

Our Future Generations

To Our Future Generations

By Yanase Giryō

An astronaut once said,
In my rocket ship I have travelled
to the farthest edges of the universe, but
I have not seen heaven, and I have not seen God.

There is really no wonder in that.
If a mole climbed up to the surface of the earth,
he would not see the shining sun,
he would not smell the sweet fragrance
of the bright flowers.
He would say,
I did not see a Rouault painting!
I did not hear a Beethoven concerto!

Our eyes see only in three dimensions.
In days now long past, people with other eyes
saw beyond the dimensions of the human world, believing that greater worlds existed there.

In the time of Bacon, Darwin, and Nietzsche,
we came to believe in a truth only of this world,
a truth that today rules kings and slaves alike,
blinding them to the deeper reality.
They shout to the heavens at the top of their voices,
Mankind! Mankind! We are the kings of the universe.
God? God? The God of heaven is dead.
Only what we can actually see is real and true.
Only the material world is real and true.
Man, though an animal himself, is king over the land.
We reign over Nature, both beasts and plants.
We govern everything that we create.
How wonderful! How splendid!

Peasants slaves arose in a mob and said,
Yes! That is so! You are right!
God is dead!
The power of man is master over Nature,
and we are the creators of our world, so prosperous, so rich!
How wonderful! How splendid!

In this way man created
a culture overnight, like a lunatic
with no form, no plan.
And now it is our bed of roses, and
this culture with no foundation
has dashed upon its thorns
the gifts of our Mother Nature:
earth, water, air, and food
all have felt its sting.
If we listen we will hear the death rattle
of slaves upon the earth
dying at the hands of their masters,
the machines of the modern world.

Among the dying there are still those
who have not yet felt the pain
and revel in their glory,
Their oily, grinning faces crying out,
More, more! Give us more!
Wealth alone brings health, happiness and peace!
They have drained the marrow
from the soul of our Mother Earth,
they squeeze out the last drops, crying,
More, more! Let us make more!

They have stripped our Mother Earth naked
with annihilating hands of steel,
leaving behind only a thin sheet of paper,
screaming, Develop and prosper! Rest and die!
If this were not enough,
the cosmos of mystery and wonder
has also succumbed to man.
it has left the beauty of the seas and the skies
and given way to a world of death and doom.

O grandchild of mine, O grandchild of mine,
please open your eyes
to the shallowness of human "wisdom";
to the depth of our crimes.

O grandchild of mine, O grandchild of mine,
awaken to the world! What is wisdom in us
is but a small part of the Truth
The essence of life is reverence for all life,
not just for ourselves.
Our culture of doom is only a mirage of true happiness

for you and for me, and for all of mankind.

O grandchild of mine, O grandchild of mine,
look to the stars,
and within the boundless skies
you will find the eyes of the universe.
And beyond this you will find
transcending human wisdom,
the light of benevolence.
Nature has not forsaken her executioner
to wither and die.
For Nature's merciful eye is forever loving,
forever forgiving.

O grandchild of mine, O grandchild of mine,
can you not see? Can you not see?
Bathed in the light of Truth,
can you not hear bursting forth in the music of Beethoven
the divine joy of the universe?
All mankind is one,
united beyond barriers of mere thought.
Let us humbly bow our heads
to the great Father above,
looking down on the stars below.
For hidden from our eyes
is the warmth of his love.
We must now return
to the bosom of our Mother, source of all life,
from whom we too received the grace of life.

O grandchild of mine, O grandchild of mine,
reach high to the stars
to hear the words of Buddha.
to hear the words of Christ.
Everywhere on the earth
shines the light of the Divine,
spreading forgiveness, salvation and joy.
Here lies the Garden of Truth.
Be quick on its path,
for this way lies tranquility.
So says the Voice.

O grandchild of mine,
make your vision wide,
use your wisdom well,
ignore the voice of the infernal,

heed the Voice of Truth.

The path of life is before you,

take to it in faith

towards the land of eternity,

toward the Garden of Light.

Translated by Mark Caprio, Clyde Moneyhun, and Yukiko Naito

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