality and illusion in this  
world.

Out of Nature's imagination  
come flowing the forms, the colors,  
the ideas conceived and expressed

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in light, in lines, in the shapes:  
they all come out in the form of satyrs,  
they all hide in themselves the divinity,  
they provide the world with sense and  
beauty.  
Without their divine core,  
like drawings in the breeze they would  
be..."

At that very moment, a beautiful girlish  
voice was heard,  
it came from the garden across the path,  
and the girl was leading a bunch of  
village children.  
None in the group of friends could  
recognize the girl;  
they had never seen her before, but  
delighted,  
they listened to her clear voice explain:

"In the presence of Rasur,  
our minds are set on fire,  
the ideas turn to amber.  
When he leaves all remains  
as glowing coals  
under a veil of ashes.  
In silence he talks to us,  
in silence we see his mind and his love.  
You already know how he reaches  
our deepest thoughts,

as he enters our souls  
as you enter the aisles of a church  
as you go along through the paths in the  
meadows.

In the presence of Rasur,  
all is beauty, all is ease;  
our fingers turn into ten little fairies,  
creating shapes and colors around them,  
giving life to them with their touch.

Flowing from his eyes,  
is medicine and magic:  
a powerful evocation  
calling up a swarm of memories,  
a turmoil of impressions  
which used to dwell in limbo,  
where things left no trace,  
if they ever were things.  
We are empty caves through which  
He runs carelessly,  
and we cannot help it:  
we are His;  
as the mango seed is to its fruit,  
as the wing is to the bird.  
He just taught us last night  
that deep in the soul of the Earth  
Paradise Lost becomes eternal reality;

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that we may reach that Eden  
by following the paths which extend  
throughout our own selves.

We know the guardians  
in the mountains of Quizur,  
from the Miner's Stone  
to the lower slopes  
which end just in front  
of the church in Escazú.  
We shall never be alone,  
in the hills and forests  
of these magic mountains.  
The guardian rangers of these woods  
are all friends of Rasur's;  
they have also become our friends.  
Their bright shapes intertwine

with the many other shapes at twilight.  
No one will deem them real beings.  
But you know reality is not what it  
appears to be.

Yesterday Rasur called to us:  
"I create as the tree does,  
from the darkened earth I start,  
leaves and flowers begin to grow,  
and the delightful fruits as well.  
From what you call darkness  
precious gems I make:  
gilded stones glowing  
under the light of the cave.

Once a silkworm a loom  
from the lilies stole:  
But, I do not need to steal a loom  
to render thoughts  
where I knit the finest cloth;  
where I paint the landscapes  
and create the earth, the skies,  
the souls of those who worship me,  
and even the souls of gods I sometimes  
visit,  
bidding you farewell and leaving...

Surya, the twelveyearold sorcerer,  
interrupted that moment,  
and with the voice of an exalted Muse  
exclaimed:  
"I am perceiving the call of Rasur.  
Look at the top of the hills!  
The Guardians have lit the little hut;  
the entrance to the grotto!"

Suddenly,  
springs and waterfalls of joy  
came down the hills.  
All the children of Quizur began to climb,

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and chanted:  
Rasur! Rasur! Rasur!

The call was expanding through the

dales,  
as trumpets sounded played by the  
Dryads,  
hidden in the wind.

Each one heard his own name  
distinctly pronounced in the wind:  
It was that loving voice!  
The voice they had heard that very  
morning in the cave!

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IV

"Something great is happening,  
in the village of Quizur,"  
Said Julian to his friends,  
and to the many neighbors  
who came to express their  
feelings and their concerns.  
"Be happy", he reassured them,  
"Joy is coming down the hills,  
joy from an Enchanted Child."  
"I have been thinking that like Rasur,  
there was also Krishna, the Worshipped  
Child of India.  
Krishna, like Rasur did,  
has called upon the children,  
to fill their minds with images of things  
to come.

The gods go deep into the spirit of men,  
to find a place where divine will may  
grow  
and flourish in the world of the future.  
It is through Man that deities create the  
Universe.  
It is in each of you that I discover a  
golden thread  
among the ordinary colorless threads  
in the fabric of life.  
Look: the twilight seems like a broken  
wire frame  
where beautiful rags hang,  
illuminated with strange lights,

an eerie luminescence now mixed  
with our everyday sunlight,  
an unknown clarity coming from the deity  
our children call Rasur.

You already know that gods sometimes  
appear to us dressed in the poorest rags,  
like the fairies do to meet you on the road.  
Sometimes they also turn into a beautiful child  
and leave men awestruck.

Saint Augustine, one day,  
looking across the Mediterranean Sea,  
exerted all his efforts in order to  
comprehend  
the infinite power of God and His infinite  
wisdom.

Suddenly there appeared a child,  
and with a seashell he carried ocean

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water  
to a little well he had dug in the sand.  
Slowly, he went on with his duty.  
The Saint came to him and asked  
what was he doing.  
“Inside this little well I want to pour the  
ocean,”  
he replied.

“Impossible that is”, the Saint replied.  
“I am doing just as you have done,” said  
the child,  
“I am pouring an infinite amount of water  
within the limits of a hole;  
just as you try to enclose God  
inside your mind”.

Look at the hills again!  
The little hut at the top is shining,  
as brilliant as a crystal reflecting fire.  
The luminous shape walks around the  
hut  
like a protecting deity: our children are  
safe!"

Julian is painting;  
through his improvised workshop's  
window  
one can see the mountain,  
now called the Mountain of Rasur.  
Julian's palette was like a garden  
where one could only see  
the wild colors of the tropical forest.  
The artist looked at the landscape  
and then he painted,  
as if he did not have a canvas before him.  
He used his brushes as if they were  
needles,  
he embroidered the contours of his  
drawings:  
the little hut, the shining guardian,  
the mountain itself,  
all bathed in amber light.  
Each new stroke on the canvas seemed to  
add  
a torrent of fresh light.  
One could almost see the landscape  
coming through the window,  
as the spiritual vision of the horizon,  
adhering itself to the artist's brush,  
getting colors and infiltrating the  
artist's mind and eyes.  
Each individual line of the painting  
seemed to attain  
an extrasensorial conception:  
each stroke looked forward to the next,  
holding each other like sisters.  
This exhilarating race with the brush  
was the artist's delight at every hour,  
each color incarnated a new experience  
of spiritual intimacy,  
an image, an emotion,  
all of them surging from  
the unknown abodes of his inner self,  
until that day.

Everything was then revealed to him,

as if he were looking in the mirror of  
nature,  
at that place where images are born  
for the happy reality of living things.  
He painted as in ecstasy, a dream of  
many things,  
trees, hills, the little hut, the wandering  
clouds  
under the splendid morning sky.

When he removed the brush,  
after that last stroke,  
the canvas seemed to him

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the masterwork of another,  
something like the expression of ideas  
which are always found around the hills,  
as if they were the winged fragments  
of divine truths, perceived from the  
heights,  
at that long-awaited hour when the  
deities  
favor us with their divine wisdom and  
sweet inspiration.

Even more astonished was the artist  
after looking at the wild dances  
of lines and colors, since it was the same  
as the rhythm which was bursting in his  
soul  
and slowly flowed to the painter's brush!

Voices heard at a distance  
disrupted the enchanted moment.  
The painter took off his apron,  
he stored the inks, the brushes and  
palette.  
An hour of creation was gone now,  
it was now in the limbo of  
things that were,  
but then... who knows?

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VI

The farmers,  
the villagers  
who live in Quizur,  
facing Escazú,  
are standing speechless  
since they cannot express  
their feelings  
about what happens  
on the fields,  
and on the roads  
and paths  
around Quizur.

Their children repeat  
one name only:  
Rasur! Rasur!

They never stop praising  
the wonders he performs;  
they tell how he draws  
in mid air,  
how the beautiful shape  
remains and glows,  
like the flight of fireflies,  
and refuses to disappear.

He polishes the pebbles  
that the children bring him  
in their pockets,  
and they sparkle  
like precious jewels  
at an elegant store.

A girl called Denya brought him  
a badly wounded bird:  
With a movement of his hands  
and with his breath  
he healed it.

A boy called Flip tells us  
how Rasur answers their questions  
without words,  
as he always knows their thoughts,  
and their nightly dreams.  
He slips into  
their most intimate secrets.  
Nothing is hidden from Rasur:  
They have become transparent,  
like the air and the crystal,  
and he speaks to them at a distance,



without using his speech,  
and proudly they obey him,  
but nobody notices  
his soft commands.

And nothing do they know  
about this Child,  
who descended from the mountains,

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who became the Lord of the Valley.  
Yet they all adore him,  
for the magic of his being,  
for the beauty of his face  
and the fire in his hands,  
always modeling, always drawing,  
shaping what he wishes,  
following a certain image  
created by his fantasy.  
Nothing sleeps in his presence,  
neither the children nor the flowers,  
not even the sleepinducing mimosa  
dares to close its petals and slumber,  
when in front of Rasur's eyes.

The rumors of the Earth  
are climbing up the trees,  
and they tell Rasur the news  
of its magical world of music,  
with special words of remembrance,  
mysterious remembrances,  
from other lives in other lands.  
In the darkness of the evening  
they have seen him,  
wandering through the hidden paths,  
returning to the earth,  
by unknown mysterious ways.  
There, in the deepest caves,  
the gnomes have carved  
a hall of stone for him.  
So they say, Ania and Myria.  
Out of every corner in the hall,  
ancient voices from the past speak to him:  
They remind him of the many ideas,  
of the many plans and intentions  
that were in his mind

once he had decided to come down  
to the village of Quizur.

There his imagination  
is renewed,  
full of power  
it evokes a river of images,  
of things to come,  
and things that were.  
Of eternal light is  
his mind flooded,  
and from the highest peaks  
he calls.

To the Hall of Being they come:  
those who were happy and great:  
the Supermen of the Spirit,  
from every corner of this world,  
they gather in merry assembly.

What Surya has understood,  
she is only twelve years old,

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is all wonder for the engineer,  
for the artist, for the oxdriver,  
and it astonishes the analytic mind  
of that honest judge, Armando.

She then explains that Rasur  
and other Great Beings,  
that met on the highest peaks,  
are masters of the natural forces  
that the wise men call the laws,  
of those forces generating  
every single thing  
in the Kingdom of Life.  
They are all the Inspirers,  
not the Makers:  
there are other invisible intelligences  
which are forces always designing and  
shaping  
those atomic substances that conform  
everything existing on the Earth.  
Their creative will  
is the Supreme Will,  
coming from the Brings

who harmonize their wishes to create  
suprasensible models,  
on the basis of eternal archetypes,  
of a longgone evolution.

In the Hall, Rasur is sitting,  
remembering  
he is a child no more,  
that his present form is just a segment  
of the celestial circle which is of his Real  
Being,  
just like we are.

We are like the fingers on his hands,  
and provide a shape  
to inspirations coming from his mind.  
He teaches us how to create,  
as he puts in ours a phosphorescent  
spark,  
which slowly kindles our creative  
imagination.  
He makes us understand the rumors  
among the trees,  
the many sounds of the haunted, wild  
night,  
the voices of hunting beasts.  
Those sounds are just the voices of new  
creations,  
from the essences and substances in the  
sap  
that the smallest creatures on earth  
make,  
even those in the depths of the soil.

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Those forest sounds are the thoughts of  
the gods of Nature that the ancient  
Greeks called Pan;  
and who started the renewal of the world.  
For all the forms in Nature there is an  
Autumn  
but the voices of god Pan  
bring Spring for them again.  
Each morning he sheds light over the  
newborn forms  
which were conceived the night before.

So the presence of Rasur in these  
beautiful hills  
has brought us the vision of mysterious  
things  
which cannot be observed with the eyes of  
humans.

All Nature is alive before us,  
full of sensibility and a mighty  
intelligence.

Now we understand about the swarms of  
tiny creatures,  
which destroy, build and renew the world,  
as a myriad of little hands working  
forever  
only to create the infinite charm of  
Nature.

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VII

To Julian's house  
Damian came.

A group of friends is admiring  
the artist's landscapes.

Armando, the judge,  
is expressing his feelings:

"Everything comes alive on these  
canvases:

joyful light

runs and jumps

up and down the hills,

from the top

to the river banks;

the frothy waters of the streams,

they give me this impression

of slow waters,

like a reflecting lens

that explodes

in a thousand emerald lights,

as if they had inside themselves

the hidden enchantment

of this countryside

at this time of the day.

My senses are strained,

awaiting a great surprise;  
tasting a miracle  
about to happen.  
The paintings around me  
seem to share  
this most intimate anguish.

The beauty of your paintings  
still remains in the hands of our Creator.  
They receive inspiration from the  
Highest,  
murmur of a spring,  
flowing among your rocks  
and your grass, your trees,  
and your water and mountains,  
your colors contain the wondrous sap,  
that comes from a glance of fire  
and from the many things that breath  
and palpitate in the lights  
or in shadows of a sunset  
yearning for the night.

The sky you paint is animated,  
with clouds and birds  
crossing slowly  
as if they were thoughts,  
traveling towards  
a distant horizon  
of mystery,

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The air in your paintings  
seems bathed in the purest waters,  
it looks blue in the foreground,  
dark and golden in the mountains far  
away.  
All that is found in Surya's narration,  
inside the strange paintings I can see.  
Even when it rains across the valley,  
you will find sunshine where we meet.  
I believe that now I am grasping  
what has happened inside your heart.”  
Then David that silversmith, that  
mystic  
spoke and said:

"He who knows only one truth,  
is stuck like an anchored ship with no  
sails.  
You have lived with an anchor until that  
day  
when the presence of Rasur  
broke the chains sustaining your anchors.  
Now your world is slowly beginning  
to spin in the other direction:  
towards a different path.  
The science you know is like a curtain,  
and it has been ripped apart,  
and now you can see the real causes of  
things;  
beyond the mere forms of things.

The Joy of Life is now entering  
the concentric spheres of your six senses.  
The Wonder of Life is changing you;  
because, until now,  
you did not feel like you had lived.  
Your science is now a beautiful dead  
object  
if it insists in extracting the content from  
the form,  
and if still studies things separated from  
their spirits.

The beauty you see in these paintings  
lives forever in the eternity of firmament.  
Anything that is eternal  
is the soul of a single instant  
as the infinite is the soul of a single  
atom."

Silence covered them  
as a white fan spreading  
under the light of thinking minds.  
The workshop's little window  
enlarged as a stage  
showing a new spiritual horizon  
over the face of the earth.

13

So delightful  
was the pleasure they all felt

that the dreamlike enchantment  
seemed to have no end.

Damian was more  
of a matteroffact young man,  
and here he is in the presence  
of something he has been seeing  
and feeling  
these last four days.  
And thus he spoke:

"As shown in Julian's paintings,  
from the valley I have seen the glow  
of the little straw hut,  
near the top of the hill  
and I have seen flocks of children  
entering the hut.  
I have heard the strangest narrations,  
about the caves and caverns of Rasur;  
though I do not know if what they say  
is the truth or a mere creation  
of their mind's fantasies.  
But, nevertheless, I join them  
in their happiness,  
scattered over the hill and dale,  
along every road and path,  
near the valleys' inns and shelters,  
as if Springtime were offering them a  
blue carpet  
to enter the mansions of Nature.  
Spring seems to laugh with them  
in the blue and purple colors  
of the wild flowers,  
in the little songs of birds  
or in the slow everlasting chanting of the  
stream.  
A Holy Gospel of Beauty and Joy  
seems to spread under the light of these  
surroundings:

I have never seen before the like of it.  
Julian's paintings have revealed this  
ecstasy,  
and have the happiness that he felt  
as did the children  
and people from the village."

“While I was painting”,  
Julian, the artist, said  
“Nature herself was  
nurturing me with dreams.  
Hers is the beauty appearing  
in the dreams of trees,  
of grass and weeds,  
of hills and rocky peaks

13

we find in these surroundings.  
Because all these things are alive  
and they always dream about beauty.  
The forest is always aware  
of its life and of its dreams.  
And the waters in the streams  
are also dreaming as they flow.  
The clouds of purest white  
descending from the slopes,  
are roaming these valleys,  
and dreaming as they float,  
over the long valleys,  
from Grecia to Escazú,  
and from there to Santa Ana.  
They drift on,  
like a flock of sheep in the distance;  
they fly over the fields and the plains  
and disappear into the blue sky,  
as long forgotten strands of the fairest  
hair.  
Such is Nature:  
She creates as she dreams on;  
Like any other artist she dreams of her  
creations  
before providing them with a shape,  
in her womb of clay.  
Likewise, I have always lived dreaming,  
happily,  
the dream of Nature that lives in my  
paintbrush,  
on the canvas, on my paintings;  
it grows and leads,  
as the tendrils of the vine look forward to  
the hold.  
My astonishment is like yours:  
Never before did I paint



with such joyful feelings,  
never with such easiness,  
and with such delight. Art,  
when not born of inspiration,  
is just an artist and an easel.  
The joyful artist feels a flow of creation  
within himself,  
just as the playful stream  
carves shapes inside the caves.

Ever since Rasur  
has been living among us,  
this countryside seems full  
of images of fire,  
they go off and on like fireflies do,  
flying between the reeds  
and the jagged edges of the leaves;  
Images all around are flying,  
willing to live forever  
they flow upwards as a fountain,

14

born from Nature's imagination,  
running to find a place  
in man's creative spirit:  
they yearn to be fixed  
in words or in a brush of light  
in the blue air of my paintings:  
I wanted men to feel what is not  
apparent.  
I wanted to share what I now perceive  
in this ecstasy infused by Rasur.  
Joy is like a spring of water that  
overflows  
and runs over the fields,  
as in that region of Umbria  
where Francis of Assisi roamed,  
always singing:  
"There is no valley of tears  
in this Holy Land of Umbria."

All creatures living in these dales,  
now feel like living under a new grace:  
when they stop to pick up a thistle  
when they walk arm in arm  
or just rest under a tree.

Men's voices are clearer and stronger,  
they sound like the rushes at the river,  
those manly voices from the country lads.

Silver and crystals may be found  
in the shining voices  
of women and children,  
so happy they seem to be  
since they are company  
to the adolescent god,  
since the day they learn  
to love Rasur.  
Now that we live in Rasur's presence  
we share remembrances of people,  
we recognize landscapes  
which are not from these places of ours.  
He mixes our lives with those  
from other people,  
other civilizations.  
I have found myself  
painting about  
exotic places,  
strange dances and processions,  
which I had never seen before.  
They are so real in my hands  
and I am overwhelmed with wonder:  
It is like living  
in a garden of dreams,  
this glorious place of Quizur,  
with all its children, all its people.  
Part of Rasur's enchantment it is all.  
This is why we love  
this adolescent god Rasur,

14

because before his arrival in our lives  
all things were  
like unused lamps.  
Not for all of us,  
because there was Surya,  
who preceded Rasur.  
Armando, who is Surya's confident,  
has described charm for me,  
that enchanted feeling,  
transmitted by  
the twelve year old lass.

Perhaps he can tell us  
who she is,  
and what she does,  
and what she thinks,  
how she inspires  
all the children from the village,  
and our own children,  
with that fervent adoration.

15

VIII

Happy to please us, then Armando spoke:  
"A wonderful creature Surya is,  
at only twelve years of age she speaks  
with a wisdom  
you rarely see in men aged fortyeight.  
I tried to put in writing the talks she had  
with me  
but alas, they would lack forever  
the bewitchment of her voice;  
still I believe such narration  
would help us understand her mind."  
One day she said to me:  
"You men cannot actually see  
because you open your eyes  
only to see the objective,  
matteroffact things.  
You remain ignorant of that magic,  
that takes place when you close your  
eyes:  
your eyelids are delicate screens of light.  
where you would see the images  
the Immortals share with Men.  
You may attain this easily,  
by meditating alone,  
you will close those little curtains  
to appease the fire of your sight.  
There, a world of dreams and visions  
shall be opened before you;  
they are not the real things,  
they are heralds of things to come  
or maybe a shadow of tomorrow's events.  
It is divine magic what your eyelids hide,  
when they close they awake the  
landscapes,

the images, the fantasies from distant  
worlds,  
which are used to build our present  
world.

Thus is how clairvoyants squint  
to see the images  
the open eyes cannot perceive.

Rasur does not close his eyes only to see  
upon the Earth  
the enchanted creatures that gardens and  
forests wisely construct from air and  
light;  
Creatures are those can engrave in the  
ether,  
the invisible models that architects follow  
creating the forms and shapes  
of crystals, and insects and plants.

Rasur endeavors for us to learn

15

to cherish all these creatures  
when, at dawn, they are hovering in the  
air,  
looking like insects made of light;  
when they work upon the flowers and the  
branches,  
so much do they resemble a bee,  
neither stings nor honey do they seem to  
have.  
There are other creatures, tall and  
beautiful,  
by the rivers, the forest and the breeze  
they go.  
Dryads they are called, or nymphs or  
sylphs,  
or hamadryads you may call them,  
also genies or fairies, they don't seem to care:  
we know them well, our sweet friends all of them are.  
And all this happens because Rasur  
has given us the gift of sight  
to see this other world where  
the beautiful creatures of the earth live and dream.  
The innermost music of this world  
is made of living sounds:

singing ghandarvas in the wind,  
a storm of riding Valkyries,  
gnomes in the darkest caves,  
dryads in the forest and the woods,  
glistening in the auroras and in the  
breeze,  
and nymphs in the water and the springs,  
and Nereids in the ocean depths,  
They are all living voices  
of the innermost music of this world.  
Together they compose the harmonies of  
Nature,  
the music of what is seen  
through the eyes of Venus.  
They are luminescent images,  
they gather happily under the sunshine,  
they replenish the world with greenery  
which is the very source of life.  
This innermost music of the world  
is the creative soul of all the images.  
It is the most intimate wrinkle of the  
earth,  
where the tiniest particles are living,  
where the reddest red cells are created,  
where the bluest nucleus of a cell is born.

It is also from deepest sap  
of every plant,  
from all the flowing waters  
that all the musical tones rise together

16

and they create the tuning key of FA  
for the Earth."  
"So this is my world..."  
Julian concluded,  
"my world of music, color and beauty,  
of truth, of kindness.  
A world I never felt before."

IX

Then David hastily began:  
"Those who are Great  
in the Spiritual World  
despise the fortunes treasured by men,

and thus we have faith in their world.  
This joy of living which is ours now;  
this divine madness that makes us feel  
as if we were watching from a chasm  
the truths buried deep in ourselves:  
All this is coming into us from Rasur.

Those Great Lords of the Light  
are descendants of the Sun.  
Wandering children, they inspire art and poetry,  
they enlighten men about beauty;  
their presence in this world is always reminding us of our heavenly origins,  
of our final destiny as gods and lords of this planet.  
Each one of us must become a lord: a lord of himself,  
but before directing the lightning in the sky,  
we must first harness the storms in our own hearts.

16

17

X

Rapidly ascending from the valleys,  
the evening begins to expand over the  
hills and darken the mountains.  
Children's songs dissolve in the breeze,  
as the green ocean dissolves into the blue sky.  
The children are heard but not seen:  
each one sustains its own melody  
as if it were the Hymn of Joy of his own  
life, the joy they share with the fields they are roaming over.  
Together they go as different chords  
Of Rasur's melodic theme which has filled  
with joy the mountains and the village;  
a divine music which gives luminous fortune to our lives.  
This music divine is like a bridge where, naked and pure, the ideas cross  
from one mind to another.

Each one, then, feels what his neighbor thinks,  
and together we all hear Rasur's thoughts.  
We feel his music in our inner selves, as a silver gong vibrating in our souls.

The villagers no longer search for their children,  
They watch them going up the hill,  
responding assuredly to Rasur's call.  
They see them depart as little birds

flying away but to a nearby, cozy nest.  
The people of Quizur know  
the lightness of the wingedones,  
ever since that morning  
when Rasur took their children  
to that celestial blue paradise of dreams.  
They have seen them grow and ripen,  
as fast as banana leaves grow in the  
sunlight,  
gracefully and agilely.  
They are obedient. They adore the arts:  
they are skillful when they carve the toys  
that sell at the fair;  
the toys that shine as if made by fairies.  
The wondrous children are rosy beads  
from a broken necklace of joy  
scattered among the hills and fields,  
around this happy village.

They never ask,

17

though everything they know.  
As if in their imagination they held  
that magic mirror of yore  
where the gods are looking  
at the thingstobe and the thingsthat  
were.

Denya, Ania, Grisda, are enchanting  
with their sweet voices, if they sing;  
with the grace of their pretty feet,  
if they are dancing.  
Myria and Norua, talented narrators,  
become daughters of Penelope if they  
sit down and knit,  
or do precious embroidery or needlework.  
Flip, Florio, Arun and Murio,  
As talented with their farming tools,  
As with colors and paintbrushes;  
their vegetable gardens  
are like illustrations in the book of  
Nature.

There is also Gundria, the witch,  
at age thiryeight she changed

her ebony black personality  
into the brightest diamond, deeper than  
the sea.  
Since she met Rasur, she is no longer a  
witch  
but the greatest enchantress.  
What she wishes well and kindly  
becomes a flower, an adventure.  
As the spirits from the mountains  
may transform the black rocks  
into precious gems,  
thus the villagers may change  
their hardlearned experiences  
into the richest stones of wisdom,  
with their words.

All of this which happens here,  
is but the dawn of Eden,  
an announcement of the day to come.

Joyfulness might be absent from the  
world,  
if all the ancient numens who loved  
beauty  
and whose steps blossomed in the  
gardens  
during a golden age of yore,  
are forgotten now and abandoned.  
Then they may seek the Olympic heights  
to retire from the world,  
but they have never ceased to exist.

The Immortals of the Past live forever:

18

They were only chased away  
by the nonsense of a world  
which believed itself to be better  
than all the worlds of past times,  
and believed their god  
was to conquer all the other divinities;  
those divinities that filled with grace  
the minds of men through ages;  
as if the gods, being immortal,  
would kill each other and perish.  
But life itself is the greatest gift,



it the everlasting pleasure of the world,  
and if without the cruelty of men  
towards each other, the Valley of Tears  
might become the Mansion of Youth  
where pleasure and joy shall be  
the flowers in the garden of the soul,  
filled with sunlight and blue blossoms  
from the field.

Midsummer Eve is tonight.  
The village maids fill their pots with  
water and prepare  
the eggwhite enchantments that foretell  
their resplendent wedding gowns  
or perhaps a different fortune dictated by  
the stars.  
At dawn, they will wash their faces with  
the earliest dew,  
collected from the tender grass and the  
roses' petals.  
They will drink the water that awakened  
the cold of the night,  
the water that robbed the stars of their  
shine,  
to become the fairest maid,  
the most beautiful of all.

18

19

XI

The moon's fingernail,  
long and sharp,  
is ripping  
the veil of the night  
letting its pale light shine through the  
shadows.  
Fragments of ruptured silence  
fly away as a swarm  
of confused moths:  
they are broken harmonies  
from the children's hidden voices.  
The miracle of a summer's solstice  
is taught to the children by Rasur.

The sweet and fragrant herbs,  
the singing pebbles near the stream,  
all seem to be whispering of  
the slow return of divine light:  
a song for life,  
that pulses in the veins of the earth,  
together  
with the rhythm of the Spirit of the Sun,  
hidden behind its shining disk of  
splendor,  
The subtle Spirits of the Air  
are the liberated souls of plants;  
from these graceful mountains  
they were born;  
from the fragile petals of the irises  
they soar up into the sky,  
calling with their tiny trumpets  
minutely sculpted with blossoms  
from the itabo trees;  
they also play their fiddles  
magically made with strands of Indian  
cane:  
A marvelous music of the air,  
for this Midsummer night.  
With honey and licorice  
the spirits celebrate,  
sitting on decaying logs  
which glow as if made of crystal or onyx,  
and shine with a little lamp in the center.  
So they ride, the spirits of the air,  
on the petals of the flowers.  
In love they are. Poor prisoners of love!  
They feel the cruel sting of passion  
and so they hop from flower to flower.  
Their merrygoround is merrier tonight,  
and happily they go  
exchanging their thoughts as if they were  
aromas,  
with soft caresses and embraces  
they exchange and share  
among the spirits of the air.

19

The children told us about the day  
when they walked over grass of gold,  
made of the sun itself,

over the strangest herbs and grasses and  
mosses  
made of light, at Rasur's dwelling place.  
His words were plain open doors  
and thus they entered  
the garden of visions,  
the garden of dreams from paradise.  
"Be it known, my children,  
that with the earliest morning light,  
upon every temple and sanctuary on  
earth,  
the greatest spiritual forces shall  
descend.  
The gods who are eternally caring about  
us,  
with springs of eternal beauty shall bathe  
us;  
they shall spray our minds with water of  
wisdom,  
they shall provide their blessings over  
those who love  
the transfiguration of their souls  
and anxiously yearn to become gods,  
this morning,  
more than in any other morning of the  
days of yore."

The children felt inflamed with the  
greatest love  
when these words from Rasur they heard.  
Rasur, who roamed about the galleries  
of the children's minds,  
and planted the evergreens  
in the nurseries of their souls  
there to grow and blossom,  
as a latesummer flower.

The children's minds are full  
of hospitable virtues:  
A banquet and the warmest bed they  
offer  
gently to the visiting ideas.  
He who surrenders his conscience  
to any ideas unworthy of their host  
shall never be saved;  
only he who has a conscience free  
of all dogmatic chains and fog

shall find salvation;  
only he who sees with a clear vision,  
shall find the Kingdom of God  
is among us and  
no one can give or take  
Such a gift away from us.

20

The axis of the worlds is made  
of everlasting power of will,  
and of such divine origin  
is this heroic human will:  
Be wise to state what your heart wants  
and you shall always have it at hand.  
Such is luck that it opens  
like a oneday flower,  
in the morning's lights:  
a faint aroma it has; comes the afternoon,  
and in agony it passes out,  
at sunset, in the distance.

“May your duty be a proud boulder  
sculpted in will, like mine; duty is will,  
hardened like a diamond, which at the  
edge of the waters of life guides you to  
your greatest destiny.  
Every single thing around yourself,  
is the enactment of a divine will,  
and such will of acting also created men;  
thus, one single thing they are,  
a most divine origin they share.  
Each one of you all, upon the earth,  
keeps a godlike image in that interior  
world  
you call the Heavens.  
This deity alone designs the images  
that to your imagination come,  
when the creative spirits  
are stirring in your soul.  
This enthusiasm is the possession  
of the god that you might become  
when you conceive the purest truth  
when you do what you feel is good.

Just imagine yourselves as good and  
great

and thus you shall be;  
everything you wish you may reach,  
since we are today what we imagined  
yesterday.

When I have parted,  
do not forget that under the ashes,  
under the dust of neverness,  
the glowing embers will remain,  
of this celestial love I have brought to  
you.

To other fields and hills I shall march on,  
other children I shall find,  
and to them I shall show  
the same things you learn today.

Go down into your heart  
and you shall find me,  
because I am Rasur,  
living as a constant reflection in your

20

souls,  
shining like sunlight through the clearest  
dew."

Do not go! Do not go!  
All the children's voices were but one.  
The moment of parting tearing their souls  
apart.

Muria, and Grisda and Florio,  
their heads bent over the ground,  
like the wilted daisies at dusk,  
like any wild flower when the sun is gone.

Words and feelings were just thistles  
in their throats.  
Not yet! Not yet! Oh, please. Not yet!  
"Go down into your heart  
and you shall see me when you wish:  
there you shall find my love,  
entwined with yours."

21

XII

Crowded cities do not know

the bliss of a night  
in the countryside.  
Things are just outlined  
as if made of threads,  
as the willo'thewisp  
they come closer and closer,  
and then recede and disappear.  
Likewise, the enchantment  
of that midsummer night  
was a fire flower from Paradise,  
it enlightened the evening,  
like a miracle,  
like a gift from the loving gods  
always caring about us.  
That night was full  
of delightful instants;  
full of music,  
of the richest odors;  
the light was reeling  
among the bushes and into the woods.  
The whole of the valley  
seemed to be in ecstasy,  
seemed to be pining,  
sitting all alone,  
under the mountain's shadow.  
Then there was Dionysius:  
the god who never dies  
and visits the Americas  
during the holy days of solstice.

It is Dionysus! It is Dionysus!  
It is the god Dionysus  
who gives us the midnight sun,  
it is he who gives us the light  
to understand his Mysteries.  
They all have learned from him:  
the Egyptian cultures,  
the ones from Crete and Babylon;  
from Greece and Rome,  
from India and Persia,  
the Druids, the Africans.  
They are all his children,  
since Dionysus is also Apollo,  
he is the Spirit of the Sun  
who may reign upon the darkness  
and dwells also in the sunshine.

It is Dionysus! It is Dionysus!  
He visits the Americas,  
he lets us know the upcoming  
of a great new culture  
on the lands of the Americas.

21

22

XIII

XIV

They create and they destroy,  
civilization upon civilization,  
those beautiful Helens.  
To praise them  
we provide the palaces,  
the silks, the jewels,  
the works of art;  
the lakes and the vessels,  
the precious carpets and the dancers,  
the gardens and the celestial music,  
the patches of flowers, the villas;  
for them we search the world  
for silver, for gold,  
for precious marble and alabaster,  
we present our poems to them;  
to rest we provide  
the finest tapestries,  
the warmest beds,  
the nylons, the linens,  
the velvet and the finest lace.

Anything we will obtain  
to keep them in comfort and delight:  
anything for the Helens,  
the Didos and Cleopatras,  
the Lauras and Leonoras,  
Catherines and Margarets.  
For those who loved with their souls  
the precious things were made.  
We praise the hearts and not the hands,  
because only out of inspiration  
comes the spirit of creation.  
To them we owe our artistry,

our civilization,  
the arts and religions altogether:  
from the heart were all of them born.

And with these last words,  
the thoughts from David's mind  
overflowed his soul and  
gently they ran into his friends'.

Then Myria said,  
with her lute-like voice:  
Oh, wonderful joy of living!  
I only have to walk through the streets,  
in my village of Quizur, and I feel blissful  
as that night,  
that lovely midsummer night  
when Rasur talked to me.  
I only have to close my eyes  
and next to me I feel his soul:  
he reads and hears my very thoughts  
or maybe my mind whispers its secrets  
and he listens.  
Ever since that night  
my ideas are little gnomes  
crawling up and down the caverns of my  
mind.  
They are like tiny miners,  
searching for new ores  
where to find the precious stones:  
green emeralds, zephyrs,  
blue zirconium and the reddest rubies.  
Such jewels are my thoughts,  
they live, they shine, they sparkle,  
in every corner of what darkness was.  
My eyes can see clearly now,  
the shapes it can perceive  
and my imagination does the rest.  
My mind sees what invisible is,  
the things that were,  
the things that someday will be.  
I did not use to think like this:  
at school they were always  
praising Reason, and always laughed  
at Imagination and its wings.  
They were always afraid  
that I would fly with Her  
and would abandon



this world of the real;  
But that is not the truth.  
I live in my reality  
Though I transform my world  
as I warm it with the fires of my heart,  
with my burning ideas.  
I do know the work of God all this is:  
It all came from Human's imagination  
and from God.  
If Jehovah created Light and Light there  
was,  
it was the idea that had dwelled forever  
in his Divine Mind.

Nature is Imagination's first born  
creature,  
and it is still giving birth new worlds

22

23

and new forms.  
Youth runs through our spirits  
as the youngsters run through the fields:  
we are like those new blossoms adorning  
the golden heads of the centennial oaks.  
We are going to be forever young,  
the superhuman god in our souls  
lives in eternal youth.  
Happy I am since I knew Rasur:  
he showed me into his presence  
as the spring of sweet delight  
that was unknown to my soul.  
The sun of happiness arises  
on the distant horizon of the valley,  
it shines in peace and glory  
over the hills and over my mind.  
Now I know there will be  
no more sunsets in my life.  
This endless joy does not come  
from simple things:  
it comes from that eternal source  
our spirits are.  
The many worries that we have,  
the anguish and despair,  
they are all appeased

as soon as they hear the whisper  
and feel the freshness  
of that spiritual stream.  
Not even the strongest tempest  
may destroy the indomitable Nature:  
she never surrenders, she never bends.  
She withstands the cyclonic winds,  
as she feels inside, deep into her soul,  
the luminescent Hope  
of being born again tomorrow.  
Thus, Humans, like Nature,  
will always keep the hope  
of resurrection.  
Sometimes Nature does not know that  
but Man always does.  
Now look how the sun embroiders  
the bows of fern with a golden lace;  
see how the butterflies reflect  
the thousand eyes of the  
birdkilling dragon;  
see how the amber honey  
flows from the beehive;  
see how the bees guard their castle  
like charging knights with lances and  
shields.  
Happiness is all around! Forever and ever  
young!  
Those who speak plaintively of the Valley  
of Tears  
never knew what this Joy of Living was!  
...Now, let us gallop upon the carpets  
that this Solstice has spread before us

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for the triumphant passage of  
Happiness!"

So Myria spoke  
and then she sprang,  
as flexible as a gazelle,  
she turned on her ivory ankles,  
and her long hair in the wind;  
she sang as a meadow lark  
with her lutelike mellow voice.

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XV

"See how she runs uphill!"  
Armando said to his friends  
"She does not feel the weight  
of that golden crown on her forehead.  
This is just another miracle  
we witness in these wonderful times.  
Youth of fourteen or even twelve years of  
age,  
as mature men and women they do talk."  
"Mature they are indeed,  
and also wise", David observed,  
"Poets, musicians, artists,  
savants who were only lads,  
we have had throughout the ages.  
But these youngsters from Quizur,  
an awesome, new generation they are..."  
All of a sudden,  
beautiful Surya appeared and thus she  
spoke:  
"I heard your conversation  
and it is my wish to tell you this:  
the gods oftentimes go without a word.  
Instead, with light,  
they create images of the idea,  
and our imagination makes them shine.  
We always believe they are born with our  
thoughts,  
and we call them ours.  
Perhaps it is the truth.  
What the gods give to godlike humans  
is no longer theirs:  
it becomes inspiration inside our minds."  
And then David continued:  
"I look upon the good people in this town  
and a most happy change I am able to  
see:  
they trust their children  
more than they trusted their own  
judgment.  
No more can they hide their intentions  
from their own children.  
Now the children read their parent's  
minds  
and silently obey.

The presence of Rasur has opened a channel,  
a subtle way of communication,  
where ideas pass from one sensitive  
and expectant mind to another.  
As of today no more lies or mockery  
can be observed in the children;  
only clear, precluded pictures  
are formed in their minds  
since their thoughts are pure and clear.

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All these humble farmers from Quizur  
are looking over Nature with  
a different hindsight:  
intelligent and fertile she is  
and the keeper of a creative spirit, too.  
They have also discovered  
what the true fashions of dressing are:  
they look at the fancy robes of rich people  
and naked they appear,  
not one humble rag of idealistic light  
around their bodies:  
So anxious they are of luxury and gold  
that one single hour they cannot  
dedicate to search for a spiritual light,  
for eternal happiness itself.  
This Week of Splendor  
has so deeply carved into the farmer's  
hearts,  
that they hardly know themselves  
anymore.  
When their children talk about Rasur  
they feel a surge of joyfulness:  
something they had never experienced  
before,  
nor in the church, the movie theater,  
nor in any conversation in the club  
with their friends.  
The farmers are able to see Rasur's image  
through their children's talking.  
They deem Rasur to be a godlike spirit  
who has performed a miracle,  
who has changed with overwhelming  
power  
all their lives.

These farmers have no palaces,  
no sumptuous robes, no majestic power  
in their lives; but they feel  
the greatest joy when with Rasur they  
talk.

An intimate dialog they establish any  
day,  
they feel Rasur existing inside their  
souls,  
as the bewitchment one may feel  
if sitting under the freshest trees  
during the harvest times.

In this little village of Quizur  
the children have become  
the Orient Star who guide our lives.  
A few of the farmers have been willing  
to build a little altar near the hut,  
on top of the hill where the miracle  
happened.

I have indeed called their attention,  
a great mistake it will be:  
Sanctuaries empty the soul

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of that what was its richness,  
and afterwards, the altar keeps  
what once was our only treasure.

What the gods wish is for us  
to follow on their steps.  
They also once roamed the paths  
of this world like we do now.  
We are descendants from the gods:  
they parted ahead of us and now  
they only encourage us to follow,  
to aim at the highest as they did.  
We never have to despise ourselves,  
the vilest worms we are not,  
nor as humiliated sinners shall we crawl.  
We are here to live in the presence of the  
gods,  
as we are now what they were before.  
We must learn from our mistakes,  
and both pain and pleasure  
might teach us wisdom along the path."

Then Julian interrupted: "You are right indeed.

This region of Costa Rica, shall the site of a very different civilization be, in the days to come: because Rasur has blessed these places with his presence.

From now on, all shall be planned under the light of a unique experience, that is seldom offered to other nations of this world.

True culture shall not come out from a book or an artistic painting, but from the inner light that all works of art shall possess: from dances, plays and music with the richest spiritual contents.

What Rasur did during his visit was to raise us to the highest peaks of imagination and intellectual pleasure, towards the most delicate refinement of feelings and emotions.

Thus we feel forever in the presence of Nature, and nurtured of life we exist.

He has provided us with strength and never shall we come down from these heights: all our actions must be of a superior kind as we must exist according to the splendor of this Guest.

that inhabits our hearts, our Master and Leader.

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Luminous visitors teach Men the exquisite arts of living aloft, aiming to the places the gods inhabit, to the heavens whose splendor Quizur already knows.

The doors of the white, silent chambers were opened wide and the friends,

entranced and in ecstasy,  
looked over the quiet fields,  
over the hills now called Rasur's.  
"In despite of his absence",  
said Julian with a sigh  
"there is joy in the air and the light,  
among the flowers and the orchards,  
in the surroundings of Quizur.  
Where the god stepped on happiness still  
inhabits  
and celebrates his passing  
with songs and perfumes,  
with colors and harmonies,  
sometimes a little hard to feel and hear,  
but nevertheless  
as real as the colorful mix  
of odors and colors in the forest,  
where the hounds scatter  
in search of their prey."

Then Damian said:  
"As of today I understand  
what I never was able to grasp,  
or perhaps what I never wanted to  
comprehend,  
as it was the opposite to my senses,  
the contrary of what they made me learn.  
Today I recognize  
the Universe is made of imagination  
alone,  
that reality is a living dream;  
that dream became the chemistry  
of which all celestial spheres are made of.  
A stone's reality is only an illusion:  
condensed energy it is,  
and its hidden self is volatile;  
it is a stone because of a divine will,  
but through a human act,  
the richest marble it may become.  
Even the solid frozen rocks are but a  
portion of gas.

A Positivistic philosopher I was,  
the facts of Nature and History  
the dogmatic principles of Science,  
only such knowledge I deemed of worth,  
according to my intellect.

I forgot to consider that Nature was

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boundless.

Then Rasur broke the fragile lamp  
which was the science of my beliefs  
and my belief in science.

Rasur offered me his freedom and mine is  
now the joy  
that inundates Quizur and the village  
children."

And then Armando also wanted  
to open his heart in that blissful moment:  
"As the lamp's light has its source in the  
oil,  
so my friends' thoughts enlighten my  
mind;  
so precious and valuable they are for me.

Their questions awaken me, and  
as the proverbial lamp,  
my flame grows larger and brighter;  
and as a camp fire in the woods  
attracts the moths and insects,  
their thoughts attract my own.

Of all you said tonight  
a transcendental insight I feel,  
and it rejoices and annoys my soul,  
at the same time:

Poetry and Art alone  
represent this Universe we know;  
philosophical patterns do not express  
the totality and reality of the world,  
since of this existence  
only an abstract representation  
can they offer.

Scientific formulas take us apart  
from the reality around us:  
H<sub>2</sub>O cannot be water, it has never been,  
a little dogma of science is all it is,  
it exists only by convention and  
agreement,  
as any other dogmatic thought.

Works of art, they show indeed  
the real world of things,



the spiritual world;  
through dramatic play or poetry  
I look upon, and understand,  
the glory of ancient Greece.  
Plato's poetry has been revealed to me:  
a whole universe which Aristotle did not  
see.

Plato was more of a poet than a  
philosopher.  
Philosophy may be a productive  
knowledge  
only if it has been planted in the  
fertile minds of men who, in turn,  
are able to transform it into actions

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and make History with them.

All of Philosophy,  
becomes a phantom, like desire.  
The reality is only brought in  
by the will of man.  
Such a powerful will  
provides reality to men;  
anything else is but a painted cloth  
with the vanishing colors of a mock  
reality.

The will power of man is creative:  
it has created the works which hold the  
world together.  
The will of a true man  
surpasses all the vanities and fantasies  
created by weaker minds.

As soon as the will power gets a  
stronghold  
all other vain things become illusions:  
desires become ghosts,  
and what will power creates,  
stays and grow stronger.  
This will power of true men,  
so pure, so strong it is, that it unites itself  
to that other divine will  
which animates the essence  
of the spiritual world.

Even when temptations arise  
and join the vanishing ghosts of desire,  
the power of will shall overcome them all.  
Free will shall walk as an empress,  
surrounded by pretenders and vassals,  
responding to every little wish and order.

So the Universe is made of the power of  
will,  
it creates the thoughts, the torrent of  
images  
which flow as the eternal waters of a  
cosmic river."

The reddish lights of sunset were almost  
gone,  
when a song was heard,  
from a circle of young children  
playing in the distance.  
At that especial moment, Julian said:  
"The songs and the word of Rasur  
are full of melodies,  
as the souls of those little children.  
Listen to the rhythm of their chanting  
as it takes on the beating of life itself.  
Likewise shall we all part one day,  
with the soul replenished

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of the same rhythm and the same melody  
of life.  
We all should sing the song  
which was born here, in Quizur.  
All great civilizations  
were the works of men  
who were inspired by the gods.  
These children whose voices you hear  
are indeed the workers of our inspiring  
god:  
Rasur! Rasur!

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XVI

The children's  
merrygoround  
was clearly heard:

"Rasur came to us  
and then he parted.  
Rasur came to us  
and gave us his light  
among our beloved  
orchards and meadows;  
spearmint and licorice  
will always flower  
around Quizur.

Rasur came to us  
and then he parted.  
Rasur came to us  
and gave us his joy.  
When we the blue skies  
on any clear day we see,  
happiness we feel  
as if it were the light  
shining over the fields,  
and in the blue waters  
of the streams around Quizur.

Rasur came to us  
and then he left,  
but deep in our hearts  
he stays.  
Rasur came and left his light  
in our minds, forever.  
With the sweetest sentiments  
of love and devotion,  
we shall worship.  
We shall keep you in our hearts,  
we shall worship.  
Deep in our hearts we shall repeat:  
the god of Quizur shall be  
Rasur, Rasur!

Teardrops made of silver  
shone over the children's cheeks,  
hidden behind the tears  
there was a ray of joy,  
in their faces and their songs.

Hark!

They suddenly heard  
the most welcomed advice  
from their friends.

Hark! Listen!

It was Rasur talking  
to each one of them,  
to each one of the

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children's hearts!

The most intimate contact  
still exists between  
Rasur and his adolescent crew.  
A new radiance suddenly appeared  
over the children's faces:  
the finest guiding thread  
still unites these little souls.  
The most spiritual society  
still exists in this place of ours,  
all due to the virtues of love,  
all due to the beautiful god, Rasur.  
That which is really ours,  
turns around the soul as if tethered  
by invisible strands to a distant destiny.

This adolescent god who visited Quizur  
is the treasure our souls will guard  
for endless days to come.  
Rasur shall never leave  
this great magnetic circle  
our Central America is.  
The circle moves in harmonic rhythm  
within the spiritual sphere  
of the Americas:  
the Soul of the World,  
the Hope of Planet Earth.

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FINAL SONG OF THE CHILDREN'S CHORUS:

He who drinks from the Bowl of Dreams intoxicated shall be of eternal memories, and  
that

is why Poetry is more true than History is, because it is the seed of everlasting things; it is beauty which becomes the essence of truth, and it is poetry which gives us beauty. The Poet may transform reality into illusion and illusion into reality; that is why its charms are eternal. There is not such a thing as ancient poetry or modern poetry. Only eternal poetry exists and it is allpowerful. The gold is always gold: the gold of Hastinapura in India and the one from Cuzco, in Peru, are not different from our Abangares gold, in Costa Rica. Not a bit less attractive than today's beautiful women in short skirts, would they be, if they walked today in the Americas, the famous classic beauty of Helen of Troy, or less seductive Cleopatra of Alexandria, or the lesser the bewitchment of Ninon de Lenclos, since their gifts are eternal.

All conventional things are transitory: a school will leave behind its things of beauty not the simple concept of school. Concepts will never provide the ecstasy, the halo of mystery around the images, or born out of music, the shining of the words that made a poem. Images and ideas enter the magic circle of poetry only when accompanied by music: there maybe the intention of writing a poem, the mysterious glowing of musical rhythm must provide momentum to poetical creations. Sometimes the meaning of the poem may escape our memories, or it might be meaningless, but the emotions from beyond, the feelings which seemed to arise from a twilight world, are never forgotten. They are simpletons, those who always want to comprehend only what is a clear and distinct notion.

If someone wants to be "modern" in poetry, he only has to express one or all of the many faces of our contemporary knowledge: the quick and hurried living in the cities, the work on the fields, the sensibility and emotions of people living today. To know how to tell what is volatile from what is permanent, is also Modernism; but is not "modern" to imitate the poetic rhymes of some French writer or his Hispanic imitator. If a poet is not "modernistic" by his own inspiration is only an imitator with style.

Poetry concentrates life: it looks around and expresses the animation of life. Like under some divine spell the images awaken inside the things they inhabit and, if called upon by poetry, they leave the thing itself and then they stay behind like a raggedy doll left behind by a fouryearsold girl.

Poetry has been the Bringer of the gods. It was through poetry that men began to raise the spiritual mountains. It was through chants, and hymns, prophecies, parables and poems that humankind tried to grasp the splendor of the gods and learn from their divine wisdom.

The Poet is the artist who takes his creations with himself; the poems are the real visions born out of his imagination, they are real and they are illusions. Such is the double life we admire in the poet, who is always carrying immortality within himself.  
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End of Poem

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