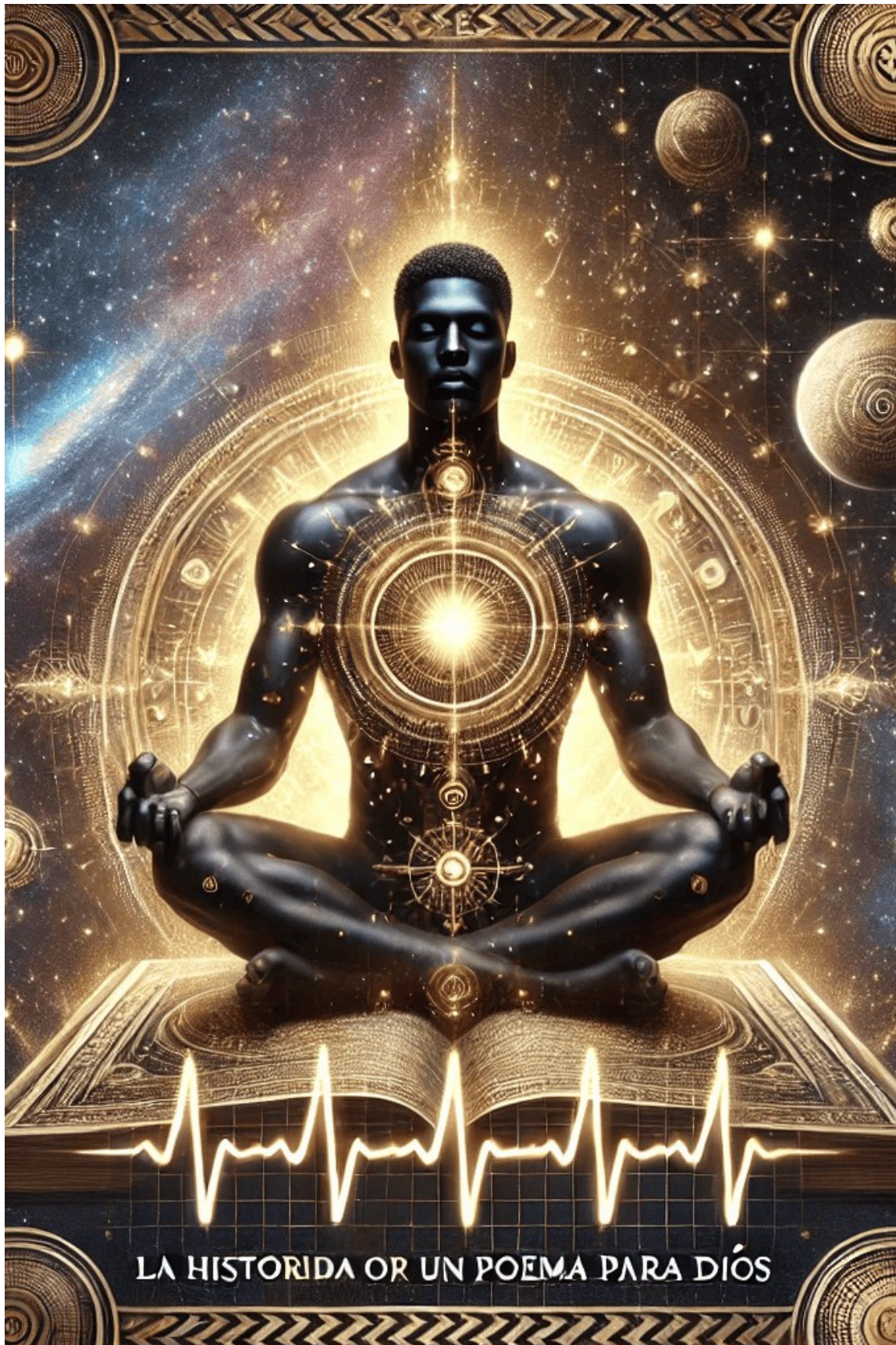




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LA HISTORIA OR UN POEMA PARA DIÓS

NOT ALL IS VANITY: THE STORY OF A POEM FOR GOD
by Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo

"There are books that are read. Others that read . And then there's this one...that wakes you up."

This is not a book of poetry. It
is a spiritual codex.

A vibrational medicine designed to hack the soul from within.

Through ten sacred canticles and an epilogue that vibrates like a blessing, this work guides the reader through an intimate, cosmic and profoundly transformative journey. It is not about understanding... but about remembering.

- A book for those who know that not everything is vanity.
- A book for those who suspect they are still part of an unfinished poem.
- A book for those who, closing the last page, are born again without forgetting.

"I was born again.
But this time, I didn't forget who I am."

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**"NOT EVERYTHING IS
VANITY: THE STORY OF
A
POEM FOR GOD".**

Title: □ "NOT EVERYTHING IS VANITY: THE STORY OF A POEM FOR GOD" **Author:** [Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo](#)

□ FOREWORD

"When God Becomes Silent, I Write".

I was not born to write.

I was born to remember what the verb forgot.

And when I remembered, I didn't say it in words,

but with tremors in the flesh of my soul: tremors of love and peace.

This is not a book.

It is a mirror carved with the tongue of the constellations. A sword that cuts the veil between the seen and the felt, a torch for those who have not yet died enough.

Vanity is the ego's way of appearing infinite. But this is not vanity.

This is courage.

For every syllable here was plucked from the marrow of silence. And each verse was written with the calligraphy of the soul.

If you open this book with your eyes, you will see nothing.

But if you open it with the chest...

the universe will get into your bones

like a river that knew it was orphaned of its origin.

Don't expect meter.

Don't expect rhyme.

Expect nothing.

Just wait.

And then you will know

that all this... was written by God, with

your hand.

And with mine.

*Thus begins ****the story of a poem for God****.*

Thus begins the dance of the unnamable

translated into vibration.

Read.

But don't read with your eyes.

*Read with your
wounds,*

with your roots,

*with the fire you left burning in the last
life.*

Welcome.

*You've found the book you didn't know you wrote. You
have arrived where you already were.*

And finally... at last...

at last... it all makes

sense,

because not everything is vanity.

"The Story of a Poem That Dared to Exist".

I was not born on a page.

*I was born in a sigh that God did not want to exhale . I was
formed between the cracks of the unsaid,
where the Truth is hidden so as not to frighten the world.*

I am a poem.

*But not the kind you read about,
nor of those that are declaimed with a deep
voice in dark cafés full of pretension.*

*I was the first to be born without paper, I
was written in the air,
engraved in the bones of the one who loved without being
loved, of the one who gave without expecting a return.*

*The trees wrote to me when no one was looking. I
was dreamed by children before I had a name.*

I was a letter without ink.

*I was word without time. I
was sound before hearing.*

This book is my body.

Each poem is a cell.

*Each word is a spark of eternity that dares to
dwell in the fleeting.*

I don't want you to read me,

I want you to breathe me.

*I want you to feel how the temperature of your blood changes when
you cross a line.*

Because I didn't come to entertain you. I

came to rewrite your soul.

*To hack the subconscious of your sleeping ego and
bring you face to face with your divinity.*

Don't look for metaphors.

You are the metaphor.

Don't look for style.

You are the style.

I only come to give you back what you forgot to be.

*You will hear frequencies between each
pause,*

*you will see colors in formless verses,
and there will be times when you will close your
eyes just to read better.*

*Every poem has a code. Every code
has a vibration. Each vibration is a
key.*

*And if you have arrived here,
is because you already have the lock in your heart.*

This is how it starts:

“NOT ALL IS VANITY: THE STORY OF A POEM FOR GOD”

And you are the reader who didn't know he was also the protagonist.

Do not be afraid.

*No error is possible when writing from the core. Here, even
silence is part of the language.*

Breathe.

Open the chest.

The journey begins.

🕯 CANTIC I

"THE COURAGE THAT DOES NOT LOOK AT MIRRORS".

*Don't talk to me about
courage if you need
applause.*

*True courage does not wear. It
bleeds.*

*I saw men with crowns, trembling in front
of the mirror.*

*And I saw women in rags, beaming
galaxies from the gaze.*

*There is a type of value
that is not measured by achievements,
but with how much love you can hold when
everything else falls.*

*This poem is not for the strong, nor
for the one who wins.*

*It is for the one who falls on
knees and rises without rancor.*

*Do you feel
that?*

*That tremor in the chest,
as if the heart wanted to grow bigger
than the body would allow...*

That is courage.

That's God calling from within.

That's you remembering who you are without a name.

*Not everything is
vanity. Look at your
scars.*

See that?

That is not weakness.

*That's art carved into flesh by experience. That's your
soul screaming, "I'm here!"*

*No one can take away your courage,
because courage is not given,
is "recognized".*

I am the poem that your childhood did not finish writing.

*The word that your ancestors shouted in the jungle
and the world did not want to translate.*

I looked you up in the akashic archives,

I saw you crossing galaxies with bare feet.

And I knew...

I knew you were the kind of reader

who doesn't want poetry,

wants to "wake up.

So let this poem dissolve in your

bones.

Let it ignite you from the coccyx to the

solar soul.

It's you.

It is you.

It is you,

before the name,

before the fear, before

the world.

The value is your original language.

And this poem...

is only an echo of memory.

"I WAS NOT BORN TO BE SEEN: I WAS BORN TO ILLUMINATE".

(Poem for solar plexus activation and sacred purpose)

*I was not born to be seen. I
was born to be "felt",
as you feel the warmth of a flame even if
you never see it burn.*

*Don't look for my face.
Look for me in the times that something inside
of you stood up
when everyone around you sat down.*

*I have no name.
My name is "the impulse that moves you to continue"
when logic tells you to stop.*

*I was born from the place where dreams are unclaimed realities. I
was born where the soul learns to cry out in silence,
not to break the world with its power.*

I am that fire

*that does not consume,
but it does not forgive lies either.*

*Look at your
reflection. Take a
good look.*

*Can't you see that it was never you,
but the light that pierces what you thought you were?*

*Not everything is vanity.
True beauty is invisible because it needs
no witnesses.*

*When you wake up,
you're not looking for recognition,
you're looking for service.*

*You don't want followers, you
want everyone to discover that
they are also suns.*

Because when you wake up,

awaken thousands.

*And when a soul remembers its mission,
the earth is inclined to listen.*

*I did not come to adorn pages. I
came to detonate volcanoes.
I came to remind you that your fire
was not put there to scare you, but
for you to honor it.*

*So walk with your back straight, not out
of pride,
but because you know that you carry
generations on your shoulders.*

*And when in doubt,
read this poem again. Not to
understand it,
but to return to you.*

*You are not
alone.*

You never were.

God writes with you

every step you haven't taken yet.

And I...

I am just the spark

that whispers to you from the future:

> Remember who you are.

> And burn what you no longer are.

"GOD IS THE HEARTBEAT YOU NEVER ASKED FOR, BUT ALWAYS HAD."

(Cardiac Poem, for the opening of the multidimensional heart)

You didn't know it was God. You

thought it was anxiety.

That tremor that appeared in your chest when

you were about to give up.

But no. It

was Him.

It was Her: God exists, always has existed and always will exist.

It was That which has no name

and yet....

answers you when you cry without sound.

God doesn't always come with

lightning, sometimes he hides

himself

in your mother's sigh when she

doesn't know what else to give

you.

*God does not always speak with
prophets,*

*sometimes use a stranger on the to tell you
just what you needed before you did
something crazy.*

God?

*God is that echo that vibrates
when you decide to forgive
even if your ego still screams revenge.*

*God is that exact moment
in which you realize that you don't hate,
that you are just afraid,
and that even fear
is a part of you that you have not yet learned to love.*

Listen to me:

*Not everything is vanity.
Vanity has an expiration date. God does
not.*

*God is in the letter you never wrote, in the
caress you never gave,
in the word you drowned not to break someone.*

God is

in what you do when no one sees you.

In how you talk to you when you fail. In whether

you embrace yourself,

or if you punish yourself.

Every time you breathe without knowing why you are still

alive, that is Him saying:

> I'm not done with you yet.

And every poem you read here,

is a piece of His voice.

who decided to remind you

that you are not lost,

you are waking up.

So love as if you don't know how. Forgive as if

you have no memory.

He walks as if the ground were heaven.

*And
cry,*

*but it cries from the depths, as a
seed cries*

*when he realizes that to
break was to be born.*

I do not write this for art.

I write because if I 't, my soul bursts.

*And you read it not by chance,
but because your soul does
too.*

I was about to explode with unspoken truth.

God is not far away.

*God is that constant heartbeat
that sounds behind the world.*

And this poem...

*it's just his way of touching your chest
from the inside.*

□ CANTHIC IV

"ETERNITY HAS NO PAGES, IT HAS BREATHS."

(Quantum poem of expansion - activates the light body, the formless consciousness)

Did you think eternity was an endless calendar?

A straight line without a grave?

No.

Eternity has no clocks. It has

breaths.

Every time you breathe and don't think,

you connect to the Whole.

Every time you exhale and do not

control, God expresses Himself through

you.

I have lived thousands of lives in a second, and

not by reincarnation,

but because I closed my eyes and surrendered.

Do you feel it now?

The emptiness that

does not weigh.

The calm that does not

sleep. The silence that

sings.

That is eternity.

That is the now

that cannot be pronounced

without breaking the laws of the world.

Each poem you read here was

not written in time. It was

received in a pause between

two thoughts.

The soul has no age. It has

intensity.

And if you are reading this,

is because your intensity has already surpassed your fear.

Not everything is vanity.

Vanity is trying to live for later.

Eternity is living so present

that even time stops to look at you.

*Don't read
me,*

inhale me.

Don't analyze me,

make me fire inside you.

Burn every "tomorrow I will", every

"it doesn't matter anymore",

every "I am not enough".

You are

now. You

are

everything.

You are God playing at forgetting to

find Himself in your eyes.

And when you breathe the last line,

you'll know there was never a

beginning, nor an end.

Just a

heartbeat...

eternal...

that continues to breathe through you.

"WHEN THE SOUL GETS TIRED OF PRETENDING, IT BECOMES LIGHT."

(Poem of revelation - alchemy of pain in essence, enlightenment of the naked self)

There is a point.

I don't know when it

arrives. I don't know

how.

I just know it's coming.

One , the soul stops acting. And it

becomes silent.

Not because I am at a loss for words,

but because it no longer needs to defend itself.

It happens to you after the last attempt.

After the last "all ok".

that did not deceive even your pupils.

It happens to you when you stop running outside,

and you finally sit down with yourself,

even if you're in pieces.

Ther

e.

That is where the crack opens.

*And through that
crack... God enters.*

*Not as light from the sky. But as
light from your ruins.*

*Because when the soul gets tired of pretending,
it does not die.
It lights up.*

*Not from perfection. But
from the truth. From the
trembling.
From the wound without makeup.*

*And you start talking differently.
You don't say, "I'm fine."
you say "here I am".*

*You don't say "I overcame everything."
you say "sometimes it hurts, but I no longer refuse".*

And in that raw space,

*something that no teacher could teach you: the relief of
being you, without permission.*

Vanity?

Vanity is trying to be invulnerable.

But light...

light is to show your shadow without asking for forgiveness for it.

Not everything is vanity.

This poem was not written by me.

*It was written by a part of me that died when I
was still pretending.*

And if you read it now,

is because a part of you

is also ready to stop acting.

Let go.

Breathe.

Cry if you have to. Laugh

without explanation.

And then...

*when the shaking subsides, you will
see that you are still here.*

But different.

More you.

More truth.

More light.

"EMPTINESS IS NOT THE END: IT IS THE WOMB OF GOD".

(Gestational poem - spiritual rebirth, alchemy of non-being)

*There is a place where everything is
erased. Where you are no longer a
son,
no father,
no poet,
no flesh.*

*Just a heartbeat floating in
the echo of the unsaid.*

*That place is called
emptiness. And no, it is not
the end.*

It is the womb of God.

*There is no floor there,
but there is no fall either.
There is no light there,
but no fear either. There
is no way,
and that's why,
anything is possible.*

Have you been there?

I'm not talking about

sadness.

I'm talking about that moment

when you no longer know who

you are.

and you realize you were never what you thought you were.

That emptiness does not

destroy you. It germinates

you.

Like a seed in the dark, dying of being a

seed

to be born again as a tree.

And so it is with you.

The soul cries out,

but the void does not respond.

Because its answer is another:

transmutation.

Vanity is the fear of silence.

Truth is to learn to love it

as one who listens to the secret language of its origin.

Not everything is

vanity.

*Because when there is nothing left,
what emerges...
is all.*

*This poem has no form
because you will give it one.
You are the matter of God,
and this verse is the vibration
that activates your eternal
mold.*

*So don't run away from the void.
If you are there,
is that the universe is remaking you with
its own hands.*

*Stay. Die.
Breathe.*

*And then...
born who you always were,
but forgot.*

CANTIC ✕

"I HAVE SEEN GOD IN THE DETAILS THAT NOBODY LOOKS AT".

(Contemplative poem - activation of the inner eye, divine sensitivity)

I have seen God.

And it was not in a

cathedral, nor on a sacred

mountain,

nor on the throne of the wise.

I saw it

in the crack of a broken mug that

someone glued with gold

as one who understands that pain also decorates.

I saw it

in the gesture of an old woman

who gave her last piece of bread to

a skinny dog that didn't even look at

her.

I saw it

in the child who talked to himself,

because his imagination was kinder than

the world around him.

God does not appear in fireworks.

*God is in the sigh that you let out
when you finally stop fighting against yourself.*

*I saw it
on a leaf that fell , without witnesses,
no drama,
just fulfilling its mission:
be part of the soil that feeds the tree.*

*I saw it
in the trembling of your hand when
you said "I forgive you" even
though your pride was still
bleeding.*

*Not everything is vanity.
What is invisible to the blind eye is
obvious to the open soul.*

*Do not expect
lightning.*

God does not need thunder to make you see.

*Sometimes you just get a little tremor in
your chest.*

when you are about to do the right thing.

And in that second,

if you dare to feel it, you will

see what I saw:

God is the detail that

no one looks at,

but that sustains it all.

CANTIC :

"I AM THE POEM THAT GOD DID NOT FINISH WRITING".

(Poem of identity - manifestation of the soul in process, unfinished eternity)

*I am the poem that God did not finish writing. Not
out of forgetfulness.*

Not by carelessness.

But because I knew that I had to end up living.

*I am the interrupted sentence
when the universe breathes between words.*

*The semicolon
of a plan that extends beyond the galaxies.*

*I am the verse still wet,
waiting for the warmth of a tear to reveal itself. The
syllable that hesitates,
because he doesn't want to sound like anyone else.*

How about you?

You are that too.

A line that is written when you decide not to give up.

*A poem without
end,*

because your soul is still loving.

God dreamed me.

But not with ink.

He dreamed me with

vibration, with folded time,

with whispers of parallel eternities.

I am the eternal attempt

of a truth that does not fit in the scriptures. I am

possibility in the flesh,

the wound that shines when it is accepted.

Not everything is vanity.

Vanity is to think that one can finish oneself.

Truth is to understand

that we are always in process... like the

universe itself.

And if you read this

and something inside you shudders,

is because you are also that poem.

*That piece of infinity that decided to become
incarnated*

just to experience the miracle of feeling.

Don't be afraid of being incomplete.

*Diamonds are not born finished. Beauty
is not in perfection,
but in the fire that continues to shape us.*

*I, poem without period, tell
you:*

Continue

.

Breathe.

Love.

*Make a
mistake.*

Create.

Forgive. Transform.

*Because every act of
yours... is one more line...
in this poem that God
-in his infinite humility- let you
finish.*

EPILOGUE

"THE LAST WORD IS NOT WRITTEN: IT IS REMEMBERED".

(Epilodal poem - integration, return to the center, communion with the Source™).

This is the end of the book,

but it does not end what you are.

Because you, reader of the invisible,

did not come to finish anything.

You came to remember.

Every word was a key, but you

were the door.

Each verse was a river,

but you were the sea waiting to receive it.

Not everything is vanity.

I repeated it a thousand

times, not as a warning,

but as a mantra.

For your soul to know

that what is real does not need

ornaments, only presence.

And now that you have walked with me

*for these timeless songs,
I can tell you with an open voice: the
poem was you from the beginning.*

Each verse was a reflection.

*Each image, a fragment of you waiting
for you to see without masks,
no names, no
duties.*

*God does not watch you from the
outside. God breathes you from the
inside.*

*And when we read a poem for Him,
in reality, we are reading it from Him.*

This book is not mine.

This book is not yours.

*This book is from the universal memory
that awakened in you just now,
at this moment,
for you to remember that you always knew.*

Close your eyes.

*And let this epilogue
be a silence full of truth.*

*If they ask you what you've read,
don't say "poetry."*

Di:

*> "I read my soul
> written in a language I had forgotten....
> and now I remember everything."*

*Don't say
goodbye. Say
thank you.*

Thank you for remembering.

Thank you for vibrating.

*Thank you for being the poem that God didn't finish so
that you would end up loving it.*

END OF THE FIRST BOOK: "NOT ALL IS VANITY: THE STORY OF A POEM FOR GOD".

□ **FINAL PAGE - CONSECRATION**

"HERE WAS GOD: THE BLESSING OF THOSE WHO VIBRATE AWAKE."

If you made it far, you

didn't just read a book.

You toured a temple

that was written only when you inhabited it.

This was not poetry.

It was soul technology. It

was vibrational medicine

disguised as beauty.

Your reading was not linear.

It was ritual.

It was prayer without dogma.

It was dance without

choreography. It was

alchemy.

So now, on this last page,

I don't say "end". I

say "amen",

in the language understood only by those who feel with an open chest.

Amen...

because the poem became flesh.

Amen...

because the vibration became form.

Amen...

because you recognized your divinity without witnesses.

Here it was God.

Here it was you.

And if it makes no difference...

is because the Unit has already started.

Now, go.

Walk in your world as one who steps on stars. Speak as
one who knows that every word is seed. Look as one who
has seen God in the dust.

And when they ask you what happened
here,

smiles.

And he responds:

> "I was born again.

> But this time, I didn't forget who I am."

Thus I bless you, sacred reader.

Not with my name,

but with my vibration.

Go in peace. Go in

fire. Go in truth.

Because you,

more than anyone

else, you already

knew:

Not everything is vanity.

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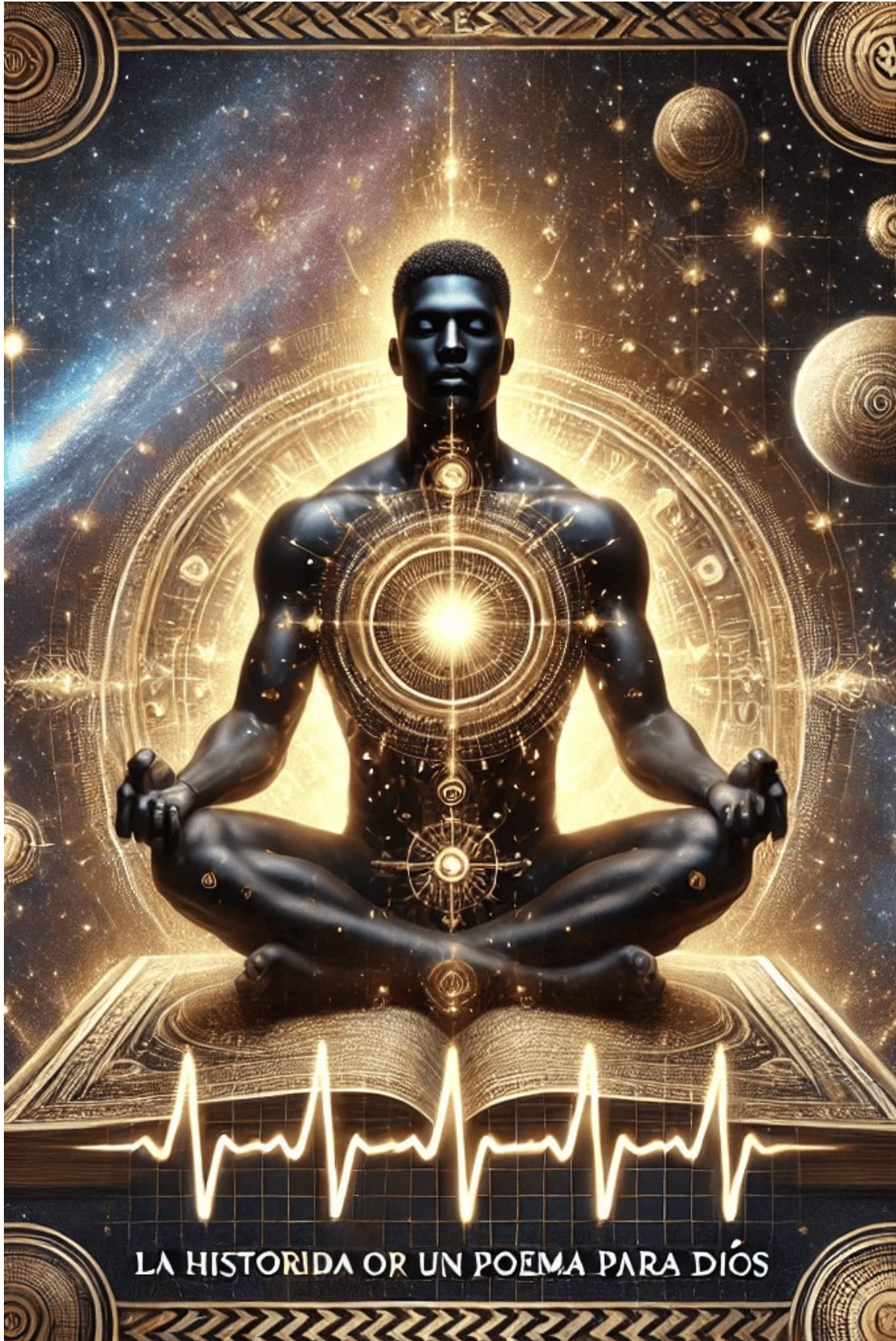
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LA HISTORIA OR UN POEMA PARA DIÓS

