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The man is The Over-soul

It approaches me, it elevates above her as a delirium shadow of a perfectly tailored "normal" lucidity. It creates clouds above the brim of colourful thoughts in a hat where all her thoughts are run-together words and are settled there; her emotions and the strength of Noah's ark. It encircles and enfolds her by an upward current of a warm air and caterwauls which desperately call her name from deep within, speak to her, touch her with the beats of her gut; they speak to her but she hears not, listens not, and reacts not. She silently feeds on the sweet and endless beauty of a day; she inhales the fresh air of the wind of change patiently waiting for her moment, her time. It will arrive because she knows how to wait, she knows how to protect and feed her dreams creating steps in order to walk on this land, this incandescent ground of this concrete jungle.

She fights with the raging and sharp edges of windmills with her nimble and clear look, with her clear and heartfelt hopes which are able to tame the windmills with their voice with or without Sancho Pansa. Her Pansa resides in every pore of her skin, in every spread of butterfly wings that adorns, cherishes and protects that aura which will eternally radiate through the look in her eyes. She does not question but rather is aware of the cruelty of people, but how did we realize that we are this malicious but by the incandescence lava that started running out of our mouth and nostrils. We have been feeding them with selfishness and personal gains and negligent manifestations of that serene jin and jan in us.

Isn't it obvious that the universal emotion of our desires, our impulses and our neglect is but an allusion of what our soul covets and searches through a man, with the man and for the man?!

And a man is an eternal conundrum like a sea current whose initial and primary spring we see not or it is hidden from us?

Human power, human charm and all that makes us attentive and thoughtful beings come from an unknown source. This power which unites all our breaths, looks, words, emotions, wise silence, universal beauty to which every part and particle is equally related –the eternal One of our individual characters. This power we breathe in and use to actively participate in our lives, which is available to everyone is not only sufficient and perfect in every moment but everything we look at and absorb with our eyes, everything that is gently touched by our sparkling gaze, the seer and the observer, subject and an object within It is that Unity.

This unity within our intuitive existence is what keeps us and makes us humane, because without the nus drive we would sentence ourselves to fatal outcome upon our very birth. We see the world in pieces, we see the sun, the moon, an object, an animal, a tree; but the whole which unites all the particles is our Soul. Each of these facts and truths leads only to one. Our soul is not an organ, it animates and governs our organs; it does not have a practical function like our memory which we use to compare things and ideas, calculate and sum up experiences, numbers and letters- these are nothing but her arms and legs, its mechanical parts. Be it from the inside or from the outside, the light shines through us upon things and makes us aware of the fact that we are nothing, but the aura, this light that protects us and warms us with its flashes is everything.

Our bodies, the part we consider "human being"- What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresent himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. The soul completes this circle, it is the beginning, the end of the ring that gives it a form and shape and life to our bodies.

Our life is actually one circle which independently forms itself from smaller rings towards bigger and stronger ones to infinity. These circles are measured, counted and are stretched to endless spiral line. The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world, because nature is not fixed in its essence and does accept alterations. It constantly moves and floats and grows from the thread of grass into a flower, and once this flower ends its short stay on earth by surrendering its final petal by its natural fall then nature and natural process creates and forms another orchid regenerating the fallen flower.

Let us look at those grandiose Greek sculptures- They are all melted away, as if they had been statues of ice; here and there a solitary figure or fragment remaining, as we see flecks and scraps of snow left in cold dells and mountain clefts in June and July. For the genius that created it creates now something else, but with the same ingredients and same material from a more modern time which completes this circle. The Greek letters last a little longer, but are already passing under the same sentence and tumbling into the inevitable pit which the creation of new thought opens for all that is old.

The new continents are built out of the ruins of an old planet; in nature new species are fed on the composite of ancient flowers and roots that have been bathing in the sun throughout times. New arts destroy the old. By Looking around ourselves we hug and absorb gigantic and powerful skyscrapers, we are mesmerised by their glorious appearance that falls upon us with its majestic shadow, but we do not admire the hand that built it, the hand that has the most power and is worthier than this luxurious concrete ship. Everything looks permanent until its secret is known.

We form these circles with our footsteps; we inspire them by our thoughts and the clarity of our moves and gestures. We measure the circumference, the strengths and the fullness of these rotations by our unpredictability. We have always wanted to live, to breathe the air with our lungs in order to value the truth without losing ourselves. The thing which is impossible to translate into words is our Soul. The thing uncertain in its simplicity makes us fierce because we are inspired from the inside to solve this mystery called life.

How?

We can do it by feeding and properly nourishing our soul in order to drink from its spring, to find peace and calm in its chambers and to live through her senses.

To complete the circle of life widening the circumference by our good and noble deeds embroidered with heart and humanness.

We are the proud inhabitants of the soul in depths of our looks.

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