

# POEM WITHOUT WORDS

*Olga Deulofeu, SRC*

**S**oror Deulofeu is an artist, writer, and poet who has exhibited her work at the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum in San Jose as well as in many other venues. In both symbol and verse, she shares with us her reflections on Hermetic Truths.

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 craftsperson  
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.



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