



UBIRATAN GONZAGA

# How long?

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THIS IS A BOOK  
OF ONE POEM

WHISPERING IN  
YOUR EARS

THE BARE  
TRUTHS

# HOW LONG?

After trying in so many ways,  
to fulfill my emptiness,  
to find out the answers,  
without knowing the  
questions so well,

The pain that comes when  
not succeeding,  
when falling and not  
accepting, is the same as it  
was a thousand years ago.

Do you remember?

When the drama is over,  
and the curtain falls,  
the illusion is gone.



The image forgotten.

The name erased.

The form destroyed.

The light of my tears comes  
to show me the truth.

The pain of not knowing,  
is still the same.

Like it was before.  
Like it always have been.

Memories.

There is no time anymore  
for not understanding.

Not listening.



Not watching.

Are you listening?

No more time to live in  
illusions,  
or to create new delusions.

After falling a million times,  
hitting my forehead on the  
ground,  
I stood up the same number  
of times.

After trying for a million  
years,  
knocking,  
breaking the door and  
fighting,



the hurt that comes is already  
known.  
Is the same as it was yesterday.

The madness of victory,  
the vanity of trying to conquer,  
my fears of tomorrow.

Every time I've tried,  
it always seems to be the same  
time coming.

The same memory,  
the same feeling.

The fear of doing what needs no  
time,  
to be done





The same time is flying  
away,  
bringing me wrinkles,  
and trembling in my legs.

Should I get a new crutch?

A hundred walking sticks,  
to help me moving a few  
more steps.

The fear still is the same.

The doubt is the same.

The war is the same.

Inside me.

The time of my glory to  
come and take me,



from all these doubts,  
still is the same.

Too short, or endless.  
So many times it seems to be  
long.

In my mind,  
In my eyes,  
in every muscle of my face.

As if time have never  
existed in my life before.

Time.

As long as I waste my time,  
trying to understand my  
mind through time,



the length of my pain is long.

The horizontal line of time.

Is it real?

Is there any time to awake?

Are my wrinkles a sign of

growth?

How long does it take for a

person to be free?

To be one?

To be strong?

How long does it takes to be

me?

Just me?



Is it possible to be free  
without knowing?  
Without willing?  
Without trying?

These questions no one can  
answer.

For the answers are not in  
time.

They are not in mind.

In speech.

How much thought does it  
needs?

No thought,  
since thought is time,



and time is thinking.

It can be as far as I wish.  
As long as my self-hypnosis,  
still exists.

As long as I live in  
tomorrows and before  
yesterdays,  
it will take me forever,  
depending on what I say.

Depending on what I do or  
don't.

Should I forgive you right  
now or later?



It all relies on my own very  
self.

My own responsibility,  
and free-will.

What happens,  
what changes,

what hurts and heals.

What I see in my world of  
yesterdays and tomorrows,  
of never's and forever's.

How long does it takes to  
end with all this?



How long does it takes for a  
person to know,  
what a person really is?

To deny all good and bad,  
dirty and clean,  
right and wrong?

To face,  
in your face,  
all darkness and light in  
your own very self.

All misery and glory.  
All pleasure and pain.

To be empty.



To be nothing.

To be gone.

Maybe we all should do  
nothing.

Maybe it's all the same.

But you, listen.  
Observe well and learn it.

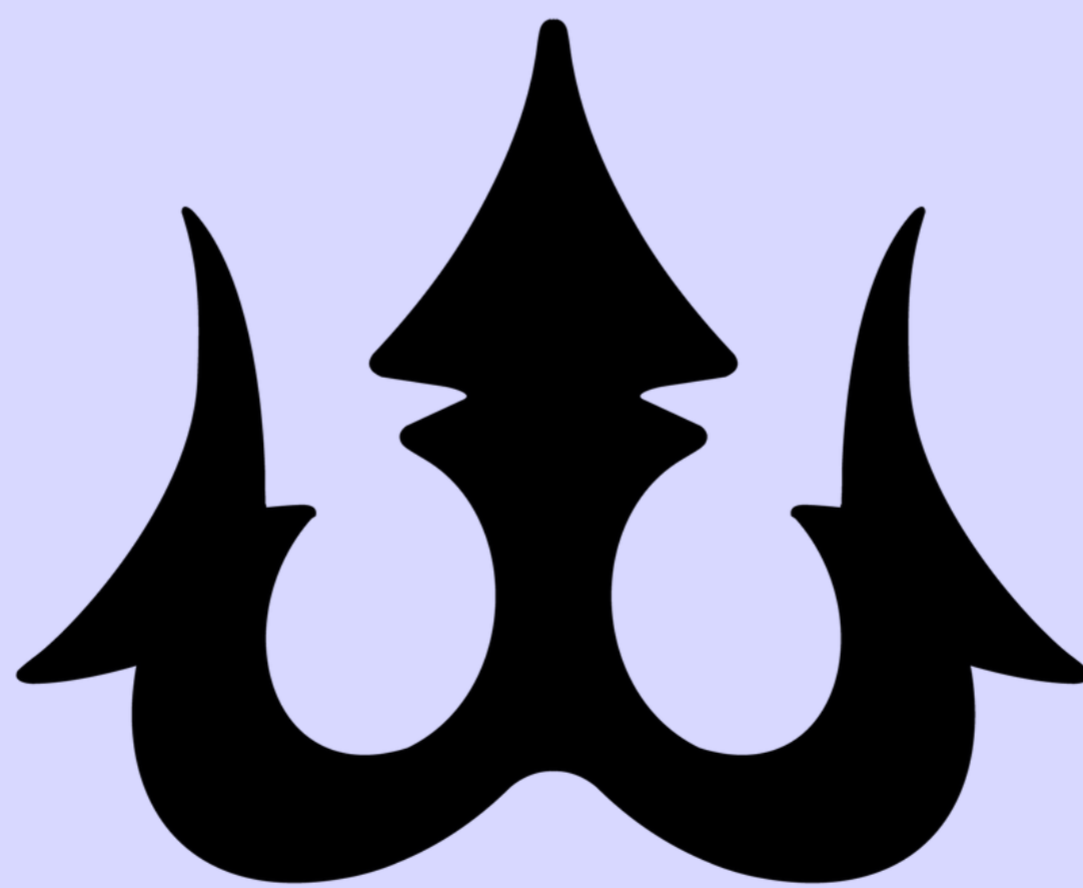
It's time to realize.

So why don't we simply  
stop,  
and do it?





MAY ALL BEINGS  
BE HAPPY.



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