

Nicolae VASILE

Universul ciclic - APOCALIPSA

(Varianta în limba engleză)

The Cyclical Universe

Traducere Andrei ARMEANU

APOCALYPSE

The Light Disappears

Natural light, sign of the unity
between the Universe and God,
particle and wave was and will be,
though to discover that was hard.

The light of spirit is God Himself,
everywhere, never fixated,
we grow through culture, science, art,
and love gives us lives illuminated.

Through our God-given creation,
in his spirit Man grew much,
his light now at such expansion,
more than lighting: blinding such!

What with all the light that's gathered,
the world isn't a clean place,
men themselves are not quite angels,
and, though many, lonely live.

Darkness is not lack of light,
but a prison of light, full
of such dense negative might
that her beams outside can't pull.

Pollution appears...

Like an ant an elephant battling
so does Man and Earth combat,
the proportions far from equal,
and the hope for good worth squat.

But if ants, even so little,
like an army of tiny sprites,
gather many on one issue,
they demolish it like fire.

From old times, before was counted,
our planet was to man great help,
giving him all that he needed,
since when from trees to ground he went.

Now the moment is arisen
that men help the Earth instead,
with their love, towards redemption,
with arts and sciences future lead.

The green Earth, once full of life,
now a desert lost in mists,
it's what we caused in our strife,
for our narrow, petty needs.

Love Disappears...

Where the people?
They no more...
Dogs they have become instead,
while the dogs better are still!

Where the dogs?
They no more...
Killed by those people,
become insane!

Where the children?
They no more - angels now become
before taking birth, while we
still line up in relics worship.

Where the angels?
They no more – devils now become,
all the way around us,
watch your step for one!

Is there still love,
can we still have redemption,
don't all our arguments
our planet hurt?

Hazard gathers us two by two,
to dig into all we have within us,
the billions of neurons to unite
into a single being then to merge.

We touch fingers and toes,
hands and feet,
that come from no molds
and similar yet.

In a supreme harmony
we unite into eternity,
with generosity, we say,
hoping that so it will be.

Like sky, eternity is vast
only for those meek of spirit.
The communion, brought by pleasure,
of a sudden, pain becomes.

My neurons are more convoluted,
and so, clearly, much clever than yours,
much greater my ancestors rooted
than yours, poor, full of sores.

Your hands, like a weasel's,
are not full of diesel,
while you love your culture
I dig agriculture!

When you don't love, that's far better,
for nothing from you will then break,
no questions, no turmoil, no chatter,
no nothing, right after you croak.

The girls are more manly,
taking care of it all,
and entrepreneuring –
may man go to hell!

They don't want live ones any more,
when you can find them in boxes,
though even when choosing at the store,
they seem all backwards set.

Today, no loss to be an idiot
as long as you still have a fat account,
and against a well-moneyed brute
even hundreds of learned ones don't count.

The boys have computerized love,
not losing their tempers that easy,
no more jumping fences to court,
the card makes it now easy-peasy.

Renouncing God...

Creation, left to us by God,
much good did us, and evil as well,
when man would no longer obey,
his arrogance and vanity swell.

And people are no longer themselves,
instead they all wish to be gods,
from spiritual horizons they made
little Universes, in pockets to fold.

Our vanity grown beyond measure,
with God all connection we fled,
and his Son, to us given as covenant,
we killed Him outright, out of greed.

And because about us he doubted,
God then took back His Son to Himself,
only granting us once in a while
a sign that our Earth He's still watching.

Take away, Lord, from our desires!
Take away, Lord, from what we can,
so we can no longer despoil
may it be that... Your will be done!

A New End...

The Universe is eternal and endless,
energy and substance alike,
the Earth, just a drop and a sliver,
of hope, that is teeming with life.

The Earth, it is finite,
partly solid and part atmosphere,
and it will not forever endure
in the narrowness of its own sphere.

It can no longer for us be,
an infinite garbage disposal,
and amongst all, most cruel, turns out,
are by far its most powerful dwellers.

Energy, so much sought out,
without which life cannot be,
exists in forms both clean and dirty,
the choice up to man now to see.

The trash from all over the world,
from energy dirty, from us,
will kill us in time, and throw all
whole millennia back into the past.

There will be found in our atmosphere
an abundance of greenhouse gases,
that will isolate us from the rest of the Cosmos,
from which we've still much to receive.

We'll consume all that's left on the planet,
and our needs will then strangle us all,
we'll consume from our trash in the end,
till each other we'll devour, after all.

On Earth there's much power destructive,
much greater than what is productive,
which if, by sick minds once triggered,
can blow our planet to bits!

From a "Big Bang" in the beginning,
to get a "Big Bang" in the end,
all it takes is only a signal,
given by a criminal hand...

And so we can revert, just for nothing,
to the mindless particles of old,
if a mastery of mind's not acquired,
we will break when colliding, as told.

Collisions many, often, unhindered,
into the endless past can propel us,
and not even pain can then limit
what the mind can no longer rein in.

We decanted from the infinite,
to the Universe a sweet addition,
everything from chaos once arose –
will chaos be then our last edition?

The Universe is not like Earth –
just like Man is not like God –
it will flow forever forth,
man, no man, into the future.

Man can still continue on,
forward an intelligent being,
or, instead, will he revert
back to mindless particles?