

# **RASUR or THE WEEK OF SPLENDOR**

## **by Roberto Brenes Mesen**

Translated from Spanish.

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Translated by Roberto Alvarado Campos,  
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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:  
H<sub>2</sub>O cannot be water, it has never been,  
a little dogma of science is all it is,  
it exists only by convention and  
agreement,  
as any other dogmatic thought.

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

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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