

Decide

Allegghieri Dante – © Ólafur Andersson

O man, here everything is right.
Warmth surrounds you.
Eternal sunlight.
The sky is blue.
The mountain peaks are white.
Women are beautiful.
Peace rests on all things.

Your eyes widen.
You hardly dare to believe
you have arrived here.

*Io vidi Beatrice,
e la mia anima tremò.
La luce parlò nel suo volto,
e il mio cuore tacque.*

Do you want to stay?
Do you want to step into your dream
and leave the struggle behind—
the fight, the weight, the road still waiting for
you?

You may stay.
But there are conditions.

Conditions, old friend—
and you may remain.

Oh yes, it is not simple.
Yet it is easy.
It is only a matter of choice.

Decide.
Here, everything is given.
Decide—
do not hesitate.

*Donna che reggi la mia vita,
dimmi la via.
Io sono pronto,
se pronto posso essere.*

If you wish to remain,
you must be purified.

You must descend

You must descend
into the three fountains.

The first washes memory—
all that binds you to pain.

The second cleanses desire—
all that bends truth into hunger.

The third strips the self—
until nothing false remains.

Only then
may you reach me.

Hold on to yourself.
Want it, and everything will follow.

But your mind keeps moving,
searching, questioning.

Come on, man—
now you're ruining it.

Let yourself be persuaded.
There is nothing to lose here.
There is no death.

Everyone is honest.
Let yourself be persuaded.
Do not listen to your mind—
it will mislead you.