

Daily Meditation 06/23/2023

A Cosmic Homecoming & Spiritual Insights from Ernesto Cardenal

Good morning.

Today we're meditating again with Ernesto Cardenal. And I'll share with you a few of his stanzas from his great poem, *Cosmic Canticle*.

First, a few comments from some fellow poets.

Allen Ginsberg writes: "Ernesto Cardenal is a major epic historical poet in the grand lineage of Central American prophet, Ruben Dario. In *Cosmic Canticle*, he interweaves brilliant political economic chronicle with panoramic spiritual information, dating post-Poundian verse for late 20th century narration for the Americas' last half millennia."

And Robert Bly writes: "Ernesto Cardinal continues in the tradition of Pablo Neruda, who said all the pure poets will fall on their face in the snow. Cardenal's poetry is impure, defiantly, in that it unites political ugliness and the beauty of imaginative vision."

So, Cardenal says that:

The Word. In the beginning, before spacetime, was the Word.

All that is, then, is true. Poem.

Things exist in the form of Word. All was night and so forth.

There was no sun or moon or people, nor animals, nor plants. Word was.

Amorous Word. Mystery. And at the same time expression of that mystery.

What is, and at the same time, expresses what it is.

In the beginning then was the Word, the One that is and communicates what it is.

That is the One that totally expresses itself.

Secret that surrenders itself. A yes.

He in himself is a yes. Reality revealed eternal reality, which eternally reveals Self.

At the beginning, before spacetime, before there was before,

at the beginning, when there wasn't even beginning.

At the beginning was the reality of the Word.

When all was night, before beings were still obscure, before being beings,

a voice existed, a clear word, a song in the night.

The beginning was the song singing. He created the cosmos.

*And for that reason, all things sing.
They don't dance except through words through which the world was created.*

He says:

*If in mathematics, numbers are infinite, even and odd numbers,
why not an infinite beauty than an infinite love?
It's a constant in nature, beauty.
Whence poetry, song and delight and all that exists,
the earth could have been just as functional, practical without beauty.*

*Why then? Every being is sumptuous.
Did He really need to give such luxurious jewels to such ephemeral fish,
leaping this twilight on the floor of the boat?*

*And what's it all about? How came its creation? And us?
Why are we here? And who are we?
Does the universe have a soul?
And are we that soul, with the entire cosmos for a body?
Even the most distant gases, our body?*

*In this way the cosmos knows itself through us.
Know thine own self.
Our own consciousness also a consciousness of it all.
The secret of science transcends the scientific.
The unity and interrelation of all things in the Avatamsaka Sutra.*

Cosmic Canticle, from Ernesto Cardinal.

Thank you. We'll see you tomorrow.