

THE NURTURER

Translation by Achille Cattaneo / Gordon Leonard Symons

The Mother is the one who brings into the world; she who cares and rears, is the Nurturer.
And well we know: to a small child, care is due daily, tirelessly ... But then, when we are finally grown up, does the need for care cease?
Are we self-sufficient? Totally?

What is there in us that demands care? Our body, of course: to nourish it, dress it, admire it, keep it healthy, heal it...
And then, our soul.
Look for it, feel it, welcome it, admire it, keep it healthy, heal it...

Sometimes the care of the body is given out of duty or profession. However, neither duty nor profession can ever take care of our soul: it can only be a gift.
A gift, and not just any gift; a gift of love, of ourselves, of what is most precious in us.
Does it require a cost? Maybe. Can we, just for this reason, deny ourselves?

Should we not give our care, should we throttle that flow of love, it would simply suffocate us..

THE TIME YOU WERE NOT HERE

... but if I think back to the time you weren't there
how was the world then without you
I can hardly remember. Different
was certainly my step, lighter
sure - yet this weight
this burden of you I would not lay down
should of pride tear me apart the meats
Free you go into the world wandering,
in the world that takes color from you
and texture. I went maybe once
flying too - the time you weren't there.
Yet hourly and daily I bless these chains of mine

and I bless the weariness and the yoke
and the fatigue and hope and time
full of expectation, and the rising of you.
... If i think back to when you were not here
how was it then, the world without you?
I cannot really remember. Certainly
my step was very different, lighter, yes -
and yet would I lay down this weight,
this burden of you – could I,
even though pride were to tear my flesh, apart?

Around the world you flutter, free of care,
the world that takes its colors from you,
and takes consistency. Myself, I too did go
flying – the time when you were not here.

EXPERIENCE:

I think back to my life, to the whole path I have traveled
up to here, up to now.
How is my soul, now?
I can make a drawing of it, a portrait...
How is my soul in the portrait? Is it joyful, vital, vibrant?
Is it pale, shy, dull?
Did it get care enough?

I think back, and I find in my past, whether little or a lot,
all the care that my soul has had.
From whom? From important people, from fleeting encounters,
from hugs, from stories and tales, from art, and then from Nature,
from the world ...
Was I grateful then? How have I repaid this care?
Or maybe my need was too great, and I just accepted it?

And how could I repay, little or a lot, the care I received?
Care is paid with care: and from today, who do I choose to give it to?

Let's imagine that while we are walking among the trees,
a small terrified being runs towards us, asking for protection.
He is gaunt, suffering, torn ... we feel he has no strength left,
he is weak with hunger and fear. Do we want to bend down,
pick it up? Hold him in your arms? We hear how his heart beats,
how labored his breath is ... Let's take our time, sit down,
hold her tightly embraced ... let's talk to her quietly - what should we tell her?
We feel how little by little she calms down, almost abandoning herself.
Let's feel it, how she breathes; let our breath accord with hers.
Let us send her our power, courage, and strength, and wisdom,
and warmth with every breath ... As we let the joy flow, joy sings in our hearts.