

GONÇALO FERREIRA DA SILVA

versão inglesa



MAHATMA GANDHI

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Gonçalo Ferreira da Silva

The music flows, divine,
Inside us, forever!
Our senses, however,
Aniquilate its voice
So we can't hear that song
Not even being alone!

The year one thousand
Eight hundred sixty-nine,
On October the second;
And when the day arose
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi
Was also born in old India.

He married Kasturbai
At the age of thirteen,
And she was thirteen as well.
Both in the flowering age.
One of the greatest leaders
That mankind ever had.

The vast British Empire
Was established.
When he humbly died
Involved in a white sheet
The independence of India
Was a recognized fact.

Gandhi was the real
 Architect of freedom;
 And, what weapons did he use
 To set the Nation free?
 Truth, non-violence,
 Fast, example and pardon.

His action instruments
 Were simple and efficacious:
 Against trained armies
 At the most delicate phases
 He would give examples with
 Spirituous phrases!

But before he had set
 The country free from the English,
 The great Liberty Man
 Was several times arrested
 Living in meditation
 For long and painful months.

Right in this earthly globe
 The great liberator
 Won all the imperfections.
 Overcame his own pain
 Reaching, for sure,
 The plenitude of love!

If the Indians aren't
 If the Indians aren't
 Happy completely.
 The country suffers from hungry
 And from repeated crisis
 It is free as a universal
 right of all countries.

Gandhi's great soul
 Had communications
 With the invisible worlds;
 His realizations. . .
 Some of them inspired
 in the holy regions.

The Gandhi Phenomenon, of course,
 In comparison with sunlight,
 To more than five hundred million
 It can provide liberation
 Without the use of weapons,
 And with no need for fight!

All he did was moved
 By love the most sincere,
 Of freedom for his people
 The purest defender
 Obeying the sublime
 Voice of his inner side!

The truth is indeed as hard
 as the diamond itself
 But it is also as delicate
 As the vivifying flower.
 Whoever flows its delicateness
 Does only and good to his brother!

We must not utilize
 any verbal violence
 Against our enemies
 Blaming them for the evil,
 or even secretly
 Through emotional discharge.

Never in his life was Gandhi
 By hatred contaminated,
 He did not need to forgive
 for no matter how he's been
 Insulted and provoked
 He never felt himself offended.

Through all the endless beauty
 In all his writings contained
 We actually find that they
 Should be read a thousand times.
 Because they are light of our light
 And also life of our lives!

My title as a Mahatma
 Is to me a heavy load,
 But what has been left
 From life on the long road
 Was the fact of recognizing
 That I am absolutely nothing!

I do not beg for martyrdom
 But if it ever happens
 I will give myself to it,
 For I consider it as a duty
 Of the truth that I profess;
 I'm having what I deserve.

If a thousand times I cry
 A thousand times I dry my tears;
 If I hurt myself a thousand times
 As many times I will heal;
 If a thousand times I fall
 A thousand times I get up!

I only worry 'bout the present,
 Since I came from the dark past.
 The future is like the oposite
 side of a high wall.
 God gave me no control
 Over the future moment.

I do things without thinking
 Why I have to do them,
 Because good judgement
 Helps us to perceive
 And not penetrate what
 Is beyond our comprehension.

I possess no erudition
 As a lot o people say.
 I cannot say whether or not
 A wise man is very happy.
 I cherish the truth only. . . .
 I am just a simple learner.

God is a zealous Lord
 In all his wisdom,
 He does not share with anyone
 His sovereignty.
 Through my faith in Him
 He is my only guide!

A prayer does not consist
 Of verbal phrasing.
 It must come from the depth
 Of a fraternal heart,
 Requiring no spoken words
 But mental concentration!

The silent prayer
 Directed to our Father
 From the bottom of our heart
 Born from the purest faith,
 No matter how impossible
 It is certainly answered !

Men, within some centuries,
 Will possibly say:
 Gandhi, the supreme architect
 of our freedom
 Did not live in flash and bone,
 Since they will not understand.

Back until the 18th. century
 India was one the countries
 Whose people still lived
 In extreme happiness,
 An earthly paradise
 Not knowing about crisis.

European voyagers
 All returned in ecstasy
 With the finest cloths
 Manufactured in India,
 Ivory and precious stones
 And embroidered objects!

And after the happy days
 Came the titanic effort
 To rescue the countrymen
 From the terrible, satanic . . .
 From the threatening monster:
 The great British Empire!

Eggs, larvas and chrysalids
 Are the primitive forms
 Butterflies have to go through
 In the evolution phases
 Until they reach the forms
 Of definitive winged beings.

Evidently, the same
 Occurs with human race
 Which is simple, ignorant
 But a sovereign power
 Conducts us to the supreme
 Splendor of the Gandhian light!

On the thirtieth of January
 Of forty-eight, the spiritual
 Leader of the world
 Received three heavy bullets.
 When the day had its agony,
 So did Mahatma Gandhi!

The End

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