

## The Path

*You could become a great horseman  
And help to free yourself and this world  
But only if you and Prayer become sweet Lovers.*

*It is a naive man who thinks we are not engaged in a fierce battle  
For I see and hear brave foot soldiers all around me going mad,  
Falling to the ground in excruciating pain.*

*You could become a victorious horseman,  
And carry your heart through this world like a life giving sun,  
But only if you and God become sweet lovers.*

*Hâfiz, Persia, XIV<sup>th</sup> c.*

This is a meditation inspired by a dream had by Star-of-Rimouski  
The creator of a place called Ibuntu or Where-Ubuntu-blossoms  
She gathered in a seminary a few close soul-searching friends  
Around a German master named Johann Diermann  
An enthusiast of sacred texts harvested in ancient Asia

The retreat took place in Rimouski on Friday March 25th 2016  
For the Catholics it was the feast of the Annunciation to Mary  
This year, this day coincided with Good Friday or the Crucifixion Day  
It is said that we will have to wait 141 years before this happens again  
Life and death on the same day as though they were twin sisters !  
Or is this the coming of a new era for our community ?

Coming towards the end of our three-day retreat  
Focused on presence listening and communion  
We ritually honored our ancestors and welcomed our future lineage  
We then scattered in peace renewed and mutually enriched  
For the Christians it was Easter the day death was overthrown  
As soon as I came back home I submerged myself in the Easter Oratorio  
By the genial Leipzig cantor to whom heavenly melodies were dictated :  
Passions, masses and cantatas suites and a thousand other marvels  
Do you want to have a look at Paradise ? This is the way!

## I. Innumerable Masters

I, Jean Kabuta am a privileged student  
The kind of student teachers are looking for

On my path, I came across Ndaayà daughter of Cimbu and Lufulwabo  
Two godly beings who spent their lives singing prayers and doing good  
She welcomed me in the very depths of her being and gave birth to me  
I came across her brother Kabàmbà Paul the Free-and-Generous-One  
Both he and her were good and wealthy enough to feed thousands  
They descended from Kalonji and from Kalenda the Prolific-One  
Both of them were also wise servants of the God that dwells in them  
They had a great love for people They were the friends of children  
I also came across Kambalà son of Ntùmbà, Kààmudìmbà's daughter  
The Dark-One who had a bosom warm enough to host thousands  
Son of Citenge the Red-eyed Traveler who would buy slaves to free them  
Kambalà was the Renowned-One offspring of Ndoba The-Healthy-One  
He was The-Bright-One handsome enough to seduce my mother

Guido Haazen from Hoboken the disobedient Franciscan priest  
An Artist filled with music and with radiant dreams for Africa  
A Follower of Jesus and Bach Haendel and Mozart  
Who revealed to the world the musical and rhythmic genius of Africa  
Africa, the inspiration for gospel and blues jazz and praise-dance  
And other arts which involve the spirit the body and the community

Jacques and Josephine Derickx from Antwerp  
My Flemish parents with gigantic hearts  
Who loved me totally from morning till night  
And who taught me love as a supreme value

Jesus of Nazareth the mythical hero who lived twenty centuries ago  
He who descended directly from Unkulunkulu the Supreme-Being  
And brought man the good news that he would rise and shine

Buddha Shakyamuni the Awakened      who lived twenty-five centuries ago  
He who came to teach compassion      through the eightfold path  
The Meditating-One      who leads the way to love and to enlightenment

Paul from Brussels      the Illuminating Mathematician  
Friend of his students      who can bring them to love his difficult subject  
The Committed One      who fights to make the foreigner feel at home

Jeanne-Marie from Kigali      Daughter of Rugira the clear-sighted Guide  
Colorless Mother-of-Black-and-White-and-Red      from the Thousand-Hills

Oni Sola from Lagos      Gift-of-God and the most Generous One  
The Free Sower      who shares his wealth and his happiness  
Quick to do a favor      at any time of day or night

Martine from Nantes      Gift-of-self in search for harmony and the Absolute  
She who lives with the wise      those who are beyond masks and mirrors  
Transmitter of the sacred Vedanta spirit      inspired by wise meditators  
Familiar with the sixth sense      the mental which leads to *Tat Tvam Asi*  
*Or That art thou* that is      the Self is identical with the Ultimate Reality  
The Radiant One      who understands intuition through the heart  
The Caring Solicitude-made-woman      Mother-Friend and caring Therapist  
She who takes care of the soul      Artist who reveals the invisible  
House-with-a-wide-open-door-      that-waits-for-the-passers-by

Hubert from Kamina      the wide-eyed childhood friend willing to make it  
The Pure-hearted One      who shares whatever he has  
Descendant of Kalambaayi      Head of a promising mixed-blood lineage  
The reassuring Friend present at all times      who became a brother  
The brilliant pupil who sleeps during math classes      but answers correctly  
While his class mates who are listening acutely      fail to answer

And what about the excellent *kasàlers*      spread all over the continents ?  
They display overflowing creativity      they are continuously teaching me  
They are my brothers, my sisters, my friends      they are my teachers

What about all the children who are masters of presence and attention  
And the plants and the animals which all bear a mystery  
And the thorns and the challenges and the bad weather and the disasters  
All springboards that propel us beyond ourselves to more consciousness ?

What about the Bhagavad-Gita the sacred book which reveals yoga  
A space of knowledge where thousand-year-old amazing practices lie  
Practices unsuspected in the self-proclaimed civilizing West ?

What about the other marvelous books that taught me how to think  
The masterpieces I admired which were sources of delight and silence  
What about the black-hearted enemy who illuminates me and pushes me  
Towards more consciousness more generosity and more courage ?

I will end  
My enumeration here  
For lack of space and time  
To my other innumerable masters  
Whose names I could not mention  
I apologize a thousand times

## **II. Here I Am**

I am the Fruit of an infinity of teachers  
I am from Africa and Europe from Asia and America  
I am an Ubuntuist and a Christian and a Buddhist  
I am above all a Tree-with-roots-of-different-textures  
I am the-One-that-is-born- and-dies-repeatedly  
I am the-Wanderer- with-a-moving-identity  
I am the-Knower- who-knows-life-is-perpetual-movement

I lived under the burning sun and under grey and low skies  
For the time being I live in Ibuntu The-land-where-Ubuntu-blossoms  
Where Man reigns in all his majesty and humanity  
Where poetry is a posture of life Where the inner weather is always mild

I live where one radically opted for the light and the beauty  
Where what I made of my various inheritances can finally come to light  
Where traditions are revitalized in order to invent your own style  
Where you free yourself from your teachers  
In order to blaze your own trail to fly and reach the sky

Solitude loving hermit I frequent the airy and brightly lit places  
Such as beaches and deserts where the wind blows  
Such as the place called Bach-the-growing-Megapole  
Whenever you visit it you discover new avenues  
It is a land of absolute beauty where time is suspended  
Where any faith becomes useless where you meet Pure-Intelligence

One discovers breathing The Carrier of energy  
Which brings life to the heart and the body  
One contemplates humanity in its profound simplicity

We converse with Hafez the mystic poet from Persia  
Author of immortal verses on love as essential energy  
The One who knows that to be a human being  
Means to be good inside and to be a gift outside

*Once a man came to me and spoke for hours about  
"His great visions of God" he felt he was having.*

*He asked me for confirmation, saying,*

*"Are these wondrous dreams true?"*

*I replied, "How many goats do you have?"*

*He looked surprised and said,*

*"I am speaking of sublime visions*

*And you ask*

*About goats!"*

*And I spoke again saying,*

*...*

*Do you feed the birds in winter?"*

*And to all he answered.*

*Then I said,*

*"You asked me if I thought your visions were true,  
I would say that they were if they make you become  
More human,  
More kind to every creature and plant  
That you know."*

I became better equipped  
Free of myself and a Source-of-joy  
Free of any contingency whatsoever  
I the Light-Bird-that-travels-without-any-luggage  
He-who-feeds-on-poetry-and-love  
He-who-is-unceasingly-dazzled-  
By-any-quivering-of-life  
The Indulgent-who-spreads-health-to-all-around-him

I became  
He-who-names  
Maker-of-strong-names  
Who tells in two or three lines  
The essence of beings and of things

### **III. My Companions**

A few days ago I withdrew from noise and agitation  
In a peaceful and flowery place in Rimouski the City-of-happiness  
This time I was not alone some sisters and brothers were with me  
Faithful fellow travelers persevering craftsmen of a new humanity  
Actualizing compassion and brotherhood as well as caring for others

Jean-Philippe the Man-Joy whom others call Joy-in-action  
He who was there when I landed on this bank to meet the unthought-of  
The Whole-One proud of his ancestors who is becoming an ancestor  
The Professor who exercises his task as the cherry tree produces cherries:  
To awaken in the other the taste of humanity and the desire to walk  
Adoptive son of the Midwife- who-helps-everybody-bear-themselves

Marie the Mother-in-the-making- who savors the privilege of being alive  
The Open-hearted woman Loving-Vessel-that-welcomes-life  
White-Lily who spreads her delicate fragrance  
And lights up everything around her  
She-who-knows-she-is-seen Standing-woman-who-moves-forward  
The unequaled Poet a virtuoso slammer as well as a virtuoso kasàler  
Adoptive daughter of the Hospitable-with-eighty-arms from Africa

Marie-Ange The Unifying-Home-of-peace-joy-and-courage  
Exemplary teacher who teaches the instructions for use of life  
Woman full of love for her family for other people and for herself  
Vital-Anger who gets indignant against injustice and violence  
Artisan-of-shared-happiness Promise-for-a-mixed-humanity

Vincent the Loyal-high-placed-Headlight- who reads closed books  
A man curious for the present and proud of the path he treads  
The expected Torchbearer who transforms his environment by contagion  
Pilgrim rich of his own people who deservingly occupies his singular place  
He-who-honors-and-celebrates- those-who-bore-him  
He-who-chooses-to-love-and-create He-who-is-thankful

Thuy-Aurèlie Monarch-Butterfly- proud-of-her-lineage  
She-who-assumes-her-responsibilities she who chooses joy  
Subject capable of discernment and of listening She-who-takes-her-place  
A sensitive and embodied Woman capable of leaving her safe home  
The healthy Lover who explores the divine art of creating  
Woman-of-words-and-flesh The-Bringer-of-good-news  
Mother-in-the-making Source-of-a-long-and-promising-lineage  
The Enthusiast who calls to herself the world she wants  
The Incredible Singing-Eagle whose song transforms the Reality

Serge the Learned One who knows that the sky is  
Neither above nor below but in the heart of man  
The High Priest of poetry familiar with the transcendence

The Sharp-sighted Wise One who perceived prematurely  
That a new world would arise from his vast vision

Simon the Explorer- who-knows-the-way-to-the-Self  
Traveler whose real name is Love-Joy-Harmony  
And who teaches how to become friends with your body and your mind  
The dreamt up companion born out of fervent music and prayer

Violaine She who is open to trust otherness and embodiment  
Provider who provides love around her and love for herself  
She who gains more safety and more self-esteem every day  
The Broad-Ear who listens to her vitality and feeds her inner promises

Ingrid the mixed authentic and free of any conditioning  
The Athlete whose body-temple hosts the profane and the sacred  
The Full-Consciousness free to love unconditionally  
She who changes any test in opportunity for growing in humanity

Loïc He who draws from a safe source deep inside himself  
Youth embodying its dreams Energy-ceaselessly-renewed  
Man-in-permanent-project-for-himself who allows life to teach him

Louise The-Link-between-the-humans- in-their-diversity  
Avatar of the Great Other who came to connect people to their essence  
The unequalled Interpreter who allows cultures to meet

Vinciane The Generous-Youth The Dignified and Free One  
Who makes you feel free to create to dance and fly  
The loving One who walks confidently towards the essential  
The Elegant-Pen who names That-which-cannot-be-named  
And fills the reader with an unspeakable enjoyment

Clency The Right-Path- that-inspires-one-to-draw-their-own  
The Magician who transmutes the agony of living into commitment  
In order to be active among women among men and children



He who opens the path that protects life  
Supportive man responsible for his choices  
The Lucky One who knows the strength of passion

Mathieu The Resolute Walker who comes closer and closer to himself  
The Sensible and Affectionate One the Audacious and Persevering One  
He who knows the infinite possibilities of life and benefits from them  
He who draws everywhere meaningful and learning paths  
He who knows that disasters are there to serve us like springboards  
The Reserved-One for whom the treasure is hidden behind the words

ElisA the Laugher who bursts out laughing She-whom-all-enjoy-hearing  
The Speaker with a heart that grows and grows and bursts out  
The unequalled Slammer and Kasaler whose voice is good for all of us  
The Teaching-Healer who captures energy from the universe  
The Free woman who opts for happiness and teaches how to reach it :  
*The sun rises for all but some turn to it and some turn their back on it*

Agnès the One-with-a-hardened-spine who restores lost health  
The Amazing-Hand that feels and reads what is hidden under the skin  
The Custodian of her ancestors' hearts and memories  
She who watches over the well-being of those around her  
She who provides more than care She who provides herself  
The Love-Thirsty One who loves without reserve

Kaven The Brave and Confident One who always gets up  
Shining Knight in search of spirituality in search of sense  
Long-haul Officer who sails the seas of the world  
While ordinary people sail on canals and lakes  
Excellent Coach who accompanies man towards his light  
Student of the constantly evolving life Friend of children and artists  
The charismatic and charming One The Deserving and Confident One  
The Inhabitant of the present moment who triumphs over the ego

Diane the Delicate Poet full of nobility and lightness  
The Blessed mother of Fred, Alex and Raphy  
The effective and organized structured and committed woman  
She who is both a faithful sister and a supporting friend  
The one who stands upright in any circumstance

Marie-Renée the Multiple-Talented Great Lady  
The Shamanistic and Humanist who knows the price of health  
The Tactile One who speaks through her fingers and skin  
Ageless and free Swan who slides on the line of time  
She who remains resilient in the middle of the black chaos  
The Dancer who dances her life and joins the stars

Myra the Fine-One who creates a person out of colors and light  
Enlightened Builder of sacred centers-where-souls-gather  
Priestess who conducts rites for the Living Ones to restart their lives

Josée the Creator who highlights hidden splendor  
Artist who leads out of austerity into abundance  
She who guides the community from the invisible to the visible  
The Magic-Hand that gives a second life  
To worn out objects and reveals the life  
Always present at the heart of the death

Dany The-Hunter-of-knowledge and Ancestor of generations to come  
The Smiling Helper who coaches fellow man with love and empathy  
The hard working thinker from a loving family in search of wisdom  
Lover-of-the-Black-Swan friend of the Hurons the Abenakis  
Friend of the Iroquois and other first nations  
Promising Writer and Total-Man who thinks with his spirit and his hands  
The Versatile Teacher Moose-Hunter  
Poet and Builder-of-temples Temple-that-builds-itself  
He-who-is-praised-by-everyone Son-of-the-Earth

Monyse Mother of Elona and Adria Fountain of friendship and tranquility  
Powerful and Eagle-sighted Woman who teaches how to look and to see  
Monyse is the bright Lady who has a beneficial effect on others  
On those who are lucky enough to receive her teachings

Sylvie The Reader who reads the life movement under the skin  
Sensitive and resolute Heart which gains every day vigor and love  
The Generous Neighbor who takes care of men and their belongings

Marc-Antoine Man-of-the-Lord father of Fred Alex and Raphy  
The Pilgrim who walks the difficult path of Santiago de Compostela  
On the tracks of saints and popes on the tracks of himself  
A Man of silence with a rich inner landscape

And Catherine the dignified One who walks with majesty  
The affectionate woman she who is thirsty for knowledge  
The loving friend who takes care of others and of herself

Woe is me I was about to forget  
The Mature-Woman who rejuvenates as she ages  
The Apostle of the attention and Servant of the gods  
Jeanne-Marie Rugira the sovereign Citizen of her heart  
The Stateless whose country is Mother-Earth-of-the-Living-Ones  
The Hospitable who reaps joy by welcoming and giving  
She who helps her neighbors reveal the best of themselves  
She who has neighbors clearing snow from her yard and pay her taxes  
She who endeavors to make of life a pleasant experience  
The affectionate and beautiful one the good Neighbor everyone dreams of  
Mediator who restores the wounded relationship and reconciles hearts  
She who prolongs the ancestors and Promise-of-the-future  
She-who-laughs-out-loud- and-lights-up-friends  
Open-armed-grand-mother She-who-is-pure-happiness  
She who exults in seeing her descendants take off  
In seeing them take over and make their own genius bloom  
Waking-Mother who stays up while others sleep

She who writes poems while waiting for the dawn  
Blessed Mother of Mary the Angel and Yannick the Overflowing-Love  
Pure-African-Love- Whose-Door-Is-Always-Open  
Welcoming everybody day in and day out  
Deep-Sea-Explorer in search of rare pearls  
Which she brings home for the enjoyment of her beloved ones

Shame on me if I forget  
Her last precious discovery Johann The-Silver-and-tall-Rock  
That only the standing ones can see Those who raise their heads  
Split-Rock shaped by time shaped by meditation  
From where the wandering and eternally renewed water streams  
While murmuring Unkulunkulu's innumerable names  
Bosom friend of Hafez the poet with a phenomenal memory  
The faithful Custodian of the holy Quran the word of Allah

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"His great visions of God" he felt he was having.*

*He asked me for confirmation, saying,  
"Are these wondrous dreams true?"*

*I replied, "How many goats do you have?"*

*He looked surprised and said,  
"I am speaking of sublime visions  
And you ask  
About goats!"*

*And I spoke again saying,*

*...*

*Do you feed the birds in winter?"*

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*Then I said,*

*"You asked me if I thought your visions were true,  
I would say that they were if they make you become  
More human,*

*More kind to every creature and plant  
That you know."*

Johann is the magnificent builder of ashrams with a great vision  
From Germany from the United States of America  
Former layman and former Hindu former monk and former disciple  
And happy father of Devananda the Polyglot  
Whose basic vocabulary contains the quadruple negation  
« No No No No » exhorting one to disobeying  
Denouncing borrowed faith and slavish imitation  
While inviting each of us to draw our own path

Devananda also has a mother Shall I call her Karine or Geneviève ?  
Or how shall I call her ? I call her Marie-Noël the Phenomenal Woman  
Myra-Chantal's sister a Big-Hearted-Grand-Dame and a Gift-for-our-lives  
Daughter of Nicole Roberge and François Faber  
Loyal-Ally and Tender-Collaborator Travelling-companion and spouse  
Marie-Noël and Johann what a great couple  
Caring for its health caring for the health of the Earth !  
A wise couple drawing from Mother Nature  
The best to feed their spirit the best to feed their bodies

Let me praise Johann Diermann the Big-eared-and-big-eyed-Coach  
Son of Lydia the Polyglot the Educated-generous-and-godly-woman  
Son of Hinrick who was full of love for his family and pride for his children  
The coveted and collusive husband so grateful of Lydia The-Only-One  
The One mad of time capturing algorithms and life rhythming devices

Johann did not come into life alone three radiant sisters preceded him  
Imke the Manager Hilke the Administrator and Anita the Musician  
I do not venture to raise the list of his friends as there are so many  
I'll just mention Rada Vallabha the Writer  
And Kalhil the long-time support  
I'll just mention Jeanne-Marie Rugira  
The Cheerful One from Africa and citizen of the world

Lydia and Hinrick were remarkable parents from north-west Germany  
Who raised their children in the love and abundance of natural products  
They dreamt to see them choose their own life  
They dreamt to see them follow their own path

Johann the Bald is a Subject-in-constant-mutation  
Only by being with him and by listening to him  
We see ourselves more clearly we name our projects more accurately  
He who guides the souls in search of their paths and their centers  
Himself an Apprentice of love and a Servant of others  
Having climbed the triple ladder the other way round :  
*Obey your teacher*  
*Break with the tradition and create your own style*  
*Leave your teacher and find your path*

Do you want to know more ? Pay attention I'm going to tell you !  
Johann Diermann is the diligent Reader-Eater  
Of the Bhagavad-Gita or Song of the Blessed  
Core part of the Mahabharata the huge epics from India  
The Gita is the conversation between Arjuna the warrior Prince  
Who is filled with doubt facing the battle which may decimate his family  
And Krishna the Blessed eighth avatar of Vishnu  
- Is Vishnu not the manifestation of Brahman Himself ? -  
Krishna is the famous coachman of Arjuna Who teaches him hatha-yoga  
Who teaches him the nature of time the ultimate sense of human life  
And the nature of the soul as well as other fundamental truths  
Krishna is no doubt the Enlightened One who speaks the kasàlà language  
And whose strong names are quoted below :

*Any reproductive power in the human beings*  
*It is me !*  
*Because without me no moving or motionless thing can be*  
*My celestial virtues have no end, o Arjuna*  
*And I displayed only a small part of my perfections to you*  
*Any object of an excellent, blessed or strong nature*

*Know that it arises from a plot of my power  
Of all the bodies that originate from all the matrices  
Brahmâ is the immense matrix  
And I am the father who supplies the seed  
For I am God's house, of unchanging ragweed  
Of eternal justice and infinite happiness*

How shall I close this chant ?  
These words come to my mind :  
This wide-winged specimen of man  
Is the best our time could ever create  
It is what our soulless humanity  
Needs most

#### **IV. My Path**

My various masters introduced me  
Through mysterious echoes to knowledge to beauty to mystery  
They loved and forged me they inspired and awakened me  
They accompanied me up to my own source  
Where the singular being emanated by Imana the Supreme-Being  
Where Jandhi Kabuta Bênyî Ntalaja Matanda springs  
On the Western arrival point stands a lineage of brave ancestors  
From my parents to Imana Maweeja Nnangila the Supreme-Being  
From my white parents to Adam and Eve who stemmed from God  
Including Bach and Mozart and Shankar Mahalia and Martin and Madiba  
And so many others all appearances of Unkulunkulu whom some call God  
On the Eastern starting point stands a new and endless lineage  
Consisting of people of all colors and bearers of poetry  
Full of diverse unsuspected skills

My initiation begins early when I am a few months old  
I am barely born and my mother is repudiated  
By virtue of the tradition I only belong to my fathers

I am deprived of maternal milk of caresses and of love  
I was never rocked I never heard a lullaby  
I am a few years old when I run away and join my mother  
For the first time I hear people sing I hear people pray

I spend my childhood anxious of being captured  
By my nasty fathers who are slaves to their tradition  
And brought back to resentful and cruel women  
As a child I experienced the adversity under all its forms!

I attend the catholic school where a white God reigns  
Where we are only taught practices and values from elsewhere  
When I am eight I hear Mozart's music I am deeply marveled  
I sing songs from Europe from Africa and from America  
Music becomes the only place where I find enjoyment and dream  
I dream a mysterious Hand kidnaps me brings me beyond the horizon  
Beyond the bushy forest and the dry desert beyond the conceivable

New parents, united and overflowing with love wait for me  
A radiant colourful universe opens full of love and music  
With Bach, gospel and jazz as well as a thousand other marvels  
With poetry and mathematics philosophy and Zen  
With the friendship of Jacques Mulongo my yoga teacher and new brother  
With the tenderness of Marie-Jeanne's the learned Swiss philosopher  
With the warmth of Sidonie the African mother of magnificent children  
Master in gastronomy who knows how to integrate and to decorate life

Then the reunion with my infallible allied and affectionate mother  
The reunion with predatory uncles who strip me to the bone  
Despite it all, I am an inexhaustible Source of energy and I recover  
I become a Brother I become a Temple-under-construction  
I access the university where I meet the most brilliant spirits  
And where my genius in sciences and the arts is deployed  
Then appear the first signs of my own language



Most of my masters died I broke up with any God-capturing institution  
I broke up with the uncles and the fathers I broke up with blood relations  
Then gradually appears the art of celebrating life and celebrating the Self  
The fruit of long meditations of extensive readings and exchanges  
A poetry-oath which transports Man from dreams and words to action  
An embodied poetry of public commitment which transforms the poet  
Thoughts of tolerance never polluted by the dark face of the moon  
Thoughts of freedom never taken hostage by the suffering  
A school of simplicity where one learns how to listen and to care  
A school of silence and jubilation marveling and gratitude  
A space where a sovereign and recognized man is in the center  
A path leading Men from the periphery to the Self  
Reprocessing plant which receives waste water from sewers  
And transforms it into clear and pure water for the enjoyment of all  
In a nutshell a place where ubuntu the art of being human is practiced

I break up with my former life I cross the Atlantic Ocean  
I land on the other bank where I had been expected for a long time  
By The-unthought-of-Ally The-Laughter-that-spreads-joy  
She-who-illuminates-each-moment-of-life The-One-Loved-by-Everyone  
Over there on the other side of the Ocean I found the model of humanity  
Developed at the heart of Africa from time immemorial  
The quintessence of Living Together of Being with oneself and others  
This time the Friendly-Hand had just put me down in Ibuntu

From now on my life spreads in poetry and creativity  
I get up before dawn and meditate I put myself in a state of reliance  
With myself and with the Earth with the Invisible and with the Other  
I welcome every day as a new life with gratitude  
I make the oath to fully enjoy each moment of it  
Aware of the renewed privilege of being alive

Being a Book-that-even-the-blind-can-read I spread health around  
Witness of a huge miracle I make myself lighter by putting my ego aside  
Made lighter, I rise and fly throughout the boundless firmament

Contemplating the endless universe    beyond time  
Skillful Locksmith    I make the key of bliss

In the winter I am a bare cherry tree    I sleep under the spotless snow  
In the spring I go out in broad daylight    transformed and bright  
I am a Blossoming-Cherry-Tree    I produce delicious cherries  
For the thinking and talking men    for the visible and invisible insects  
For the birds which travel    throughout the sky without borders  
In a nutshell for all the Living    who populate the universe

Those who are close to me    stop grumbling and complaining  
They become capable of telling another story    about their lives  
Illuminated by breakthroughs    by moments of grace  
They stop claiming    and become grateful  
They stop gazing down at their own navel    they perceive the Other  
They free themselves of themselves    they grow rich of others  
They become peacemakers for the Other    and for themselves  
They walk with swinging arms    towards the core of their being  
They experiment that they have    the freedom to opt for death or life  
They welcome the mystery of life    as a priceless present  
They can laugh and laugh of themselves    say thank you and be marveled

They have become CPF    or Challenge-Processing-Facilities  
They do not identify with their pain    they stand back  
They transform it into teachings    into force into a scale  
They practice meditation    they start speaking kasàlà  
The mother tongue    of the blessed Sub-Saharan Africans  
The language of silence    that tells the essential and the mystery of life  
A story-poem    that tells about the great deeds of sovereign people  
Through their strong-names    that induce concrete actions and changes  
And give an idea of the world to come    the world according to the Healthy  
A wonderful art    that deals with the link to oneself and to the Self  
A sacred poetry    that deals with the world outside and inside

I now put away my tools and continue my trip without any project  
But the presence to the Life that offers itself everywhere uninterruptedly  
I move forward beside That-which-says-I-in-me or the Friendly-Hand

Thank you precious allies  
I am Ngo Jandhi the Passer-by  
I-expect-nothing-I-am-the-Welcome  
I teach how to sing to dance and to laugh  
My footprints stir people to play and smile  
I invite you to marvel and celebrate life  
In women and men animals and plants  
Highlighting the bright sides in them  
My only mirror master and judge  
Is my sole consciousness

