

TEXT about HAPPINESS as a working inspiration....

"I'm not talking about the euphoria but of consciousness. Look back to the flower. No euphoria therein. However the flower is fully living its present experience; but humans have the ability to question their present experience and in doing so they fear it but this is not bad. Its not bad to be unhappy. It's just an option that, without realizing it, we often choose.

My proposal is that if we are not happy, we should live it.

Being unhappy is not the problem but when we do not feel happy, we don't want to be unhappy. That's where we begin to lose sight of the thread of life, a thread that never breaks. Not being aware of that thread, our soul lives asleep in a deep coma within our body, it becomes a walking coffin. And when the spark of life begins to emerge it is so amazing, so unexpected, that we panic.

We teach to children control that spark, that passion for life, sleeping them, paralyzing them. We teach them to paint without stepping out of the line and tell them to get out is wrong. As adults, when the soul consciousness attempts to pass the line of personality, we think that is wrong and get confused feeling guilt and frustration. We want to have everything under control; our emotions, our thoughts and our lives, so that nothing gets out of line; but we're not designed to control or to be controlled but to live, and life is a perfectly coherent cosmic chaos.

Braking the rules is natural in all living things. When one gets out of hand and no longer dependent begins to live his own life. That's braking the rules. We believe braking the rules is chaos and lawlessness. Something very bad, dangerous and immoral. Please look at those flowers there. That plant before she no had flowers and the plant has broken the rules ! observe the color is not a color either, it is its color, a white completely out of the rules.

There are so repressed passion! and when I say passion I don't mean shouting, jumps, bumps or euphoria. I mean the passion of a dewdrop that has been developed during the night on a sheet that is about to reach the maximum chaos and begins its journey, sliding fun to the ground where should become absorbed by the roots eventually will be part of that sheet where it initially slipped.

We speak of the passion of sitting where we are, the passion to be like us, to live our life, passion to feel sadness, that depth that brings us sadness and passionately listening to the evening for sorrow and in that moment of consciousness ... that's passion. There is so much passion at our disposal that we panic.

Did we observed how young children paint? They draw their lines without doubting the color or size. They do not take into account the dimensions of the paper. They trace fearlessly with passion. Did we seen instead how children paint when they are learning to paint? They paint afraid of getting it wrong, afraid to do it in a different way than what they have been told to be. In this way, creativity lives buried in thought « that will be well please", "not stepping out of line please" And that happy face with which they showed us before their exceptional drawings, now becomes an empty expression waiting for approval from adults.

Do we know that we have a concrete way of expressing happiness that is out of line? Now the questions are: "Why are we waiting that another one shows us his way? " " Why do we fear our happiness? ". "Is it not there where we want to go? " " Is it possible to be afraid of making mistakes, leads to flee happiness? ". The amount of happiness that surrounds us has no limits. Born in our hearts and extends throughout the universe because that happiness is what we are.

The question is: Are we willing to get out of the line of our personality and jump into the void of our being and our hearts ?, or do we prefer to keep looking out there to see how to get what we never got, how we've been trying so far? We try to succeed in life without knowing what is actually successful. "

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