So, understand the Light . . . , and make friends with it.—*Corpus Hermeticum*

The souls inhabit the air
And their deity is the moon.
Those are souls who come and go,
Ignoring the void.
They will cross the elements
In different bodies,
Falling and rising, rising and falling.
One day they will fly already purified
Passing through the seven divine spheres.
Nothing on this Earth is real
Just a false mirror of Divinity’s—goodness.
Poimandres, the shepherd of men
and women
Is the immovable cosmos
That created the movable one
And the rational cosmic person.
O divine, invisible craftsmanship
Wrapped in the mysteries
Becomes visible in the Sun’s fire,
In the land, in the air,
And in the blue water.
The Deity didn’t use hands
To create the universe
Because the Divine word became light,
Hate and love, war and peace,
Black and white,
Are only dualities leading to oneness.
The essential person will seek beauty,
Leaving behind the twelve vices of ignorance.
One will never be alone in the dark path.
Nor in one’s deepest dreams without a guide,
Because the only ones who will be lost
Are those unable to hear the pious
music of the Divine.
They will reject beauty.
And unable to be quiet,
They won’t understand.
For in the silence there are wise words
That only those who are quiet can hear.