

Asociación Cultural “Amigos de Léon Degrelle”

[Cultural Association “Friends of Leon Degrelle”]

ALMAS ARDIENDO

Burning Souls

Léon Degrelle

Translation by Zero Schizo

Notes of peace, of war and of exile.

Translator’s Note:

I have to confess that, after many times when I felt blackpilled, lost and on the verge of either depression, self-hatred or suicide. There were 3 main things that kept me going and looking at the future with hope once again, to regain my north and to calm the storm within both my heart and brain, this 3 things were: Rush (band), Saint Seiya (anime) and this book.

I hope this will be useful for many others who would feel lost or in need of a new vision.
This book was written by a catholic man and translated by another.

Stay strong, stay woke, stay alive.

Blessings to you all.

Zero Schizo

P.S. Originally I added music that could reflect each passage for my friend Paddock so we could discuss this later, but as it is now, I believe it became its own thing, so I wish you enjoy it!

LEGEND: (Title of the Reflection) | Title of the OST/Song [YouTube Link]

CHAPTER 1: EMPTY HEARTS

Agony of the Century | Keeper of the Seven Keys [<https://youtu.be/ZUzpf3mMsxA>]

The world is nothing by confusion and torment. Hatred destroys its entrails. Kills, stains and drags its victims in the muddy surge of its furor. The men look out for each other with the wickedness of jackals. Their roar is heard at night, illuminated by thunderbolts.

The folks hate each other.

The individuals hate each other.

They no longer respect anything, not even the defeated that lay beneath the earth, nor the woman that implores, not even the children with their eyes opened to dreams.

Dreaming is dead.

Only the beast lives, the savage beast that stomps both the timid and the strong, both the innocent and the guilty.

Everything shivers, the carcass of the States, the laws of social relations, the respect for the word.

Men that previously, created wealth in a redoubled effort, are now facing each one another like unchained wild beasts.

Lying is nothing but another form to be more skillful.

Honor has lost its sense, honor for oaths, honor for servitude, honor for dying. Those who stay faithful to these ancient rites make others smile.

Virtue has forgotten its sweet murmur of wellspring. Smiles are no longer confessions of love but of reticence, cons or rictus.

Souls asphyxiate. The dense air is charged with all of the abdications of the spirit.

The nose looks for a pure aura in vain, whether it be the perfume of a flower, or the freshness of the breeze impregnated by the sea...

The sea of hearts is gruff. There are no white veils. There are no wings that can sing over its immense backbone.

The gardens of hearts have lost their color. There are no birds. Which bird, in such case, could sing in the middle of the storm, while the man looks for another man but to hate him, to corrupt his thinking, to trample the rose with his feet?

The gifts have died, the gift of bread to the fragile bodies, the gift of love to the suffering souls.

Love? Why? For what?

Man, has locked himself within his shell, has made a barricade out of his egotism. Wants to enjoy happiness, for him, it has been converted into a fruit that he devours avidly, without recreating himself in it, without sharing it, without even looking at others.

Why keeping the mature fruit that would have been shared between everyone? Love, this same love, is not even given to others; man runs with it between his arms, fast, hastily.

However, the only happiness was that: the gift, to give, to be given; that was the only conscious and complete happiness, the only one that drunken us, like the flavored perfume of fruits, of flowers and of autumnal foliage.

Happiness only exists within the gift. Its disinterest for the flavors of eternity, comes back to the lips of the soul with immortal sweetness.

To give: to have seen the eyes that shine because they have been comprehended, reached, filled.

To give: to feel those wide thrills of bliss, that float like restless waters over the heart, suddenly serenaded, bunting by the sun.

To give: to have reached those multiple secret fibers which weave the burning mysteries of a sensibility, joyful as if the soft summer rain would have refreshed the roses which climb some dusty and warm walls.

To give: to have the gesture that soothes, that makes us forget the hand which is flesh, which spills a desire to love within a half-open soul.

Thus, the heart becomes as mild as the pollen of the flowers, and rises as the singing of a mockingbird, with the same fiery voice which cheers our gloom. We spill happiness because we have spilled the capacity of being blissful, the happiness that we have received is not to be had as mere display, but instead to spill it, because it choked us just as the soil that cannot maintain its wellsprings, it lets them overflow above the many flowers of the prairies, or by the cleavages of gray rocks.

But today, the wellsprings do not sprout anymore. The soil, egotistic, does not want to dispose of the treasure that overwhelmed it, instead retains the happiness and drowns it.

The rocks dry and shatter in many pieces. And the flowers, oppressed in the hearts, succumb.

The effluents of the wellsprings are sealed.

Souls die, not just because they receive hate, but because love itself has been denaturalized which's essence was to be tasted and to be given.

Such is the agony of our time.

The century does not sink by the lack of material elements.

Never has the universe been so rich, neither has it been so full of commodities, thanks to an enormous and fertile industrialization.

Never has there been so much gold.

But this gold is hidden within armored chests, safer than in the deepest caverns.

Material goods, monopolized, are used to kill men and not to aid them. They are just another reason to hate.

They have turned into claws the hands that touch them, and into jaguars the human bodies that wield or use them.

Without love, without faith, the world is killing itself.

The century has wanted, blinded by hatred, to be the century of men.

This senseless pride has lost it.

It has believed that its machines, its stocks, its golden bars, could give it happiness. And it has only given it joys, but not the type of joy which is like the sun that never burns out above the landscapes that previously had been filled with fiery splendor. Instead the sad joys of possession have been hardened like spikes and have hurt those who, thought them as flowers, pulled them close to their face.

The heart of the victorious of the century, winners for a day, is full of melancholy, of acrimony, of a horrible passion to seize everything soon, of a brutal rage that bristles in front of every obstacle.

Millions and millions of men have been beaten and hated. A hurricane drags them, each time more unchained, through the winds aflame. Dry tongue, cold hands, guess now, in amidst of their delirium, the next instant in which their madmen's play will be annihilated. Will be vanished because it was contrarian to the laws of the heart and the laws of God.

Him alone, God, did bring balance to the world, dominated the passions, pointed out the sense of happy or unhappy days.

Why being ambitious when real good was offered without limitations, generously to all the sincere and pure hearts?

The world has rejected this happiness, sublime and prideful, just as the squirts of wellsprings.

It has preferred to drown itself into the putrid seas of egotism, envy and hatred.

The marsh gets asphyxiated.

There is a debate in amidst of their wars, their crisis, in amidst of the slimy bonds of its egotistic passion.

Even if there would be a gathering of all the conferences of the world and a meeting of all the heads of states and experts, nothing would change. The sickness is not inside the body. The body is sick because the soul is. The soul is what has to heal and purify itself.

The truly great and only revolution which has to be done is that one: even the only souls called by love for mankind and nourished by the love of God could bring back to the world its clear face and a clean look to those eyes purified by the serene waters of generous devotion.

There is no other option: spiritual revolution or failure of the century.

The world's salvation is within the will of the souls that have faith.

Because of this, mystical Spain, Spain of Holy Theresa and of St. John of the Cross, of Francisco Javier, of St. Ignacius, for this, I believe in your mission, a joint mission in which your passenger misfortunes are nothing; privileged mission among all the others: to spoil the blood of your burning soul to those souls in agony.

No country today has your faith. Your faith, the sheer faith of the penitents of Lorca or Sevilla and that of the Cruisers of Navarra. Your happy faith of Christmas' tambourines and that of the motley carts of the Pilgrimage of the Dew.

No other country has been blessed with so much love for the Virgin, your millenary Virgin of the Pilar, your Virgin of the warriors of Covadonga, your Virgin of the Road for those who look out for their own path. Your Virgin of the Helpless, for the wandering souls. Your Virgin of the Anguishes, for those hearts shattered by pain.

All of your land is prayer, happy gift, painful gift, mystical impulse which provides us with confidence and hopefulness.

Your women, under black blankets, have those fiery and sweet eyes just like velvety petals of thoughts. Your folk associates with God in all of its actions. You have conquered a wide part of the world by trusting the Virgin at your sails and nailing the Cross in each piece of land founded by your conquerors/conquistadors and monks.

In all of your monasteries, in each church, where the bells are chiming across the azure skies of the night, in each home where the children sleep blending the name of the Virgin into their candid dreams, in all of you shines our faith just like that Sun which slopes over the rough mountains and the wavy plains, over white towns and castles' turrets, and over the saints of stone guarding your cathedrals.

You live your God. Your youth is like an army of Crusaders. Contemplate, with the heart swollen and overflowing, to the world that calls it!

Spaniard, son of God, go straight forward!

The century awaits!

The burning souls can achieve absolutely anything!

Righteous Life | Swordland [<https://youtu.be/ad5TszNUVYI>]

Those who shiver in front of the effort is because they have their soul numbed. The great ideal always gives us the strength to tame our body, to endure tiredness, hunger and cold.

What does it matter sleepless nights, exhausting work, or pain, or poverty? The essential is to preserve in the bottom of the heart the great strength which encourages and impulses us, which ease the unraveled nerves, which makes the tired blood beat again, which makes the eyes burn, those which previously were numbed by dream, a blazing and devouring fire.

Nothing is rough now. Even pain has transformed into joy because, thanks to this strength, we can give ourselves more wholly, and our sacrifice is purified.

Happiness numbs the ideal. In turn, is encouraged by the stimulus of tough life which makes us wonder in the depths of fulfilled duty, the responsibilities to face, and the great worthy mission of us all.

Nothing else matters.

Health doesn't matter.

We are not in this world to eat at fixed hours, to sleep regularly, to live a hundred or more years.

All of that is vain and foolish.

Only one thing matters: to have a useful life; to outline the soul; to be aware of it, instant by instant. To watch its weaknesses and encourage its impulses; to serve the others; to spill around our joy and tenderness; to offer our arm to our fellows; to elevate us all by helping one another.

Once our duties are fulfilled. Does it matter to die at 30 or 100 years of old?
What matters is to feel our heart ablaze, while the human beast screams exhausted!

It should rise up and move forward, despite everything!

It is there for that reason, to run out, until the end.

Only the soul counts, and it has to dominate everything else.

Brief or long, life is only worth something if at the instant of giving it away, we have no reason to blush or feel ashamed of it.

When sweetness of life invites us to the happiness of loving the beauty of a face or a clear sky, it gives a signal which, from beyond, calls us, when we are willing to give in before a couple of lips or to the light and colors and the sleep of long hours, that is when we shall tighten all of the hallowed dreams of the golden instants of supreme evasion.

The true evasion is to renounce our beloved clothing, and to renounce them at the same instant in which their perfume would make us faint.

At this hour in which we have to reject and sink the most endearing part of our being and rise up the love, up above the heart, and thus, when everything is cruel pain, then is when the sacrifice begins to be complete and pure.

We have franked our own limitations; finally we can give something in return. Before, even, we still were looking for ourselves and these strands of pride and glory which corrupts a ton of the generous blooming of the soul. We don't give anything without making calculations before, because everything is put on one side of the balance, more so, previously, we have killed the love we used to have to ourselves. This isn't easy because the human beast is unwilling to comprehend what bitterness wants to teach us.

What sweet is to dream with the ideal and to build it in our thoughts! But is, in reality, too little of a thing.

The ideal is meant to be built inside our own way of life.

Building it stone by stone, to build it according to our commodities, to our joys, to our rest, to our own heart.

When, despite everything, the building rises at the pass of years, and when, despite that, one does not stop at any tough labor, rather if one goes uninterrupted, even if it is not possible for the stone to be polished anymore, that's exactly when the ideal starts to take off.

The ideal will live at the measure that we give ourselves to it until we die.

Such drama, indeed, is that of the righteous life!

CHAPTER 2: SPRINGWELLS OF LIFE

The Original Land | For the Lovely Earth [<https://youtu.be/Q0jrMuftkco>]

Hunger belongs to a folk, to its land, to its past.

We cannot ignore it.

We can try to forget it.

But the events take care soon enough to remind us of the sources of life.

They take us closer first to the men of our own blood: ashamed or luminous, family binds us in time, each time tighter. Each time harder.

Sometimes it drowns us, but we never detach from it.

We are shaken when our blood is at the stake. Blood is right. We come closer to those who possess our same blood, like if our veins would be the same, like if our entire family would have just one heart, a heart that projects the same blood in each one of us and binds us together in one same vital spot.

The very same happens to the land.

We cannot evade it.

We are nothing more than one collective with all of the other men from our homeland.

The image of one of our cathedrals, the remembrance of the aroma of the dunes, of the sweet gray of our hills, of the wavy courses from our rivers, bring to our throats a shiver of love.

The past of the country is the bottom of our consciousness and our sensibility.

All, in our land, is like surviving, like being born again.

The past of a country is reborn in every generation like the spring is renewed in each germination.

We can change, to travel around the world, to distract our spirit: is all the same. The country, eternal, will fill with blood our heart.

The nasal voice of a transmitter which brings with it the vague waves of a distant country, which we have not created yet but has dominated us, is enough for the memories, the bonds, and the laws, to emerge once again like jewels set indestructibly at the plot of our stormy days.

The Heart and the Stones | Whispering Blues (Blues' Theme) [https://youtu.be/3_TMrr6eqQc]

It is precise to windward around the most distant seas, to have known the reddish nights of the tropic, the bonfires of sugarcanes, the singing of the black folk, the deserts of pink sands and the bushes without leaves, with the skeletons of horses eroded by the wind; to have sailed into the frozen lakes and the fiery snowfields; to have taken mimosas nearby the ruins of Carthage, and grapefruits in La Habana, and a strand of herb under the shadow of the Acropolis; it is precise all of this to be able to love our country fully, to the land where we live with the only penetrating eyes that we possess, those of the wondering child.

It is necessary to have known other homes, each one with its furniture and clothing, its books and its paintings, with its strict simplicity; it is necessary to have been that nomad of the anonymous floors, when oneself feels like inside a train, to have known the passion and the nostalgia of the first and the best of the landscapes: of that painting which is our home.

We can evoke effortlessly the great and joyful memories of foreign lands.

Glimmering our pupils still: the day shines, as gold and silver above the palms that border the ocean of Antilles, mist rises from the valley of Delfos; fishermen row during the bluish night at the Cyclades; the forest of palms is flooded by the sun, near close to the reddish walls of Marragech.

But the memory of errant hours in that soulless prison, which is the hotel room, weighs upon us and oppresses us.

Where do, in our lives, those impersonal chambers lie?

The walls in which, without love, the paintings have been hanged up and hanged down; the neighboring chamber from which we are observed; the noise of the telephone; the stairs on which we cross paths with strangers; the mobile chariot of the elevator with its double bars.

We look at all that decoration of life with saddened and desperate eyes.

That archway which obstructed us in the hallway, that clock hanging on the wall which has stopped to not bother us, have been living before as well, and have known a true home, have had during 100 years, during 200 years, their place, their issues, their smell. Its doors opened like spreading wings and hours came singing by the clock on the wall.

Poor archway and poor clock, so far away now from the waxed floor, from that lavender aroma, from water which carried dirtiness, from voices of neighbors, from the greeting of the morning sun which penetrated brusquely by the open door...

We, the modern exiles, exiled from home to home by empty looking cities, we feel heartless each time in which we have to cross a new threshold, and lighten up those absurdly white hallways, and get accustomed to those blind and rickety doors, and to that gas of excessive flame, to those trams with their brutal crash which breaks our soul...

We could keep quiet.

But we could not forget.

Our birthplace is reanimated in our memories. There it is: A light foliage gladdens the front. Two steps of blueish stone. A great balcony with its trained vine in front of the gardens. Everything seems in its place. Everything has a purpose, an odor, a shape. Let's see inside the cupboard: cupboard, magical word, is stuffed and heavy because it is hiding our bread and essential meals. With our eyes shut we can still find every single thing. This corner smells like tobacco, that other smells like the cat who's always looking for the warmest place to nap. That noise indicates our father has stepped up from his armchair. That step, which sometimes stops out of a sudden, is our mother who's arranging the flowers in the kitchen. Those rooms are not just empty rooms, that one is "the room above the living room", that other one is "the room above the study room", and that last one is "the kid's room" despite they are already men...

Each one of those rooms have their history, has known our sleepless nights, its sick ones; from that room, one day people came down carrying the body of a loved one between their arms...

Ah... the horror of those anonymous homes where our kids have been born or have died, before those lifeless decorations, abandoned at that point, and where other nomads like us have started as well, their choppy lives, without memories in the soul, without daring to pick and contemplate them, because they wouldn't know where to put them...

Home of yore, with your poor cretins, your bad taste sometimes, your pictures of kids and the ball at the end of the stairways, and the great piano and the black chimney; with the bathtub of zinc, where we entered one after another; with those footsteps that seems to still ring, even after 10 years after, just by evoking them; with those sighs that still pass nearby our bodies, with Mother's face whose smile you can see from far away and then she comes close to us, and we transform once again in kids that would like nothing but to be swinging in our cradles.

An infinite tenderness come back to us, with far away perfumes of flowers and leaves; the murmur of water is heard from behind the garden, fondled by a sweet sun as sweet as it can ever be.

Everything that we are comes back from that time. Unfortunate those kids who never had a home and cannot keep this memories which in turn make up our lives...

The house, the home, is what models us.

How could we have a soul if our house wouldn't have a face, if it wouldn't be more than a mask which changes during each season of the carnival of men?

Home...

Everything is made corporeal little by little, as soon as work and common pains arise, as soon as kids are born...

The walls have stored the love and the dreams. The furniture, whether it be pretty or ugly, were partners and witnesses.

An aroma surges sweetly from this multiple souls of these things; and, later, a shrinkage and a rest, a certainty, which eases the breathless high-pitches of the randomness of living.

Sweetness, equilibrium points of reference, ineffable testimony, a self-examination of oneself...

Without the mother and without the home, soul of mine, tell me... what it would be of us?

[The Flesh that Awakens](https://youtu.be/dwB7uB-rVf0) | For Mom [https://youtu.be/dwB7uB-rVf0]

The world can become evil, live in a state of agitation more and more anguish each time, but the greatness of what a mother is remains immutable.

It still touches today's universe just as in the dawn of times in which the first women felt that thrill within their guts. Since that moment, a deep transformation invades their whole being.

Yesterday they ran with that candid look on their eyes, with their souls empty.

The life that is born within them such as recondite blooming of flowers gives them, out of a sudden, a gravity, a security, a pure and proud immense force: the consciousness of creation,

of giving oneself, and the shimmering charm of the living mystery that one day will emerge from her pains.

Laugh is still heard when they pass by, but now their eyes have a deeper look. They carry a treasure within themselves, which its palpitations are joined with their deeper palpitations. Their impulses, their melancholy, that great ideal, sometimes unconfessed, which cheers up or torments them, their thoughts and griefs, their joys and desires are just one thing melted within their lives, invisible to everyone else, and for them that's always present at each moment; a thing that gives them blood and soul, an exact communion of flesh and heart.

They are valorous in their laxity. Their body is fatigued; tired is their youth that bends like branches full of fruits shaken by the wind and the sun. But what makes them valorous is the rebirth that sprouts from the tenderness of their breasts.

They know that a soul in bloom, merely open, will turn into freshness the next day; innocence, pink, if the heart and they themselves cover it, just as the sky full of sweetness and peace of perfect nights, in which everything is silence and stars.

By the agitated world the mothers pass by, carrying their nightlight. Their eyes dream, contemplate the great lunar landscapes in which a world they can only know sleeps immensely and efficiently.

They contemplate the Blue Mountains, the dark and shallow waters, the spell of the sky riddled of flames that look crimped in the velvet of the night, like inaccessible precious stones.

They pass by under the nocturne clarity, with the heart oppressed but with safe steps.

Nobody accompanies them. The universe is distracted. Only they have the human sight. They move forward with the tired body but with the soul willing and absorbed by the greatness of the nocturne mystery.

These months in which the flesh blooms, are their exclusive spring; a spring in which the shadows and perfumes; the colors and lights wait for their definitive great loving arms which are wide open to life, inside the garden of the heart.

By them, the dawn of the flesh and the birth of dreams shall be liberated; and, then, the atrocious efforts, strained towards the bodies, which charm and scare them at the same time.

Oh, the reality of the new being, radiant and shaking!

What would sprout of those hearts?

Could they, perhaps, conserve the melody and virginity of mountain waters?

Those candid eyes, could they make us cry one day? Those curly little heads, of the color of the sun above white stone, would they hold clear thoughts and noble ideals that the mother dreamt for her sons, full of rectitude and light?

In order to not fear too much, to not cry too much, the best thing would be to lay out the righteous path but bordered with truthfulness, above which white clouds can pass by smoothening the silver roads that unite heaven and earth.

The mother now and always will give to her children's hearts her own soul and flesh.

The soul of her kids will only be the soul which was owned by her. The images of her own heart will reflect in the hearts of her kids, like shadows which advance on the campuses during the summer. The mother could not endure the look of her kid if it wouldn't be as clear as hers. Everything that is not pure and fresh estranges the kid, and disconcerts his heart. Later on, the kids won't have strength and renunciation, wisdom and simplicity, virtue and joy if their spiritual food wouldn't be as candid as the milk that swell from the breast. The mother's face is noble, sovereignly clear, when the pureness of innocent lives has refreshed one and a thousand mornings full of pain and sacrifice.

Mute women, whose flesh shaken, come back to the inner dream that cheers up and makes burn the secret of a life that starts.

[The Vocation of Happiness](https://youtu.be/aVecjHLXOn4) | Bolero de Ravel [<https://youtu.be/aVecjHLXOn4>]

As we advance between hypocrite smiles, between looks full of greed or dishonesty, between false handshakes, the more disappoints us the mediocrity of existence.

Rapidly we realize that now there are only left for us, solid and eternal joys which were born in our hearts as kids.

That's when we would become happy or disgraced forever.

If our childhood would be as tranquil and sweet as an immense golden sky; if we have learned to love and to give it to those who surrounds us; if we have learned since child days of the charm that emerges from the sky and the light, of the tree and the flower, of nature that surrounds us in a perpetual metamorphosis; if we have molded a gentle heart, as the look of animals, naive at the mornings, human, sensible, good, open to true caring and fragrant, then, life will be for us until the end of roads full of mud and stones, as a sky that guides us, luminous and effective, through the most dangerous passageways.

There is always a vocation of happiness. We can develop it or drown it; but it exists.

If we form our kids with simplicity, if we make them love the deep and elemental happiness, they will advance through life conserving in their eyes the light of internal life, balanced, without fright.

But if we deform their infancy, if the kids have seen or heard too much, if we let them drag over the vital whirlpool, if the years of a calm childhood have not fortified the fragile gift of innocence within them, then their life will be what their childhood was and instead of becoming irritated with disorder, they will be the disorder themselves. Just as their tastes, their emotions, their thoughts, were and will always be unstable, they will be forever at the mercy of turbid joys' tailwind which consume the soul and escape our grasp and create, by the expense of everybody else's suffering, its own suffering.

Afterwards, it is already late for change.

One cannot straighten the crooked and hardened tree. In sum, all we could do to make it better would be just to lop the tree. When it was young, boiling with sap, it could have been bend with an expert finger, orienting it and helping it to develop.

When the children that seem to be playing and looking only for the sparrow or skylark passing by, when they start to talk or to kiss, when they take pictures of their own heart, in their imagination, the same spectacle which we are, the older ones, that is the time to shape them.

Life will do nothing else than to reveal this picture. The acids of existence will print in it the beautiful and thriving or tormented and saddening images, which we did offer to their little curiosity-avid eyes and unpolluted heart, like a sheet of paper.

Everything that we suppress from them by our pride, by our agitation, or yay! Our passions. Everything we will pay it cruelly later on, seeing them restless, unsatisfied and without any breath in their souls or dragged by our very great fault.

Christmas Time | Canon Rock [<https://youtu.be/TcY7SIVua8M>]

Snow covered the rooftops and it became thick and thicker, over our shoes.

We were so sure that we saw St. Joseph at the corner of the street. The slope that lead to the Church was hard to walk up at midnight. We had permission to enter and to stay there on the last row, with our shoes taken, on our hands. And roughly we went further into the temple, surrounded by the warm aroma of its naves.

Our heads were spinning. The oldest bishop was pale too. But the sacred clamor resonated powerfully, capable of driving away the boars 2 kilometers far away from the thick forest. The organist pedaled as if he was afraid of getting late. The maestro led the singers like a whirlwind. Came the moment, it was such the emotion, that we came on top of our chairs, waiting for, suddenly, the angels to descend from the chorus.

But the angels continued judiciously on their guard, between the candles, with their wings resting.

We came close to them with a copper coin, hidden under wool gloves. We bent our knees on the marble. The brown ox and the gray mud were there, close to our reach and we burned in desires of touching them just to see if its tail would move just like at the drinking trough. But the kids love the animals even more, to the kids... Jesus was laying over the straws. Our hearts would shriek thinking in the cold he would be feeling. Nobody gave him, just as what we wore, thick warm socks. Nor shoes, nor a scarf to protect his divine nose, nor green wool gloves to cover his chilblains. That oppressed our hearts. We looked astonished at Father St. Joseph, who looked as if he was trying to go unnoticed and to the Mother, blue and white, so immobile and so beautiful...

We knew so many beautiful Mothers, with eyes so pure in which you could come close and see everything, but those of the Mother of Jesus Kid fascinated us, as if Heaven was teaching to the kids something more than to men...

Everyone became quiet, when we came back, going down the slope. And when the kids don't say anything is because they have a lot of things to say, perhaps back at home. When we were back, the smoking chocolate, the great table covered with muffins have made us forget of the invisible conversations, established kid to kid, kids to human mothers, of the divine infant to the mother in Heaven.

On the piano, there was another birthplace, were we could, on the foot of the stool, pick either the donkey or the ox with our hands. We lit up all nights the blue and rose little candles. Each

one of us had its own to light it off with one blow, once the prayers concluded. Behind, knelt next to the chair, in the gloom, the mother led our prayers and guided us.

When everything was finished, when we turned back at her, to light off our dim sparkles, we looked at her eyes shining with exciting fervor... Paradise descends to the heart of children when the mother carries it in her soul...

At that simple hour, and full with tenderness, the Mother knew that our infantile souls were already signaled forever and that, even if our candles lit inside our hearts would be blown, nobody could light them off ever again.

And then, each winter, when Christmas time arrives, the small embers lighten up by our mothers rise again, firm and crackling.

CHAPTER 3: THE GRIEF OF MEN

The Blind | When a Blind Man Cries [https://youtu.be/9_lq9CWuqMM]

Men are exhausted by the burden and the anguish or because their souls have left dry over them the kiss of God.

Money, honors gained by force of debase oneself, the conflict of acquiring an earthly happiness, which slips between their fingers and escapes forever, makes the human herd turn into a swarming horde, which agitates and runs towards here and there, stumbling and destroying itself, in search for a liberation impossible to find.

Looks are full of resentment that increases more and more in front of never satisfied desires.

Pitiful babble, where the strident laughter ring only to remind us that it isn't any herd but men.

An infernal rampage that after harming individuals, harms folks. It is not just a group of individuals dragged by their crazy passions anymore.

It is the collectivities, drunk by the vertigo of the impossible, by the desire of being the first one, being so, of smashing all of the others; the desire of discharging this power on humanity, in order to sink and stomp the spiritual, with as much rage as if the flesh would be annihilated, the spiritual always comes back, arising as a reproach or as a curse.

The vile has overcome the circles of minorities, in order to reach vast and trembling groups of the masses, shaken too by the waves, dilated to infinity, of envy, of ambition and of hatred.

The clear water of the hearts is turbid even in its recondite stream.

The river of men drag a deep seeded smell of mud.

The disorder of the century has shaken what was before clarity, truth and infallible flights of swallows.

The men and the folks observe each other with a violent look, their hands full of signs, tired, bitten by frenetic victims.

Each passing day the world becomes more unjust, more selfish and more brutal.

Men hate each other, and social classes to one another, and the folks: because everyone holds tight to the ghost of limited goods, which its possession, furtively, disappears into nothingness.

And everyone, everyone turns their face to material good, propitious to everyone, instead of universal love and spiritual eternity.

We run as madmen, bloody forehead by stumbling upon every obstacle, by the threads of hate and madness, screaming our passions, wrecking everything, in order to seize everything, us alone, of what we could never achieve.

Traces of Pain | Choir of the Damned [<https://youtu.be/QpuR7fwNWv0>]

There isn't, in reality, one heart which is not stained with villainies, of sordid calculation, of unconfessional faults, of everything that leaves wrong shining lights by our sights.

Even the purified hearts, back from turbid waters, conserve, forever, a bitter taste of imperfection and ashes.

We could put the broken rare porcelain back together, but those who know that it was broken will know the traces of the fracture, even if they are extremely dissimulative. Never the piece that has been broken will recover its indivisible unity of what is perfect, that unity which not even death can make disappear.

The more we advance in life, the more deep the traces of pain in our hearts get, imperceptibles for those who didn't know them, but piercing because it is made of those delicate things that were torn apart, just as thin silk of a fabric that unravels.

Blessed those who become purified with invisible sufferings and stand on their feet at the time to decline.

But, are there any eyes capable of looking and not trembling? Are there any that don't hide something?

Who's the one who has not become vilified one day? Who's the one that has no words to shut up, gestures, desires, unconfessional abdications?

How much mud behind the conventional, behind the smile!?

How many men, how many women have to hide failure from their sensibility, from their oaths, from their body!

The fall is only the ending of many previous treasons.

The flesh does not beat down except when the numerous fibers of the heart have broken secretly, one after another, between subterfuges, pretexts and abandonment veiled under smiles.

Once the fall begins, everything else comes by itself.

The baseness is inside the thought before the mud makes it noticeable.

The body does not yield except when the soul has abandoned to the stream, the oars that should lay out straight paths over immaculate waters.

The Saints | Savior/Majestic [<https://youtu.be/5Jrorstglj0>]

The Saints teach us that perfection is within anyone's reach.

They were simple men too, simple women, full of passions, flaws and, frequently, of guilt.

They have also abandoned themselves, have yielded, they must have thought that they could never get rid of the smell of mud and sin that accompany all men.

But they have learned to suffer.

They have risen up after every fall, decidedly to stay more alert than before, more alert as weaker they would feel.

Virtue is not a sudden revelation, but a slow conquest, tough and difficult.

The Saints have felt the superhuman gift of knowing to be, at the end, victorious over their own bodies and minds.

Their fight teaches us that happiness on earth, and beyond earth, is at the reach of anyone.

To each one of us has been given a will to be served by it.

The spirit, before the body, is the one that wins or capitulates.

We are, let's remember it, our owners.

We can fall into the abyss or avoid it.

Everything can be done, everything cannot be done.

Eternal Crucifixion | I, O Your Fellow [<https://youtu.be/43W8oo6YDf0>]

Who will suffer? Who will be there next to Christ in the days of his new agony?

We don't even attempt to think even in the spiritual desert where rises, each spring, the Cross of the Savior.

Life, trivial or turbid, of men continues like a cold and insensitive river.

Jesus will receive, still, the whipping and the spines. The Cross will fall to the floor and will smash his body; he will be nailed by tremendous blows with a hammer, over the hardwood. "They have gone through my hands and my feet and have counted all of my bones."

What will the world know about this?

His blood will run slowly over the livid body. His eyes will look, for a time, for his Father and for our souls...

These souls of ours, what would have they comprehended from this tragedy?

Won't even miss it nor cry for it.

Maybe even, won't think of it.

Nor will they even, maybe, taken for granted.

Christ dies alone, completely alone.

The souls sleep or are sterile and, precisely, when His Body hangs upon the sky and the Earth, in pain, in order to set them free from clumsiness and death.

The anguish of His Heart shouts, in vain, screams of desperation that should startle the world, and leave men without breath.

The world perishes because its spirit drowns.

The world has the need for hope, for charity, for justice, for humility, for recovering a little of breath.

Spiritual life, which is like breathing to the soul of men, we have received it and stored in our deposit.

We are its carriers; and our hands are swollen, and our eyes dry, and our lips don't know how to shake of fervor and emotion...

Faith is only worth what it is capable of conquering; love, while still burns; and charity, meanwhile it still saves us...

Nobody | Icarus' Dream Suite Opus 4 [<https://youtu.be/T1Va1F1dQWo>]

A palm tree shakes. Sand escapes between the tanned toes of the kid. Some sheep signaled by blood play stumbling upon each other. Minuscule donkeys, of wet eyes, go down the hill. This Easter landscape is clear, brilliant. The air is fresh. Daisies are sprawled all over the hillside.

Why, do we say, why to suffer the most haunting of agonies in these days, in which the mimosas, by a lot, explode at every road's turn?

Those warm and clear paths lead to, however, the Christ in pain and muted in front of the nails and spines, in front of his blood and the received spits.

My Lord! We follow you confused in this dusty courtship, joining those tough and cowardly fishermen that loved you but as we love you, with measure, just like if the measure wouldn't be an insult to your love.

We are close to them and not worse than others, the brilliant look, sometimes, of the joy of being able to serve you. We keep away the strangers, we shake our hands, and we believe to be really close to your heart.

And all of that gives us an opinion too good of ourselves.

In your sad eyes our poor vanity is reflected.

And at the time of agony, because our love was too fragile, we will be far away from your wounds, from your sweating blood and from that big scream, frozen, which would destroy the earth and stab the hearts...

My Lord! We come back, let us come back to your beaten feet. Let us clench that wood of the Cross between our trembling arms.

How could we raise our eyesight to your bloody head which, sweetly, inclines towards us?

We only dare to cry!

It would have been so sweet to give you our souls with a unique and total impulse, and being by your side since the Garden of Olives until that monticule where you lay, inert, hard by the night breeze!

We have given ourselves to the thief's luck, the last one who loved you, looking at you with that lost eyesight, which went deeper into the skies.

We are dismantled by our flaws, by our cowardice, by our half-measures...

My Lord! You gave us the essential and the eternal, the bread and wine, the breath and sun. You touched our hearts and gave us strength. We should have jumped of joy, weightless, the heart in celebration, freed forever from all compromises, from all the weights, from any hope which wasn't, thus, supreme. But we have decided to stay, shrunken, in the doorjamb at the silver shadow of an olive tree.

You have passed between us fatigued and full of insults. Oh, My Lord! In those minutes of pain and salvation we didn't pick up the Cross with you, we didn't kiss your scars or spines, we didn't keep your executioners at bay, nor broken their whips, nor sunken their insults... We didn't know how to love.

At the hour of total sacrifice, they were there!

Our empty hearts. You were there, My God! Abandoned by everyone, mute and sad, with your rigid limbs. Nobody, nobody followed you.

We will grasp death's log and, without raising our heads, we will lay out by your feet the defeat of our hearts.

You will come back with new dawn, My Lord! And then, have mercy of our empty souls...

We suffer so much, of seeing ourselves so petty and vile, so imbued of ourselves, so worried of our egotisms, of our ambitions, of our vanities...

We have let you suffer, we have seen your blood running down, the rise of your cross, and your life extinguished from your face. Would we have, then, the courage to contemplate your open wounds and your eyes fatigued infinitely?

My Lord, times come to a close; your light is going to appear suddenly over the hill. We will be there, nevertheless, ashamed and saddened... Light up, My Lord, our hearts, with your glowing sweetness, give us the heat and the purity of this divine fire where you are going to dawn.

Exhausted we are at the bottom of your tomb.

My Lord! Make it bloom in our defeated souls the flame of Resurrection.

To Have Loved Badly | Wasted Time [https://youtu.be/XddO6wr_FgU]

In the cold sky, of pale gold, flies shuddering a skylark.

What would it think? Vibrates and shouts its high-pitched screams and, by each instant, it seems like it will fall, but in a quick beat of its wings it is up in the sky once again.

It loves only by loving, until out of a sudden, broken by its own fate, falls like a rock, in an open furrow.

Just like that the soul goes up, like an arrow, shouting from love, to end up suspended in the immensity by the prodigy of invisible wings that keeps it up and toss it up further upwards.

It doesn't know that it might fall again, or of the soil beneath it; nothing matters and detached from everything, breathes shivering and throbbing, as if it was aspirated by the heights.

The skylark that plains over the dry soil must also feel that ineffable joy of filled love.

Our soul is shattered, breathless. But that immense love comes back, like the waves, over us and once again floods us with happiness and joy...

If the great drama of sin makes us suffer so much, it is because it doesn't let us give ourselves, because it makes our gift imperfect.

Because loving is nothing else than giving yourself away.

The punishment for sin is the pain of have trampled love. We would like then, to rip away our hands and eyes, the entire body of the sinner.

We would like to cry with all of our tears. But it is late too: we can't take back what we have wasted. The day of sin will stay there as a black abyss despite our regrets.

Even if we love with as much ardor as we would want, the past cannot be recreated. That love will be a new gift, but nothing more.

For that matter it is sin that makes us suffer the most until the end of our life.

We would like to be God himself, to take back that day and give it back its dawn freshness, and to save it right beneath our heart, with infinite care until the nighttime.

With the first sin we learn that we won't love, never again, like we could have loved. And this is what makes repentance so haunting: because it has no solution.

When we learn the pain of what's irreparable, we would like to overcome still all the possibilities in our heart and rip out a few drops of love, capable of compensating the one that fell in the shadows.

Without a doubt, it is like that the peace that gives us the kiss of agony, the peace that puts the pain to an end, to desperation of having loved badly, of having loved so little, of having tainted the love that was born so pure and so clean...

CHAPTER 4: THE JOY OF MEN

Tough and Strong | Triumph [<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ca8f-pgT96U>]

The sun has disappeared. Half hour longer the shadow will reign.

Birds know it and sing madly in the garden.

Everywhere there are roses so soaked by light that are dying.

The woods sleep already around the rooftops.

And again, the birds sing their high-pitched screams and crazy chatter, without a doubt, to the intention of two lovers that resonate nearby, sitting, with a big white hat on their knees.

Who lives, aside from those birds, from that barking dog and those two hearts beating, floating in an unnerving calmness of that June evening?

How can one believe in this ineffable hour, impregnated of peace and sweetness, that there could exist between men other hours full of hate, frowned faces, and screams of anger?

Perhaps those men never watched how the roses dim off in the warm silence of the night?

But we should leave that vast sea to flourish where the heart serenades itself.

We must take the hard path, the path where the wheels mistreat the floor with the sound of the steadfast never-ending rain.

We must go in search of the brutal lights, of the empty faces, of the faces without a soul.

Ah! The honor of the arid hearts and of various sensibilities.

This garden, in the twilight, is so simple and gives itself with such easiness...

Those dying roses, those group of trees, the harvest that waves as a gray sea, the grave pine trees, so pure and so simple, that all of our distant childhood reappears in our soul alongside that eternal infancy of the trees and the flowers...

Nothing can be heard now.

The night kisses the roses.

The forests highlight their black outline over the clear end of the twilight.

The last bird which sang stops by an instant just to hear the silence. The two lovers get up, hands trembling, hair shuddering by the light summer wind.

And me, I will have to get up as well.

And I will advance slowly, without touching the leaves nor the infinite life that slides between the shadows. I will guess the outline and shapes of things. I will sense and feel how it is blooming already, shaking in every leaf, the dew that will refresh each apple to the sun when they start popping up on top of the forest.

Silence and pain between so much depth and so much innocence...

Where is the night of the good hearts that will resurrect this lightened morning?

We shall need to go back to our melancholies, restart our loyal march of country man and forest man, lost between sterile hearts.

There between barbaric shining. Who would be able to guess in our trembling eyes that we have just left the forests and wheats, the shadow and the silence?

More than just for shuddering? Near the cliff of this cruel life, life bites back.

Don't look, don't think, don't breathe more from this air charged of the perfume of death...

No more clarity. Let the night gnaw the hearts.

Tomorrow, when the day ascend to the treetops, we will just have in front of us only the closed horizon of men.

Let's be strong, tough and happy, throughout everything, throughout the sun of our souls.

Afternoon that dies, mute and secure of your dawn, give us the peace of lights that reborn, after the immense awakening of auspicious nights...

The Price of Life | Esperanto [<https://youtu.be/ulFc-R1BFro>]

We must repeat nonstop, which one is the price of life.

It is the admirable instrument, put in our hands to forge the will, to educate our consciousness, to build a work of heart and of reason.

Life is not sorrow, but joy made flesh.

Joy of being useful.

Joy of dominating what could dwarfs us.

Joy of acting and to give away oneself.

Joy of loving all that vibrates, spirit or matter, because everything, crimped in a righteous life, elevates and lightens instead of weighing upon us.

We must love life.

Sometimes, at the hours of tiredness and weariness, we came to doubt it.

We must dominate ourselves, react.

There are many vile men. But alongside them, those whose baseness is nothing but a blasphemy of a life, there exist others. All of them, those who we see and not see, are not like that, and because of not being like that, save the world and the honor of living in it.

Renunciation | Peace [<https://youtu.be/8sTvkjHrYP4>]

Happiness, which its cause be ignored, is not pleasing. It is a type of vegetative happiness.

The true happiness, the happiness worthy of a man, the one which elevates us, is the happiness assisted by the spirit, the one that is born of the renunciation of the soul, of its abdication, of plain consciousness of the pleasures that life offers us or bargains with us.

Happy is the one who is not a slave of luck and knows to enjoy pleasure from outside and, also, to renounce it.

While we suffer from this privations, while we suffer buying our material luck with everyone else, we won't be happy nor free.

We must keep an uniform humor, even if we have to lighten our soul, when the external universe is just an immense void, we must live intensively in this “material absent” feeling weightless, purged of our worries, owners of our desires, bowing down to the plain reign of the spirit, and just like that victory of men will emerge and his ascension to immutable happiness.

All material comparison seems then petty next to the liberation which gives us the victory of the spirit over our inquiries, the goods and the material needs.

Happiness can be born everywhere.

And, in reality, it isn't outside of us, but inside of each one of us, where it lays, with its supreme possibilities.

[The Power of Happiness | River of Longing \[https://youtu.be/pfPV9OmfZ28\]](https://youtu.be/pfPV9OmfZ28)

There are so many things that could give us happiness...!

Just to free ourselves from our desires could make us happy.

The happiness of living, by itself, is enough to achieve it.

The happiness of having a radiant heart.

The happiness of having a sturdy body, arms and legs as tough as trees and lungs that breathe the air of life.

The happiness to possess eyes that reflect in its velvety mirror the colors and shapes.

The happiness of passing hours and hours tracing big straight lines of reason or outlining, by whim, our dreams.

The happiness of believing, the happiness of loving, of giving yourself away, of moving forward by the big steps of life, just like one advances weightless over the water.

How, then, not to be happy...?

It's so simple, so elemental, so natural!

Through the worst calamities, happiness is always reborn as a pump that have tried to be suffocated.

Being happy and living are the same thing.

Not being happy is to doubt of our body, of the heat of our blood, of the devouring fire of the heart, and of the clarity of the spirit that floods our being.

Disgrace itself brings us the painful happiness of the soul which is given bleeding, that balances its sacrifice and crumbles and analyzes its sourness.

Cruel happiness, but happiness of majestic hierarchy, from which only capable is the man that, with a torn out heart, can comprehend everything!

To Dream, To Think | Blue [<https://youtu.be/03qBqP2I4p8>]

The dreaming hours are the deep hours of life, in which every poetry that muses in us is lumped together and floats like will-o-the-wisp.

Afterwards, the sun rises again.

The white mists descend as if they were called by the river. Now only the greatsword of clear water is seen. And the reason, then, orders and gather together the fragments that sprouted from the dream and prints its mark on it.

What a joy to find and to compare! What a joy to give things a sense of beauty and a direction! What a joy to comprehend and climb up the ladder of the hillside and to reach the summits of truth and of effectiveness!

The spirit draw the clear lines of its laws.

Man feels in that moment superior to everything, owner of this monstrous and disproportionate universe in which, it is the brains, no bigger than a fruit or a bird, the ones that impose order and harmony.

One who doesn't know how to enjoy the possibilities of dreaming and to think that, each second, life offers man the nobility of that life.

The spell is always possible, because the dreams are violoncellos that sound in the garden of the souls.

We can always think, so to speak, having the spirit not only busy, but vibrating, tense towards a stronger dominion, more exultant than the fire of infinite wishes.

To get bored is to renounce the dream and the spirit.

Boredom is the sickness of the souls and of empty brains.

Life, then, turns into a desperately gray effort.

The same love does not excites nor does it bewitches but only in the measure in which the superior spirit maintains the poetry and fortifies the impulses of sensibility.

It is precisely to dream and to think our love.

Patience | Air [<https://youtu.be/JtjOe5e9VFA>]

Patience is the first victory, victory over oneself, victory over the nerves, over our own susceptibility.

While we don't acquire it, life is nothing but a torrent of capitulations. Capitulations, without a doubt, noisy, disguised by the screams of a false authority, that can only represent, in reality, the abdication in the face of our own pride.

Having patience is knowing to wait for our hour with the finger tensed over the trigger, alert, like watching the prey.

Having patience is to construct each act of each day with order and equilibrium, which are the scaffolding that sustains life itself.

Patience gives us the joy of knowing how to maintain ourselves without giving in.

Impatience leaves in our heart the reproach of having been led by impulse and to have created, around us, a vacuous and nefarious agitation.

Obedience | The Might of the Empire [https://youtu.be/OuKU_Z05vPQ]

Nothing fundamental can be realized if one is selfish, if one is prideful.

Obedying is a joy, because it is a way of giving yourself away, of giving yourself away consciously.

Obedying is a duty, because the common good depends on the disciplined conjunction of all the energies.

Human society is not a cloud of bitter and cracked mosquitoes, thrown at the wind by their interest and its humor. Instead it is a great sensible complex, which anarchy turns sterile or dangerous, while the order and harmony give unlimited possibilities.

A rich volk, composed by a million of individuals isolated egotistically, is a dead volk.

A poor volk, in which everyone knows intelligently their limits and obligations and obeys and works in teams is an alive volk.

Obedience is the highest form for the use of freedom.

Is a constant manifestation of authority; authority over oneself which is the hardest of them all.

Nobody knows, in reality, to lead others if one has not been able to lead oneself, to dominate the prideful stallion that, inside all of us, would have wanted to launch itself savagely to the wind of adventure.

After having obeyed, then, we can lead, no to enjoy brutality of the right to smash others, instead because commanding is a magnificent thing when it tends to discipline the impatient forces of everyone else, and to conduct them into the plenitude of their performance, it is the supreme wellspring of happiness.

Kindness | Bella Kiss [<https://youtu.be/gxXUQjtpvRE>]

A word, sometimes a word of affection, a look full of sincere friendship, could save a man.

With love and with example we can do everything, absolutely everything.

Getting excited, screaming, hardly conduce you to the bottom of the problems.

One has to be good, to guess what's going on in the middle of the mists of the hearts, to sweeten the necessary severity with a friendly word which gives us hope, to put yourself

always in the place of your fellow, into the soul of your fellow, to think of our own reaction if we would see ourselves in the trance of being reproached instead of being those who criticize.

Every man is a big boy, a little vicious, but naïve, sensible, inclined towards love.

There aren't 36 paths to direct him towards good but just one: that of the heart.

The other paths sometimes look easier, but ultimately they lead you nowhere.

Blessed Solitude | Little Wing (Cover) [<https://youtu.be/An4uDegHB8s>]

Company, in the end, is just agitation, noise, perturbation around our own solitude.

To search endlessly what we call liveliness is just fear of being in front of oneself.

How could we have mistaken joy with the permanent immersion in the tumultuous turmoil?

Why being submerged into others to be happy?

Being submerged into others is to put ourselves in contact with their crust, to enjoy just their artificial or superficial attitudes. This could give us some fun, gives us a transient pleasure, just like a mouthful of air.

But, what a difference between that pleasure without depth and the deep happiness, essential, of talking to oneself, of the analysis of intimate thoughts and of one's own sensibility!

Then, we can see everything deep down.

To negate the power, the amplitude of that joy, the true one, is to negate inner life.

Solitude is to the soul the magnificent occasion to know oneself, to keep watch on oneself, to form itself.

Only empty brains or inconstant hearts feel afraid of being in silence in front of themselves.

Only on those moments, we shall see if the sentiments are solid or if, by the contrary, they were no more than noise and fugacity.

Elevated sentiments can live alone, without physical presence: even more, isolation purifies and enlarges them.

Joy, the great joy is like a block of granite under the water of life that flows, the joy that does not abandon or disappoint, which surges from within, from internal exaltation. We have to, then, watch ourselves, to dominate ourselves, to purify ourselves, to elevate ourselves; we have to have the courage to think.

Because it is too easy to be lazy or to be a coward in front of the spiritual work!

It is tough, yes, to have enough energy to widen our secret fields, to love intensively, so to speak, to give oneself to silence!

And then, we prefer to forget those fundamental joys that exist, connecting to mere immediate pleasures, noisy ones, soon after nothing remains of those, nothing but dust inside the heart and wounds on the wings.

Mystics have known of this constant effort of inner life.

The same internal joy exists in other regions of spirituality and sensibility.

Corporeal presence is not completely indispensable. We could love in a perfect sense and be happy, of the higher joys, in absence of the corporeal and in the death itself.

Whereas if we do not detach ourselves, one day, from all of the external and we are not capable of living alone, so to speak, in company of the most real, that which does not disturb anything, we won't step foot in the threshold of happiness.

Instead of complaining about solitude, let's bless it, taking advantage of the unexpected possibility which gives us to examine ourselves in silence, to dominate ourselves lucidly and totally, even in our most contradictory thoughts.

Are the gates of the world closing around us? Is our contact with the external being interrupted?

All the better!

That means, if we want to, that the gates of the soul begin to open, that we are in exact contact with ourselves; that comprises the exultant joys of knowledge, of spiritual plenitude; of the mystical gift, the most delicate one and the most complete one.

Greatness | Simple Man [<https://youtu.be/sMmTkKz60W8>]

Many times we achieve greatness by doing, with all of the nobility we are capable of handling, the thousand tiny little and annoying things that we have to do.

It is infinitely more difficult to make the soul be striven each day by a thousand little duties, than to perform, in a solemn occasion, a memorable achievement.

We can triumph, then, marvelously on that great occasion and being, however, so far away from the real greatness.

The real greatness is within the nobility of the soul, which is given and is spent, yearning to be given, in each one of our duties, more so in those which are clear from vanity.

All of this concerns both man and woman.

Greatness to a woman lies in giving herself completely, hour after hour, to her daily duties.

No one will admire her, however.

Because it is difficult to know the multiple combats that she had to fight, in the bottom of her heart, against laziness, against pride, against suggestive passions, against the softness that calls the body and soul towards the warm sands of an easy life.

The woman that despite everything moves forward, resists, progress, is indeed truthful, because she has given herself completely, without the necessity of artificial and transient stimulations.

How many people, tired of everything, complains continuously, finds everything bad and are not able to enjoy anything ever!

Everything seems boring to them, because they don't know how to give ever, because they address each one of the moments they should give a piece of their own being, with the previous purpose of just giving what's indispensable, and even that regretfully.

Everything is within giving away oneself and knowing to give away oneself.

Happy people are like that because they know to give themselves away. The unsatisfied, are like that because they drown their existence in a perpetual suspicion, and wonder every single time that they have to give: how much will they lose this time?

Virtue, greatness, happiness, everything spins around these, only this: to give oneself away.

To give oneself completely and in every single instant. To do what has to be done, with impetus, with grace and with the maximum interest, even when duty lacks of apparent greatness.

Man or woman, rich or poor, the problem is exactly the same: it is the gift, to know or not to know how to give oneself away, that's what makes the souls clear and pure or make them recalcitrant and turbid.

CHAPTER 5: THE SERVICE OF MEN

The Greater Armies | Beyond the Curse [<https://youtu.be/aZDhd5vDo3Y>]

To live or to die after or before 20 years, matters very little.

What matters is to die good.

Then it is, only then, when life begins.

I could die tomorrow. The humility of my destiny in the life of the front lines prepares me better for the ascetic renunciation. As I have not been a saint, I wish to die with my soul, at the very least, clean.

Maybe I have my weeks already counted. I will have, then, to multiply the occasions to purify myself.

I have dreamt, aforesaid, with a large disease which would prepare me for dying.

This would have occurred in an atmosphere of slow decay.

But here, this preparation happens in plain strength, in the plenitude of the will.

I realize this adventure.

Maybe I would come back alive, livelier than ever before.

After all, these greater armies which end up in either death or life, would have been a blessing to me.

I enjoy them as much as I enjoy the splendid sun.

The soldier learns to be great in the middle of the most mundane, simple and grievous things.

Heroism consists in resisting, in fighting quietly, in maintaining oneself always alert, happy and strong in the middle of that mud, of those tons of excrement, of those pile of corpses, of that

sea or snow mist, of those interminable and decolored fields, of that total absence of extreme happiness...

We stray a little bit every day. Aren't we already half-dead bodies that move forward, tightening their teeth through the fog?

We should always look towards those who have less than us and be satisfied, and enjoy what we already possess, without feeding our chimera's spirit.

Life is always beautiful if we know how to look at her with gentle eyes, with the light of a soul in peace.

Here we have nothing, and yet we are happy.

We must strip away from everything in order to be able to find, soon after, the happiness that only flourishes inside naked souls.

In silence disturbed by the sizzle of the bullets being fired, my heart is nourished only by its past.

What else could I have here!

We eat the animals we hunt and prepare, ourselves, as we can. After hours of waiting or combat, laying in the cold floor, we come back, tired, to the pile of straw from our miserable shelters. A tiny lamp, faltering, deludes the shadows.

Besides it I relax reading both Montaigne and Pascal.

There is no more remedy than to feed the spirit, to not fall back into hebetude, into the dirt, into mediocrity. I think and try to forge, in my daylight dreams, the springs of tomorrow.

The wheat of pain we throw above blackened lands arises, sooner or later, tough and powerful.

My tiny lamp shines with its golden light. My heart lives inside it: fiery and lonely...

War is not just combat: is, above all else, a large series, sometimes exhausting, of silent renunciations, of daily sacrifices and without relief.

Everywhere else, virtue is forged the same way.

The privations, this simple wait, ungrateful, that service without ostentation in which one bets his life, into unknown fields and forests; that rush at the margin of all the joys, is indeed the true war, the war that makes millions of men which will never meet their glory, and will come back with a saddened face, tightened lips, because everyone else could have never comprehend at all their obscure heroism, full of sprains and renunciations.

The masses are not excited except with the shiny and noisy heroism. What impresses to this public is that fugitive radiance, but not the grieving and slow ascension of souls which ascend into the gloom and forward to greatness.

Is it because one sees or hears, of each one of them, something more than the external?

There is in the bottom of the hearts an abyss of wishes, of renunciations, of grievances and of hopes, which we prefer not to face.

It is easier and more comfortable to attain oneself to the exterior of things and to enjoy them, without thinking too much in the words or attitudes that weave the veil which hides the human drama from us.

We are at the other side of that veil.

Which souls will have the necessary strength to gather here and come together, spiritually, with us?

Nothing more terrible than a leader that doesn't know himself.

Jealousy, the same intelligence, are enough to supply those things.

There is a culture, an equilibrium to the spirit, a warm maturity to the thought which can only be the result of a large discipline, of superior faculties, applied, with fervor and with method, to the study of the naked artwork which is human intelligence.

Only the disinterested study of ancient civilizations, which are the wellspring of ideas and of systems; the study of philosophy: the study of mathematics and the compared study of history, only those can give us complete harmony to the spirit, without those ostentatious successes which are fragile and passengers.

Intellectual maturity is not irreconcilable with the human genius. Maturity gives the genius precision and human warmth, and is on point by canalizing this. Its strength does not diminish rather it becomes more effective. Richelieu wouldn't have given half of his intellect to France if he was an autodidact.

The weakness of our century consists in that, it is the century of the autodidacts. The works of these, always have a messy character, inhumane and unstable. The true genius is balanced; at least the do-gooder genius, the one who creates happiness, progress and order.

The instinctive genius amazes and astonishes, but has an expensive cost.

Night seems even blacker, close after the fireworks have gone off.

I have witnessed the killing of a pig. It clung to life still and, almost bloodless, snouted and screamed yet. Animal or men, we are all the same in front of death. We have to watch over ourselves harshly to gain the courage which can set us free from the howls of the beast within, during the hours in which our honor as men is still at play.

Death is in front of us. It is everywhere. And, without a doubt, we comprehend much better than everyone else the greatness of life.

If the soul doesn't rise, as straight as the heat of the rifle, as straight as the cross of the tombs, we would demolish ourselves quickly.

All of our world is, now, a forest, some fields, some swamps, some naked trees, near which we are on the prowl, day and night, wheezing our cold hands, rubbing our ears, hitting the floor with our feet. Soil that has now become as hard as stone, after it was just a sea of mud in which we had to bury ourselves to hide.

By night, which starts at 4 o'clock, there remains only the shadow which feeds the spirit.

We have to tighten up the breaks that reign over the heart, in order to not cry in front of the abyss.

The soul is totally, totally alone.

And yet, it feels proud of itself and sings because it's naked just as in the days of innocence; because it is plenty conscious of the severity of the mission which offers to save those, who wander in the abysses of loneliness, the cowardices and the impurities of time in which the soul screamed into the void.

Here their wings starts to beat, to shaken the mud that covered it, to recover the primitive gift of pure air, of open space.

If we have suffered here usefully, victory will be ours!

But will we know to suffer, with purity, until the end?

Don't we seem ridiculous, with our halos of light, when we get back?

Would we have the courage to not feel ashamed in front of the mockeries of mediocre souls, which would seem triumphant?

To Tame the Steed | Heroes of Sand [<https://youtu.be/JTkCddQSBVI>]

The fleas have invaded, in straight lines, our earthy uniforms; the mice run freely. A rat tries to stay warm close to my nose while I sleep.

Those companies give a great lesson to our vanities, to our pride, to ourselves, that we cannot free ourselves from the tiniest animals, the most ridicule ones and the dirtiest too.

But poetry is everywhere. In front of our rifles, thousands of sparrows jump into the bushes, moving their rounded bellies. Listen, at a mile of distance, to the parties that I try to make for them; and they install themselves after, in crazy flocks, between the junk, screaming, chirping and whistling as if is the silver sky would throw mouthfuls of joy above the frozen landscape.

There are also ravens that pass by, mute, isolated, like black lightning bolts. Sometimes they throw their grunt screams, without a doubt to remind us that death is stalking us roughly and voraciously, just like them, with its wings dim and sharp...

We make efforts, one time after another, in smiling to the sparrows that sing and to the solemn ravens that pass by. But the heart is the heart; and behind that smile on our lips and our eyes, there still lies untouched the poor secrets of the suffering animal.

We feel watched from every place by death; it takes a lot to make each step, heavy steps, steps that we must lighten despite the machine gun which gravitates, and the feet that stumble, and the rotten harvests which crunches while we move forward, and the bigger holes in which we fall without saying a word.

Here it is that ungrateful life of the weapons, with no outbursts nor spectators, in which, at any moment, one can get stabbed or dead, or dragged alive to the enemies in front of us.

We have to move forward with caution, calmly, step by step, meter to meter, without thinking about the shot that can burst out of a sudden, ten steps further. Some deaf hits, a loud grunt... and the night will remain dark, closed, frozen, implacable...

All the strengths of life would have wanted to revolt, because we want to live on, because we don't want to lose our limbs, the beating blood, powerful, inside our body; we want to still remain as flesh and bones, and we want the light which will be reborn. The vigor, the heat, the

beating of the human beast scream their will to go on, to burn, to creep.
Terrible lesson of energy, to guard life that way, shrunken, subjugated, or in the shadows,
ready for that last thrill and last death rattle!

We will be back with our impulses unchained.

But then, the joy of living will be stronger still because we will know, in truth, the price of this
joy, its taste, and its fiery sweetness of each second of encouraging it which is born, like a
teardrop in silence, in our tensed hearts.

We love desperately our mortal existence, the rhythm of our thoughts, the impetus of our
senses, which a thunderbolt, cracking the night sky, could undo.

Our arms, our legs, our eyes, ready to embrace, ready to advance, ready to look with passion,
with imperative!

All of this screams, screams its right for life, right of the beast that wants to run and bite, right
to the intelligence which wants to dream, to bewitch and to create.

Life...! Such beauty, such indescribably beautiful it is! Exultant, soft as the furs, luminous as
midday and hot as fire!

We would like to imprison this life in the hands of tough soldiers, expectant, patient and
watchful of the shadows!

We have learned to dominate ourselves, to tame the savage steeds that neighed in the
immense fields of our dreams. But, while we grabbed them with an iron fist, we aspired, with
the voluptuousness that makes us close our eyes, the rising steam which fumes from their
exhausted bodies. Life! Life!

It is such intense the cold to the point where medicine bottles explode. Even alcohol has frozen
within the ambulance. Poor our feet, our ears, our pale and mummified noses on those nights
which the wind was whistling ferociously!

There has arrived early this morning, our orders to march straight forward to another sector.

We will go where we are asked to, smiling over the snow which, since we were awake, falls
slowly like big cotton flakes.

Our feet will become hard, our lips will be cracked; our bodies, bent to better support the cold,
will weight like lead/plumbum, but the inner fire will continue to rise and it will shine in our
eyes like resplendence.

I feel sad, I don't know why, for leaving this corner of our front.

Here our souls have been widened.

Those hills, those line of trees, those pills of rotten hay, have watched us day after day, with
their eyes wide open and spying the shadows.

That black sky, which I contemplate for a last time, have been torn apart by my loud bullets,
while enemy bullets screamed like chased cats.

I have my backpack ready. I look at the stomped straw in small pieces, where I rested fatigued
and frozen after coming back from the nocturnal patrol. The small smoking oil lamp shines

with its yellow light my map. Some of my shirts and napkins are hanging from a thread. Washed in any manner and covered of dust as of now.

Goodbye to those muddy walls, goodbye to the oven which we lighted with scraps of stones, goodbye to the hatch full of crystals and now full of moss.

We pick up battered casseroles, hairy water bottles and black and shiny weapons.

Later, will be back here splendid plants; icons such as women of rough skirts; as well as the acrid smell of oil.

But simple and loud life of foreign boys will be gone forever, lost at the bottom of the Ukrainian steppe, whom didn't know, by going out every night, if they would be back touching with their hands the flesh full of hot blood...

This miserable piece of gloom has been the asylum of an intensive spiritual life, which will be gone with us to be reborn at the fate of frozen roads, of improvised shelters, of slopes, of trenches from where we would have to spy and punish the enemy.

Will we be back here ever?

The essential will be gone by then.

Because of this, we will go immediately, without looking back. Life is in front of us, even if life could mean death.

Bah! The greater the sacrifice is, the more complete is our giveaway; and to give ourselves away, we came here.

[The Apocalyptic Sky](https://youtu.be/81bN3aH8tVg) | Gate XIII [https://youtu.be/81bN3aH8tVg]

The wind blows, with razor wind making the snow whistle like the desert's sand. The river is frozen and cold are its little effluents which flow over its holes, frozen hills, the thistles of the slopes and the factories in ruins.

My heart feels, feels cold, the cold of these months, with the soul in shrinkage tension, in human solitude; the cold of feeling like those trees, black and immobile, beaten by the breeze.

We are all hardened. We eat a piece of cold bread, over the straw which serves as a common bed. With our knives we detach the enormous layers of mud that cover our clothes and the black slush of our boots. There is no water. We have to walk for 4 kilometers in order to find a darkened liquid full of weed!

We love, nevertheless, our misery, because it elevates us and prepare us for the high destinations which pure and strong hearts reclaim.

The cycle of war becomes apocalyptic: the waves widen more each time, grow in speed and strength, to extend themselves into a fabulous and rotating movement.

War has rapidly turned into revolution.

The entire world is interlocked into this vertiginous whirlpool, weapons clash, economic forces confront each other, destroy each other in mortal combat; spiritual forces give each other into a decisive duel.

The entire universe has to bleed, to fight, to know the terror of retreat, the agony of separations. Thousands of men, millions of men, will stare with feeble or cold eyes at death, always the same, it is to say, forever cruel, capable of destroying flesh and heart both in synchronicity.

This drama was impossible to evade.

Only the blind or the foolish, meaning, almost everyone, thought that this was about conflicts between rival nations, conflicts they could localize.

No. This is about a war for religion, as implacable as all the other religious wars, but this one will achieve almost unlimited proportions; until the last island of Tahiti or Lapponian will have, like everybody else, to choose.

When and how this prodigious process will be closed?

Our lives, during a long time yet, will be stricken by these thunderbolts.

Our children will grow in this turmoil, between the blinding glare of ideas and of weapons which fall or rise triumphant.

Century in which, sometimes, the blood freezes before the magnitude of a drama! But the pathetic century in which the entire universe is being reworked, rather by the spirit than by the iron.

Tragedy as the world has never known. Millions of hearts at play: some, naïve still; others, mature or mute; or even, torn apart....

After walking for a hundred meters between combat lines, muddy, we come back scrapped, just as if we would have crossed a pond of hardened rubber.

We have nothing more to do.

There is nothing to read; we have nothing more than a miserable oil lamp, a little yellowish light, which only shines a square meter of our shelter.

One needs courage to live in such conditions, buried by the slush, in order to advance in front of the enemy with the machine gun under the arm.

Temptation stalks us; we hear deaf voices and demoralizing questions. What are you doing there? Don't you see that you are losing your time? Why the effort, your "sacrifice"? Have they ever even thought that you exist? Don't you see that others use your sacrifices, while you rot into oblivion and in the water?

But the soul recovers its serene point: it knows that there is nothing more precious than this renouncement, than this silent fall into the depth of consciousness.

The true victory, lies within ourselves! Where could it be achieved other than in the middle of these humiliations, endured with our heads up, dominating, without useless gestures, the rebel matter, the faintness of our hearts, and all of those subtle enemies which would like to assault our spirits?

Lights | Freewill [<https://youtu.be/V7bbdIU95zM>]

To us, war is: the poor companions of green faces that sink deep into frozen earth; and are too, and above everything else, the dark pain without complaints, the mud, the snow, the rats, the shattered feet by the endless marches, and the hundred miseries, a little embarrassing, which round the life of the soldier in the frontlines, like a sticky and sad mist.

This sunken life demands, without taking a breath, a reaction of energy, a shock of the soul, which has to detach itself from that mist in order to continue shining. But this life has nothing to do with the bright ideas of the public, of the warriors' feats.

We shouldn't, and I insist, deform the beautiful stamp, of vivid colors, which was formed.

However, I hurry this life each day, with a little saddened joy but efficiently, because is an incomparable lesson of patience, of mortification and of elevation.

Don't ever complain!

Do not try to elude the great test, nor try to drown its voice. If its lesson was useless, if your souls wouldn't be transfigured on the way back, then a wall would rise between those who trembled before this big test and those who knew how to look, face to face to those grave days which could teach us to become great.

Life distributes its tripping serially.

I did evade myself, with the heart tired, anxious, and devoured. I will not be back until I manage to find, within the peace, the innocence.

Christmas! I watch the snow falling tirelessly, and, despite its light weight, I feel like if it would choke me.

Some soldiers pass by on a hurry with their backpacks full.

Nothing around me; always the straw, the blowing wind, a man eating his nails, others sleep, given up to the fatigue of those sleepless nights.

Jesus, I think, could have been born in this shelter.

Oh, the warmth of the good animals of the trough, which did everything that they could!

Nothing more is asked of us.

Oh, the warmth of the heart of the farmers that didn't doubt a second, that didn't calculate, that brought everything...!

They had nothing more than a few lambs, and they gave them willingly.

Who wouldn't recover his courage just by thinking about them? What matters, at the end, is not what is given, a few lambs or millions, but the fervor of the heart that vivifies the gift.

Sometimes, life seems so haunting, so painful, that I cannot even think about it...

Today is almost pure anguish.

We have to forget that we have sensibility, that we have a soul, a soul that screams at us.

But, who will help us forget?

We have been passing these days by killing hundreds of fleas, jubilant, that devoured us. That's all. And the soul has to remain haughty, prideful, and inaccessible.

The soul is what is remaining of the soul.

But over there, from the depths, they come, suddenly, big drowned voices, shimmering...

Such void, such abandonment, those of this night...!

We are not men different from everybody else. We would like too, when all that we hear are the shouts of life outside, have money, won without any effort, rolling between our fingers; to be sitting around a happy table, enjoying the sweetest delicacies; to have between our arms beautiful women, with radiant eyes of desire and pleasure.

The human beast, the youth, the eagerness to dominate, begins to rear up in these moments. Wouldn't you be wasting the radiant years of your life? Between the straw and the fleas, don't you have any remorse, not even the impulse of breaking everything and to run, to roll, with your lips wide open, towards the noise and the people who make the climate of the youth of your age?

That is the exact moment in which one has to defeat the passions in order to feed the soul and the faith, at the expense of desires, so humane, which become mirages in front of our eyes!

We mount guard, with little bitterness, yes, but proudly happy of our sacrifice, renewed each day, without even knowing, if we would be, someday, comprehended.

I recapitulate the days of the dying year.

A year, with its secrets, with its radiance!

Secrets that we hide behind our smile, but bleed, a lot of times, like the wounds that have not fully healed...

And, then, the lights...

Lights which the eyes of men can see. Are the least beautiful. It is the theatrical gesture in front of all the others, even when we want to look modest. Because, such difficult is to preserve the heart as naïve and not feel too full with oneself!

This lights, imperfect lights, are the ones we will remember afterwards.

That's fine.

But that light damages our eyes and blinds us, when it disappears, and many times, of these crude light, we sink again into the gloom of frivolity or of failure.

I remember well those lights and I love them, in certain way, for what they have illuminated, one day, the ideal towards I march forward.

I shouldn't love those lights for any other reason. But I know already that I will let myself be dominated by that satisfaction of myself. At the end, those lights, necessary for action, make me sad because they teach me that each day I bite, little or much, from the bait of vanity and pride...

But there exist other lights that nobody else can perceive from outside.

Illuminating our souls as X-rays.

We know, then, exactly what our value is, clearly, we feel less and less prideful...

We see, crudely, all of our flaws, and it is difficult to find excuses for our sins, always the same and always renewed. What unfair they seem, then, the ponderations of everyone else! We know fully well that we would blush, just like the sun that goes down, if everyone would see into the depths of our consciousness...

But, it is precisely that we know our mediocrity too well, that we feel a drunken joy when the lights that are born from deep within the soul, illuminate, finally, our efforts.

This isn't, still, a great deal; but they have been born after so many secret cowardices, of that first inner smile which submerges us into the depths of an incredible happiness.

Intransigency | Send me a Sign [<https://youtu.be/EeqNDE90Pvs>]

Who has thought about us, lost in the steppe, without anything to drink, in this New Year, except for only melted snow full of weed, or a little sip of ersatz coffee that smells like soap?

Nobody could ever imagine what it is, for us, for hundreds of us, the inevitable dysentery, with that freezing cold outside. There is no sanitary installation around the sector, and we've got to go running, for fifteen, or twenty times in the next hours, in the middle of snow, and let that razor winds of freezing cold to cut our bodies like sharp knives or like the lashes of a whip.

Such vanity over our bodies, of those which we are sometimes so proud of!

The human beast, agile, fiery, must humiliate itself like that.

It revolts, but finally has to give into humiliation.

Yay! Body, so satisfied of your rhythmic life. You have been patted, kissed, pressed with passion, and now they are so keen on making you feel ashamed of yourself!

And yet, nothing of this could even reach to the taming spirit. If the body humiliates itself it is because the will conducted it through whistling snows and to the bottom of sordid shelters. Yesterday it was the fleas. Today it is the freezing cold that sticks to our flesh to drain it. And all because we wanted it that way. We do not mock the fierce of nature, flaying, hostile. We will endure much more than her. One day the cruel breeze will be extinguished at the rebirth of the new leaves. Our bodies, will feel the life beating inside, warmer than ever before, around our bones, as strong as steel, under the flesh, as alive as the meat of the flowers, tough and hot as a marble finally completed.

We will open our arms wide open, after having suffered and triumphed for so long.

Our smooth bodies, powerful and tough, will feel the sap of virgin trees, fed by the singing winds and by the rising sun.

Our willpower, will know how to lead, tamed, the gallant and beautiful human beast.

All the cryptic steppe, whistles and steps up in a gigantic wave.

Our snowy palettes fly like thousands of white flowers.

Despite the cold, which burns our feet, despite the freezing gusts of wind which pelted our face, I have faced the hurricane a hundred times to full my eyes of so much greatness. I felt transported by the storm, communing with the epic impetus from which the white prairie, the sky and the wind were combining their forces, their shocks, their frozen brilliancy, their prolonged screams, which came from beyond the horizon and passed by howling until they reached the end of the shuddering prairie.

Such forces arise within ourselves at those moments, by having contact with the great dramas of nature! I feel transported; an immense bliss goes up my entire body, like if a fabulous link between my blood flowing and the wind blowing would be established; between the life that bursts inside my body and the random life, blown by the gigantic blast from the sky.

We should, all of us, be prepared for the worse.

But, do we realize what we can give?

Death, in the middle of humiliation, isn't it another form of giving away oneself more even?

Sacrifice does not admit calculations neither reserves.

We believe more the liars than the righteous hearts, naked and sincere.

If I would have lied like all the others, where would I be now?

But, however, I believe, I believe more than ever, that only the idealists will be able to change the world.

Simple things have a special charm, a complete one, without baffling, without preparation, a charm that hurries until the last drops.

It is the charm of the weeds, of the water, of the chips, of the little forest flower, fresh and fragile, of the daisy with its round eye. I have more joy contemplating them next to me than creating overcomplicated sensations within my spirit, on behalf of artificial and studied forms of life.

These are, sometimes, impressions, greater ones; but still lacking the exquisite innocence of the mundane and fragrant.

Manual labor has this innocence of the natural, of the simple efforts which do not possess complicated intellectual works, attached to theories, which contemplate themselves in their own pride like a mirror.

And then, while I close the woods without any grace, I walk happily and comfy in the big free landscapes and purified from the original thought.

I write from within the shelter, right beside a stumbled barrel, in which its insides floats some weeds from the cold water of our provision.

We suffer this poverty, this isolation, simply because we wanted to be sincere.

And with more firmness than ever, I renew my promises of intransigency, in this solitude where the bodies and the hearts feel invaded by an implacable sheer cold.

More than ever, I will go straight forward, without yielding to anything, without faking anything, harsh with my soul, harsh with my wishes, harsh with my youth.

I prefer 10 years of sheer cold and abandonment than to feel, even for one day, my soul empty, frozen by the death of my dreams.

Without trembling, I write precisely this words which nonetheless make me suffer. In the hour of world's bankruptcy, the rough and lordly souls become as hard as rocks, about which the unchained waves of time will break in vain.

Our Cross | The Best of Times [<https://youtu.be/-BKHCIvzV38>]

When will it be our time?

Death comes, insensible, and her hands twist hearts randomly. The shrapnel comes, it slides, clashes, or pierces a young body with its large red fingers.

What to do, then, but to maintain the heart pure and the look calmed, because the sacrifice has been chosen on time and freely?

Shall death come, we will see her eye to eye; we will go with light steps and the sad smile of memories which appear once again at the last seconds.

If we were to come back then, when life, warm, would have made us forget of this cold wind, our hearts will recover then, forever, the equilibrium of a life that knew how to not shake in front of death itself.

May destiny finds us strong and worthy!

But we should love happiness, just like we love the fugitive singing of the wing, just like we love the colors of sunset, which are going extinct.

Because the winds are reborn and they sing again and, each aurora, the colors climb up the great mast of the sun resurrected.

Happiness is the fire of the indomitable hearts, and not one setback can turn off its fiery colors.

When we see the sea falling back over the sand and returning to the deep shadows of the high seas, we think that it must go back, some hours later, like a white waterfall, glittering under the sun, bold and strong, like if its waves would come, for the first time, to the assault of the world.

Over the mountain range, there are mediocre things; ugly and low things which, and one day, we might end up being swallowed by them, if we didn't carry inside us the fires of Beauty, which burn everything that is ugly, totally consuming it and finally purifying it.

Art is our intimate salvation, the secret garden which, without stopping, freshens us and embalms us.

Poetry, painting, sculpture, music, whatever it might be, the question is to evade the banal, to elevate ourselves over the dust, to create the mightiest instead of suffering by the lesser, to bring back from the brink the spark of the extraordinary which we all possess, and to make it become something glorious!

The centuries dead and black are those in which the souls doubted about this effort. The luminous centuries are those which could contemplate the great flames of the burning souls of men, pulling out, dominating the mountains of the spirit.

The unique and true joys are not the ones that others give us, instead they are those which we carry inside ourselves, creating our faith and feeding it through our actions.

Everything else comes and goes like the sea foam, sparkling at the borders of the wave itself, shaking while it becomes extinct in the sand and dying at the touch, at the reflection of the waves.

Such is the happiness that others give us.

Happiness which is born from our passion for living and from our will is similar to the immense strength which rolls and roars at the abyss of the sea, which jumps to the meeting of the sun and is renewed each second it passes.

Holding to the ship, one needs to know to look how the sea throws its powerful waves, as immense leopard skins, extending them, flexible and shining, rising up like a fire made of silver or as a prodigious bouquet of white flowers; without stopping, life comes back, jumping on; nothing, even at the end of the world, could stop its impetus.

Such as our hearts must be: strong, impetuous; but like that marvelous rimmed force, ordered and measured as if it were an eternal song.

During the day, in master positions, we think in banal stuff.

But, at night, when imagination weaves its dreams and carries us on its wings of its fantasy, of its memories, of its vibrations.

I'm astonished by the implacable lucidity of my dreams.

Certainly dreaming is, sometimes, like a crazy rocket, a phantasmagoria. But, with frequency, is also a facing with my consciousness and its primal intuitions.

I see myself, in the dream, so natural, so like I always am when my will does not **hold** its four brakes over my passions.

I know then, exactly, where my flaws lay.

And I have to tell myself: watch out! Easy with that fall!

I have then the proof, almost daily, of not being able to resist a thousand calls, nor leading my life with honor but with my full willpower which tames and brakes, each day, at the bottom of myself, the steed that does not want to change from habit and that only the whip of willpower can actually contain.

If the brake collapses, everything will go awry.

Dreaming proves this.

Does volition sleep? I wake up defeated, being led by the dream, by randomness.

There is no exam of consciousness more delighting, for me, than the interpretation of my dreams, by showing my naked soul; I exit the dream, a little more built of myself, knowing that, above everything else, I must always stay alert, because the bottom of ourselves never

capitulates, doesn't go spontaneously towards virtue, instead it mirrors the gold fields from which evil is born.

The soul, freed by the gift made out of itself, comes back singing.

By listening this serene singing, we realize that the work to be created will be beautiful. Because only beauty and grandeur can be created with joy and faith.

Soldiers, we must love this gloom, this humility of sacrifice.

If we love virtue only in the measure in which it can be praised, then we would spoil our pride on it. We stop being virtuous when we only desire that the virtue we have achieved would be praised.

Exactly the same occurs with all virtues. They are beautiful, sweet, and radiant, if we love them by what they are, if we cultivate them by the only pleasure of achieving them.

Let's go towards life, without even thinking if we could be or not be comprehended!

The heart without the complications of everyone else. Pure hearts cannot imagine that other hearts, rancorous and stained, might even exist.

Suffering is the more wonderful friend, pathetic and angelical, cleansing the souls of any desire and elevating them to the summits they only dreamt of reaching before.

Defeats, victories, hardships and accomplishments walk, are forgotten, just like fires that shine in an instant, like smog deluded by the blowing wind.

The essential, the unique, is the great spiritual hug, and without it the world is nothing.

Have a little, very little of fire, in a corner of the world, and it will be possible to summon bonfires of the highest greatness.

In life everything is a matter of faith and tenacity.

Confidence isn't begged, it is conquered.

And the best way to conquer it is to surrender yourself, to give yourself away.

We all carry our cross: we must carry it with a big and proud smile, to let it be known that we are far stronger than our suffering.

What does it matter our suffering if we have lived in our lifetimes some immortal hours...!

At least we have been alive...!

CHAPTER 6: THE TOTAL GIFT

Reconquista | Find Balmung Sword [<https://youtu.be/xR5ykpAKfg4>]

The disorders that shake public opinion, the wars that are capable of shaking entire nations, are mere episodes.

Partial reforms will not be able to change all of this accidents.

Changing men would be a disappointment if it wouldn't be accompanied by an integral groundwork of the souls, of a basic transformation of what we see in our time.

All of the scandals, the point break of honesty and honor, the shamelessness of impunity, the passion for money which runs over all the conveniences and dignities, and the respect to ourselves, the unconscious immorality, all of this, discovers the evil which claims for deep seeded cures.

One does not steal, nor lie, nor falsify moral laws or codes, out of a sudden; out of a sudden one does not learn to be a hypocrite, to not speak nothing but reluctances, to lie by using virtuous words.

This deformation of the collective mind, which scandalize and frighten us, it is the end of a large decay of human virtues. It is the end of the passion for gold, of the will of becoming rich, however one might be, of the frenzy for honors, dreadful materialism of our time, of the immediate appetite for the sensible and the palpable, of monstrous selfishness, of the fight for one's own coexistence which has corrupted men and, through them, all of the institutions.

The world worries each day more for the banal joys, for commodity, for richness. The world seems crouched stalking, in order to save and win as much as it is possible for itself. Each one lives only for oneself, letting themselves being dominated back at home and in national life by this constant selfishness which has turned men into wolves full of hate and greed.

We won't be able to get out of this decadence without the enormous moral resurgence, teaching men to love, to sacrifice themselves, to fight and die for a superior ideal.

In a century, in which people do not live except for themselves, hundreds are needed, thousands of men, who won't live just for themselves instead they shall live for a collective ideal, accepting beforehand all the sacrifices, all the humiliations and all of the heroism.

Only faith counts, the ardent trust, the complete absence of egotism and of individualism, the tension of the being, of all of the being, the *dasein*. To serve, as ungrateful as it might be; to serve, doesn't matter where or how, to the great cause which surpasses the coexistence of men, because everything will be asked and nothing will be promised.

Only the quality of the soul counts, the vibration, the total gift, the will of putting an ideal above everything else, with the most absolute disinterest.

Time approaches when it will be necessary, in order to save the world, a fistful of heroes and saints who will launch the counterattack, and undertake its Reconquista.

[Navy of Souls](https://youtu.be/908kjmbjABI) | Last Train Home [<https://youtu.be/908kjmbjABI>]

A country resurges soon enough from its financial setbacks.

Reconstitutes, without too much difficulty, a new political heart.

For that only skilled technicians are missing and a will which can unite all of these efforts.

But the great revolutions are not political or economical. This are small revolutions, changes in the big machinery. When the specialists tune in gears, and motors at the ready, and the foremen stand watch punctually, the material revolution is already done.

Everything else will be a matter of reparations, of changing something from time to time, here and there.

The machine is already set up and revised.

It works and works.

The real revolution is much more complicated, because is one that can lead you to the edge, not the State machine, but instead the secret life of the souls. It is not about revision anymore, of an automatic vigilance, but of a problem of vice and virtue, of deep clamors and flaws, of hopes and dreams, maybe of poor expectations, but well-loved though...

What lies at the bottom of that look, behind those eyes which stare at us as if their secrets would settle above our eyelids?

A heart, a soul, the nobility or human weakness, the sobs which are so hard to guess, that uncertain and confusing struggle called happiness. Those are the great dramas!

There lies the true revolution. To bring a bit of light to those spirits, to rise up all of those souls, to doubt less from oneself, to overcome the imperfect, to bend towards the best and to the beautiful and also towards others, to breathe, in the end, your own soul.

Only that revolution can seduce us.

And, yet, we feel afraid because it is precisely that we must advance, move forward through the gloom of enigmas inside of enigmas.

Who should we believe? Should we believe that head that arches under hairy golden silks? Should we believe that laughter which blasts roughly and suddenly? Should we believe that arm that falls away?

Ten faces, ten abysses.

Who is cheating us and who's trying to cheat us?

We see nothing but the shadowy faceless shape of men.

Each one of them tries to cheat one another by using their artifacts and gimmicks.

And it is by there, however, the road that we must walk through, between fire blasts of white hands, in the middle of the night.

What would we pick up after all of this?

What would we be able to make grow out of those beings that retract into their own mysteries, more distressing even, because of that laughter and those blooming eyes, and that clean forehead and that sweet caress of their loose hairs which gives radiance of carnival to our remorse and anguish, to the faintness and static perversities, on bended knees?

We came from different countries... The bottom of our hearts only know the secret bonds of our own souls, the hopes and mistakes, the true joys and the true tears...

There are so many joys and so many tears that most would believe to know, to take part in them and to calm down...!

We contemplate, in the hours of solitude, what's truthful of ourselves, inside where nobody would ever enter. And that recondite lair tells us that it loves us and wants what annihilates or

demolish it, what tempts it, and what, maybe, could lift it up if it might feel invisible wings passing by...

Ah, to be that flow, that warm and long breeze which rises from the bottom of spiritual horizons and gives us that essential impulse to go on...!

Suddenly, the sail, rounds up, impalpable, under the sunlight.

The hull of our ship slides over the water.

The tilted whiteness of the sails separates the air softly.

We pass by, then, on those thousands and thousands of immobile sails, which wait as well the coming of the wind which would give them, imperceptibly first, and then with shaking force, the life, the movement, the joy of cutting water and air, and of moving forward in the straight line formed by the sky over the horizon....

The ships are heavy. The water is blackened from being constantly weighing on itself...

To be like that wind which blows, from the most remote beaches, to widen the sails of those souls, to push them towards high seas; at the beginning, after such long wait, clumsily; after, happy and firm, as the life-force that sustains it and the life that reanimates it; to be like that wind which can show us all those beings, and also that life is and can be beautiful, pure and great, despite all its weaknesses and disappointments; that can even flow from those dry or numbed hearts, the wellspring of regeneration.

There lies, the real one, the tough one, the necessary duty!

Frightening task!

We would like to hold between our arms those beings at a dead point, to dive ourselves into their pupils, to get rid of the vines of their reluctances...

But, such emotion is to find those eyes which absorb the light from outside, only to stop better the other lights; those eyes tell us, instantly, by their first lie, or by their first confession, the anxiousness that lies deep within us!

How to look, face to face, someone, without listening their cruel interrogations...? Lies? What is happening behind that fire, hidden behind that living flesh? And. What will remain tomorrow of the breathing that rose painfully, attached to the safeguard of that look?

In truth, there lies the essence of all redemption; thus, to give a clear weather to those souls, to calm down their storms, the storms which destroy masts and torn up sails; to give that sun and that breath, that peace to human seas, and that clear horizon to clouded skies...

To breathe...

To believe once again in all the virtues, in beauty, in kindness, in love...

To feel how they advance around us, over the waves, over a thousand sails, widened by the wind, carried by just one impulse, towards the same calling.

When the golden sun will see blowing those sails, the revolution will be marching on, hosted by that one navy of souls.

Summits | Valley of Eternity [<https://youtu.be/tVQ19R-B73c>]

Your path is though.

You lack your breath. There are moments in which you would like nothing else than throwing that heavy weight molding off your back, to let yourself be dragged by that slope and reach those farms smoking down there, just like nets of blue on top of the green background and the gray prairies and the clipboard roofs.

You are feeling the nostalgia of water that sleeps, and of the light reeds, of the oar splashing and of the plain trail, without any effort, alongside the riverside.

You would love nothing but to not think about anything, to wash your thought from the memories of men, and, to be laying on the grass, looking at the blue sky and the flight of the birds flying across it.

But no, you must go on! You won't throw off your backpack, nor let the cane fall. You won't look down your bloodied knees. You won't listen to the clamor of all the hates, nor will you look at those which smile hidden evil doings. Upwards is where you must look.

Your body should not live but only for those bonds which hold it together; your heart must only dream of those summits which you, and the others, must reach!

Tell me, from the bottom up, of your bitterness.

You used to believe in an immense joy in which you would reach the top, leading the human herd. How much you would have suffered! Sometimes, you might have even felt disgusted. You needed it. It was precisely that you learned the lesson that ambitions never pay off and that, sooner or later, they end up abandoning the heart which they previously possessed. Now you know it, isn't it true? You know that now you don't have to wait for those outside joys to last long; you have learnt to doubt the help that other men can give you; if your face reddens, it won't be because of the soft touch of women, but for the punches of everybody else.

Without a doubt, you didn't think it was going to be this way. You imagined that, along the journey, the hands and the looks of others would tend to you, to calm your fever...

Then, you might reflect and decide to head back down there.

No, son of mine, now is when life starts to be, in reality, beautiful, because we have suffered for it, and only with our sheer efforts we will be able to endure it.

Do you remember the first days...? You wished for the ascension to be wonderful, it is true. And you were going to do nothing else but to liberate your own soul.

But always remember what hidden man is capable of carrying.

Isn't it true that you believed in that turbid pleasure of the demon and of the honors?

Yes, maybe you didn't desire crudely all of this and you had, to judge it, very sincere words. But all of that would flourish, however, at the edge of your actions, just like foam at the edge of the sea. You thought loyally, that you did not live for that luminous wave, beautiful, because you were far away in the vicinity of the beaches. But the temptation was alive deep within

your heart. You wanted something big, even though you had with you, entirely, your own thoughts. Your pride consented you a certain violence, somewhat cowardly.

You were willing to fulfill your duty. But you let your consciousness to add, quietly that maybe the duty could coincide with rename and ambition.

Now you don't believe it anymore and, because of that, your eyes possess melancholic glaucous reflects.

You stare at the abyss. And it shouldn't be like that. Look straight forward, in order to appreciate everything that you used to love, despite you considered it impure.

Those who revolted against you so many times, by their wickedness and injustices, have helped you more than yourself.

Do you deny it? Are you saying that you have given your body and your breath, your heart and your thoughts in vain?

In vain? Why haven't you given yourself entirely to them, even more?

Only now is when you will start giving yourself completely!

It was precisely to be annihilated by the wickedness of others. It was precisely that in the hour in which you felt you were going to drown, with your endurance exhausted, in the mockeries of others and in their despises, that you would stand up on your feet and continue on...

It was precisely that all of your gestures of love would be splashed by hatred, that all of your impulses would be stained, that every palpitation of your heart would be accompanied by a punch to your face...

You have known so many times those anxious meters, where you would smile in front of the finish line, despite the sweating and the faintness... And a second later you would roll on, betrayed by your own kind, persecuted by the others...!

To start again was necessary....!

And, always, the cheating emptiness of the vale made you feel attracted and the poplars, shivering, appreciated calling you like a line of ships, over the seas of easy days.

You have suffered the hardship of combats. You have told yourself that whatever the victory might be, the price is too expensive and you do not wish to buy it.

You always thought of yourself, for yourself, only for the human pleasure of reaching the finish line; but the market was deception. Even so, if life wouldn't have beaten you more than a hundred times, would you, perhaps, have comprehended, ever, that there exist other pleasures beyond pride, beyond flattering smiles and glory?

You have guessed the hypocrisy in so many faces!

You have found out all of their lies, all of their bitterness, all of their baseness that they had in store for you!

That, each time you head for your own path!

You have no right for anything now.

That look which watches you, that hand which tends close to you, that word of encouragement, will be charged with reproach and you will hear the confusing rumor of those serpentine hatreds.

In the supreme hour of giving everything, they might say you are an ambitious person.

In the moment that your heart will feel totally abandoned, you will be asked the vilest services.

You turn your face to not be seen, despite yourself, crying? Why? Do you think, still, so much about yourself? Do you suffer still the injustice, when, in reality, it is just a mere problem of yours?

Such work costs the man to get dethatched of the man!

Let them throw yourself upon you like a pack of jackals, let them laugh at your dreams, let them open, by all winds, the secret deep within your heart!

Suffer, let them throw you at the beasts of envy, of slander, and of baseness. Endure, above everything else and nothing will mortify you more than it... that, in the trance in which you cannot go further, and your knees start twisting and your eyes searching in the air for a look, and your arms for a friendly hand, then, when you are pending for that word and that look, the word will fall upon you in order to break you, and the look to make you suffer; you must accept, in the end, that those who wish to destroy you are the ones closer to you, those who you have abandoned yourself at, those who so naively you loved, without reserves, without any single reticence.

Your eyes have an anguish more pathetic than a scream. Do not scream then! Wait until everything that you suffered yesterday will be renovated by tomorrow. Accept it beforehand. Do not turn back, not even, by listening, behind you, that awful murmur. Bless those punches that you will receive. Love those who will come after you are gone. That will be more useful than the hearts that, truly, love you already.

Perhaps you will find one day, or perhaps have you found already, those affections that come to you like a fistful of pure air or like the perfume of wild flowers.

Until then, via the path of suffering you will finally learn to prescind from them, you won't enjoy them worthily.

You would have lost them, without a doubt if you wouldn't have paid, a hundred times, their price, without any guarantee of obtaining them.

They do not count for you anymore.

Throw them away, far away from your thoughts.

More so, if they someday reappear, enjoy them, as you would with one of those sublime landscapes that you can see driving by. They are more than a detail.

You didn't come here to see that, no; you felt the call from other things: the wind, the light of the highest summits...

You can now breathe better. Now wait, in peace, for the true joy, the great snows of consciousness, white, shiny, with no clear sign of any single step on them, muted in such a

sweet silence... Do not think about anything but them, do not look anything else but them, hurry up and reach, lithe, pure and full of sunlight.

Feel your weaknesses and your flaws; repent about them, and only them. Your pride, your known name, the impetus of vanity of the hours, now far away, of the departure, all of that you must throw further away from those rocks...

Haven't you heard how it hear while they were breaking apart, bouncing...? All of that is as good as dead! Bitterness and abandonment, instead of outraging you, they will become your new support for the path that now opens; those dogs howling will now keep watch on the herd of your thoughts; without them, what would it become of you? You would have had to stop, you would get lost, with no north. Do not lose an instant. You are still, very far away. And you need to go all the way up there...

When you reach those pure immensities, there will be a great silence behind your back. All of those who screamed at you spitting, those who hated you, those who wanted to annihilate you despite their smiles, all of those who followed you along the way, but in order to beat you down, will realize soon enough, suddenly, that they have reached it too. They have also managed to reach to the top of the mountain, to those pure snows, to that fresh air, to those cut horizons over the sky...

Then they will forget about their hatred and will look at you amazed as if they were kids. They will have discovered the essential. Their souls would have rose up to summits they would have never dared to accept as a goal, should they have seen them. But your back prevented them from watching it, they back they were constantly hitting.

Then victory will be yours only... You could, after giving on your last effort, fall endlessly, with your arms crossing, from the great summit, and roll on, with the cobblestones, until the very bottom of the abyss.

Everything will have ended by then. Victory will be yours. Heading back once again wouldn't matter; you would have left this life with that last effort, but the others will be there still, at the edge of those uncharted immensities, of their redemption...

You know there lies the one and only, the real happiness.

Sing! Let your voice echo in those deep valleys!

Do not regret your tears.

The hardest part is already done. Now, resist and resist! Tighten your teeth and put a gag on your heart! And go up! Towards infinity!

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