



birayoga

NAMELESS.

*Metaphysical poetry by
Ulbiratan Gonzaga*

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About the book

This is a collection of Methaphysical poetry from a very restless soul, that encountered most of the answers for the burning questions of his heart, as the time went by, through the practice of Yoga.

Copyright

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Preface

The path of Jnana Yoga clears the way for the modern Occidental yogi to let go rigid structures of intellectual conditioning and deep material belief. Since mind and heart are always connected, the yogi must use one to influence the other, and the deep inquires of Jnana sooner or later, and certainly, softens the most rigid of the intellects.

The following collection of Metaphysical poetry is the result of many inquires during my long periods of questioning and self-doubt, fasting and walking barefoot on my own in the mountains of India. They are soaked by emotions as they had being slowly cleaned out, until finding peace with my restless mind, what actually took me many many years more after these texts were written.

Remember always.

To live every word we say is the goal.

Every Jnani yogi will ultimately become a Bhakti, the yogi from the heart, and every Bhakti will end being a Jnani, able to back up any philosophical concept or theory with his clear mind, translating it into simple words coming from his heart.

Enjoy the journey,

Bira.

About the Author

Bira spent over 15 years in his spiritual disciplines, living deeply the paths of Bhakti, Jnana, Karma and Raja Yoga. His experience in the Himalayas brought him into contact with Swamis and yogis of profound knowledge, inspiring him to live an ascetic life of devotion, discipline and service in different countries.

His classes and workshops on Traditional Hatha Yoga are focused on awakening the Spirit through the practice of Yoga. Bira already taught in Spain, Scotland, England, India, Germany, Greece, Holland and Belgium.

For more information:

www.birayoga.com

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Nameless

Is there a way to explain what is this,
Right here,
Moving in front of my eyes?

It is beautiful, clear and simple.
I was observing and trying to give it a name.

Seated with my eyes closed,
open,
I stood up and looked again.

I was walking.
Touching,
but still, without grasping.

How can I say what is this,
natural and untouched, perfect and still,
unthinkable and unknown,

without lying to others and myself?

Can I find a way to explain,
to show,

to prove it?

A word, a book or a teacher.

A method or a system.

A promise,

A savior or a doctrine.

Can they give me what has always being here?

Explain what can't be seen?

Tell me what the ears can't hear?

Guide me in a road with no direction?

Maybe it is possible.

Perhaps somebody can help.

Maybe not.

Maybe I must do the whole work.

Is there any man in this world qualified,
perfectly strong, prudent and pure,
to tell me what is this thing pumping inside my chest?

To measure this vibrance within my flesh?

This brilliance within my eyes?

This eternal moving within my mind?

No.

Who could?

Even if someone could do it,
and give me the key of the door that is never closed,
and show me the way no one has to follow.

The word no one is able listen,
and the Truth no one is forced to believe it,

I still have to walk with my own legs.

Live with my own life.

Love with my own love.

Feel with my feelings only.

To think with my brain and eat with my fingers,
to cry with my own tears of happiness and sadness,
or none of them.

How can I know the Truth of life?

How can I know the Eternal?

How can I know what is freedom?

So many questions without knowing how to begin,
neither how to finish.

However, when I'm tired of trying to find answers,

and quenching my thirst with my mind,
dellusions and self-projections,

my soul whispers to me.

When I don't know anymore where to go,
when I am confused.

When nothing else matters anymore,
realizing that I will never find out,

I give up.

I live the day,
and get a little joy from the moment for a while.

I bath in the Sun.

I watch the flowers.

I hug the trees.

I kiss the earth.

Tomorrow?

Who knows?

I don't care anymore about explaining myself.

I don't think anymore about being alive.

Realization.

Spiritual conversation.

Reasoning and speculation.

Mental diseases in any form.

Theories and fears,

Fantasy tales,

Ghosts and Angels.

Probabilities.

Possibilities.

Suppositions.

Negations.

No one knows what is here.

All we know,

all we have,

all we give,

is accumulation of memory as knowledge,

to give us self-confidence.

Accumulation of data,

Of non-data.

They wonder about my soul.

My emotions.

My life.

My own inexistence translated,
into words.

Is it possible?

Is it real?

Is it serious?

I don't know.

Perhaps my ideals of freedom,
are another mental disease.

My egotistic way of understanding things.

My short-tempered personality.

My petty, little individuality.

So well.

Finally everything is gone.

At least,

there are no more walking sticks.

No excuses for my debilities,

No escapes from whom I am.

The way I am.

So I walk.

I talk.

I touch.

I see.

I listen,
and observe.

Still without understanding,
falling down and stand up,
again and again.

A thousand times.

A thousand billion times.

A hundred thousand billion times, if necessary.

Until learning how to walk,
how to talk,
how to live.

Until learning how to learn,
observing my own life.

To forget everything later.

This is Yoga.

Learning to see without giving names.

To listen without closing my ears.

To observe without making any conclusions.

Is there any reason for living free and complete?

For being conscious of my own existence?

My own disappearance?

How many times do I have to run?

How many times do I have to fall?

How many times do I have to try?

None.

Absolutely none.