

Censored

by Anamaria Julia Dragomir

Inspired by Lucian Blaga's philosophy and poetry – what if the mystery, for Blaga, is nothing more than the infinite, and, therefore, the censorship is derived from this notion?

They say the nature of thinking is metaphorical so, you can never really think of something new, but what you do, instead, is merely defining what is unknown by what you already knew, sailing like some mad mariner upon a sea of sand.

Thinking is then, divinely censored, and the ultimate truth is a hidden mystery. This process is ongoing, incessantly unfolding: the old is never false, it only is enriched, renewed as definitions keep expanding. This way the part contains the whole, and the whole is always found within the part, but in an infinity of different likenesses. That's how, in the beginning, a point enclosed creation which can again, to one point be comprised. Without a doubt, the point is 'I know I am so, one of 'me' is surely another that is still 'I'.

They say that consciousness is the essence of creation from which all things conceivable are built, and solid matter is nothing other than energy in slow motion. Diversity, therefore, comes not from composition, but it's an attribute of structure and arrangement, a movement sung by frequencies of myriad vibrations. The 'what' and the 'how' are the same thing, and they melt in each other with blended meaning

so, sound can become light and light can sing again.

Nothing is ever lost or wasted but merely transformed.

They say we think, and what we think becomes in forms designed by heart's vibrating songs, and there are many hearts, not all of them are flesh.

Also, that which I think, so can and will another, or surely somehow someone already has; it is best to stay humble as knowledge ripples widely over-creation, resetting the design. This way, what's green for me is green also for you, and what I can see, sooner or later, so can you. Therefore, we live, indeed, in heart and mind entwined, and we can never tell if first I made you or you created 'I', for this means time and time is a deceiving misimpression when taken on its own, as any other concept; if everything's connected, nothing's defined alone: then, who are you and who am I; do we ourselves own?

Considering all these, are we, then, really censored

from bringing into light that mystery of mysteries?

Is truth ever eluding, can it not be unveiled?

Are we forever punished to ask and never know,

to wander in vain and always lurking in the darkness

in an unending futile search for wisps of light that keep on getting further and further in the night,

or are we blessed creatures that can create with God,

and we already know, just we don't realize?

Both of these views are true, only if juxtaposed, for if we defined God or any other thing,

then there would be a limit to eternity,
and God would cease to be as well as
His creation
so, the mystery isn't what's hidden, it is
infinity,
and the ultimate truth, the absolute, is not
concealed,
but made up of all existing truths that don't
come to an end.
How fortunate are we to think in metaphors,
and to conceive things that later creation will
unfold,
for that's the way all is,
and how things come to be,
how fortunate are we!
So, it's irrelevant if I made you,
or you created me.



Storm

by Anamaria Julia Dragomir

Its causes are deeply entangled in opposing
electric charges:
mere pluses and minuses, nothing to do with
good or evil.
It's not like the beneficial rain,
that brings about the healing of the land.
It's just a trivial enormous mess.
It bears no solutions and benefits no one:
not leaves, not trees, not forest spirits, and gods
can only watch,
for this is when not every electron can meet its
match.

Hermits will teach you what to do:
they'll debate upon causes and blame
(but the essence of storm bears no such things);
they'll show you how to dance to it
(ware no sword, umbrellas, and no metal!);
they'll advise you to run
(storms can run faster), or hide
(but there's not always shelter to be found).
There is an ancient teaching though,
in any culture,
about the way that leads out of the storm:
compassion
(a road out of a word beyond used up).
All you need to do when storms swarm past
is show this to leaves, trees, and forest spirits.
Gods can't do it for you, nor can they prevent it.
You will see how the heavy electric charges
pass to rest -
a storm is just an atmospheric manifest.

Paradox

by Anamaria Julia Dragomir

They say times of the past and the present day
are versions that mirror each other,
always repeating, just differently clothed,
that's how the descendants reflect their forefa-
thers
today they call it Genetics.

So, history is a mere interpretation of garments,
but does the present day really have
any clear notion of earlier fashions?
It can only guess how one like Epicurus
was able to think in terms of multiverse,
traveling atoms, and what seems like
today's Quantum Physics.

What they deem as predictable repetition,
holds secrets unknown of knowledge unfath-
omed,
and springs countless sees of infinite diversity.
Therefore, history will always inescapably be

a chest of mysterious wonders,
not only because we forget,
but because the interpretation of earlier facts
must over and over be reconsidered.

Anamaria Julia Dragomir M.A

Universitatea Babeş-Bolyai

Facultatea de Istorie și Filosofie

Catedra de Istoria Filosofiei antice și medievale

ajdragomir@yahoo.com

