

THE SEVEN NATURES

text from *Book of the Secrets of Enoch*
(Ch. XXX, 11):

And I gave him seven natures:
to the flesh hearing,
the eyes for sight,
to the soul smell,
the veins for touch,
the blood for taste,
the bones for endurance,
to the intelligence sweetness.

tekst *Mike Harris* © 2000:

For each of those seven marks,
those seven circles of fire
where a man finds the joining of his
body and soul
are as seven keys to his inner nature
and to all nature
and the secrets of all that has being.
Therefore knowing the keys
he may unlock the doors
both of all nature and his own nature
and within that opened sanctuary
will he find the beloved
and in her the open door of heaven.
For the palaces and precincts
where love may be found
are sevenfold
and these a man must know to find me,
the white shadow,
the dove of his heart's desire..
And not find me only,
but return with me,
bringing me from white blossomed
Evermore to mortality
in the real being of his flesh and blood.

ANGELI, ARCHANGELI

ANGELS, ARCHANGELS

from *Graduale Romanum* 12th century

Angeli, Archangeli,
Throni et Dominationis
Principatus et Potestates,
Virtutes, cælorum,
laudate Dominum, cælis,
alleluja

(Angels, archangels,
Thrones and Dominations,
Principal and Mighty,
Virtues of Heaven
praise the heavenly Lord,
halleluja.

DUM SACRUM MYSTERIUM

WHILE THE HOLY MYSTERY

from *Graduale Romanum* 12th century

Dum sacrum mysterium
cernerent Joannes,
archangelus Michael tuba cecinit
Ignosce domine deus meus
qui aperis librum et solvit signacula
eius, alleluja

((Whilst John sees the holy mystery,
the archangel Michael let
the trumpet sound.
Forgive us, my Lord God,
who has given us his holy book,
halleluja)

LA MORTE NON É NIENTE

poem: *Aurelius Augustinus* (355-430)

La morte non è niente.
Sono solo passato dall'altro lato.
Io sono io. Tu sei tu.

Ciò che siamo stati l'uno per l'altro
lo siamo sempre.
Dammi il nome che mi hai sempre
dato.
Parlami come hai sempre fatto.
Non usare un tono diverso.
Non assumere un'aria solenne, triste.

Continua a ridere
di ciò che ci faceva ridere insieme.
Prega, sorridi, pensa a me, prega
per me.

Che il mio nome sia pronunciato in
casa
come lo è sempre stato,
senza enfasi di sorta,
senza una traccia di ombra.

La vita significa ciò
che ha sempre significato.
È quella che è sempre stata,
il filo non è tagliato.

Perchè dovrei essere fuori dal tuo
pensiero
solo perchè sono fuori dalla tua
vista?

Non sono lontano,
solo dall'altra parte del cammino.
Vedi, va tutto bene.
Tu ritroverai il mio cuore,
ne ritroverai la tenerezza purificata.

Asciuga le tue lacrime,
e non piangere se tu mi ami.

Death is nothing

Death is nothing.
I have only walked to the other side.
I am I. You are you.

What we have been to each other,
we will be forever.
Call me by the name you have always
called me.
Talk to me like you have done always.
Do not use a different tone.
Do not take upon yourself solemnity,
sadness.

Continue to laugh
at what made us laugh together.
Pray, smile, think of me, pray
for me.
That my name will be pronounced at
home like it was always,
without accentuation of any kind,
without traces of shade.

Life means the same
as it has always meant.
It is as it has always been,
the string is not broken.

Why should I be out of your thoughts
just because I am out of sight?

I am not far away,
just on the other side of the road.
Look, everything is fine.
You will find my heart again,
find its purifying sweetness again.

Dry away your tears,
and if you love me, do not weep.