

Thoughts by Mirel Nechita

Thoughts

When you read and think about this it will be in my past.

No one can reach my actual thinking, the entire world is thrown in the past.

Which are the actual connections between men, between men and nature in general?

Are verbal, factual, sensitive, emotional connections.

But thinking cannot be caught in the instant nor in the future.

Thinking is singular, it makes us unique.

Only God actually knows our thoughts.

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A Numbered Story

One upon a time, in a country named 1764, it was living Seven closely watched by Six.

At a certain moment, annoyed by Six, Seven yielded to him: "Be 7!"

Six replied: "You mean 6, 7?!"

After some while reflections, Seven committed Four.

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God heart

Time is God heart beating.
We are contemporary with God
as time travelers;
God offers us a piece of his time to explore.
This time game has:
Past engraved,
Present in trials and
Future imagination.
What happens when dying?
We just transcend time;
so living in a frozen Universe.

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The Difference

All the clocks in my house are showing the difference,
Just because are not running properly, at all;
I'm moving forward and backward in time,
Simply by walking from one room to another....
But stars don't lie about timing, they guide us through necessity
And the beauty of their emerald quartz is the witness of the
certainty born in the water hourglasses.

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Uni-verse

I live in a bubble universe,
I wanted to, I praise to...
All kind of signs are showing to me
And I'm trying to discern and to understand them:
The dead and the living are no longer apart
In my sacred bubble.
I still not understand the idea of "them" and
"You" is just the skin of my universe sphere.
I cannot touch it just because I feel through it,
Mostly by suffering...
And portions of the "You" skin become
more and more sensitive:
This way, in my universe,
The reality is transformed into evidence.

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Entelechy

To be awake late in the night:
Thinking about your next steps
In the futile future.
Never
Imagining your-self
Complete enough to be more
Than a "pawn" in a chess game.
Nevertheless
You have already a potentiality, the fortune and
A waiting destiny ready
To be changed.
Think twice: not using disguised patterns ...
To liberate the inner in proper acting.

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Momentum

The clocks stop and go again
as they please:
In my house.
In the mean-time
every-thing can happen:
Even the unpredictable.
In this dis-continuity
of the space/time:
Brief moments of lucidity.

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Icy

Rice straw slipper on a sand dune,
Directing towards the green hills of mine;
Me, the icy fellow:
Dis-covering my self from head to toe ...
Ancestors await for the candles heating
To be remembered and kept frozen in Time.

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Scient space

It is the time for phase-space:
Positions, velocities, impulses even ...
Eccentric graphs depicting
The multi-dimensional modeling:
In search for singularities and cycles
For guiding us through the path in reach ...
The mystery within this compound:
To find where
The consciousness rest or ... is it the whirl itself?
The hope remain: community will reach at last
Your searching awareness.

Morphosis

Waiting for an answer
For the world changing ...
Isn't anyone to see the
Metamorphosis of the entire
World?
Or is just me:
Too serious, too blunt, too polite ...
S'thing went wrong ...
Don't know if was happened in the past past
or
In the near past.
'Cause is: the past, for sure ...
I advanced too much into the future
And now everything is "out of date".
Hey, you!
Let's try an experiment:
Try to think the way I do,
Can you?
If yes
It is the alreadiness
Which want to escape
From my mind
Into yours.

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Nostrum

On the top of despair ...
No one to reach this?
Impossible situations to handle,
Few options offered by humans ...
What's left and what is right?
God knows the answer:
Computers and technology,
Are far behind the reality.
Time is running and slowing down
When our praying implore
To be the other way:
For these moments trapped
in a destiny already nostrum-prepared.

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Thoughts power

E=m.c-squared
Energy and mass,
Holding together:
Because of a constant 'velocity'
Light might have
The speed of a 'slow' thought?
Thoughts are c squared
Mass are we, the crowd:
Energy is stored in each of us ...
Are we the masters of the Uni-verse?
Think not,
There are dimensions not taking into
Consideration.
This is the time to make the difference
Profit or Not on these:
It's your choice ...

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"ALL men by nature desire to KNOW"

According to Einstein a thought experiment will be:
Putting into a "time capsule" and
Experience the theory of relativity on a subject,
If possible, in our time and space.
Conception of thoughts are done
In a fraction of fraction of second:
There will be an analogy to
Light's speed.
All to do is to "reverse" the
Thoughts stream as in mirroring
So the reality to be transformed only at will:
Zero-one matrix of so called reality.
The "observers" will take the advantage
Of future-ing shift and changing it in
A profitable way.

Phantasm or not?

Sensing the future before the happening,
Snakes are all around and
Try to fool us.
Is it real or just a phantasm
I don't know and
The strangest thing is that
I don't want to know.
The gift from the God
Will be a curse in the men's world
But isn't a bless to know
In advance the future for the
World?
You can advance this way safely
And taking the proper "measures".
Why this race for altering the personal time?
Is it the immortality involved?
And if, should be in a brutal way
For the unique singular who is feeling?
Don't know but I have a strong
Sensation that what you are doing
Against "my time" will affect
The whole world in
A circle within a circle within a circle
It is no need for interference
Within my thoughts of proper order,
You cannot catch the "moment" of my consciousness:
Is out of your order.

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Cruel

It is a white scene that impress
Too hard my senses
Even if half shadowed.
Witnessing whiteness
Could be very strident
To the Being in it's Self.
In winter time only the whiteness
Is too hard to endure
Due to glacial assembly.
Candles light are contrasting with the
Whiteness of the crude lightning snow.

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Win-ter

Snowing in my world:
My surroundings are covered
In white and is snowing ...
Like in the beginning
Of the new era,
A new era of Black and White
When everything is tough
Even the tone of Nature.
I am just a spectator thru the lens
Of an alien apparatus
Which transforms me into
The mere reality.

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Wise

Old times in remembrance,
Entering into your life
By enriching it with
Their fragrance and luminous views.
Be wise and consider
All the facets of this new sight:
Which can be either fatal or fortunate
On your destiny in permanent changing.

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Identity stolen

You represent my whole world,
You are like sunshine!
What is this haze surrounding the sun?
Surely is not because of You ...
You don't exist, is just the ultimate expression of nature,
Remain You, no matter ...
You are the best,
Thinking clear: it is a great thought.

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I knew what Will be

Indexing people,
Will comprise everyone,
And if so,
Will be a good action?
Nascent hope is unknown
and
Cannot be caught on these times ...
So, the savior was of the past or
Will be from the future-in-the-past?
Mind offers Noumenon of it's basic.

Perception

Image into other images
Of an image which is itself
An image ...
Trying to capture the momentous
Of the life itself:
Will be so hard and
Even hazardous.
Perception of things in themselves
Could be possible only
By induction which is an other
Picture of the kaleidoscope.
Better to think at the frame
Which seems to hold
The scene within the scene
And also the scene out of
Scene which hold the Whole.

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The soul of rain

Raining: augmenting the
Oak tree in front of my building
With water leaves.
The entire scene:
Impressing the sight
And feelings.
In this era of
Restlessness,
The Rain alone
Is resonating with the
Nature of Souls.

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Critical Thought

All of a sudden
The Sky turned in
Dark Grey:
Changing the ambient
Into a grave
Thought of God.

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Placed in time

The Locust Tree
Irradiates Violet and Green
Over the entire View.
An unmerciful Sun
Tries to prevail over
The splendor of the Spring's fruits:
Nature (as Life) wishes sometimes
To be immersed
In halftones.

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Me, writing ...

Writing something that
Not emanating from myself
But from a different self
In a different plane
Of reality, almost surreal ...

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World fold

Changing the World
In a way that others aren't aware;
Looking thru your mind and
Making the Difference:
Go West, till the end of the World:
West will meet Far East in
Zero meridian;
You are trapped in a body with
Two directions: N-S and E-W
Escape this by Blindness:
Will be an option ...

Temptations

The watching “camera”
Recording the vice
Items in “itself”:
Keeping it
“Rightly” balanced
In the daily life of
Murmuring and
Acceptable events.
Inducing slowly the drug of
Appearance
It’s so an easy making;
The Phenomena are
Not showing in itself
Thru the vice glasses:
Instead, the Objective
Is hiding just
In the Cause of the Substances.

Mixed (e)motion

A color of Nature entering my
Senses: Orange;
This is granted by the
Sunset immersing
My limited surroundings.
Dark clouds are contrasting
Positively on the skywalk,
In the wait for Creation to soon mix
The entire vista
Into a surreal phenomena.
It distinctively seems
That the everyday reality of
Natural objectivity
Implies impulses beyond our Imagistics.

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Frozen moment

Infinitesimal interval which
Differentiate the life from death:
Can be reduced more and more
Ad infinitum ...
So the life still exists in a
Frozen moment of Absolute Time
Of Being.

Perspective

Two pyramids having the base in common;
A network of communications between
The various regions of assemble:
Secret chambers and passages
Are revealed in sagittal perspective of the Ancient
And yet so actual Civilization;
Secretly colored codifications
Are to be deciphered
Gathering the information
Obtained 'till now:
Mondrian.

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Abstract faint

Feeling faintly ... nonetheless
Trying to conceive
A system on thought
Able to surpass
The bitterness of
Existence as abstract
Notion.

Abstract man

The man facing lonely
His own destiny:
Worshipping the Sun
Along with the cathedrals
Of his mind, keeping the heart
In the same shape as Sun and
Internal organs functioning
As heavenly creations ...
Precisely anchored in Reality
And anguished by dark spots
Covering his Directions;
On the right is his rest Prison and
On his left the sword and flag of Fantasy
Which congregate with his integrity.

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Vivid

Focus on flower,
Blind of brightness,
Colorful in continuity,
Reason for rightness,
Viewing vividly:
Naming the noumenon.

Modes of Energy

Energy and the modes of
Stocking it, use it and released it:
Rusty reflections of the sun,
Added clouding formation
Alongside with sandy formations
Of the shore and also
“La mer” with reflections in dark blue
Of the Abyss.
The composition seems to go smooth
Considering the triangular
Insertion of the sea frame.
All was done in four basic colors:
Mondrian.

Imaginative perception

I missed the sunset,
One of the many of my life ...
Trying to imagine that it was a fabulous one
With Radiations of Orange, Red and Purple ...

How can I explain this imaginative perception to
A blind humanity which is running
On the other side of the Globe to taste
A usual sunset ...

Sunsets are captured in books of poems
And you can find the most beautiful ones
In your own perspective:
It is your choice to browse as many poems
Till The One will enlighten your Soul.

Thoughts by Mirel Nechita

Believe it

Faint again ...
Will ever stop this struggle
Of me against my self?

A radiant cold sun
Is flooding my surroundings
With cruel appearances.

Since early days of my existence
I have to fight alone or
Sometimes aside with
Bad equipped teams
Against wicked congregates.

These bitter experiences
Influenced my character and, contrary
To all appearances, conducted
Into a better understanding and
A sense of Good of the Existence.

Believe or not!

Reward

I want to be in two places
At two different times
Simultaneously:

Dancing with you,
Embrace the joy of a sunrise
With you.

Traveling at sea,
And speaking with you
About all and about nothingness.

Giving you a rose,
Hoping no more
Than of a kissing reward ...

Sigma

In hard conditions
The pilot is in great dilemma:
To listen of his instinct or
To his superior commands.

Sigma Sigma One Omega fighter
Depends on Yours alchemy.

Surrounded by Spirit

We are surrounded by Spirit
Which guide us into Uncertainty ...
The blessed ones are touched
By Saints
Who guide them and look upon their
Lives.

Luminous star

Spirit of The Greats
Haunting us in a dreadful race:
What can be added
Without interfering with their consciousness?

A couple of centuries ago,
The spirit emerge as a luminous star
Over the shadows of that-presently time,
Like a glimpse on the dark-ness.

Trying to decipher now the senses
In those writings
Implies sacred (secret) codes
And deep questionings over the Person itself.

Translations ... are doing the worst:
Instead of crystallizing the Original ideas -
Which indeed need a translation into contemporary,
But in a gentle (like as with museum artifacts) manner -
They baffle us with terms of intermediate meaning,
Which turns the Idea into a mere message to the reader.

One generation after another is keeping
The Secrets
To be unveiled by the Future sages.

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Antenna

News travelling as fast
As radio beams:
Everybody knows that
The most economic transport
Is on Sea.

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Leaves

I own a strange cactus flower
Which turns her ultimate leaves
Into like flower petals:
This may be her signaling to me
Of changing seasons,
From hot summer into rainy fall.

Complex

Thoughts without content are empty, intuitions without concepts are blind. (Kant)

The possible ranks higher than the actual. (Heidegger)

To him who looks upon the world rationally, the world in its turn presents a rational aspect. The relation is mutual. (Hegel)

No intelligent idea can gain general acceptance unless some stupidity is mixed in with it. (Pessoa)

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Bits of my heart

Me, hear the beats of my heart:
Profound implications we will have
To consider:
Sickness and eventually Death.

Living structure

A marine structure in waves:
Incoming sea will definitely affect her behavior.
Still is a way for a metaphor:
The incoming waves being placed in a surreal plane
And the structure remaining only by itself
To deal with the imaginary storm:
The phenomenon will influence primarily the structure
By creating diffraction around the structure
Like in washing a fine sculpture ...
And the splashes of water revealing
At once and in the same time his qualities
And also her deficiencies.
The second effect is the murmuring
Of vessel behaving in such way like a living creature,
Creating energetic radiation waves out of nothing
(If you exclude the bang of the initial signal)
In all directions.
This cannot be observed otherwise
Due to the overwhelming tumult of the real sea.

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Identity

In a glass of water so many happenings:
The drop transforms the surface
Into a “volcanic” shape
It’s just a wonder that is so much energy
Emanating from a small amount of
Pure water which can create
Living formation
With her own identity and
Bliss.

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Arena

Sometimes the ethics just don't go
With inner feelings:
Like observing the flowers "inside" my house,
Contrasting with "outer" reality.
We are duals by nature,
Accepting these will create tensions inside us ...
Refuge in art is the ultimate arena
Of confronting our duality.