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**The Logos Sounds: Poetry Gives Birth to Infinity**

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Ladies and gentlemen, the creators of this supreme art called poetry, Good Evening  
From the words of Dimitris Kakalidis is my word and to the temple of the muse “Erato”, I bow.

*The lyric has neither end nor a beginning,  
poetry never dies,  
in the range of the universes the highest teaching  
it sounds the tragedy of its Logos.*

**The Logos sounds...** *“The Logos speaks to its Logos, to its heavenly bodies. It addresses to their infinite soul, to their infinite spirit, to the bodies of the bodies, to its body.”*

*Oh inflamed seeds of my spirit,  
suns that burn in the sky,  
my bodies, my roses of my miracle,  
the essence of my nature amidst the void.*

The infinite, the Universe, the Galaxies pulsate. The Suns, the Planets pulsate. The hearts of the Poets pulsate as well... Imagination gallops; it runs to conceive inspiration; to unite with the divine spark, the divine lightning, the one that is sent out from the source of the divine Mind. The poet paves the way through the Logos. He reads the musical score of the Universe and harmonically performs its music. Logos is talking to its words, to its syllables, to the consonants and vowels of its soul. It endows them with cosmic harmony and infinity. They align one next to another, symmetric or asymmetric, with every syllable and every sound enclosing concentrated wisdom and knowledge; and all together in one vision, in one idea: the poem. The poem that from its very creation encloses the infinite. The bells of Logos are tolling... Poetry gives birth to infinity.

*Signaling,  
I refer to my being,  
the spirit's never-falling light  
I made aeon dawn on my eternity  
Logos echoes  
from the sun to the sea  
from the sky to the earth  
from the infinite to the finite world  
from the world to man  
from man to oneself.*

**Dimitris Kakalidis is the poet** who every moment in his manifold work praises the poets. He calls them “mystics”, “spiritual guides”, “recreators of Logos”, endowed with inner strength that is spurring them to break the barriers opening windows to the boundless. He recognizes the ability that they have to exalt the meanings to the divine, to transubstantiate them into “prayer”, “greatness”, “essence” by shaping their images, by skillfully playing with words. He contributes to the interpretation of their word which is the Logos of the one Poet, talking about the power of the pure “shepherd mind”, about the spirit that “radiates with light and wisdom”; about the love that masters “passions and weaknesses”. He defends the Knowledge that lights up the “Abyss”, the “relentless forces of the unconscious” which oppress humanity.

*My word  
sacred, holy,  
highest, divine,  
and my mysteries supreme,  
unprecedented, unique,  
insuperable ideas of my divine train of thoughts  
that my eternity  
perpetually rule.*

*“The burden of the centuries consigns its hopes to the poets. From the field of the universal mind, the ideas, the bearing waves are cordlessly transmitted to the timeless agora like a universal request, seeking for the realization of megacosmic vision”.*

*Oh music of the earth and the sky,  
superb song of the dream,  
you emanate from the source of the divine mind  
taming the beings of the infinite.*

*“The writing sounds; the verse outweighs its century. This is the ultimate issue of the poet. He creates the myth; he re-creates it; he preserves it throughout the centuries. Animal-born, human as he is, a horseman, a rider of the winds, dominant of the power; he abandons his stallion, if he has to, and as a walker he fights against death”.*

*Archer I will remain forever  
aiming at inexistent targets,  
wild of the winds I'll be an ascetic  
a God driven fool dancing in the chaos.*

***“Each poem and a vision; each vision and a truth, a potential realization”***

**Dimitris Kakalidis takes the poem in his words**, any poem and as he approaches it with respect, he proves that it is filled with particles of light and messages of knowledge. The words, one aside the other, chosen cautiously and wisely from the poet, accompanying the commas and the full stops; aligned or not in melodic quatrains, in the words of the poet Dimitris Kakalidis they become flames, ideas, visions... They become planets, they become suns, they become Universes; they become Infinite.

*My song a light,  
darkness my cry,  
my love power  
flower of acanthus.  
I appear and I am found  
the seeker.  
Realizer of the winds,  
peacemaker of the waters,  
the everlasting of my cosmic flames.*

He conjoins the word of the creator with his own word. He analyses the poem, he deepens into the ideas, he interprets the meanings, he sees the symbols behind the words. He reveals the myth; the hidden essence of the work. He processes, he analyses this essence. He spreads it out in the Universe, he makes it conscience and he returns it completely pure for the reader, always recognizing in it the greatness of the poet.

*“Oh, blessing of the poets, great grace, heavenly revelation into the deprivation of earth. Their poems are prayer, spiritual contemplation, ecstasy; the dance of heavenly bodies in God's magnanimous poem. Gratitude is the praise at the edge of silence.”*

In his own poetic way; from a different path each time. Sometimes purely intellectually, other times he emphasizes in symbols by using examples from mythology and history, other times he uses the wisdom of numbers, travelling us to the times of Omiros, of Herakleitos, of Pythagoras. And still other times his analysis becomes itself a poem that praises the poem. Whichever way he uses, he always aims to lead his reader to a journey beyond the appearances, beyond the commitments of the limited mind; to the inner liberation. Therefore, through his analyses in his double volume essay, “The Wisdom of the Poem” and “The Wisdom of the Narrative”, he proves that every poem, every narrative is an open window from which the reader can see passions, fears, unpleasant but also pleasant situations of life, to be transformed into knowledge and love, while at the same time the Wideness, the Universe, the Infinite is revealed to him.

*When the planets arrive in your courtyard  
inquiring about the origin of the suns,  
tell them it is your very soul,  
soul of infinite souls, source of flames.*

**Dimitris Kakalidis is the Philosopher;** the philosopher that connects the everyday with the eternal, the human with the divine, the “microcosm” with the “macrocosm”. He totally believes in man’s pure nature, which can lead him to “bliss”, if he wants to.

*The depth of the earth,  
the depth of time,  
dimension of sun  
in a night of silence.*

**Dimitris Kakalidis is the Master;** he is the mystic, the teacher who comes from other times; from times when people used to yearn for the essential but also the beneficial, the theoretical but also the practical.

*Sending Holy Message to meet thee  
reaching you the day of your delay  
having heavenly power, you have forgotten  
that, you are the world and capable of all.*

**His offering is inexhaustible!** With his endless love he embraces every human being, the nature, the Universe. He praises the Entity, God whom he recognizes in everything. With his whole work, his entire life, he calls man to spiritual alertness so as to gain inner freedom, his inner independence; to know Himself, to love Life; to realise that he has the ability to be well, and... to always be well.

*My people,  
fellows, idols,  
throng of my creations,  
my absolute abutments  
existences for me to praise.  
Dancest thou and I shall sing  
chantest thou and I shall celebrate  
I grieve and you die  
you are born and I live.*

**Dimitris Kakalidis is the visionary, the pioneer.** With his poetry he officiates into the inner world of man. His word always truthful, essential, it touches the sensitive chords of the soul and these pulsate to the message, to the optimistic message that always brings a solution to the dead-end. With his way of life he provides the practical application for all that he has taught.

It is over 30 years now that he founded a philosophical centre called “Omilos Eksipiretiton” (The Servers’ Society), a place where Philosophy, the World of Letters, and Poetry are blending together with love, the ultimate interest and dedication to all human beings.

*I boast for my creation,  
rafter of my suns, I am,  
school of the schools,  
into my becoming,  
the form thriving,  
is studying my soul’s life.  
I am awake,  
I turn against the eternal sleep of my world  
and of my holy matter  
the wild nature I tame.*

Man, according to Dimitris Kakalidis, is the Group. The Group is the Humanity and Humanity is the Universe. Through the small, the limited, the formed he passes to the great, the infinite, the formless, always bringing a redeeming message.

*The humanity universe,  
eternal flame of the night,  
the thriving female  
bed of my sperms,  
sinister, pregnant with me womb,  
so that in the field of my infinite knowledge  
ignorance gives birth to me,  
the unknown God.*

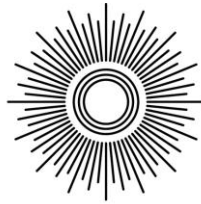
*“The great mystic can only be a poet, the one who is united, he who utterly represents the Monad in his ecstatic wanderings in the infinite. He dresses himself with symbols and meanings. He is the essence and the forms. He lives and experiences the unfathomable within the mind and the heart and he uses the lyrics to express it, clarifying, earthing his truth to the chaos of ignorance; a world himself within the ignorance of the world.”*

*Oh Hellas my body and my spirit,  
the quintessence of soul and form,  
you flame in my cell like a torch  
casting light at the ends of earth.*

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