

Carlos Pacheco



The Diary of Thoughts
The Poems

2nd Edition
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ISBN: 978-99959-762-4-8

This book is the synthesis of my THOUGHTS, the ones that are expressed through POETRY. I always managed to write about who I am and what I feel using this form of writing as it translates in few words what you usually explain in several pages of ordinary text.

POETRY is mostly related with FEELINGS and those never lie, the reason why POETRY is BEAUTIFUL as it is the mirror of ourselves. We'll never be able to write POETRY without feeling what we are saying. It comes straight from our HEARTS with all our PURENESS & HONESTY.

I started to write POETRY while living in Portugal, during my twenties. The first poem I wrote it was for a FRIEND of mine, a fellow worker that adored me. She was coming from a humble family, and she endured challenging contexts in her LIFE. I found her trapped in that terrible dimension and gave her all my support and FRIENDSHIP which originated that first poem of mine called "TO A FRIEND".

Later, while my late wife Eduarda was in Canada, I started to write simple POETRY for her in English, and that became a practice of mine, a way to express my SUFFERANCE & PAIN for being far away from her. This habit also brought me JOY & HAPPINESS every time I thought about meeting her again, finally helping my painful "state of mind".

When my beloved wife passed away, I found myself writing about everything that was living inside me during my whole LIFE. It was a way to liberate myself from that pain and at the same time being able to relive some past moments while writing about it. While doing it, I was always compelled to include some POETRY in between.

LIFE is nothing but a great and beautiful POEM where we just have to identify its real natural BEAUTY and interpret all the MESSAGES that are written between the lines. LIFE & NATURE are there, very present to our eyes and have no need for long sentences to explain it. POETRY is the same thing as it is the mirror of our SOULS expressed in few words.

I always felt that LIFE always brings us lots of compensations as she continually opens new doors when we find ourselves trapped in LONELINESS & SUFFERANCE when we think that there are no solutions, and we feel completely lost.

When I found myself alone in a foreign Country, LIFE brought me the presence of another beautiful human being who gave me her FRIENDSHIP and support, along with her natural TENDERNESS & AFFECTION. She persuaded me to finish my first book and brought me the necessary motivation and inspiration to keep writing.

Due to a very close similarity of SPIRIT & SOUL, we consolidated our FRIENDSHIP in such a way that I found myself addressing to her everything that I had lost, even my deepest FEELINGS in a very pure way. She was the first one that read my books, and she is the second person in my LIFE that knows exactly about who I am and what I feel.

This book is dedicated to Rosalind Machard as a tribute to who she is and what she represents to my EXISTENCE. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't be writing these words right now, maybe the reason why she kept me alive during these last two years.

Thank you from my heart Rose, Thank you, PRINCESS!

Carlos Pacheco, Consthum, Luxembourg, E.U. the 19th July 2013

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Numbers

(Excerpt from The Diary Of Thoughts, Vol. One – Part Two)

Millions and millions of THOUGHTS were lost in this slight lack of time that occurred. Not completely lost of course as that chain of images, sequences of LOGIC & ILLOGIC emerges from our SPIRITS.

It reminds me of the famous movie “THE MATRIX”, that shows an image of figures scrolling up and down as circulating on a FLOW. As a matter of fact, I agree completely with that vision about the matrix of our LIVES. It’s for sure there is one MATRIX.

*We could also call it “**The God’s Formula**” - (translation from the Portuguese original title), as a famous Portuguese writer, José Rodrigues dos Santos, who gave this title to one of his books. If the CREATION had to define our EXISTENCE by a MATRIX, I think that she would do it exactly like that.*

The movement implicated in that MATRIX matches my conception of the EXISTENCE of a Universal Flow of ENERGY & LOGIC, from where we all came and to where we’ll all return.

One day I read part of a book from a French author, Bernard Werber, where he tried to explain about the structure of a kind of pyramid that defines the several SPIRITUAL levels of evolution of human beings based on six numbers. Under that influence and basis, I wrote a poem where I tried to express that same idea, as follows:

Numbers

***A number is nothing but
the expression of a certain reason
defining a certain logic.***

***Like Life
a number is not something lost
within our understanding.***

***It's just a sort
of chain, of succession
of factors, of events
related to the intelligence
connected to our Existence.***

*Like all forms of expression,
a number is like a painting,
real but still abstract.
It's like a picture, a photograph
where sometimes we see an empty thing
but that has its content.
After all you just have to interpret it,
identify it to find its meaning.*

*In numbers,
Sequence and Cadence
give the origin and continuation
of an essential and primary factor
for evolution
that leads to change
The Universal Motion.*

*Number one
means the mineral state,
where there is not love, bond or option.
As it is cold and linear,
leads however to think,
that it is a primary state
but still so extraordinary
as the initiator of a process,
triggering, originating progress
and spiritual maturation.*

*Number two
expresses the vegetable state.
Because of its round and horizontal shape
it is no longer so trivial.
It implies loving the Sun and Heaven,
like a flower filled with colour
to please to a dimension, to a higher being.
It is connected to Earth.*

*Number three
is once again the mutation,
the maturation of the human Spirit.
In its original design
we find in the animal state
two halves, two truths.*

*The doubt about if you can love or not.
Its existence lies in the vagueness
of its convictions.
If we examine its reasons,
the number three is dragged,
sometimes overwhelmed by its instincts.
Given its lack of identity
it lives in duality between fear and desire.*

*Number four
translates with the symbol of the cross
the human state.
The cross also means light,
perception, the option of deciding
to remain in this state
or evolve to a higher level,
superior, absent.*

*Number five
is connected
to the man intellectually evolved.
It corresponds to the spiritual state.
If we determine its form
the number five is
the reverse of number two.
Unlike the vegetal being, the spiritual being
is connected to Heaven
and loves the Earth, the material.
The difference between connection and Love
provide a comparison ... the inversion
of two fruits of Creation:
the five and two.*

*Number six
is difficult to define, difficult to reach
in this dimension.
As it translates the absent
it depends only
on your prayer,
the belief that you can find
when you give what is inside you.*

***Keep on going in your search
of the insight of your feelings
and you will find the explanation,
the moments to identify the six.***

***Maybe you can join the Kings
that govern the Universe.
You might want to stay in this place,
continue to fight without change
or reach the understanding,
the comprehension
about the Source,
the Roots,
the Explanation.***

(Carlos Pacheco, Luxembourg, the 14th November 1998)

Forgive me

(Excerpt from *The Diary Of Thoughts*, Vol. One – Part Three)

I know a person that since a child was raised in an ambience of LOVE & AFFECTION where FATHER, MOTHER, and grandparents were always present at any moment. All along the way and since a tender age, this child had a much-disciplined behaviour, perhaps too much in terms of an acquired education from her progenitors, namely her MOTHER. Her FATHER was more open regarding giving her all the FREEDOM to decide for herself and let her take all the initiatives that she would like.

Her FATHER had been raised that way and his notion about FREEDOM was very wide. Freedom of action was given to anyone. He always said to her that every child should be raised to the World and not for ourselves as parents, and so that child was raised in that kind of environment. No control, restrictions or whatever.

Even with all the LOVE and AFFECTION, that child has never been able to come near her parents and say **“I love you, Daddy”** or **“I love you, Mama”**. It was not because her parents stopped loving her or never loved her before. All along her life, her parents did the **“possible”** and **“the impossible”** to provide her the best there was. Year after year, a complete devotion to their daughter was practiced until she became an adult.

Never once was that child - now a grown up woman, able to show any FEELINGS.

On the other hand, she dedicated her life to helping other people in spiritual terms, still hiding her FEELINGS, still not being able to open that forbidden door that she shut since she was a child.

Forgive me

**Forgive my way to love you,
my way to give
what I have inside of me,
sometimes the pain, the joy,
others the suffering.
It depends on the time,
on my state of mind.**

*Forgive me to not speak
but still say everything
without a word being pronounced.*

*Forgive me for this distance
that has gripped our lives,
this craving, this effort
that did not measure time
and finally found something lost.*

*Forgive me for not being present,
this my absent way to live, to breathe.
I did everything to build
the world that I could not give you
but that you had to find
by your steps.*

*Forgive me for my faults,
my commandments, my law.
I know that deep within you,
you understood me
but you just pretended
to ignore everything,
to forget everything.*

*Forgive me for the moment
in which feelings were ignored
just to build the material, the unreal,
the futile that surround us.
It would be better to find a home
filled with Love and Joy.*

*Forgive this old fool!
So little was needed to live for you.
Today I realized, felt, suffered
the pain of losing you.*

*Forgive me for who I am,
for all that was not achieved
in the course of my Existence.
Forgive me my love, my pain
for not seeing you,
not having you beside me.
Everything was a dream without end,
like Life.*

*(Carlos Pacheco, Luxembourg, the 19th September 1998)
dedicated to my daughter)*

I like you

(Excerpt from The Diary Of Thoughts , Vol. One – Part Three)

People need to hear the words “I LOVE YOU” mainly from the ones they LOVE the most.

This example also shows that our genetic origins don't forcibly imply an unconditional link between progenitors and children and vice versa. As people are so complex in their SPIRIT, it depends on each one of us to show their FEELINGS & EMOTIONS.

Parenthood or childhood doesn't rely exclusively on that genetic link. Strangers can become far more important to us than our parents and vice versa, depending on their way to show those FEELINGS and EMOTIONS. But those two elements are always present in everyone. There are just some people who are afraid of that, what it represents and what it obliges.

*To add something more to this little story and mentioning once again what I call as “**The Law Of Compensations**”, later on, that FATHER found another beautiful SOUL on the road of his LIFE and as a grown up being. She brought him all the COMFORT, CARE, TENDERNESS, AFFECTION, even LOVE that he was still missing, and that originated the following poem:*

I like you

***I like your simplicity,
your complicity
between you and the World!***

***I like the way you look.
It's just as you took
the Souls around you.
They will never find you
neither your dreams!***

***I like your dedication,
your contemplation
to the one you Love,
as if...
there would be only Stars above
the thunder that is always present!***

*I like to see you
as if you were mine,
as my daughter,
the child that I also lost.
Maybe I'm paying the cost
of being different
or just being me!*

*I like the way you think,
the way your lips just blink
when you want to say everything
without a word being told!*

*I like you!
What can I say?
Do I have to pray
for you not to be afraid
of what I represent,
for who I am?*

*I'm just a man
lost in this infinitive Land,
trying to understand
why can't we Love each other!*

*(Carlos Pacheco, Luxembourg, the 4th of July 2011)
(Dedicated to the daughter I didn't have)*

I wished

(Excerpt from The Diary Of Thoughts, Vol. One – Part Three)

Some people are afraid of FEELINGS and everything that they represent, maybe as a form to defend themselves from outside MISJUDGEMENTS about FEELINGS. Everything depends on the way we FEEL the FEELINGS that are living inside of us. This sensitivity only means that even to understand FEELINGS; we have to FEEL them. Isn't it incredible this interdependency?

Other people are bound by FEELINGS without even being aware of it. These FEELINGS are constant elements that are living deep inside each one of us, bringing us the identification of VALUES, PRINCIPLES and finally almost the same STATES OF MIND.

I had an example in my LIFE about pure feelings that could be translated by simple attitudes, gestures of COMPASSION, FRIENDSHIP & LOVE. When we nurture PURE feelings for somebody, we'll automatically see everything in a PURE way. It doesn't work otherwise.

As FEELINGS are very difficult to understand, because sometimes (or most of the times) they are not LOGICAL as they touch our SOULS, the different interpretations that follow that analysis are very subjective and conditioned to our notions about this FEELING, about FEELINGS in general.

One moment I was talking and saying goodbye to this true and great friend of mine and at a precise moment I told her that I need a kiss from somebody to heal the pain I had on my lip due to the flu with fever. At that moment, she turned her face away. It was sweet, and I loved that reaction. Later on, we started to joke about that, and I wrote her some words that represent PURE FEELINGS without any malice involved. Every time I looked at her I wished that I could kiss her beautiful lips in a very pure way as if I could capture the beauty of her SOUL and taste the pureness of her SPIRIT and integrate myself with it. However, I was afraid to lose her forever.

I Wished

***I wished
that time wouldn't exist
or that we could choose it,
being able to change it
and live together,
forever young and as one.
Being children again.***

*I wished
not to see in you
the compassion
but the passion
that makes people live,
not ignoring
but exploring
the deserts
with your steps,
being free!*

*I wished
I couldn't read
your dream,
what makes you scream
that you want more,
open a new door
for your happiness.*

*I wished
you didn't hide
your pride,
didn't contradict, but predict
your future, your Life
without a single mistake,
nothing that can break
your heart later on.*

*I wished
to see you happy
with a smile
that doesn't catch your tears,
your inner fears,
your pain, the rain
that lives n your heart.*

*I wished
that I could tell you
what I feel and think
without
seeing your eyes blink
by being afraid
not of me but of yourself.*

*I wished
I could kiss your eyes
one more time.
Feel, discover all the skies
living in the Universe
of your mind.
Embrace your face
and stay there
dreaming, sleeping
like a child.*

*I wished
I could kiss your lips
without being afraid
of losing you,
watching your face,
caressing you and believing
that it's just a pure feeling
for you.*

I WISHED

(Carlos Pacheco, Consthun, Luxembourg, the 30th October 2011)

The universal motion

(Excerpt from *The Diary Of Thoughts*, Vol. One – Part Four)

If we think carefully, we are surrounded by multiple “IMAGINARY WORLDS” that manifests at an individual and global level. As I said before in one part of this document, they are interdependent. At its limit, IMAGINATION is nothing but the development of THOUGHTS in a chain, like that MATRIX I already mentioned.

*The word “**chain**” is a reality because every THOUGHT is part of that “**universal chain**” originated by “**the mainstream**” of ENERGY of the CREATION. At this precise moment, I am writing these words in a kind of affirmation as it represents what I feel. It’s just that I don’t know any other way to describe this PERCEPTION about LIFE, about THE CREATION in any other way. Even less, I couldn’t ever prove it. It depends on our vision of our EXISTENCE.*

To try to give you a small idea about the way I feel, some years ago I wrote something that expresses that vision about my, our EXISTENCE, in IMAGINARY terms. It’s a poem dedicated to An excellent friend of mine, almost a BROTHER but first off all a FRIEND as our lives became connected by EVENTS, VALUES, and PASSIONS for ART & MUSIC; an identification of nearly identical STATES OF MIND.

The Universal Motion

**What I am talking
is about your personality,
your reality,
what’s inside your mind,
what you are able to find
within yourself.....
nothing else!**

**What I am talking
is about what you feel,
about the real and the illusion
that sometimes leads to confusion
about your existence,
a strange feeling,
a kind of distance
between you and the World!**

***What I am talking
is about the doubt
that makes you shout
that you want to stay
everyday
in peace with yourself,
without caring,
understanding nothing else
than.....
“Why do I exist
along with the Sky?”***

***What I am talking then
is about something
difficult to understand
between human beings
and as strange as it seems
few will have the means
to know me as I am,
what I represent,
what I resent
by the simple fact
of being born!***

***I don't even exist.
I'm just a dream that consists
on absorbing a certain notion
about the Universal Motion!
I'm a foreigner without a face
that will leave no trace
of my Existence!***

***I am dreaming
that I'm heavily crashed
against the floor
and people just ignore
that I can't breathe
because of the weight
that it is at stake.
The EARTH is on my chest.
I just can't find rest
if I don't know the meaning
of having this strange feeling.***

*What I am talking
is about waking up every day, to say....
"I want to tell the World
without a word being told
that they are liars within themselves,
they're just fools
following somebody's rules.
It's not worth
breaking inner trust
and destroy yourself,
who you are, what you feel,
what is real,
what is you".*

*What I'm talking
is about you and me,
about the need to see
that nothing happens without a reason.
It's like a season
that needs to find it's end.*

*Only some will understand
that changes will occur
becoming answers of a blur
to another dimension,
another extension
of the same shape,
the same rape
of the conventional notion
about the Universal Motion!*

*(Carlos Pacheco, Luxembourg, the 13th December 1996)
(Dedicated to my friend TOMMY TALTON and my Kooto
SERGIO)*

I don't mind

(I'm difficult to find)

(Excerpt from The Diary Of Thoughts, Vol. One – Part Four)

For some people it is imperative to find out about themselves, their POTENTIALS & LIMITATIONS, their FEARS, and their PASSIONS and so on. Others, they are afraid to know at what point they can be different. Finally, most people just ignore that there is another WORLD to be discovered right inside of them.

Recently I published another poem that goes in the same line of existential THOUGHTS, and once again I dedicated those words to a musician that meant very much to me as he was very far away from his time:

I don't mind

(I'm difficult to find)

***I don't mind
what I can find
GOOD or bad
HAPPY or sad.
I don't mind.***

***I don't mind
to see the IMAGES
that stay behind
the TRUTH
of each one.
I don't mind.***

***I don't mind
to be able to find
the UNKNOWN
the unshown
that we all DESIRE
but that it is FORBIDDEN.
I don't mind.***

*I don't mind
if it makes BRIGHT,
if it makes dark
as long as
we will have a new START
and live again.
I don't mind.*

*I don't mind
about the BEGINNING
or about the END
as long as I have a FRIEND
by my side.
I don't mind.*

*I don't mind
if I can UNDERSTAND
or simply stand ALONE,
looking at the SKY
and asking "why...
the STARS are there?"
I don't mind.*

*I don't mind.
I just
don't CARE
as long as you are right there,
yet still far away.
I don't mind.*

*I don't mind
if people are mean
or KIND.
If they can see
or if they are simply blind,
yet
still looking at the BRIGHT,
the LIGHT
of LIFE.
I don't mind.*

*I don't mind
if I LIVE
or if I DIE.
I wonder why
I don't mind.*

(Carlos Pacheco, Consthum, Luxembourg, the 16th October 2011)

(Inspired on Jimi Hendrix's title "IF 6 WAS 9")

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Carlos Pacheco was born on the outskirts of Lisbon, Portugal, EU, in a town called Queluz. Son of Rui de Sousa Pacheco and Isabel Maria Pacheco he reached Secondary School and stopped his studies to follow a professional career related to ORGANIZATION & METHODS, along with ACCOUNTING. He married his late wife Maria Eduarda Pacheco on the 3rd July 1971.

He joined the Army from October 1972 until April 1975, and he was classified first on Military Messaging Services. At the age of 38, he immigrated to Luxembourg as a result of a Contractual Agreement, after he accomplished professional missions in Switzerland and France.

At sixty years old, he decided to put in writing all his THOUGHTS, expressing, the best way he could all his inner VALUES, BELIEFS & CONVICTIONS, hoping that they would be captured and understood by some people as a message of SPIRITUALITY along with notions about LOVE & FRIENDSHIP.

Rosalind Machard was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Her TALENT as a painter translates her BEAUTIFUL SOUL, her LOVE for LIFE, her FEELINGS. Her VISIONS, her SENSITIVITY, her personal touch are going to be present in this book on a different edition, through her sketches, IMAGES that reflect who she is and what she represents, the reason why she is present in my LIFE and also the explanation why I finished this document.

Through our communion of THOUGHTS, FEELINGS & STATES OF MIND, we managed to achieve together the humble content that is expressed in all those written words and at the same time, we consolidated our RELATIONSHIP as it is so special.

BEAUTIFUL SOULS are destined to meet each other, to finally identify themselves and try to give that same message, that same need, to all people around us.

GOD BLESS YOU ROSALIND MACHARD, GOD BLESS YOU PRINCESS!

Mary Anne Finnemore is a dear friend, a Tutor of English, Music, and Respite Care, who puts all her passion into her work. She collaborates on this project by giving her precious contribution in the area of text reviewing.

About Mary Anne: ECLECTIC: perpetual student of life, humanist by nature with a passion for music, avid outdoors woman, art, and life. MUSIC: piano my key instrument is a wonderful resource and teaching tool providing respite care for

persons of all ages and abilities. Mostly self-taught it is my greatest joy. COOK: professionally for over 30 years in every aspect of the business applying my skills to respite care both teaching and specialized diets. TUTORING: English: Reading, Writing, and Comprehension are both a personal and professional mission of mine to help others succeed in their life which I have been doing most of my life paid but mostly volunteer. No subject is taboo, and no question goes without an answer, to the best of my ability. My purpose here is to see you reach your dreams refining your expressions to print.

May GOD bless you all!

PS: I would like to present my deepest thanks to a very dear friend of mine, Rosalind Machard, a great ARTIST, a great SOUL, a beautiful human being who helped me finish this simple book, also the author of the illustration that is present on its cover. She shared with me the most difficult moment of my LIFE and gave me the necessary STRENGTH to achieve what she called **“maybe the final purpose of my LIFE”**.



(Dedicated to Rosalind Machard)

REFERENCES

WEBSITE

www.diaryofthoughts.com/

FACEBOOK

www.facebook.com/DiaryOfThoughts/

SOUNDCLOUD

www.soundcloud.com/cmike51

OTHER BOOKS

THE DIARY OF THOUGHTS - VOLUME I
THE DIARY OF THOUGHTS - VOLUME II
DREAMS LOST IN TIME
SIMPLICITY AND COMPLEXITY

BOOKS IN PORTUGUESE

SONHOS PERDIDOS NO TEMPO
AS MINHAS PALAVRAS
SIMPLICIDADE E COMPLEXIDADE

AUDIO BOOKS

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ISBN: 978-99959-762-4-8