

RASUR or THE WEEK OF SPLENDOR

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Translated from Spanish.

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A Voice on the Threshold

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

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

Imagination comes from the creative power of Poetry: it is the Third Eye through which we see that world of palaces where the gods create and keep the first models of things to become real.

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

RASUR, OR THE WEEK OF
SPLENDOR.

I

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

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

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

There is a melodious rumor,
so distant, so sweet,
just like a breeze playing
with the flutes in the fronds,
over the valleys and the hills.

II

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

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

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

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

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

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

The voices drift through the darkest pines.

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

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

They could not move.
They looked at each other in
astonishment.
The three of them, transfigured,
without really understanding,
apprehended and grasped the truth:
they were stepping into a forbidden circle.
At a distance, next to the hut,
they were able to see a reposing
silhouette,
as if carved from light itself:
The same light which was now
spreading upon the forest.
It seemed to come from inside the
mountain.
They felt a sensation of not belonging to
the world: their most subtle sensations
floated to the surface
A world of visions and enchantment
came alive.

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

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

their deepest feelings.

The tongues of the leaves became silent
once more.

Only Silence itself with its mossy feet,
was stepping over the forest floor back
and forth,
but leaving everything in perfect
neatness,
as if the forest was an altar.

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

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

It was for the first time
the villagers had ever felt inside their
minds
the discovery of a totally unexpected,
interior kingdom of light and ideas,
Their first primal thought blossomed that
day.

Damian and the Judge were calling out to
the children.

Nonetheless, their calls were only
raindrops
over the darkened hair of the stormy
night.

The flocks of children seemed
to get together and then to separate:
they seemed more obedient to an
unknown call

than to their own wills.

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

III

Evening,
wearing her robe of most splendid blue,
lies over the hills and is observed from
the village:
David and Julian, Damian and Armando,
they are talking,
it is more a soliloquy than a conversation.
They feel their souls as if they were vases
bursting with clear water;
they would express their feelings
in one single, soft outburst of their
breasts,
as water being emptied into the earthen
container at the well.
Then David says:
"Today you cannot complain
that my tales are pure fantasy;
your eyes have observed,
your hearts have responded
to the calls of vision and have felt
the illusion and the rapture."

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

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

Then Julian extracted green gemstones

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

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

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

If we creatures of the flesh do forget our
love
then it was never a true love:
they called love what was desire,
that vanishes into thin air
after it reaches the object of its lust.
True love is born within the soul,

it travels with the soul as its companion,
and it searches for the beloved beauty
and finds it, at last, next to itself,
within the soul."

Grisda, my daughter, has affirmed this
with such certitude,
that my own son Florio, smiling,
incredulous
has asked her: "Then, who is Rasur?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In the presence of Rasur,
 our minds are set on fire,
 the ideas turn to amber.
 When he leaves all remains
 as glowing coals
 under a veil of ashes.
 In silence he talks to us,
 in silence we see his mind and his love.
 You already know how he reaches
 our deepest thoughts,
 as he enters our souls
 as you enter the aisles of a church
 as you go along through the paths in the
 meadows.
 In the presence of Rasur,
 all is beauty, all is ease;
 our fingers turn into ten little fairies,
 creating shapes and colors around them,
 giving life to them with their touch.

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

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

We know the guardians
 in the mountains of Quizur,
 from the Miner's Stone
 to the lower slopes
 which end just in front
 of the church in Escazú.
 We shall never be alone,
 in the hills and forests
 of these magic mountains.
 The guardian rangers of these woods
 are all friends of Rasur's;
 they have also become our friends.
 Their bright shapes intertwine
 with the many other shapes at twilight.
 No one will deem them real beings.
 But you know reality is not what it
 appears to be.

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

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

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

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

and chanted:
Rasur! Rasur! Rasur!

The call was expanding through the
dales,
as trumpets sounded played by the
Dryads,
hidden in the wind.

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

IV

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

The gods go deep into the spirit of men,
to find a place where divine will may
grow
and flourish in the world of the future.
It is through Man that deities create the
Universe.
It is in each of you that I discover a
golden thread
among the ordinary colorless threads
in the fabric of life.
Look: the twilight seems like a broken
wire frame
where beautiful rags hang,
illuminated with strange lights,
an eerie luminescence now mixed
with our everyday sunlight,
an unknown clarity coming from the deity
our children call Rasur.

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

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

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

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

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

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

V

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

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

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

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

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

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

VI

The farmers,
 the villagers
 who live in Quizur,
 facing Escazú,
 are standing speechless
 since they cannot express
 their feelings
 about what happens
 on the fields,
 and on the roads
 and paths
 around Quizur.
 Their children repeat
 one name only:
 Rasur! Rasur!
 They never stop praising
 the wonders he performs:
 they tell how he draws
 in mid air,
 how the beautiful shape
 remains and glows,
 like the flight of fireflies,
 and refuses to disappear.
 He polishes the pebbles
 that the children bring him
 in their pockets,
 and they sparkle
 like precious jewels
 at an elegant store.
 A girl called Denya brought him
 a badly wounded bird:
 With a movement of his hands
 and with his breath
 he healed it.

A boy called Flip tells us
 how Rasur answers their questions
 without words,
 as he always knows their thoughts,
 and their nightly dreams.
 He slips into
 their most intimate secrets.
 Nothing is hidden from Rasur:
 They have become transparent,
 like the air and the crystal,
 and he speaks to them at a distance,
 without using his speech,
 and proudly they obey him,
 but nobody notices
 his soft commands.

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

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

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

There his imagination
 is renewed,
 full of power
 it evokes a river of images,
 of things-to-come,
 and things-that-were.
 Of eternal light is
 his mind flooded,
 and from the highest peaks
 he calls.
 To the Hall of Being they come:
 those who were happy and great:
 the Supermen of the Spirit,
 from every corner of this world,
 they gather in merry assembly.

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

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

She then explains that Rasur
and other Great Beings,
that met on the highest peaks,
are masters of the natural forces
that the wise men call the laws,
of those forces generating
every single thing
in the Kingdom of Life.
They are all the Inspirers,
not the Makers:
there are other invisible intelligences
which are forces always designing and
shaping
those atomic substances that conform
everything existing on the Earth.
Their creative will
is the Supreme Will,
coming from the Brings
who harmonize their wishes to create
supra-sensible models,
on the basis of eternal archetypes,
of a long-gone evolution.

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

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

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

So the presence of Rasur in these
beautiful hills
has brought us the vision of mysterious
things
which cannot be observed with the eyes of
humans.
All Nature is alive before us,
full of sensibility and a mighty
intelligence.
Now we understand about the swarms of
tiny creatures,
which destroy, build and renew the world,
as a myriad of little hands working
forever
only to create the infinite charm of
Nature.

VII

To Julian's house
 Damian came.
 A group of friends is admiring
 the artist's landscapes.
 Armando, the judge,
 is expressing his feelings:
 "Everything comes alive on these
 canvases:
 joyful light
 runs and jumps
 up and down the hills,
 from the top
 to the river banks;
 the frothy waters of the streams,
 they give me this impression
 of slow waters,
 like a reflecting lens
 that explodes
 in a thousand emerald lights,
 as if they had inside themselves
 the hidden enchantment
 of this countryside
 at this time of the day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So delightful
was the pleasure they all felt
that the dream-like enchantment
seemed to have no end.

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

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

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

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

we find in these surroundings.
Because all these things are alive
and they always dream about beauty.
The forest is always aware
of its life and of its dreams.
And the waters in the streams
are also dreaming as they flow.
The clouds of purest white
descending from the slopes,
are roaming these valleys,
and dreaming as they float,
over the long valleys,
from Grecia to Escazú,
and from there to Santa Ana.
They drift on,
like a flock of sheep in the distance;
they fly over the fields and the plains
and disappear into the blue sky,
as long forgotten strands of the fairest
hair.
Such is Nature:
She creates as she dreams on;
Like any other artist she dreams of her
creations
before providing them with a shape,
in her womb of clay.
Likewise, I have always lived dreaming,
happily,
the dream of Nature that lives in my
paintbrush,
on the canvas, on my paintings;
it grows and leads,
as the tendrils of the vine look forward to
the hold.
My astonishment is like yours:
Never before did I paint
with such joyful feelings,
never with such easiness,
and with such delight. Art,
when not born of inspiration,
is just an artist and an easel.
The joyful artist feels a flow of creation
within himself,
just as the playful stream
carves shapes inside the caves.

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

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

All creatures living in these dales,
 now feel like living under a new grace:
 when they stop to pick up a thistle
 when they walk arm in arm
 or just rest under a tree.
 Men's voices are clearer and stronger,
 they sound like the rushes at the river,
 those manly voices from the country lads.

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

because before his arrival in our lives
 all things were
 like unused lamps.
 Not for all of us,
 because there was Surya,
 who preceded Rasur.
 Armando, who is Surya's confident,
 has described charm for me,
 that enchanted feeling,
 transmitted by
 the twelve year old lass.
 Perhaps he can tell us
 who she is,
 and what she does,
 and what she thinks,
 how she inspires
 all the children from the village,
 and our own children,
 with that fervent adoration.

VIII

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

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

Rasur endeavors for us to learn

to cherish all these creatures
 when, at dawn, they are hovering in the
 air,
 looking like insects made of light;
 when they work upon the flowers and the
 branches,
 so much do they resemble a bee,
 neither stings nor honey do they seem to
 have.

There are other creatures, tall and
 beautiful,
 by the rivers, the forest and the breeze
 they go.

Dryads they are called, or nymphs or
 sylphs,
 or hamadryads you may call them,
 also genies or fairies, they don't seem to
 care:
 we know them well, our sweet friends all
 of them are.

And all this happens because Rasur
 has given us the gift of sight
 to see this other world where
 the beautiful creatures of the earth live
 and dream.

The innermost music of this world
 is made of living sounds:
 singing ghandarvas in the wind,
 a storm of riding Valkyries,
 gnomes in the darkest caves,
 dryads in the forest and the woods,
 glistening in the auroras and in the
 breeze,
 and nymphs in the water and the springs,
 and Nereids in the ocean depths,
 They are all living voices
 of the innermost music of this world.
 Together they compose the harmonies of
 Nature,
 the music of what is seen
 through the eyes of Venus.

They are luminescent images,
 they gather happily under the sunshine,
 they replenish the world with greenery
 which is the very source of life.

This innermost music of the world
 is the creative soul of all the images.
 It is the most intimate wrinkle of the
 earth,
 where the tiniest particles are living,
 where the reddest red cells are created,
 where the bluest nucleus of a cell is born.

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

and they create the tuning key of FA
for the Earth."

"So this is my world..."

Julian concluded,
"my world of music, color and beauty,
of truth, of kindness.

A world I never felt before."

IX

Then David hastily began:

"Those who are Great
in the Spiritual World
despise the fortunes treasured by men,
and thus we have faith in their world.
This joy of living which is ours now;
this divine madness that makes us feel
as if we were watching from a chasm
the truths buried deep in ourselves:
All this is coming into us from Rasur.

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

X

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

The villagers no longer search for their
 children,
 They watch them going up the hill,
 responding assuredly to Rasur's call.
 They see them depart as little birds
 flying away but to a nearby, cozy nest.
 The people of Quizur know
 the lightness of the winged-ones,
 ever since that morning
 when Rasur took their children
 to that celestial blue paradise of dreams.
 They have seen them grow and ripen,
 as fast as banana leaves grow in the
 sunlight,
 gracefully and agilely.
 They are obedient. They adore the arts:
 they are skillful when they carve the toys
 that sell at the fair;
 the toys that shine as if made by fairies.
 The wondrous children are rosy beads
 from a broken necklace of joy
 scattered among the hills and fields,
 around this happy village.

They never ask,

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

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

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

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

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

The Immortals of the Past live forever:

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

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

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

XI

The moon's fingernail,
long and sharp,
is ripping
the veil of the night
letting its pale light shine through the
shadows.

Fragments of ruptured silence
fly away as a swarm
of confused moths:
they are broken harmonies
from the children's hidden voices.
The miracle of a summer's solstice
is taught to the children by Rasur.

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

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

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

The children's minds are full
of hospitable virtues:
A banquet and the warmest bed they
offer
gently to the visiting ideas.
He who surrenders his conscience
to any ideas unworthy of their host
shall never be saved;
only he who has a conscience free
of all dogmatic chains and fog
shall find salvation;
only he who sees with a clear vision,
shall find the Kingdom of God
is among us and
no one can give or take
Such a gift away from us.

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

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

Just imagine yourselves as good and
great
and thus you shall be;
everything you wish you may reach,
since we are today what we imagined
yesterday.
When I have parted,
do not forget that under the ashes,
under the dust of neverness,
the glowing embers will remain,
of this celestial love I have brought to
you.
To other fields and hills I shall march on,
other children I shall find,
and to them I shall show
the same things you learn today.
Go down into your heart
and you shall find me,
because I am Rasur,
living as a constant reflection in your

souls,
shining like sunlight through the clearest
dew."

Do not go! Do not go!
All the children's voices were but one.
The moment of parting tearing their souls
apart.
Muria, and Grisda and Florio,
their heads bent over the ground,
like the wilted daisies at dusk,
like any wild flower when the sun is gone.

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

XII

Crowded cities do not know
 the bliss of a night
 in the countryside.
 Things are just outlined
 as if made of threads,
 as the will-o'-the-wisp
 they come closer and closer,
 and then recede and disappear.
 Likewise, the enchantment
 of that midsummer night
 was a fire flower from Paradise,
 it enlightened the evening,
 like a miracle,
 like a gift from the loving gods
 always caring about us.
 That night was full
 of delightful instants:
 full of music,
 of the richest odors;
 the light was reeling
 among the bushes and into the woods.
 The whole of the valley
 seemed to be in ecstasy,
 seemed to be pining,
 sitting all alone,
 under the mountain's shadow.
 Then there was Dionysius:
 the god who never dies
 and visits the Americas
 during the holy days of solstice.

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

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

XIII

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

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

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

XIV

Then Myria said,
 with her lute-like voice:
 Oh, wonderful joy of living!
 I only have to walk through the streets,
 in my village of Quizur, and I feel blissful
 as that night,
 that lovely midsummer night
 when Rasur talked to me.
 I only have to close my eyes
 and next to me I feel his soul:
 he reads and hears my very thoughts
 or maybe my mind whispers its secrets
 and he listens.
 Ever since that night
 my ideas are little gnomes
 crawling up and down the caverns of my
 mind.
 They are like tiny miners,
 searching for new ores
 where to find the precious stones:
 green emeralds, zephyrs,
 blue zirconium and the reddest rubies.
 Such jewels are my thoughts,
 they live, they shine, they sparkle,
 in every corner of what darkness was.
 My eyes can see clearly now,
 the shapes it can perceive
 and my imagination does the rest.
 My mind sees what invisible is,
 the things that were,
 the things that someday will be.
 I did not use to think like this:
 at school they were always
 praising Reason, and always laughed
 at Imagination and its wings.
 They were always afraid
 that I would fly with Her
 and would abandon
 this world of the real;
 But that is not the truth.
 I live in my reality
 Though I transform my world
 as I warm it with the fires of my heart,
 with my burning ideas.
 I do know the work of God all this is:
 It all came from Human's imagination
 and from God.
 If Jehovah created Light and Light there
 was,
 it was the idea that had dwelled forever
 in his Divine Mind.

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

and new forms.
 Youth runs through our spirits
 as the youngsters run through the fields:
 we are like those new blossoms adorning
 the golden heads of the centennial oaks.
 We are going to be forever young,
 the super-human god in our souls
 lives in eternal youth.
 Happy I am since I knew Rasur:
 he showed me into his presence
 as the spring of sweet delight
 that was unknown to my soul.
 The sun of happiness arises
 on the distant horizon of the valley,
 it shines in peace and glory
 over the hills and over my mind.
 Now I know there will be
 no more sunsets in my life.
 This endless joy does not come
 from simple things:
 it comes from that eternal source
 our spirits are.
 The many worries that we have,
 the anguish and despair,
 they are all appeased
 as soon as they hear the whisper
 and feel the freshness
 of that spiritual stream.
 Not even the strongest tempest
 may destroy the indomitable Nature:
 she never surrenders, she never bends.
 She withstands the cyclonic winds,
 as she feels inside, deep into her soul,
 the luminescent Hope
 of being born again tomorrow.
 Thus, Humans, like Nature,
 will always keep the hope
 of resurrection.
 Sometimes Nature does not know that
 but Man always does.
 Now look how the sun embroiders
 the bows of fern with a golden lace;
 see how the butterflies reflect
 the thousand eyes of the
 bird-killing dragon;
 see how the amber honey
 flows from the beehive;
 see how the bees guard their castle
 like charging knights with lances and
 shields.
 Happiness is all around! Forever and ever
 young!
 Those who speak plaintively of the Valley
 of Tears
 never knew what this Joy of Living was!
 ...Now, let us gallop upon the carpets
 that this Solstice has spread before us

for the triumphant passage of
 Happiness!"

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

XV

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

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

These farmers have no palaces,
 no sumptuous robes, no majestic power
 in their lives; but they feel
 the greatest joy when with Rasur they
 talk.
 An intimate dialog they establish any
 day,
 they feel Rasur existing inside their
 souls,
 as the bewitchment one may feel
 if sitting under the freshest trees
 during the harvest times.
 In this little village of Quizur
 the children have become
 the Orient Star who guide our lives.
 A few of the farmers have been willing
 to build a little altar near the hut,
 on top of the hill where the miracle
 happened.
 I have indeed called their attention,
 a great mistake it will be:
 Sanctuaries empty the soul

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

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

Then Julian interrupted: "You are right
indeed.

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

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

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

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

Thus we feel forever in the presence of
Nature,

and nurtured of life we exist.

He has provided us with strength
and never shall we come down
from these heights:

all our actions must be of a superior kind
as we must exist according to the
splendor

of this Guest.

that inhabits our hearts,
our Master and Leader.

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

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

Then Damian said:

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

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

boundless.

Then Rasur broke the fragile lamp
which was the science of my beliefs
and my belief in science.
Rasur offered me his freedom and mine is
now the joy
that inundates Quizur and the village
children."

And then Armando also wanted
to open his heart in that blissful moment:
"As the lamp's light has its source in the
oil,
so my friends' thoughts enlighten my
mind;
so precious and valuable they are for me.
Their questions awaken me, and
as the proverbial lamp,
my flame grows larger and brighter;
and as a camp fire in the woods
attracts the moths and insects,
their thoughts attract my own.
Of all you said tonight
a transcendental insight I feel,
and it rejoices and annoys my soul,
at the same time:
Poetry and Art alone
represent this Universe we know;
philosophical patterns do not express
the totality and reality of the world,
since of this existence
only an abstract representation
can they offer.
Scientific formulas take us apart
from the reality around us:
H₂O cannot be water, it has never been,
a little dogma of science is all it is,
it exists only by convention and
agreement,
as any other dogmatic thought.

Works of art, they show indeed
the real world of things,
the spiritual world;
through dramatic play or poetry
I look upon, and understand,
the glory of ancient Greece.
Plato's poetry has been revealed to me:
a whole universe which Aristotle did not
see.
Plato was more of a poet than a
philosopher.
Philosophy may be a productive
knowledge
only if it has been planted in the
fertile minds of men who, in turn,
are able to transform it into actions

and make History with them.

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

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

As soon as the will power gets a
stronghold
all other vain things become illusions:
desires become ghosts,
and what will power creates,
stays and grow stronger.
This will power of true men,
so pure, so strong it is, that it unites itself
to that other divine will
which animates the essence
of the spiritual world.
Even when temptations arise
and join the vanishing ghosts of desire,
the power of will shall overcome them all.
Free will shall walk as an empress,
surrounded by pretenders and vassals,
responding to every little wish and order.

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

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

of the same rhythm and the same melody
of life.

We all should sing the song
which was born here, in Quizur.

All great civilizations
were the works of men
who were inspired by the gods.

These children whose voices you hear
are indeed the workers of our inspiring
god:

Rasur! Rasur!

XVI

The children's
merry-go-round
was clearly heard:

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

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

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

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

They suddenly heard
the most welcomed advice
from their friends.
Hark! Listen!
It was Rasur talking
to each one of them,
to each one of the

children's hearts!

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

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

FINAL SONG OF THE CHILDREN'S CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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End of Poem

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