



Filipe Alexandre de Andrade
Sá Moura

O Vulto

The figure

I love you more times than my heart
can beat...

I Breathe Out| You Breathe In| The Same Air| Of Loving I'm

all the colours to paint your World...
... for me, for you and for those who love me

One day...

You planted a root... In
my heart... Today, that
tree...

It's called love for a lifetime... It can never be
torn away...

For it lives... Inside
me...

100% Original Content

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Monday 30th April 2007

Transformer

Balance of shining forces that
transform reality.

Switchboard Controls
the positions and destinations of the
universal current.

Sunlight

Illuminate your insides
obscure terrestrial nature.

11

Luminous Fountain

They fall like drops to the ground in
this fountain of life and luminosity.

Lighthouse

It incessantly searches for the movement of
abnormality.

Electrocutions

Noisy nerves blink with cardiac
electrocutions.

Electromagnetic waves

Wavy thoughts come and go around the circle
of waves.

Electric current

This current that takes me to the circuit of
the waves runs through my body.

Electrical impulse

I'm shaken by impulses that
circulate electrically.

The light of truth

The truth shines brightly when
discovered on impulse.

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Blackout

The voices tormented by the luminous
feeling of being are silenced.

Candle light

Pain flares up
accumulated molten wax.

Electric doors

open
softly by tapping, but close with no time to
open.

Chainsaws Cut through the
vibrating hate roots of dark energy.

The figure

Electrocuted

Electrocuted in luminous smoke that
erases the memory.

Electromagnetic turbulence Infinite
electromagnetic turbulence boils in our minds.

Monday 30th
April 2007

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Electrifying ray

Like an electrifying bolt of lightning
that paralyses the energetic mind.

Diabolical lights

Each being possesses an electrifying
diabolical light of flashes.

Flashing light

Flashing lights plague me
the passage of uninterrupted current.

Opaque light

Opaque lights illuminate miraculous beings
in the dark light.

Electric wires

Electric wires run through my
body, vibrating with energy.

10th Electrical circuit

I go up and towards the 10th electrical circuit and there is
an incorruptible power failure.

Electric fall

Electric
fall on the words of ecstasy and
sensations.

Light cut

Sharp, bright echoes,
glowing with light, they grasp the voice that breaks.

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Glimmering darkness

The walking beings with
ocular orientation flash obscurely.

Fluorescence

They bloom and fall like thunder in all
directions.

"Overshadowing

Stabbing lightning overshadows the
pleasure of other people's sensations and looks.

Incandescence

Deep arcs cross your soul that are held in place
by electrodes - dynamic, incandescent shocks.

Electrocutable
Like a tinge in my eye
hammers home the incongruities of feelings that
call for a strong and determined light.

Twilight Absence

I gently wrap myself in the sharp lights of my
being, I gently revel in lightning.

Reminiscences

I
wake up engrossed in a bright day, I prepare to come out
of the Darkness and with the Power
of Light, I will distribute Strength and Energy to
the entire Constellar Community.

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Wednesday, 23 May 2007

Threatening Light

They threaten these convalescent lights
that torment us and foretell danger.

Light of Presence

That light that accompanies you in bucolic moments and you can't
confront in secrecy.

Red Light

The intense, nerve-blocking, accelerating red
light.

Shock

Shocks zarparens and contaminates minds
without impulses spread.

Company Light Illuminated,
what is not given and does not
feel company light.

Thunder

Thunder cracks and shatters noises
thirsty for pleasure.

Powerful Light

Powerful lights condemn
lives alien to instruction by voices

Damn

Like powerful, lacerating rays that cut ties that
are impossible to bind.

Frosted

Light

Overshadowed consciousness
in which voluminous beams of light penetrate.

Intense Light

The mists of black light shine brightly

Luminous Cosmic

Like a deep, penetrating cosmos that soothes the
forgetfulness of the soul.

Thursday, 24 May 2007

Power of Light

The healing power of light has illuminated me the filaments
of reason in the foreskin of despair. This
Light directed me in the direction of the ecstatic current
of everyday life, illuminated for me the sick and unreasonable future¹⁷
for then yes...thunder crashes in
me and flash like dynamite stripped of pleasure

baleful.

So yes, healed by its light movement, I've come out of the
calorific bowels of rigour and exactitude. But I don't know if this
light will illuminate my past, because I'm afraid it doesn't have any
light that runs on energy. So there are two poles, two extremes of
energy. And I was hit by the positive and healing one, not the dark
and haunting one. This light comes from the clarity of emotions
and rationality in the twilight of the immediate and impulsive,
without transition and opaque to the senses, not feelings
embedded or nailed down. The
light is strong, it's intense and it will burn all those who oppose it
with its rays. Join the light, the feelings, the emotion, the pleasure
of living and enjoying in full force what moves us on earth and
gives us energy, which is non-binding because one day the light
will go out,

There will be no more energy and impulsive strength, grab hold of the talent you have and go for it like a cutting blue ray and ventilate yourself from unlived suffocations and malicious, penetrating thoughts that victimise us like brazilian sounds without the light to feed them. So I want to say that there is light in you and there is thunder, storms, energies and light, essentially clear, pure light in its purest form.

primitive fire, this fire that crosses us and feeds us and sometimes burns us, this is how life is made up of transient and opposing lights against the very reason or sense of energy that gives us the strength and vitality to withstand their blurred and powerless shocks that recriminate themselves and find excuses for their involvement in causes, there is no light without energy and everything has energy, everything has its light and movement and current, this is being itself, which intimidates us and so often controls us.

- 18 fronted by strange accusations that we do not understand because they are not decisive and do not dare to clash with another energy but rather try to extinguish its light, but it is present and as if revealing itself, it infiltrates the senses of sight and shows us the clarity of thought through the silence of time, and as if silent it hardens opinion and enjoys the inglorious incapacities that others transmit through negative or positive energies. But it's a fact that the light of the Blue Ray intimidates, but welcomes in that energy whoever wants to transport themselves in it, and this at the speed of light, of the instant, of the second, of the fraction, of the moment, and the moment is instantaneous, so there will be no cuts in the picture or in the most ridiculous behaviour, because everyone has the right to energy, whether it's of positive or negative effect. The lacerating effect of the black faiska, on the other hand, occurs at the neutral pole of sensibility and is transported in the madness of vibrant energy that thirsts for pleasure and luminosity.

I advise you to use your own energy to be struck by the Light and
you'll blur into a smile as fiery as ashes, devoid of warmth, but
frantic when agitated. In the other quadrant we have the Blue Ray
with its unflappable thoughts of Christmas tree lights and stress
that drives us to distraction. The blue ray knows its path, direction
and orientation and has the discernment to frame energies and
photons, possible short circuits, but vibrant and impulsive it always
travels at the speed not of the light but of the blue ray. It is in this
transition of energy that the pragmatic, non-effusive but
obstructive energies that prevent us from experiencing the instant
are confronted.

sonic but not as powerful.

As a direct confrontation, oppressed by the luminous people, there are
opaque lights that distort what is real and seems unreal. 19

that is real and seems unreal, but there are fictitious lights too
that's the power of the light of imagination.

Blue Ray

Enraged, the Blue Ray invades my being, glowing
with energy that pours out of the dirty pores of
prejudice and intolerance that this Blue Ray is
going to hit.

Artificial light

The light produced by all beings is
wrapped in shameless artifice that is difficult not to be
riddled with innocuous artificialities.

Tuesday, 29 May 2007

Laser light

This laser light is penetrating and invisibly penetrates even the unseen and imperceptible.

It is a seer and master of assumptions and crossroads that are alien to the seer. Imperceptible and innocuous, its beam sucks up thoughts and preconceived ideas with poison to the poison itself and its antidote.

Attic light

20 This smoke pierces the light of the mind cloaked in rags of memories shattered into loose heads of direction and action, this motorised action that cools the echelon of the frenetic, slow-moving, mass-market thinking

uncoordinated.

Penetrating the idleness of the moment, he gets carried away and distri-

The brain lights up and excitants in electrical current stimuli.

It's a wandering thing. It intensifies in the body mass and distributes hypnotic and paralysing light, like an unleashing of rhymes of the

nonsense words. These attic lights enter any head with eclectic roots of cutting-edge engineering.

Some people have little monkeys, others only attics, others attic lights that overshadow the main entrance, I wish I could penetrate the attics with memories, thoughts, in short a life lived without great causes, but I wish I could.

with memories.
Memories that light up the attic forever, and some are always
open or closed.
trunks.

Wednesday 30 May 2007

Lightning

It heats up and darkens and becomes still and silent, but it creaks and the noise when it happens is breathless and overwhelming, contagious with the anger of living and being present among other lights and illuminations or even simple A passing darkness that is marked by sighs and breaks the most electrifying silences. That lightning bolt that erases your consciousness marked by the emission of eloquent groans and that precipitates action that neglects the sense of opportunity to be still at the moment when another bolt of lightning strikes in this world.

21

Ashes of Light

Those ashes that mark you with the heat of fierce irons and the ashes of light from the past and the omnipresent future that you have not forgotten that rebels against you. Cut off the impulse of the moment and spreads slowly, tearfully and effusively, telling you to get a grip, and throws you into a well of light that drowns in the memory of incontinent words and pours out its thirst for light. In

The burning ashes of a magical body that whistles and blinks in your heart, burning desire for something, virile and masculine or feminine and sensual, this double persona affronts you like a dual personality that won't give in to either side. These ashes of light warm up the dark and the frivolous and have in their heat the protection of the rains that are devoured and that spread across continents and space timeless.

In the Light of

Pleasure That light that invades us and presents us with luxurious insights and leads us to the countless de-priming pleasures and anxiety of the chemistry of sedentary pleasure.

22 The same can be said about the other, but not encrusted, but imprinted on the naive faces of other people's pleasure that illuminate the being of the feeling or emotion. This emotion feels miraculous and resplendent pleasure and relieves the contractions felt by the excess of pleasure, an excess that redirects us to other things. senses and pleasures.

As for the light of pleasure, it develops and feeds on an addiction that doesn't recede or oscillate and clashes with hair mad with the pleasure of denial.

Hypnotic Light

Groping the hypnotic face of the light are feelings that hint at the desire for addiction to this light that leads us to energise and believe that there is light.

Through it we are taken without credit or debit, es-

tagnised as the hypnotic life of transcendent beings who are addicted to hypnotic sources of pleasure.

Vices that rave through hair and eyebrows laden with modesty and idleness. Transcendent, this light that leads us to new challenges that are equal in thought and different in reaction, reactions that are unbridled and pure and that face the pure desire to have the light, to be nourished by it and led by the loose stones that come together like clay in heating.

Thursday, 31 May 2007

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Intense Light

Intensely, this light divides itself between bodies alienated from movement and oscillates between two paths that are easy to illuminate, but without any electric current, it is self-sufficient and subsists in the bitterness and despondency of the systemic hypnosis that feeds and develops us. But consciously it is such an intense light that it catches and self-transmits powers even when switched off.

Thursday 14 June 2007

Psychedelic Thunder

Psychedelics intertwine in the noise of the brave thunderstorms that support and enhance the abnormality that comes from being covered by this psychedelic thunderstorm.

Well, coherent light is eradicated here, without powers

or scales, this would only be a pretext for the anormality of the black thunder, which cages itself and grunts in the strangest and deepest senses of absorption of reason because it goes out, creaks and moves without the slightest secrecy, apparently world of

Psychedelic lights afflict anyone who wants to lose themselves in it, or enjoy prejudiced staggered pleasures tinged with stagnant oblique colours, with no desire for creation or mere indulgence.

Imbued in the spirit of the fragments of thought, in fact fragmented, are all those who imagine another world, far removed from disturbances that irritate us as when we scratch our eyes or simply blink. This movement, alienated from other movements, ignites and pulverises distant minds, oblivious to the simple fact of what it is to be moved.

24 or agitated.

Thunder is psychedelic and scares away spirits, without them manifesting themselves, as they don't exist, it's a parallel reality of rumours and intransigence like the bogeyman, and here nobody feeds on bizarre personalities and cognomens of the pre-existence even though it doesn't actually exist.

That's why everything that is unreal has a timeless history, but it also has fear, fear that deports us to a horizon of 5 dimensions, polygonal and linear, but not susceptible or even passable to any trace, a trace that represents the hemispheres of transcendent and apothecotic thought.

Ideas don't blossom or grow from the filaments of absent-minded reason, but from the impulses of characters already seen and memorised, imitating movements and adapting to the moment, but all consciously and minimally calculated. Without calculation, thunder is real and

It's unpredictable, so it has a genuine spontaneity that it's absurd to think of any other source of psychedelic energy.
The heads of yesteryear are gnashing and grinding, now fading into yellow leaves and eaten by bibliophages.
And without any perseverance, they intimidate the obsolete of memory and the made and countermade to their liking.
Surrounded by measuring devices, Abyssinian labellers congratulate each other and the thunder of Abyssinia laughs.

In the light of the past

Those who live in the light of the past are exhorted, those dying people from beyond who invade celestial bodies in the prominent fact of happening, of the immediate.

But these are all questions of light, of more intense light. or less, but they are energetic radiations that are not compatible with the past, not even from the past. Past lights therefore emit ra-

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The most important thing is that they do not overshadow any luminous and radiant light that you might want to switch on at any time.

instant, impulse or moment. Because the past crosses paths with the present, the instant, the impulse, the second or fraction, but it doesn't influence its energetic current or its luminosity. We are therefore always in time for the powerful, limpid light of the ecstatic current that cuts through the wind in the face, pleasures hitherto devoid of the intentions of revolving movements around the pleasure of making light or being illuminated, because what counts is the power or voltage of the intense current that unleashes the electrical impulse that, by simply looking, transmits to the light of its past, less intense light, radiation from past lives, but which does not guide the principle of the light unleashed.

of the movement of the impulse of light without a mask, lived in the second, the instant, a simple click and that's it, light in the sharp and dangerous gaze and burning gazes of envy and hatred that simply crawl around the lights of the past and cling to heavenly bodies with radiation. Well, radiation is radiation and that's contamination, so there's nothing stronger than switching on your light at the moment, at all times with all the current without radiation, because no light is stronger than another, it's really a question of radiation, and don't give me these innate lights because everyone has their own pure light, thirsty for will and imagination and pure energy for development and creation. Luminous magic that has colours in its light, reflected in shades of sunny yellow, energetic. In fact, there isn't much light, there are only foci of existence. a remaining and balanced tendency to objectify what cannot be visualised. So it doesn't exist, it's not real, it's the result of the powerful Ray that alludes us to

awareness. But
what the hell is consciousness?

What is really conscious or unconscious is a barrier that cannot be materialised, no matter how much sense it makes and no matter how much we understand that we are all directed towards the instant. This decadence of materialising preconceived barriers and saying that there are impassable chains when in fact there are no barriers in reality. Everything is therefore imaginary and real or unreal. We all live in that same current of illusions, of thirst for other spirits that doesn't really affect us because there is, or in fact there is no barrier between desire and the light of the unconscious that is always present in the conscious and that we reserve for ourselves because we think of currents, but here too there are no currents or impulses,

there are imaginary celestial aerospace creatures that live as
they say in the light of the past, by a majority that decided that
light had to have power or measure, but once again who are they
to interfere with light, light is not touched.
You watch the light and stare at it until it goes out

Friday 22 June 2007

Natural Light

There is nothing more natural than this clear and natural Light,
because it is natural to conform. Conformities, adversities
conflicts, mere indulgences that serve as

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It's an accumulation of attitudes and problems that are conscious
but not so deep because they are natural. There is not the slightest
clash between natural and light, which is why the natural envelops
us and makes us feel at ease and calm, because everything is
normal and natural.

Air, the natural joy that surrounds us, that beats and flees and,
above all, to, a gentle touch for those who appreciate light
puffs.

Wednesday 27th June 2007

Light of Nuclear Energy A

powerful source of energy radiates transformations and psychological mutations to us, so that we consider ourselves to be affected by this nuclear power. This vibrant light energy grows with the luminous impact of the being who is transcendent of mutations and who doesn't actually suffer them but, like a peacock, infiltrates the impulses that we apprehend and that lead us to act. This impulse is dynamic and clear with explosive radiations. That's why we'll have the maximum ex-post in its energy force, it will be nuclear agents that correct and collapse the light that is impossible to unbalance because it is the maximum exponent of the force of transformation. And there's nothing stronger than transformation, that change that elevates us and empowers us in relation to the world.
radiation.

28

Psychotropic Lights

As if by magic or harmony, they land and float and flap those psychotropic lights that fascinate us and change the reality that we want as a good wish, but which is augured by a bad omen when we return from that world, where like a time machine it takes us away from the real dimension and transports us to a world of fantasy, the unreal or pleasures.

That's why there's a third dimension of sensory activity and dark energy when viewed from the perspective of other people who are mad about the reality of what's harmful to them. the psychotropic lights that gain ground in various perspectives and voluptuous dimensions and that those who hold back in sporadic episodes enjoy. No oppositions between worlds or lights or realities, because nature itself is light.

Friday 20 July 2007

Thunder

Like a bitter and luminous breach, the thunder that feeds the Earth
of the survivors of the amorphous and transparent light rages.
Refugees in the blind bodies of bitterness pour out uncontrollable
rage, fuelled by this lava of light and power. It burns and
nourishes the light of the being who allows himself to be invaded
by these sudden blackouts in the darkness absent of light and
subservient power and who allows himself to be warmed by the
magma of the energetic thunder and potentiates the happiness of
the light. Happiness of light in luminous beams of uncharacteristic
beings.
cos of being.

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Saturday, 21 July 2007

Generator

Love Generator, or generator of love!
What fuels this non-virtual carnal desire, and this emotional
bonding of a transparent kiss that thirsts for something vital for the
development of emotional and electrical bonding energies.
This Generator feeds egos and personalities with hidden faces in
daily representation, such as when you eat or dinner, or the water
that feeds your daily energy.

Without masks or tearful thoughts, we are in reality the energy of love or in the love of the electrifying, cutting energy of penetrating glances and representative of love and loneliness that is fuelled by a cable that is never disconnected, an energy that is incorruptible, but true, always!

Always electrifying, his gaze thirsty for desire and a little patience

invented by the monotony of the days and the oblique faces that represent nothing in this electric environment, they are loose threads. Venture into the imagination of the innate and unleashed motor of realities, but with the suffocation of instantaneous contact. Contact that is essential to motor life, a motor of the reality of the consensus of being present and not being present, but detached from other realities that are almost imperceptible to the desire of the conscious, but which it does not recognise.

30 is there!

It's always there in the sense of the immediacy of the opportunity, so the means can only be watery slips in the thoughts of the generator of love of means and available resources; as for the generating love, it's always connected and on the lookout for any non-virtual and controlled means with that very being of condescending, so it can't alienate itself from the pleasure it generates, and it proliferates in those ever-present faces of the piece of soul you've always wanted to stifle.

Because you can't alienate any piece of energy, because energy is one and multicultural in its sense of satisfaction, satisfaction that develops various realities, because we are virtual and imaginary, only in the presence of others or in the mirror itself do we hide the new regulating energy of the spirit of neutron energy, which are the true animals of light. Luminous dragons can light up!

Electric Current This current that runs through us and revitalises us every day gives us the strength and mimicry of shining and walking beings, yes! Walking, because it can be the force of light or of the sick and convalescent oppression that confronts the dualistic and oppressive reality.

Instead, feed on the positivity and transcendent reality of the chemical and anti-chemical circuits that feed the spirit of innovation and fulfilment, fulfilment that is as personal and non-transferable as the feeders of frenetic races for no pleasure, but which pull the mind into the magnetic waves of thought and of transmission. The transmission of thoughts is real

and magnetising and develops circuits that no one can deny, and these circuits have a current that spreads in the timeless air of oppressed sensations and pleasures, because we are all beta-blockers of external energies from the start, but they potentiate our thirst.

to live.

These impulses therefore affect our reasoning and sometimes conflicts occur or develop in our thinking, but they can bring electric happiness, which with the excitement of the gates will lead us to reality

external.

Blue Light

Triggered by strong emotions, the blue light crosses bridges and stairs and seeps into the power of the feelings it feeds on and develops that spiritual potential.

With its ultra-sensitive beams, it embraces the beauty of the transience of eloquent friendship that yearns for something bluer, stronger, more intense, and develops in us constellations with profound ramifications of feeling and being alienated in this Hertzian wave.

This power affects oblique minds deprived of the sensation of living in shades of blue, turquoise blue that affects deep and lasting friendship, it carries within it magical beams of madness and pleasure, lovers of rare beauty and invigorating blue. In the filaments of the twilight intensity, it develops and transmits energy that is cosy and protects against evils and pleasures with agony and silence, no, it's not a mask that deceives us and alludes us to abstract thought, it's a strong blue light that intensifies real and imaginary pleasure, but it affects and always affects those who are transported by it.

32 to intrinsic and lasting friendship. She falls in love and, as if deprived of reason but which serves as food for emotion, comes and brings delights of pleasure and lust, this pleasure is calorific and invades everything and it's a frenzy of excitement with this blue light that lies down and rolls up in the accumulation of energies that are emptied over time but don't disappear in the present future, in other words, there's always this protective light that doesn't let us evolve in terms of uncontrollable luminous pleasure.

Monday 23rd
July 2007

Electric Cable A

vibrating current of anxiety runs through our bodies via electric
cables that feed hope and something new and amazing that leaves
us static in our movements but with accelerated and anxious
thinking. Paralysed by movement, the tension that frames us in
reality rises and, with controlled and measured movements, we
descend the stairs of thought where
connects us to each other.

It is on this ladder of thoughts that we categorise behaviours,
faces and movements and fit ourselves into the descent and ascent
of life's moments. The light feeds the escalator that takes you non-
stop into the madness of the reality that prevails in the 21st
century, energies, magic, fantasies, all with apparent harmonies,
but

watch your step, not everyone takes the stairs

life's rollercoaster, there are people who climb steps and rise,
and above all someone supports them, is that enough?

Or is it a question of balance? Balance of
forces is fundamental to the balance of movements and of descents
and ascents at the level of each being, but not everyone deserves to
go down or to be supported on the way up.
injuries or stops and it
will lead you to the light of the thinking
being.

Without balances of external forces that can give way, the steps
are solid and fed by cables of hope you will reach the most
important electrical cable the cycle of life, that energy that feeds
the Earth.

Tuesday, 24 July 2007

Effervescent Light

It falls and effervesces, dilutes and expands in branches of light of an unconquerable desire, because it is an illusion like all the effervescent glances of light that then crumble when confronted with reality external.

Endowed with malice and counterfeits, sporadic episodes of madness of effervescent desire like love that expands and contaminates, occupies all thoughts and allows itself to be dominated and dominated, this is the exchange of revitalising energy, the effervescence that never goes out, the luminous content is there.

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Friday, 27 July 2007

Illuminated sky

There's nothing stronger than the desire to achieve the perfect balance of the illuminated sky, because it's the stars that give it life and move thoughts and ideas or, in fact, from desire to reality.

There's nothing more beautiful than a sky illuminated by constellar energies that call for constant interaction between the stars, and the power of the stars is unique. As I say, there's nothing stronger than a soul with a sky illuminated by the will and desire for change, and the interaction and touch of stars magnetise thoughts.

Sunday, 29 July 2007

Energy leakage

It scares me how energies go up in smoke without a flame, this is not wanting to interpret cosmic reality. I'm disappointed when vital energies are suppressed by accommodation and crystallisation of feelings - it's undoubtedly a masquerade for political correctness. O soul of pure energy, transform yourself into magic and fly over the minds that have no impulsive current of the truth of the facts and the constant mutation of things, change are stages and cycles that everyone goes through and develops, but never on the way.

from the fear and suffering of feelings. Free yourself and expand and, above all, suffer the mutation of life, that change that drives us.

35

Tuesday 28th August 2007

Light of Life

Passions of madness are submerged.
Because we instinctively love and want to be loved.
dos.

Passions and disillusionings pave the way for various illusions. Deluded and in love, I focus and concentrate on the whole methodology of truly loving, which pierces through any-

or falsehood.
Naked in the field of action of the loved one, we are faced with
the true identity of the being, so being loved requires us to be
deeply aware of why we are loved, and yet there is a necessary
dichotomy of willingly giving back and loving as well, this
dialectic assumes that $1+1=1$, when logically nobody can enjoy
anything.

So logically $1+1=2$, correct, but the conduct won't be productive if
the result isn't a technical tie in attitudes and values and behaviour
in general, so then there's a single position in the middle of the
love life.

Understood, and is this truth the only source of pleasure, or
does the individualist want another action?

action as true freedom.

36 Well, I haven't lived long enough to go through the
following stages, logical or illogical will be up to several of you, I
don't want to be absolutely sure, that's why I imagine myself as an
ass from time to time, and nowadays it's difficult to have actual
asses, there are artificial asses, who deceive, but those who truly
put themselves in this role sometimes, take your own opinions.

own conclusions. I'm
not here for that, in fact I have my fears about madness, and
attitudes that I don't commit, since a madman is only a madman in
certain circumstances and when judged by others, in other words
it often depends on the "habitat". To deviate a little from this
reasoning, I'd like to say that I'm crazy, that I've liked several
people and that's why we're never satisfied, we want more

love and more and
more... Why so much love ambition, as I put it. I take it back by
saying that we are all free

to commit follies in love, we are vulnerable and
often manipulated. We want to
believe that it is true that we love, why, because we have been
loved, that feeling that awakens affection and triggers the
wisdom of life, the act of loving and transmitting that love
clearly and spontaneously, saying I want because I have the right
to be loved, because then love each other and give light to life
through a single, heartfelt effort on a path without tears.
but or pain.

Enjoy a marvellous being who gives you the gift of
Maximum progenitor energy.

The light is reproduced in beams that illuminate the very
solar system, believe me.

The light of love is never captured on a distant horizon,
because it spreads through contact.
these revitalising energies.

37

And make the equation grow to be $1+1+1+1+ \dots =$
more infinite.

Well, in the field of love there are magnetic forces, seductive
forces that attract the desire to know and satisfy
desire or simply enjoy.

Saturday 1st September 2007

Energy Associations

Light : Heat : Sun : Power : Segregation : Saliva : Kissing
: Sharing : Feeling : Joy : Party : Birthday

: Years : Age : Old Age : Patience : Perseverance : Achievement :
 Sacrifice : Pain : Healing : Doctor : Health : Vitality : Energy :
 Power : Impotence : Frustration : Suffering : Fall : Vertigo : Dizzy
 : Crazy : Hospital : Hospitalisation : Deprivation : Desire
 : Will : Want : Win : Conquer : Battle : War : Death : Loss :
 Disappearance : Absence
 : Loneliness : Thought : Creation : Invention : Lie
 : Cruelty : Immoral : Punishment : Chastisement : Reprimand
 : Fine : Police : Protection : Safety : Stabilisation : Balance :
 Imbalance : Abnormal : Disease : Psychiatry : Help : Therapy :
 Clinic : Injection : Nurse : Morphine : Drug : Illusion : Disillusion :
 An- siety : Nervousness : Tension : Brawl : Fight : Fighter
 : Winner : Race : Competition : Adrenaline : Fear
 : Fear : Doubt : Question : Answer :
 Question : Curiosity , Interest ; Satisfaction : Pleasure
 Orgasm : Sensation : Conscientious : Responsibility : Guilt : Guilty
 : Innocent : Free : Freedom
 : Justice : Honesty : Truth : Sincerity : Trans- parency : Invisible :
 Unreal : Non-existent : Imagination : Creativity : Dream : Sleep :
 Rest : Tranquillity
 : Calm : Stop : STOP : Sign : Symbol : Drawing
 Pencil : Eraser : Tyre : Road : Journey : Trans-port : Train : Thread
 : Needle : Pin : Sewing : Operation : Intervention : Change
 Transition : Stage
 : Scaling : Classification : Indexing : Terms : Words : Phrases :
 Dialogue : Communication : Expression : Demonstration :
 Presentation : Introduction : Preamble
 : Introit : Book : Leaf : Tree : Nature : Wind :
 Air : Sea : Fire : Earth : Solar System : Energy : Light :
 Power : BLUE RAY :)

Thursday 4th October 2007

Energy Revitalisations Live

Dissatisfaction with Satisfaction

Light of Prosperity I am

all the colours to paint your world

39

Sunday 7th October 2007

Paralysing Light

Something will make us stop if we don't want to continue, but why stop if it's action that takes place and generates emotions, sensations and stimuli, why when someone responds and reacts to us, action my friends, patience and intelligence to understand the other being confronted. That's the question: why release energies that paralyse us as if we were unresponsive children?

Courage my friends, the word is an order to be judged and who will be the judge of reason, who will be normal and abnormal ... no one!

We all have faith, and I have faith in those who have faith, which is the doubt of wanting and desire remains omniscient and present, but like a harp that alludes and deceives, it transmits siren sounds with hallucinatory echoes. We have two ears and one mouth to hear twice as much as we speak, and silence is action, not naivety or lack of control, few can resist silence you should try it, it can even be tormenting but it will answer many subjective and sociable questions silence is mute but it can work as a perfect weapon for the uncontrollable who crave impulsiveness and desire, so calm down and listen to the silence in you!

40

Wednesday 10th October 2007

If one day it were lightning If
one day it were lightning, would it be destructive, frightening,
noisy, relentless or would it be luminous, beautiful, radiant and
energetic...
Like human beings, each ray has different characteristics, different
modes of action, different light, in other words, each ray/being is
unique and exclusive. Well, if one day
if it were a bolt of lightning, it would at least
be original. Each lightning bolt has its own form of action, just as
in people any moment this action appears in fractions of a second.
moments.
We have action on the ray/being, we can change its direction
and destination. With regard to destinations and the

For the first time I'm going to invoke the name of God. One day I had a conversation about beliefs and faith with a follower of the Qur'an who told me the following story, which I'll now describe: you were handed a dice and you vehemently asked God to give you the maximum score, but you got the minimum. Dear friends, the story can be summarised as follows: who actually threw the dice?

But apart from this story, I want to tell you that we have action and we have a ray/being that acts with the environment and each one throws the dice with their own energy/form/behaviour.

Friday 12th October 2007

41

Teachings of a Father Graduated in the Light of Life

I thank my father for this contribution to my teachings also... a bit of everything... that's how we are formed... when we are attentive to life...

To what surrounds us... with sensitivity to everything

Reflective Light

I Reflect So I'm Mad

Sunday 28th October 2007

Bright Morning

How nice it is to wake up in my world with the canary singing, the fish swimming and the tree breathing. Meet my accomplices:

The Pintas Canary that enchants with its song. The

Smartie Fish that swims and glides through the water.

And the Amazon Bonsai that breathes and inspires.

In addition to these three shining and inspiring beings of my world, I have another globe of the world under my window that totalises the world as it was 20 years ago, only the

42 By way of example, there was still the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I also have two desert roses, both composed of desert sand grains that make me idealise a united globe, under the globe are these roses, one in its original colour, which to me means perseverance, and the other painted in shades of green.

It's a strong world that symbolises hope for me. In this world of mine I write, I imagine, and I feel as if I'm imperturbable. In a perfect warm atmosphere and with a bright morning, I write for some loving soul who wants to imagine the rose of fraternal union here.

Tuesday - 20th November 2007

200 Days with the "ordinary" Filipe Moura I
woke up in a different reality than usual and exploring the fields of
writing through this blog was going to expand the scope of
my career.

my being.
I reflect on the way in which thought is transmitted and
I equate it with a light and its power.
How we all think from different perspectives
you have to follow a current. The
Soul has moments of turmoil.
The way we look at ourselves is not always naive.
Energy expands.
Disturbed minds with bad behaviour are perpetuated.
data.
Voices in unison sound louder than one voice.
Words are an art of expression.
From this moment on there will be inspiration. The
heartbeat has its own expanding rhythm
through the veins.
Repression is carried out quietly.
Everything has its Q.
We all think about evil.
Sometimes they make us shut
up.
We all think.
Memories aren't always there. Don't practice hatred,
it's bad.
Not everyone gets the opportunity at the right time.
Sometimes we only suffer because we let
ourselves. We all have freedom of expression.
There's nothing more honest than the truth.
I have various forms of expression. To
be well is to have balance.

Balance is a cycle of routines. Being
nervous is an imbalance. People like to
comment.

We all have purity. The
sun is a source of energy.
Universal love generates compassion.
The abnormal thing is that nothing happens.

We all forget when we want to. There are
always several perspectives.

Many ideas, few convictions. Some
things are irremediable.

Everyone is subject to injustice. Love
is a source of pleasure. Always
alone and protected.

Some people don't like to think.

Conscience is a lantern that enlightens us.

We all have vices.

Sometimes we have fears. We all
talk rubbish. I don't write for
anyone.

We all have something we don't want to remember, but it's
good to know when we're sad and always admit it.
hide nothing. We all

have vulnerabilities. We all feel the
pleasure of something.

When opportunity knocks, he opens the door. There is a
feeling towards others. No-one belongs to anyone, and so everyone
has a right to their own.
to shine.

Friendship is always a good principle a friend a
another
me. Follow your instinct of what you see as positive.

We can all be loved and loving love is
generator of light.
When we are loved, we must respect that feeling.
ments.
Love each other and increase the birth rate. Always
with words at crossroads. It's certainly an antagonistic phrase, but
with its logic.
to avoid suffering.
"What old people have is not wisdom but prudence.
cia" so listen! We all
know good and evil, and it's up to us to decide whether we're
good or bad.
Madness is some sanity. Really
knowing is important and if possible being
graduated from the school of life.
I'm going to transform myself for you, for me and for my loved ones 45
of me.
Change for evolution.

Tuesday - 27 November 2007

Electrifying Associations

Me!

I feel it!

Reflect!

I get it!

Capto!

and exhaling energy all day long!
Light attracts light!
Power is knowledge!
Knowing is Learning!
Learning is discovering and feeling!
To feel is to reflect!
Capturing is Learning! To
learn is to realise!
Realising the self!
I Am, You Are, He Is, We Are, They Are! We are
all Me!
And I Am Them! And
they are us!
And who are , anyway?
We are because we exist!
We exist because we were created!
Creation through conception! Light of
Life!
Light of Creation!
Imagination and Reality!
Dualism between what we want and what actually is! Facts that are
an interpretation of reality!
Reality that surrounds us! Habitat
where we were created! The
environment that transforms us!
Transformation/change!
innovation AND change! change
CYCLES STAGES! transition
stages! transition BARRIERS!
overcoming CYCLES AND TRANSPORTING DIFFICULTIES!

difficulties CREATED AND IMAGINED OR REAL!
difficulties/problems interaction BETWEEN THE SUB-
CONSCIOUS AND CONSCIOUS!
conscious AND REALISATION!
unconscious AND PROJECTION!
projection of the self!
existence!

I EXIST then WE EXIST! WE ARE
ONE ME!

a WORLD!

A WORLD, AN I TRANSFORMED INTO US! WE ACT ON THAT
WORLD AND ON THEM WE!

i ACT ON YOUR PART!

YOU PRESENT OVER THEM!

they ARE the world!

world OF BEINGS!

beings, WHO ARE OR ARE
NOT! alive OR INANIMATE!
produce light CAPTURE LIGHT!

LIGHT energy!

energy POWER!

power IS DESIRE!

desire IS wanting!

wanting IS real!

we can all GET REAL! real IS FACTS AND !

behaviours ARE ACTION! ACTION IS

AN ANSWER TO THE WORLD! world IN ACTION

IS TRANSFORMATION!

transformation IS CHANGE!

change IS REAL!
 change IS A PERMANENT WISH!
 permanently WE ARE IN THE ENCHANTMENT OF ONE
 desires can
 be oppressed!
 not EVERYTHING WE WANT IS IN THE WORLD!
 dissatisfaction
 with what we can't get and doesn't exist!
 non-existence IRREAL!
 thought NOT FACTUAL! not factual
 NOT attainable! not attainable
 DESPERATION! despair suffering!
 suffering for what doesn't exist! what doesn't
 exist attracts desire!
 if we DESIRE WHAT DOESN'T EXIST, we
 won't achieve happiness!
 happiness fulfilment OF WISHES!
 unhappiness unfulfillment OF UNREACHED WISHES
 MISSING!

unattainable! produces
 depression!
 depression PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE OF WHAT IS NOT
 REALISED.
 not REALISED, NOT FACTUAL IRREAL!
 IN THE WORLD THERE ARE IRRELEVANT FACTS THAT
 EXIST! forces AND FACTS THAT PRESUME AS MUN- DO
 THAT IS NOT REACHABLE!
 it's not reachable, it's spiritual!
 spiritual is a way of feeling the self! we all live with spirit!
 spirit/PREDISPOSITION!

motivation something that drives us! drive to act!
aCTO, ACTION!
ACTION ON OTHERS!
other THEM, THEM ME! me
VS them (world)! SOCIAL
world!
learning BEHAVIOUR! learning KNOWLEDGE!
knowledge OF REAL FACTS! weapon OF
knowledge! transmission OF KNOWLEDGE!
BETWEEN ME THEM US WORLD!
to know the world is to be in it!
we THEY ARE THE WORLD OF KNOWLEDGE!
we all have some knowledge!
share KNOWLEDGE IS LEARNING!
learning is living together! living
together is communicating!
communicating is relating! relating is
interacting!
to interact IS TO ACT ON THE WORLD!

aCTUATE ABOUT THE WORLD IS TO TRANSFORM!
transform the world through knowledge
MENTO IS EVOLUTION!
to evolve IS TO BE
KNOWLEDGEABLE! to know IS TO KNOW HOW TO
TRANSFORM! TRANSFORM KNOWLEDGE INTO A WORLD!
multicultural KNOWLEDGE!
INFINITE KNOWLEDGE!
UNFORGETTABLE infinity!

being wise is utopian!
utopian is a desire to achieve!

will! will
IS inner strength! inner
strength IS the self!
I transform the world! THE
WORLD IS TRANSFORMED BY THEM.
they are the world IN transformation! we
are the ones who transform the world!
through REASON!
reason JUSTICE!
justice EQUAL RIGHTS!
rights just for being me!
we must BE RIGHTEOUS
TO THE WORLD!

50 aCTUATE WITH CONSCIOUSNESS AND ON THE BASIS OF
THE REAL! aCTUATE WITH CONSCIOUSNESS WITH IRRE-
FACTS
AIS!
imagination!
imagination creation!
WHAT DOESN'T EXIST CREATES!
creation POWER OF IMAGINATION!
power TO CREATE IS TO BE FREE!
freedom IS KNOWLEDGE! TO
KNOW IS TO INTERPRET!

to interpret IS TO ASSUME! to
assume IS TO COMMIT!
commitment IS A PACT! pact IS
AN OATH!
swear It's loyalty! loyalty
It's true!

truth IS ONE! one IS
me!

we ARE ONE WORLD!

we are them we you. BEINGS.

growing IS BEING.

being IS

EXISTING.

existence IS A REAL FACT.

it's a reality that we exist and that we are the world, a world of living
and lifeless beings.

O HE WORLD IS TRANSFORMED BY ME AND BY YOU AND
BY THEM.

O the world is evolving: to evolve is to be more
knowledgeable!

to be KNOWLEDGEABLE IS TO HAVE KNOWLEDGE!

to know is to KNOW!

knowing IS EXPERIENCING!

to experience IS TO FEEL! to

feel IS TO KNOW!

we only feel WHEN WE EXPERIENCE! we only
EXPERIENCE IF WE WANT TO!

FREEDOM TO EXPERIENCE WHAT WE WANT!

the right, the duty to be respected! we don't want it,
we don't know it!

don't know don't change! KNOWLEDGE ACQUIRED!

by the MISCELLANEOUS PEOPLE OF THE WORLD!

DON'T KNOW, WANT TO EXPERIMENT ASK
TO ANOTHER I!

relations are drawn from the experience of the self and of
THEM!

there are WRONG THINGS THAT OTHERS DO
 HAVE ALREADY TRIED IT!
 and it's common sense that they're not good! common
 sense life wisdom!
 the wisdom of life!
 shared experiences! acquired
 knowledge!
 through interaction, interacting is transforming
 SEA!
 the world is interaction!
 the world is us!
 the world is me, you, us, you, them!
 sharing, FRIENDSHIP!
 friendship CUMPLICITY! shared
 values!
 the SAME I IN MANY of us. the
 SOCIETIES ARE us. we all HAVE A
 FRIEND! BETWEEN US WE CAN
 ACT!
 BY ACTING AMONG OURSELVES WE ARE AFFECTING THE
 HIM!
 it's the WORLD!
 it's the WORLD's affectation!
 transformation
 NEW I, WE, , YOU!
 a NEW world. a new
 REALITY.

Sunday - 16th
 December 2007

Desire

Give me a kiss... like the ones you know! Give
me a hidden kiss, like the ones you used to steal.

let's see each other
when the desire grew... Give
me a kiss... a soft one... the kind... you know!
Gentle... sweet... tasting like
you! A kiss from me...

Insomnia

I don't sleep, because I don't want to sleep, I want to live. This is
an obstacle that won't let me sleep.

I'll face it with insomnia

53

Monday 24th
December 2007

Shadow Wolf Caricature

Shadow Wolf was lost but found.
Protected, but only by choice. He
feeds his dexterity with chemical solids and the impression of a
h20.

In the purity of her own Shadow dives into adventures
and had a landing, caricatured.

Like Lobo, he was protected, but by his attitude alone.
nho, immersed in apparent loneliness.

today i write with Lobo caricuaao i face his world
and I interpret it.

An independent friend, he can't live without his wild but charitable
nature as a true newcomer to life. An embryo in the caricature
where I trained, he has the blood of a loyal young man, honest
above all, with a fearless nature, fierce in his essentials but loyal
and a friend who respects his partner and friend.

So, faithful travelling companions and complicities always
interpreted with affection and silence.

I've lived together long enough to get to know AS shado-
But I saw courage in the wolf and
he established the bond of a silent confidant friend and a statute
regarding his freedom. If there was one thing the wolf had, it was
freedom, but it was

only, only! and Free!

54 Shadow Wolf extra-human glowing energy in its
way of being.

With its barks, it imposes its jungle independence.

The nature of genes.

I decided to share the codfish spiritually and in isolation on
Christmas Eve with the wolf, or rather the cartoonish shadow
wolf, who at the same time were free in unison, fraternally linked
by a single dish and the respective
drink.

Are we alone by choice?

Of course, we're free to think about how nature shapes us.
za.

Wolf Caricuaao was a gift for me this Christmas, but he's wild and
his innate genetic environment pulls his chromosomes towards a
sense of purity.

It is free in its very nature. Enigmatic
about his way of life but fuelled by

of a thirst for life and enjoying its solitary but free side
of any restriction or imposition. Me and
Sombra Wolf are Friends, but uncharacteristic in their way of
acting in an unconventional way of coercion by others, we are free
by mother nature and so we grow and induce what infiltrates us.
Havana Club is the essence of the madness of the same thirst for
revolution and taking charge of our being, a free but solitary pact
with the collaboration of instincts.
to the canine.

Tuesday 25th December
2007

Rooster game

55

With all due respect, you and I are allowed! What do
you think of me and I of you?

I'm grateful to you for having read me, perhaps understood me!

Moving on to the comments part, and you've already read
me, so you've already made your comments, which are
eloquent to say the least....

Gift unwrapped at the legal time.....already the
cockerel or cockerel match - that's the terrible question!

16 March 2008

Reflection on communicative ecstasy, intelligible at the slightest
echo of the silence that distances us.

Acts are words of pain even in the simple ardour of
rejection.

An insurmountable obstacle physically, but not for the
hormonal and spiritual chemistry of the luminous being.

Celestial bodies invade us for the blossoming of the
PERFECT

LOVE. In search of the clover of love, because richness consists
in understanding multifaceted beings and always having
something to add to this point of view.

One more addition, one more increase in this desire for
compassion and tenderness that exiles us to self-esteem.

It's a way of being representative in social
circles. Seen from the perspective of the one and indivisible self,
no will is allied to any will, no matter how many wills arise in the
world.

circle.

56

That circle of gold, covenant of good faith and fidelity
and respect, especially duty, doesn't exist.

We are pure and savage in the way we act, and there is nothing
more selfish than the self, which just by being self invades without
the other with their point of view. Inflamed
mind susceptible to a simple confrontation
of ideas, there is an urgent need for common sense.

When we have to give in or interpose the self with the other.
There's nothing more banal than rejecting what we don't want.
easy.

To love is to feel the other and not the self. It is a
constructive attitude towards the link between us beings,
suffering from a harmony that the living being, together with
other beings.

Imprinted in instinctive behaviour we only think of the self, then
the self, and now the self again.

Conflicts because one is me transformed into I's and you
never quite know how many I's you'll have to put up with until

giving in to the
other. It's a kind of come to us that's always opening up. Pay
attention to your own "I's" with which you mask yourself and at
what level of selfishness you are.
Well, the armour of the me will one day be so shattered by the
you's that exist and that are me's plus me's
that crack the Armour. And
then what it's like to stand in front of the mirror and be only the
reflected me that exists because all the me's have been que-
by the I's of the world. For we were
alone, and then, when we wanted to be soli- tarius only
because of the selfishness of several I's against

me's.

Loneliness is a word that many people love for themselves, but
which has not created any love for me plus you.

Love: me and you
Omnia vincit amor
LOVE WINS ALL

57

21 March 2008

If only you knew and wanted to If
only you knew and never should
Why this reckless anxiety Because it's
longing and it's serious
You come from there to
here I don't see or
realise How perfect it
would be It would be a
feat

That you would come and bring
 Neither bring nor appear
 What a pain to want to and not be able
 to But you can't even want to
 I wish for the meeting At
 one point
 That's life Very
 colourful I have many
 colours
 You should be here
 Close to me
 I can't see the garden Roses bloom
 and fall White petals fade away
 Longing and desire Never
 alone, without eviction I'm
 here
 You're there
 And I wanted you here

*** **

Your beautiful brown eyes are like
 olives from the sea. When I think
 of them, they only remind me of
 you.

26 March 2008

I woke up, I woke up I
came out of the
darkness Without
longing
I found myself enveloped
by passion and desire
Everything I saw and
remembered
Strong kisses, hugs Everything I've
given, and received
And I didn't ask
It arose from the
rebirth of being, and I
didn't ask for it To be
with Love
Painless
I saw, I wished, I had
And I remembered everything they gave
me It was all they could give me
He no longer insisted, he was
given Love, affection,
compassion All out of passion
That word that never says no To a
heart
Free and waiting
Giving what you don't even ask for
A donation exists
It's true to give without asking or
demanding
If you don't hear no Don't
ask, give

Look for the shovel
And find the elixir
The treasure that is
unequalled, only a
treasure that is not gold
It's lasting love

*** **

You knew exactly what I wanted
But I didn't tell you.
Something deep, something I saw
But it didn't
translate It was a power,
without having
It was the dawn, without seeing
It grew inside me So you
like me
And I wrote to you, and I
didn't see what was growing inside
me It was love, it was something I
wanted But I didn't have it, but I
wanted it
In fact, I loved
it. I loved watching it grow
This at dusk All
happening
Without fear, without
trembling Without fear of
falling asleep Warming
loneliness
Like a hand under the heart

You were there, by the window I
 didn't see you, but I knew you, I
 felt her perfume
 A scent of sandalwood and jasmine I
 heard, but I didn't listen
 Yet I realised it wasn't there
 and I recognised it
 Yesterday was the same, but today was different
 I saw it, smelled it and heard it
 It was face to face
 Without equal, it was something
 special It hurt and it was
 essential to me It was breathing
 and inhaling
 I breathed for you, I didn't see you, I didn't feel you
 And it wasn't the end
 Because you were there, far
 away Distant but present I
 asked a monk
 That showed the front, the future And I
 guessed, you were there
 In the background, at the
 window looking out Without
 seeing you, without giving you
 away I wrapped you in air
 I took you to the sea
 I let you know what the sea smells like
 Breathing in humidity and joy
 That's what I saw
 The sea, the sand, the humidity, the
 air And, yes, your BREATHING

28 March 2008

I light that thoughtful cigarette and
enjoy the harmony between being
And the thinking object
makes me wander between lines
And ideas flow in my mind
Objectives and interactions between
Writer and reader
I've never read what I've written from start
to finish
That's strange, but I know someone reads
Why
Do they like it, do they get what I'm trying
to convey or is it
Something
vague The cigarette has gone out and I'm thinking
to myself
Is it? I
don't know, but I write as a form of liberation
Spiritual and intellectual
It's good for
me I want those who read me to be happy
And
well I've opted for a different kind of
writing Lately I'm more concrete Not so
much about light and energy
But for love and understanding
Destinies, mind of love

For someone who likes to read
something more Caring, sensible and I have my arms
wide open
To love, to trust Without
conflict and without wanting to be ambivalent
In my words I'm more
direct and concrete I want to get to
the heart of the matter
That feeling that unites the reader with the writer
Affinities therefore I
want to be what I've always been, spontaneous
But calling on friendly words
Of agreement between the letters
That come together and form
sentences
Always with connection, and very realistic I hope Thoughtful
words, meditative phrases

63

Sorry if I make you think But
it's good to think
Even if it's about the absurd
Because it's something
that exists Just to say that I also exist
In this Singular way Or
temper through an Ordinary
Filipe Moura For all the
unusual ones
Who read me
For it's not common to have so much patience
for
Read what I write
And I confess, I read very
little
But when I do it to myself
It makes me think

Here's my challenge
to you: Read on and keep reading.

THINK.

I'm grateful and
happy More if it's not because I think someone else does too
think
Thoughts!

*** **

Maybe you don't feel it

I feel it, like rain on stone It gets into the holes
in the pavement
They are united under sand and earth
Hard and demanding connection
There's no room, no space Not
a stone more
This is an effective
relationship Stone, earth, sand
We walk on them These are
relationships
Interaction between cold stones
With or without sand or earth
But united by the hand of the stonemason
who put them together and perfected them
Love should unite all the Earth like the
stones of the pavement The mason is Man
Which connects several stones
And it doesn't bind hearts of stone but
mouldable feelings

To any other piece We should be a
set Of pieces that together
Withstand any weight Nor the
wear and tear of time
Dare to destroy the pavement we walk on That's
the way people are
They suffer more load But
if they are united The
impact is less
Join another piece with Love Love will be
the sand and earth that binds us together No
weaknesses, just wear and tear
Minimised if all parts are together
And well paved
Man perfects his own
Stone and join the others
Together they are strong and form a long and solid path
around the world
It's something that binds us together
like lego It's an unbreakable fortress
All united and flawless
If every stone suffers wear and tear
Nothing but sand to put them back
Stones, like men, have a lifespan Like stones, man is
replaced by wear and tear and lifespan
There are small stones, large stones and so on Some
that fit together by nature Others that need to be
polished
This is Man on Earth

It moulds itself until it fits in the right
place
Visualise it as a puzzle where all the
pieces fit together
So everyone has a place
And they're no less important than others What would a
jigsaw puzzle be without pieces?
A distorted image
We are all needed in the world
Planet Earth needs all men and women Nobody is nothing,
everything has a form
A Way of Being and Connecting with Others Here's
a Huge Puzzle on Earth
Where we live and are connected to each other without knowing it
But we all play a part in the puzzle Some are straighter,
others are crooked,
But it's natural for everything to fall into place
After all, we want a path
This pavement is the harmony between beings
Who all co-operate for the same purpose Love
and connection between peers

66

29 March 2008

How can we define ourselves If
others don't show themselves They
feel and don't tell the truth
To feel is to exist

Existence is something to share
And if it hurts to
live It's hard to share too But
why can't everything be solved
without problems Why do you
lie?
And we're fantasised
Feelings are our
face Our face
And when you like someone, you
have to show your face as
it is Sorry if I'm off.
How I'm doing
But I show you how I am
And I show my
face And my face isn't sold Not
because it's too expensive Because
money never bought me and I don't
want to be.
For sale, let alone to buy someone
But one thing's for sure
I'm against the euro in favour of the face
Not the crown they say buys everything Because
I'm not a king and I don't want a crown I want
guys with feelings
With suffering
Because if you don't
suffer
It doesn't
exist And if you don't suffer,
you've been sold

He's been
bought He's happy because he
has money
I've never
seen The face shows
everything
And it takes a lot of nerve
to realise what we are
Because we're no good
Nobody's good enough Because
one day the crown replaced the
face
And what would the crown be without a face?

*** **

68 The same pain The
same ardour It was
Love
Passion
It was our imagination Our
transposition From the
imaginary to the real I'm
loyal
To passion, to love, to ardour
And even in pain
For this splendour of yours I
exist and I am an actor
In our world
You're a silent film actress But our
passage
It's a Wheel

From a romantic film that
sings "Behold our ardour!
Love without Pain"

*** ***

You Could Be
I will be
You
are Then we are We
both look and see
The same perspective
The same course
The same future
Our corner The
same space
Everything
fits
Everything
takes
everything
I'm designing
Idealising
Finally working Along
the same road Breathing
and sighing
You always sighed You
were afraid of the future
It was
hard to see
you suffer
It didn't hurt because you weren't

Wound
It was life

You know I do I
don't know if do
Because I imagine it
And imagination is unreliable But I
know it is
We're together even if we're apart We just
have to be here
I communicate, you respond I
know where you are
You never know
If I'll be
But I find myself here and there And
I'm always there with you
I still don't know Because I
only imagine
But I can imagine everything good
Without Borders
There are no
barriers It's you and
me
The two of us are always here
Together or apart we're connected,
I need you
And you of me
You act, I react You
laugh, I smile
You speak, I approve

You look I
see
You notice, I agree We're always
on the same page How I want you
How I long for you
Just for a kiss I'll
travel
Corro Voo
I always stumble

But I won't fall
or get hurt You're
the cure for my
longing
I promise I will
When I meet you I
discover everything
And I know
nothing
Because I had already
imagined what the
future would be like I
saw you and I felt you
You felt me too
Because you read what I wrote
And what I felt was
I want you close Always
close to me I'll
overcome the riot But
there's no battle Sorry
for the typo Nobody's to
blame

71

Because you want to see
Even without looking
I know
I imagine
You see it's real
The conquest
Imperial
And it wasn't imagination
It was a glimpse Without
deception

02 April 2008

72

Null or Zero
Behold, no one leaves the game
When someone achieves
what they desire
Feels temporarily
fulfilled
Happy because
ambition
It's about conquering and then more conquering
So I'm happy because I've
achieved Frustrated because I've
achieved and I always want
something more If you please and
by the way I'm happy
but then I thought of another wish Well
then, Mr Genius, grant me
Not three wishes

But rather an arem of wishes And
while you're at it Mr
Genie Don't disappear
I'm in the mood for anything else
Thing

*** **

Behind beauty is
character
That force that drives us to always
follow a personal and achievable
idealism
So we're defending an ideal
Behavioural and Social
Individuality, my dear
That difference that marks the attitude of
acting and realising
According to an idea, a thought A way of being
In conformity therefore In search
of, or arriving at
I'm proud of this force of nature
That allows us to be who we are Unique and
Generative Beings
From Reason itself
What any of us aspires to be special

73

06 April 2008

Oh, don't believe it
 One day you'll fall
 We'll bear it We'll
 put up with it
 But also
 We love you
 a
 nd we fight
 Standi
 ng with
 faith
 Falling without wanting to go
 Falls
 Without a parachute
 All shattered in guilt
 No excuses
 Sorry
 AND
 upa!

*** **

Your green, your brown
 Your charm
 Princess
 The soul is alight
 I want you, like someone who
 wants to live and breathe
 Cheerful marigold Your
 colours
 They heal my pain

Your brilliance
It's my fascination
Your beautiful, beautiful hair hits there
They create links
between The root of
the heart
To kill the loneliness I welcome
with gratitude For this passion
That hand
That touch, that smile That
takes me to paradise

07 April 2008

75

I saw
you I
looked at
you I
noticed
I looked again I
noticed again
I liked it
I loved
it
It was a gesture of love

09 April 2008

You were this And you
said yes To me
I realised it wasn't like that I
asked you how you were and
you almost cried
I felt sad And you
asked
Don't be like that
Just like you I asked
Be happy that I did
I'm just like you

76

*** **

If one day you find yourself
lost Think of me as your starting point
Think that life IS a
map and that you've found me
And I said welcome Start
your journey here
And that nothing
You're
already counting
on me
In your hiding place
Give me a little kiss
And everything's
beautiful

14th April 2008

Imagining
Without
Creating
Writing
Without
Reading
Listening
Without
listening
Studying
Without
memorising
Here's a motto
It has a See and Feel
theme
And let yourself go
In letters In
words In
sentences In
poems With
me, everything
is a theme

77

*** **

Today I feel current
Modernised No
past Though I
remember I forget and
do it all over again
At present

I feel the understanding
The truth I
feel my age
On your
face I look into
your eyes And I
see you and
without
Irony or demagoguery I'm
spontaneous
I'm factual
Punctual
a
nd
Current

*** **

78 Today was like
this Forget it Do
it like this How
would it be
If there were no
previous moment It
comes from within I
look outside I
remember I exist and
I see myself In the
now
The moment is gone
It's gone
I can only look at
the present
Face the moment

The instant
The event Not of
yesteryear But now

*** **

Almost
emerged That
word
Of the
act Of a single
fact Of a will
Of a will
A pleasure at last
Just writing
Nothing said
But it matched the
vision of that day
And the
Writing
Energy Joy
Of a man who lives
Your day-to-day life

79

*** **

Float
And it almost fades away

The clear and
serene water
Tears that run
down your
tender cheeks
Tears that run
down your face
A girl A lady A
woman Who
sometimes gets
lost
And you're not
what you want
But it longs to be so sweet
Like a cherry

80

*** **

They're
letters They're
words
Sometimes so silly
Others so clear
They come from the
inside With
brilliance
I don't know if they do
Furore
But I feel the sting of a
wound
One way

From a journey to
your innermost
being It's a
turning point A
passage
In your world and I
see it with a deep gaze

*** **

I know what you
feel I know what
you fear I know
what you want
I know what you want
In those afternoons In
those nights
Of loneliness
There's passion
There's desire You
close your eyes
You feel
Temes Queres
And how I think of
your happy, eager
smile
Waiting for someone brave

*** **

They
take, they
steal, they
invade
But they don't

The
me that's
yours
Our dream Our
meeting
On the bank of a river
I smile
You play with a stone
Under the
moving water
The stone is hard
But you and the
water
They are
pure Owners of the
greatest
Madness

82

*** **

If I sit down I reflect
I write between the lines
In the imaginary
Like a fish in
an aquarium
Where it
swims and
swims But
never tires of
breathing and
oxygenating
And looking for

The
figure

The freedom
To swim one
day
Without an aquarium to hold
you back And then you can
dream

*** **

Hell
o I see you're there I ask
how you're doing I'm
more or less You say I
listen
And I think of the most
I see the
woes of your
less
I see too much
Never too little
I've seen
and felt what worries
you and won't let go
Your Positive
and Creative Mind
But it was never negative
It was constructive

83

*** **

I drink my coffee I
lose faith
Someone grabs me

I feel the claw that
protects me
Someone who never
forgets me
And tell me
Are you
there Yes
I want you happy
Happy and content
Like everyone else
That's what I want
To this evolving
population So there's
passion

84

*** **

I looked ahead I
saw you there It
was enchanting
Magic was
all I wanted
It was you just
you Just you and me
How happy we were I
looked at the rain
That fell and
united us
Wet and in love
We were all
flooded by

The
figure

These drops of magic and for everything
What it transmitted
It was joy

*** **

Whenever I
Feel Whenever
I Write
It's something I see I
remember
And I always see you
Onwards
In the future and
In the present I
want you forever
Whenever I think I see
you with me Navel to
navel Lips to lips Body
to body United
More than friends always

85

It was something I saw
 And I didn't
 say It was something I
 wanted
 And I
 felt something
 strong A
 connection
 Without
 distress
 I'd put you in mine
 Imagination It
 was the creation
 of
 Something
 beautiful In shades of
 yellow
 Like the sun
 That never goes out
 And it radiates
 Energy
 All day

15 April 2008

When I switch off the
 light it gets dark
 Everything dark
 I enter this dimension
 There's a reason Darkness
 There's no motivation
 There's imagination

The
 figure

From
nothing
From
emptiness
What you can't see
Everything is
projected in the dark
A wall is imagined Obstacles
are knocked down Worse than
tentacles The show begins The
lights come on The curtain
goes up Until when
I'm dreaming

*** ***

Thoughts
But you don't think
Just like
that Nothing is
the same
The mind thinks
differently from person
to person
You think
so do I
Well!
We think AND
act Always
unique
A single
being To happen

As I see the darkness I'm a
passenger Not of light love
When I'm whole I feel the
parts of my body asleep
Emotions broken by tone By sound
What relaxation says to me
Emphasised and absorbed by
the ear
I'm reappearing
Don't put her to sleep
But maybe it's
better to forget
Anything to relieve tension
The pulse I'm
standing still
Strapped in
Readjusted
Maybe it's in the past I'll let
go and be quiet But there's
always a solution to the
question
I don't react, I
act
I'll take care of it Here's a
good opportunity

To round off the Suffering

18th April 2008

I
thought I
dreamt I
woke up
I saw you in a
dream
You were the one with the most
Charm
More Beauty
Princess air You
were my inspiration It wasn't
my imagination
I was a knight
Your warrior
For you I'd take any action No
armour to protect my heart

89

*** **

You were sleepy You
opened your mouth
You fell asleep I
thought of you
There

By your side
Leaning
back
I asked for a kiss
You granted him a wish I wished to be
with you
I found myself
Dreaming of you

*** **

I see you, serene
petal of azucena
Your perfume seduces me
Lead me
To meet you
I get dizzy
We're on your roof
Watching the
stars I leaned
against you And
even lost myself

*** **

You make me
smile You make
me feel
It's so good to let myself
go
In addition
There's no-one

You're so kind
One of more than a
thousand Or rather more
infinite It's so beautiful
What I feel for you
But it's impossible to feel It's
letting me go
For you
For your magic For
your joy

19 April 2008

91

You're cute
You're a baby
Who's already on his
feet You're so sweet
You're such a friend
I want you with me
You're fun
You're the
best You're
the greatest
You're everything I
wanted and desired A
beautiful son
You're very
affectionate You're
very smiley You're a
delight You're the
greatest joy

You're my son
You're my world

*** **

Naughty
Naughty
It's you James
My little boy
You're my kid
My cute, cool kid
You're too much all day
long Your smile, Your joy
They are energies

⁹²Fascinating with something

Pure
You jump over the
wall You jump over
the fence You get
close to me Because
of the jam
Come and give me your
pudding
You're so
sweet So cool
All day long
You're always smiling
And ready to go
In the street, in the
garden You're a
boy A naughty boy

I like you
And you love me I want
you to know I always
want you close to me

21 April 2008

I've travelled under the
clouds I've flown under the
skies I've been to the
planets On Mars and
Jupiter
On Mars I decided to love you
And on Jupiter
I wanted you
Here's my
Being Flying with a
pen
From Planet to Planet

93

*** **

There was strength
There was energy
There was joy
It was something that
transmitted It was Love
In the shape of a flower It
had the strength of the sun
It moved like the sunflower It
had a will of its own In
ceaseless search

Of something hot It was
a dream
It was an achievement
It was a goal
Everything with
passion Without
dimension It was
grandiose
It was amazing
Anyway, very sweet

*** **

I looked out of the
window I saw the
horizon
I looked over the hill
I looked straight ahead
I saw your star
It was brilliant
Sparkling I looked
up
I saw the
moon It was mine
and yours It was a
landscape It was a
journey I saw you
travelling
On land and under the sea
I followed you
We
travelled We
conquered
Over land and sea It was
only moonlight

23 April 2008

Longing is
wanting is
longing is
loving is
thinking is
feeling
I miss you I want you here
It's longing to meet you
It's loving you
It's always thinking of you
It's feeling your presence Saudades
It's being
without you and
thinking
And want
you And
feel you
And love
you
Without
seeing you
And longing
for you With
The 5 senses:
Sight that sees you without being
there, Smell without smelling you,
Hear yourself ,
Taste to delight me without tasting you
and Touch without touching you

...nothing better to remember and feel
nostalgia

*** **

I want to create
something But it's
too vague
Imagining
Creating and
transforming
To write
For someone to read
I don't know what
But I know why
But inspiration is lacking
I have to take a stand
To face this situation
From writing and
having something to
read I start to think
Trying to let go
I'm going to
give up Because
it's not easy
Achieve

96

30 April 2008

If one day there were To
tell of adventures Or
misadventures

The
figure

Only one day Not
even 1 year
Today after 1 year I can
see 50 days That's 365
days a year 7 days a
week 24 hours a day
Here's a snippet Of 50 days
of moments For these 365 a
year Some days of the week
And a few minutes for the 60 24-
hour times
Anyway,
Live for the moment!

97

19 June 2008

I was abstracted I'd
gone there
I came engrossed A
little crooked
It was a bit strange But it
wasn't a dream I was
awake
Ready to throw the dice
It was straight
ahead According to the
mind
It worked I
imagined

And above all,
it was
something
I created
and then had to live with
That's what I am
It's living and
Be

*** **

You know ? There are
things
Transforming Things
That's something
And thing that was thing
Causes n of things But
when?
When he transformed and was really
the thing
Gone
In short, things in life!

*** **

It was mist
Under who flies
It was
air Just to breathe
It was wanting

Winning
without fear It
was moonlight
by the sea
I was the captain I
had everything at
hand On board the
voyage The image of
the battle won
appeared It was an
achievement

26 June 2008

99

If this ever happened
Oh, what a joy, someone would say I
close doors, open windows And fly
fearlessly under paradise There are
those who pass judgement
Unconsciously I perpetuate myself By
mutual agreement
There are loose notes, in an
atmosphere In a very hot place
There are lilies, there are marigolds
Do you want to
There's wet, damp earth On the
ceiling, a dim, helpless lamp
Hold on to the filaments of reason Raise
the tension

There are hard times Even
difficult times
But no-one
But even no one knew what
anyone understood
And I realised
How to be alone in a crowd Here's
the catch
Living without existing
And above all, wanting to live

*** **

100

I smiled for moments I
cried for regrets I wrote what I
didn't understand But above all
I felt
I saw everything and
looked at nothing Why
then did I cry Only
because I gave myself
away
And I never left you
But I know
nothing
Here was the perfume that spread
and lit the sharp pain
From
passion It was time to say no
Just because then
Something existed
Something moved
It flowed through my veins

The sometimes distant blood of a
heart that doesn't pump
Just to give you an
idea How passion beats
strong and powerful
Even in the soul of an indigent
Above all, they were people
And he had a
mind Because he's
afraid of something
he feels

*** **

Anyway
There's always an end
And a beginning I
think I deserve it Not
for me Not for you
It's for both of us
Because we love
And we also reject Something
that ends
Something that is
born Blossoms and
grows
What all once existed
And in a second it gone That's how
it all happened Not just because
someone wanted to
To live a day and another instant
Always fickle

Without being too important It
was a moment
It was time in a mishap It was and
ceased to be
Sometimes it's enough to
believe and be reborn

*** **

How could I look
And not imagine
It was the truth
At a young age
What is exact
It is demonstrated in the act
A single action
To conquer a heart Fruit of the
imagination
It was
connection With nothing and
no one
Saying no What
happened was
something I feared
Everything I shook
was not in vain
It was like wiping with a mop
There's always someone next
door
Of the
no Because then you have to say
yes Even when you think of the
no

This is not being right
But yes is no
And that's the way it's
always been Never
wanting to But
sometimes doing
A yes turned into a no
This is sincerity
Fighting for freedom
Acting truthfully A no is
no and a yes is yes
Why not

*** **

I am and I'm not Just
because I want to be
Alive because I exist
And I was just when I thought I was
about to expand
And write to sleep I ran
while I walked I walked
while I stood still I was in
progress Fruit of thought
Free and clever
He was attentive to movement He walked
and walked
Just because I loved
I am, even if I'm not in this world
Loving

*** **

I don't believe in superstitions I
believe in man and his inventions

Questions
Assumptions
Imaginations

Illusions

Whether with ions or protons
They even create rockets
The light is in the energy
And it couldn't be
seen But it produced
Without guidance
He went and he
succeeded He was
the man He was so
ordinary He could
only imagine
And
Create There
was meaning
Not the sixth sense As
they used to say
But it was so real that it
always happened
Who wanted

104

28 June 2008

If we lived for a moment

The
figure

for moments, whether eloquent or even
heated, no one would say that
Love was pain that hurts
Imagine love without pain
Whatever it's for
It takes ardour with brilliance A
breath longer than you could
imagine The truth is in love
And to give, even if we
suffer Even if we don't see, but above all
To feel and inflict the pain of Love
Even though I don't see it, but above all I want to
Protecting your Love from pain
Protection that creates a
relationship
Coming from emotion
Love without reason
Then the pain comes from the heart

105

*** ** In

your eyes I see the sea
That I love just by looking at them They
bat their eyelashes in the sand They roll
their tears in the waves I see a beach with
shells I stumble on the stars
A cry, a grain This is
how my heart is fed

1st July 2008

If I
suffered It was
because I didn't see
Or I didn't understand
What I experienced

*** **

Smile sunflower
Rejoice
And beautify
With the beams of the
sun set you free
And show your beauty

*** **

How
suffocating
How crazy
Everyone has a little fear It was
something that moved
I didn't see
how it happened It was
a torment
For a long moment How
could I face a murmur
Now he doesn't
laugh Because
someone saw
A man

The
figure

Who for a moment wavered
Just because you looked
And there he
left What nobody noticed
Because he was silent

*** **

I suffered from
something I
experienced
And I suffered
How I felt
The night was freezing
I returned along the road With
everything and with nothing
One in nobody
I never went beyond
But as someone I fell
short

107

*** **

If in your eyes I saw
certainty I acted with
clarity And had the
dexterity
From
sadness Now that you don't act,
you're wrong So I looked up at
the ceiling
And everything seemed deserted

*** **

Oh what pain
Oh what a
sight
Sad and anxious
Look at me
glorious
When I go down Just because I fall
And I came down in humility
Of all things human

*** **

108

Silence The
disturbing Voice
of the disturbing
silence
From
someone who doesn't say
Become happy

*** **

I woke up one day
When I was losing
To myself I said
That what I felt wasn't joy
And all in one day
Tomorrow would be
better That's what I
wanted

The
figure

*** **

Just because it
exists Man becomes sad

02 July 2008

In the darkness
of loneliness
Reach out Don't
say no to a
brother
For it's not in vain to
touch your heart

109

*** **

If being alone wasn't
enough

03 July 2008

On these stones
I sit down I
write to you
What I've never forgotten
Your smile

Your company was
something I always felt
When I was alone
From time to time
I thought of you
after I felt good just
remembering you

04 July 2008

Every time I dream I
wake up and look at
myself I wonder if it's
really like this
I imagined or thought
Or if I just travelled
The dream builds nothing
changes nothing
It's a wrong perception That's
why I rarely dream It's
frustrating to wake up
And all the same, no
change, in the end Dream
or don't dream Everything
stays the same

110

06 July 2008

In an atmosphere of night
Sad and misanthropic

Quiet and silent Very
taciturn
But there is a star
Shining a moonlight
Illuminating
Even in the fiercest of environments
And
atrocious There's hope
Someone you can trust
A being who animates us
And pulls us up
A friend, a companion
Really true At any
moment Whether it's the last
one

111

*** **

Someone who looks at us
with indifference
Without belief
He doesn't look at us
with love He inflicts
pain on us
Somehow you don't
believe in being a
Friend and that you
look
Only for his navel He too
will one day feel the
difference
Who is a friend of a friend And
feels the belief of love

Even in times of pain

*** **

What Man
would one day be No-
one could say
If they said it, they didn't know
For man always
makes something else happen It was
rooted in his form
Of living, from the moment of birth Growing
up and finally dying All that Man
has done No-one could foresee
And I didn't even know why
He
made This is Man and his being

112

13 July 2008

I saw a certain sparkle
in your eye Something
set it off
It was intense and had a cause O to
love
I looked again It was still
shining

The
figure

His gaze was conquering me It shone
like a star Sparkling and strong
It captured my attention It
was a beautiful sensation
The sensation of passion

*** **

When I see where
I want to be I want you to
go with me on the same
road

It's written on this parchment That
you're my shoulder to lean on Someone I
want to be with Always and always I'm
longing for That place we're going to
conquer With our moonlight and the same
star
Always shining

113

14 July 2008

I don't understand I
don't understand
Or even I just don't
know It would be
enough to understand
To realise

To find out
Then I could argue and it would be
clear
What happened
I was beyond what happened I just
wanted to know where it began And
finally it ended

*** **

I want you to know
that despite everything
Whatever may happen
whose end I can't predict won't forget
you And you can always count on me
Our love in any situation
Because it's not just passion

*** **

I looked in the dark
I saw the depth of the night It was
time to relax Turn up the music on
the radio And let myself go
The night is a companion We can
share the sensations
More sensitive, because she keeps her
secrets well
I like to call it a silent night

For he always has a good ear But
speaks little despite always being
conniving
And that makes me happy

26 July 2008

How to live as a prisoner of
the whole world
A breath of freedom To relieve
anxiety That feeling of
imprisonment Increases
tension Nerves blink Without
others seeing
Behold, ties that are loosened In
knots that are untied What it's
like to be free and natural
To something more banal or sensual

115

27 July 2008

I couldn't even imagine
how it worked It was
writing and having
something that I
imagined And
represented

My being
The ordinary
being The
feeling
And see
Me writing
Everything that went
through my mind
I enjoyed it
I hope you'll read it too

29 July 2008

116

This position
Single
And without
destination That
disorientation That
pushes us to oblivion
To total loss
From the feeling of
breathing to the desire
to believe This is what
everyone faces in life

*** **

A look A sigh
Cigarette smoke

The
figure

Expanding
Breath after breath I look at the
clock
The minutes tick by
Cigarettes burn slowly
For something that I'm constantly searching
for From this moment on
Another breath, a word Before the
hour passes I hope this addiction
goes away

15 September 2008

One day it happened... That magical moment. The fruit of
effort...perseverance.... positive attitude. It was

something
good

117

....Or even exceptional....It would be original. If such a
from wanting and being better and more

than!

...Winning and overwhelming...Conqueror at last Da
dawn...in the silent night. Everything in my hand

...Without a catch...All for illusion With the following...
to be happy or even very happy. Just because

I

wanted to... and since it all comes down to how we feel about
things... Today on this day... In any month... In any year... In any
century... I'm predisposed to happiness. A

living what I haven't lived....listening to what I haven't heard.
And es-

tar onde não estive.... Well...Reborn to live...turn the ordinary into
something...Subtly unusual...

It's already present in the unconscious...Something that doesn't
lie to us...I'm going ahead with certainty...Aware of
something I do on a daily basis...Live
Always live with belief...everything we imagine is a
conquest of the real...
whether we are slaves to some vice or some virtue...
we can go round it and leave it... Jump...
run... fly... in the senses of your imagination... let your heart beat
fast... to hit it all at once...
the supreme freedom of a person who doesn't judge himself
by their actions... To
be is to live free

26th September 2008

118

One day I was going too fast... I crashed, I was left behind... then
I started again... with the encouragement of a crash... and the
confidence of a recovery... I insisted and lived as if there was no
other chance... I took a slow step...
but firm and convinced... I returned to the craziest race in the
world... the race is called life... it was for it that I fought...
and reached the goal...of being happy in order to be well...
positioned on the final stretch...I realised that I was fighting
alone...you need freedom
...and this is the sister of loneliness...well, I've always only set
out from the first and last place...it's only possible to be first...
and lastly when you run alone...that was the fighting spirit...but
you're never alone...you have your life ahead of you...and that's
running...
to live and be first while being last...when

we're starting a cycle... it's only natural that we start last... but there are points...
where we're winners...that's life...first in one place...and last in another...but never stopping...that way there's no runner...
in the race of life...we're always winning and losing at the same time...and that's fighting and winning in life!

04 October 2008

Driven by idleness...I meditated, equated and finally...took a side...an action on the restlessness...

man
becomes unhappy...when he doesn't live alone...when he can't stand to be still...it is necessary to look at the 119

happiness...
this comes from within... because you're impatiently looking for something... from outside... well, this restlessness

makes us sad...
enduring loneliness and being still makes us stronger... if we can live with ourselves, we can reach fulfilment.

of...happy is he...who
seeks nothing...because he has found himself...don't think of it as an autistic way of living...but the
the greatest happiness is...
inside us.

30 October 2008

6TAR There...

6to be there when you don't ask...
6being there when you don't have
to... 6be there when you want...
6being there even when I'm not...
6being there when you don't feel
me... 6being there when you call
me...
6being there when you think of me... 6to
be there for whatever comes and goes...
6to be there when you imagine... 6to
be there even if you don't want to...
6to be there just because...
6being there when you love me...
6being there because you exist...
6being there because you dream of
me... 6being there while being here...
6to always be there...
That I think I'll be
there...

120

14 November 2008

If I saw you one day, and looked at you,
I'd say what an interesting girl you
were, you had something in your
eyes was bright and your smile was
cheerful and sparkling.
You were a woman for those who want
Beautiful and sensual

You were
the one who seduced me and who I ever wanted
Just because of what I
felt. Do you like magic?
It was my everyday life.

08 December 2008

One day I imagined
Everything that just because it , I don't
know what I'm going to say
To then write It was
different
That dream was really
frightening
Of being and not
knowing What was
going to happen I tried
to describe
What I would never see
Here ended a journey into that world Of silence that existed
And that someone suffered I
don't think anyone should do
it just for the sake of doing it
What others won't do For lack
of courage
They don't act, but they know how to ignore
someone's well-being
Who don't know how to look and see

What you have
And that there isn't one in a hundred...

10 December 2008

Stop smoking and think! I put
out the cigarette, the fight begins as a cure for the re-
desire.

I write to exorcise and create. After two
minutes, the truth of writing and having
something else
other than you.

122 I feel I can't it, but on the other hand I feel a war-
's about what's
truest, conquering.

It's 16 minutes since the lighting of a cigarette, the
desire to
rekindle it.

Everything passes when you feel it. I'm thinking that's
why you'll have to wait.

From weakness to the desire to win, everything will come right
like dusk. I exist in
permanent contact with desire.

I think of the half hour after the last hour, I see myself and
I feel like
want to pass the time.

Travelling in seconds, in minutes they're like rockets
celebrating
every advance.

I feel light-headed, thinking about how the advance will be
 that I can reach.
 There's a step backwards, because there's a cigarette.
 At 35 minutes, here's the act I want to cancel.
 It was done without thinking, it was done mechanically and procedurally.
 sual.
 I had this access during a process of extinction of the
 situation.
 I put myself back in the moment, in the spontaneity of creation.
 actio
 n. Words, phrases with action and
 connection.
 I hear on the radio that the plan might be cancelled, I think about it and sin.
 It me a
 sense of
 direction.
 Another 45 minutes and here's another cigarette, I think, of
 course! Everything, but almost everything, makes me think,
 and that's necessary
 face it.
 It's an hour with a result of 20 years for the 30 that
 possess.
 Since we live 66 per cent of our lives thinking about the 100 per
 cent that the
 33 per cent can give us.
 It was complicated, but explained. If I
 really want to do something, I have to fight and study.
 means to act.
 It's not easy, I'll hardly ever smoke a "single" again
 cigarette.
 It comes at one o'clock, and I've followed a route that has no
 project.
 Of course, I'm going to smoke about the
 situation. My nature had to contain purity.
 After 2 hours 03 minutes I smoked and then thought about it.
 I know.

I'm going to emerge, something is to happen.
I started smiling, thinking that something was going to . The
easiest thing was to give up, but I was going to insist.
I grew stronger and all I could think about
was winning. Something unnatural
was abnormal.

As I reflect, it's best to pretend to sleep. The urge will
come, but I won't run away.

I'm without light, but I'll never run out of energy. I feel
a lightning power that will never overshadow me. I will change, I
will not hesitate to transform everything.

Mar.

I'm going and I know why
I'm going. A calm, banal cigarette, somewhat hesitant than
irritating.

17 December 2008

When one day a seagull comes... I'll ask
it...

to bring you back... I had
what I didn't want... When I
wanted nothing... I lost
everything...

What would I be like without
you... I enveloped the
description... In this passion...

I had a giant love that was always galloping... When I
thought of you, I saw what I'd lost...

Me here, you there...

How I wish I could be a like that...

Your heart...
This giant love, always triumphant... Everywhere
I felt a desire... Deep from my world...
I always wanted you, even more when you
laughed... The look of happiness was stronger
than...
All the electricity, through which all the... The chain that
binds us and never separates us...

*** **

I never intended a fortuitous clash... Imagining the
bridge over the river where the pavement...
no longer meant anything... I
saw the figure and ran and hid...
I read on a piece of paper words as sweet as honey...
The lyrics weren't bollocks...
They had meaning and were buried in the past... Something the
wind thought and blew...
That face painted with a brush in a badly-loved painting.
of...
You were that resulting part of the art... You
were painted on the canvas, you were the one...
You were "her"...

125

03 February 2009

The Cult

Author's name

I ran, but he grabbed me and pulled
 me away, taking me with him.
 A damned figure that you can't even see but that spreads.
 He is the unrecognisable Vult of an experience of
 fairytale apparition.
 The figure murmured: You're afraid a man
 no face!
 Yes," I replied with some fear.
 Fear not, for I only exist in the presence of light. I've spoken
 of light and energy before, but never of a man whose
 face I don't know and
 voluptuously appears and runs away without catching up.
 to its physique.
 The figure is a being of darkness that can't live without light.
 Strange is a shadow that hides in the dark and
 in the silence.
 But you emerge from the light and with that hat you wear without
 face, black. I
 ascend to the heavens, I magnify with the distortion of the
 your gaze and light
 metamorphic.
 Next to the skies I laugh like no one else, I laugh like a sultan
 and of frustration
 I respond with the speed of the black skies and densifi-
 I'll eat every last
 drop of crystal-clear, sharp rain. But for a man
 no water face
 through my body and my own mackintosh.
 The figure doesn't
 soak. Because it's made of
 shadow.
 These imaginary figures were recreated by me
 stops in the silent night,

chasing away those who flee the darkness and seek light. I
am a friendly shadow of misfortune. All the
evil of the Vult is that it doesn't exist.
It's a missing apparition.

*** **

The

Scream As a form of lifelong pleasure emerges from the turbid
soul,
the sense of protection from others and the terrible humming of the
soul.

He who rises does not always fall, but rises from deceit to
defiance.

What you really see is the rise and not the fall from the precipice.
In the heights of the waves, where the green lies and the blue fades.
Red emerges as a warning of the principles of others.

The dark, the gloomy, the frivolous are not always present, as if
they are exacerbating the situation.

the desperation of a shrill, silent scream.

In words, it refers to an encounter with supernatural magic that
involves passion.

Without a catch, letter by letter a literary wall of words is built
an inevitable fact arises... where the writing and the tears flow
of an unbreakable contentment whose being is not opposed, but
as if it were

revitalises and arises from a break-up of Antarctic ice

that repels its own
magic of being among the miraculous beings and as if it's going up
in flames
burning with the desire to pronounce what had long been announced.
He writes and translates
the unburdening of the machine of creation.
Between lines and sayings, here's what one thinks and the other
comments.

03 February 2009

Vertigo

A beginning, a precipice, because time is not ephemeral.
ro.

The parallel fall of a bad start, I cool down.

On tiptoe I balance myself and jump, mergu-
lho.

I didn't cancel myself out, I jumped and imagined the vertigo.

Quickly my heart jumps, for something I imagined.
not travelling.

At the front, I saw my whole life in a second as I glided by
into the air.

It was the free fall of hitting the ground...

...Through the wet tarmac

That glistens on the road I

breathe the deep air

It's freezing!

The wet tarmac

I feel the cool water shining in the dark It reminds me of
the bright, sparkling sky

And that's what the ground looked like...

...Strong, that impact would destroy what was to come. The clock
stopped and immortalised the moment of his thought.
samento.

At a faster speed than the wind, he was pirouetting and
curling in on
himself, he turned round and climbed, climbed, and returned to the
moment he had left.
to the previous
so there won't be any later, so I call it elevation
from the fall into
which it .

14 February 2009

129

Pride

Feeling the self
I see how the other has suffered
Someone who has felt
And that the other has never
seen In the skin of others I
hope you never suffer The
spirit rises
Help and mutual aid
There are pebbles along the way
It's these obstacles that raise pride It's born in me like this
The belief that I came to the world to
fight until the end

And look after yourself
and finally Be and go
deep To know the other
And your world

*** **

Fencing In
the art of There are
blows to inflict
Everything passes through a
feeling A blow from the
tip of a sword The
struggle of suffering
Without meaning to, which conveys power
Of winning and
having Behold, the
being shines
The winner and loser When
they fall, they feel the
pain
But he gets up and wins He's
a fighter who overcomes pain He
imagines himself at the top of the last
act
And you can see the glory
of the victor and the vanquished
Everyone who fights deserves
the desired victory

130

25 February 2009

The
figure

That Morning It
was a dawn... Frivolous
and agonising...
A tear not far away... Of an unbridled
cry...
That made sense On
the moist face... Of the
dawning morning...
The night had already come...
Time had passed... A lament
arose...
And he told me to be vigilant...
To the sun that would
come... And the tears would
evaporate...
That flowed...
And the world with its clouds...
They said Smile...

131

*** **

Simple

Astonished, I made my mind... What was
to come...
I was going to take control and really test it out... The
decision was made...
It wouldn't come out of
nowhere... It was going to
emerge...
From the depths of the feeling I was experiencing...
The time of habits about to leave...
Courage and perseverance... It
fuelled my hope...

The abyss became clearer...
And out of the fog and the treacherous
wind... The will to conquer arose...
Something I was going to achieve...
Fortune was about to strike...
Time to love the self...
And progress in fights and battles...
Without fail...
It was a clear shot...
For the next few days... I got the
pointer right...
I read the hours, minutes and seconds...
And I freed myself, as if by magic... That's
what I saw that day...
Happy and content... More
than most people... He was
different...
It came from the mind... It would
certainly happen... It would
happen...
Simply...

132

28 February 2009

The
web I've taken a serious look at my
surroundings... I've seen the
landscape and it's not ugly... I've
looked at society...
I saw a web where ...

It's connected and I imagined the spider...
 It was a plot... A
 real drama...
 Death was the spider's visit... And the
 web was a kind of supper for it.
 The spider took those who suffered the most and wove the
 least... It stung people and as if put them to sleep... This
 devourer struck everyone...
 One day I dreamt that those who died in his web...
 It was the ugly
 spider... Death had ceased to
 exist...
 And mortality would succumb...
 That was the dream of being immortal...
 No fear of the web, the spider and life... We all
 succumb but it's up to us... Form the web and if
 possible be good...
 So that life doesn't get ugly...
 To have the will to live and not look at the spider...
 Like the end...
 But rather the end of a cycle... Of a
 society/web...
 Which is always under construction...
 The construction of the web was evolution...
 And for the spider there is no solution...
 There's the web, the ugly spider and me...
 Imagination...

16 March 2009

Coffee lights

Between cigarettes

Badly erased
And roasted coffee
I'm present in this space
It's an airy, well-trafficked place where people
appear
From anywhere I see
myself in the future
Creating a bond in this space Where
I'll write and have a goal to follow
Which I hope to achieve
In about 2,000 hours, about one a day
I dedicate myself to this space
More specifically called Luzes café
where I hope to illuminate between
the lines
My day-to-day life
I feel relaxing energy

134

If only for a moment I'll keep
up a daily writing process
A constant
Creating, rambling,
thinking And writing is
something I find exciting
and challenging

*** **

The Sea

I imagine myself among the
seas At the bottom of my world
there's life!
I dive into the ocean of writing Where
I see ink flowing
Creating between beautiful lines
Texts, phrases, poems
Or even simple reflections Without
much attention
Or rushes, even tensions
There are intentions In
my ocean Letters are
hunted
With harpoons to
strike deep The hearts
that feel diverse
Emotions, sensations
But what matters is to
dive into Our sea and
Above all to love
Through the different
seas

16 March 2009

Lantern I

light the lantern From
power to energy
Behold, it goes out
Illuminat
ed emptiness, with a sense of
fulfilment Wakes up in me
An endless longing It
so happens that the
Luminous flame
illuminates A passing
afternoon
Slow, very lazy It's a slight
awakening Of a brilliant
gaze and as if a conquest
is born In the presence of
one
Knowing
that you are exhaling a
dense, intense perfume
And contagious,
behold An odour
that you enjoy
inhaling and
How good it is every
day to breathe Never
the same air

*** **

Smile
A smile isn't always
necessary
But what makes you
beautiful A discreet smile
Intimate, a sign
Of joy and pampering Like a
fascination A timeless joy
Very natural and relaxed
When you smile wisely A glow
hits me That cunningly
You don't lie and when
you touch me you're
breathtakingly different
I get lightly Deeply thinking
for a moment How happiness
It emerges in reality
From the duality of A
cheerful smile To a
look with a lot of
sparkle
How I have sometimes
lived

18 March 2009

Fado

A fado A
destiny that marks
longing
Ageless Far
away the desert But very
close
From the thirst to
see you to the desire to want
you
To you alone

*** **

138

Feeling

Not everything I feel I
write down
But I feel what I write
Here's simple but
Don't diminish what my
heart hears

*** **

Word on the Wind

If the wind
could carry you away
A few words

The
figure

I'd write with the rain
What I'd write with a
postcard
In it I
would draw a picture of
the sun with its rays and I
would tell you that
You are my energy
And my sun will always
shine for you
Even on days when
Snowi
ng That was the
thought The wind
would always blow

139

19 March 2009

Thinking, Reflecting and Acting or Not Acting

You can't express
it You feel it and
how difficult it is
To feel and not express
Sometimes it's enough
just to exist But to reflect
Before reacting Like a
feeling Process and
pretend Pretend like one
Thought control

To act or not to act
Immediately, here's
the sensible thing
Then to pretend
It's a feeling After
reflection
So yes, a reaction That we
may not feel We may also
feel
Not reacting
Sometimes for
Silence a thought And
just be
For the presence that
means being

23 March 2009

The obstacle is
not the obstacle The
spectacle itself Win
without fear
Sometimes we feel an ache But
the point is to live
And fighting to develop ourselves
Sometimes this is growing
up
And learn In
the struggle for life
We always have to
Reacting to loss, to misfortune
Overcoming obstacles is

Maximising the self In
overcoming is
The ultimate pleasure
conquering and
giving
To us the due value Of
surpassing ourselves and
Gaining value
By learning from defeats
And finally,
winning is the
essence of
Living

25 March 2009

Maritime whirlpool The
water curling In the
sea, the sand
A rar
Drop by drop
Grain by
grain
A breeze rolling on the
ground, I grab with one
hand
The drops of the ocean
With another the sand Of
the seascape It's an
immensity Immersed in
the hand It loosens, it
frees It expands A
sensation of those who
had everything in their
hands

But you can't have everything
You can't achieve everything
Sometimes what we keep slips through
our hands
In our hearts and felt in our
hands

Everything has an emotion
And a catch that
emerges forming a
whirlwind

29 June 2009

Not that what I'm telling you is true, but it's not a lie.
Absolutely!

142

The burning pain of a loss. Where, but
where are you? What have I done?

I haven't dreamt, because I'm awake waiting.

You will come, you will save me from this murmur that takes me
away, undoes me, breaks me and corrupts me and says that you
are not there! Where I am, I want more, I can't stand just being
breathing.

I'm walking ahead and here's something that won't let me go any
further.

Because I go back and forth where I'm not even there or where I
don't think I am.

I want to run away, I put down my cigarette, I hit the rocks and
smoulder.

My heart is like this cigarette that goes out until it wants to be
lit again.

You'll be the one who tightens me and unties me in a
knot. Because I don't want to, I don't want to be a loose thread that
Tie yourself up, no more squeezing.
I don't want to be what you say or they say about me, I want to be
what I feel.
That blind knot, you don't see that it strangles and squeezes and
destroys.
That tie will break.
Everything goes back
to zero. I just want to be 0 without any logical follow-up, I don't
want to be positive or negative, but you insist that
you have to do it and make it happen.
Leave me alone.

143

Why am I crying?

I don't know, but you always know why tears fall and let go. I also
know why I sometimes fall for other people's mistakes and why I
hold on without letting go.

I want to cry, I want to let go.

The bitterness of feeling leaves me with a hot chill from which I
shiver, but it's worth crying, and laughing and feeling. The end will
take care of the end that comes with a tear that is not shed but is
always lurking and the tear of indifference runs down my cheek.

I was thinking, what are you
like? So banal, so like what you think you are, you're a pa-
drone.

I don't care what I count on, I want to see it

what you can't give me and what I need, you're not
yo
u. I want me.
I want you as you always were, what I thought was what you
were, or when you weren't, you were what you became.
I am me.

I don't know how I started this story, but I don't have an arrow or a
bow, let alone a target.
I'm not aiming to hit, I don't even want to aim, I feel that what
I'm hitting is , the arrow is stuck in my heart, that's why I'm in
pain. A lonely heart, scarred by a blow that doesn't revitalise it, the
pain is too strong because of the desire to pump.

144 I'm not free. I'll
never be totally free, I love my freedom, but I feel tied down by
those who love me.
Why do they love
me? I wonder if
they do.
They want to be free and tied to someone. I
want to feel alone and unnoticed.
I don't want to understand anything, I don't want to think about
anything, because you invade me, I want to distance myself from
what's approaching me.
I don't
want love that says it's freedom. I don't want love that they say
is freedom. I just want
release what's in me.

The anguish, the loss. He
was and he isn't anymore.

I came at the moment without feeling that you had left.

This nature of doing and undoing and, what's more, of telling us
what we're going to do.

I don't want to do anything, I don't want to go far, I want to go
where I don't go.

I'll leave and take nothing with me.

I don't cry, I don't laugh, I don't think, I don't look and because I
feel I'm not dead.

What a tragedy!

I'm going and I have to go, one day I'll succumb too.

Why?

Yes, I ask why this, why that, but I don't want to think about
what has already been said.

I don't want to fight, I don't want to be so much like someone who
never was.

The voice torments those who lament.

Hold on.

I go travelling, I come and go patiently.

What can I say, I don't have, I don't have much and I lack so
much.

The being that tells me I don't want any more invades
me. I don't want to.

I don't want to go back, I want to be here when the mú-
The music plays and the
wind blows. I don't want to be the devil, I don't want to be
an angel, no

I want neither heaven nor hell.
I want the Earth where everything exists.

Author's name

I don't want to leave, I want to stay where I am, I don't want
everything there is, I just need a space to breathe and
to think about
it. Imagining and creating my own existence.
I just want air to breathe. I
want to be as loose as the air I breathe.

I saw, I smelt, I heard, I also told you what you didn't think you'd
hear.

I've told you so much and nothing or almost nothing has
touched you. It would be too much to ask for your attention,
no more seduction. I want to see you raw.

You know, sometimes I'd flay my skin to make you feel that I'm
living flesh and that I'm suffering from the ripping off of my skin.
skin that is difficult to grow and repair.

146

For you I am living flesh, full of marks and wounds.

I don't know what I want to
express. But something crushes me because I don't want to,
but I do.

Deep down I wanted to have a bit of everything or nothing at all, because
the

I have nothing of value. I'm
alone and you're lonelier than before.

I was writing what I would later read and what I wanted to convey.

I know it's not easy. I
think a lot won't be said, and a lot will be the
that won't be understood.

Rejected.

I vehemently want to reject what impoverishes me.

Trivial things have no place in the heart of emotion.
What we see with a simple glance can mark our hearts.
He can't stand it, he doesn't want to see it, but he feels what his
eyes see.
Never open your heart's eyes because it may no longer see and it
will suffer.

I'm right
here. Can
you see
me?

I don't think so!
Can you feel me? I don't
think so either! What do you
see in me?

147

Hum, I stayed here so you wouldn't forget me, I can't stand not
having you, because what unites us sometimes unites us.
separate, but I'm here.

I won't pretend
I'll write and let it flow.
What I want to write about is undoubtedly a tear. As I wrote a tear
as it is, sad, lonely, wet, loose.
Let me wipe away your tears, your pain, your sadness, your
loneliness, the suffocation of being alone.
Let me lick your tears, I want to drink away the pain you feel.

Alone, alone.
With me, this is me, just me!
What am I
like? It's just
me.

The feeling expands to truly felt pain.
da.

How it feels to be us.

To think of the self is to go beyond what comes from
the outside. Turning inwards, I know that I exist. To exist for
others, it's enough to look at ourselves, but they'll never see the
same thing
me that me.

Loose pages, loose
leaf,

148

Loose sentences,

I want everything to come out, I don't want to keep anything, I
want to empty myself, that's the only way I'll evolve, that
everything I write evaporates,

The pain of one more sentence, each word your pain, I want to
write to free myself.

I don't want to suffer.

Another day
The morning, the fresh morning air, noisy too. I want the
night, the silent night, where I see in the dark the
light that you bring with you.

Let's unite silence and darkness. Let's make
light of the blackout.

Verses, songs, charms, magic, poems, phrases. I want to be
your light in the dark night.

How I let myself go...
In the recesses of the deep tides... The mermaid's
harps play loudly.
I want to stay and watch
For you, without telling you what I'm going to
write. Never to forget you.

Nothing
g! I wanted
nothing,
The purpose of these words is nil. I don't want
you to read, I don't want to write any more either
what I want to say to you one day.
But now I just wanted a little bit of nothing.

I don't know if you'll read it, let alone understand what I have to tell you.

What I want you to realise and understand is that you count, yes you count for me and that's where you can count on me.

But I won't tell anyone.

I'll wait for death to disappoint me.
Death?
Death doesn't exist!
And it's always there. I'm not
afraid of death, but of losing you.
Not that anything hurt, but the pain of having and not having is the
difference of being, how can it be like this?
I don't want anything, because there's little and nothing of much

I want, I want nothing, I repeat, I had everything when I didn't
know it and now that I know what there is I want nothing, if I
reject what there is and isn't, I'll be free, free of everything that
binds me and I'll let go of the bitterness, of what it is to have.

Enough, I just want to
be! Can I just be
me?

Yes, me and nothing else, because I don't want this nothingness either.

"Timeless" It
knocked, and knocked again ... It knocked
incessantly with a flow ...

Without precedent of an anomaly or wound ... Then one
day it opened ...

I'll never do it again ...

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It was open and in an instant it was closed ...

How shall I pronounce it, it was mine, always mine ...

But in the end you ...

Him, You and

Me ...

In a word, then, the ...

Heart! THE

DEEP SADNESS OF BEING ...

IS NOT TO KNOW YOURSELF

... BEING AWARE AND LEARNING TO LIVE WITH YOUR

INTIMATE ...

BEHOLD, THE ABYSS IS TINY ... TO

HAVE AND TO BELONG IS SOMETHING THAT IS ALWAYS

DIS-

VANECE ...

AS IF IN ABDICATION, IS WITHOUT RELUCTANCE

...

IN THE ESSENCE OF JUST WANTING TO BE ...

IT'S FROM THE SELF THAT YOU CAN SEE DEEP DOWN
AND THEN WE SEE THAT THERE IS NOTHING SO INFERIOR

...

HOW TO BE SUPERIOR ...

Here's a thought that I'm sure I'll express ... The lower the level at
which we place ourselves

...

We'll see how the superior being is getting closer and closer ...

Of infinite knowledge ...

Always utopian ...

Behold, a being is born, lives and learns and ... When
you really realise ...

You know very well that you have strayed far from
knowing... Everything and your own being ...

What's Changed?

Everything ... In My World Changes! Why?

Because I'm Willing ... To

Change and Face Everything ...

But Almost Everything ...

Coming from My World... My

Mute World?

It's the intellect ...

Who Tells Me to Act ... in the

Right Way ! IMAGINE!

IN A STRATOSPHERIC DIMENSION, WITH NO LIMITS TO
EXPANSION, THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF MAGIC
TIMELESSLY UNAVAILABLE AT THE LEVEL OF THE
ILLUSION ITSELF ALWAYS COMES IN WITH THE TE-

A NEBULOUS APPEARANCE OF THE TRUE ILLUSION OF THE
WORD ALREADY PRONOUNCED DISILLUSIONMENT; A
GENERATOR OF INTIMATE CONFLICTS OF THE SIMPLE
AGONY THAT OVERCOMES ANY HARMONY.

ENIGMATIC, PROFOUND AND SENSITIVE, THIS IS
THE NON-BINDING ENERGY OF THE LETTER PLUS LE-TRAS
OR TOO MANY LETTERS FOR TOO FEW WORDS.

HERE'S A MENHIR THAT'S BECOMING MORE
SEDIMENTED AND WITH WRITING A LOT OF THINGS
SOON REMAIN

DITA.

THINGS WILL COME TO YOU IN VAIN, MANY WILL LEAVE
YOU, OTHERS WILL BE WORTHLESS. TO TELL YOU THAT
THE BIGGEST THINGS WILL BE FOR A BULLY, BUT I "USE"
YOU THAT FEW WILL BE WORTH IT, BUT THOSE WITHIN
THE TINIEST IN-TERIOR COME THE VALUE THAT ONLY
YOU CAN OBTAIN. TO LIVE, TO GROW, TO LEARN, AND,
DEEP DOWN, TO DO NOTHING.

PRE THE UTOPIAN LITTLE

152 KNOWLEDGE. HERE'S A DAY TO LEARN, LITTLE BY LITTLE,
THAT WRITING WAS MEANT TO UNIFY THE CONNOISSEUR
OF ORDINARY KNOWLEDGE FROM SCIENTIFIC
KNOWLEDGE, THAT BOTH CAN ONLY BE EXPLAINED BY
THE PROFOUND SAPIENCE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE
WORLD.

THE EXPERIENCE OF +

I'll start where I want to end.

Smoke spreads inside my room. My interior too, it's been
violated.

I want to break up with you and the others. Will I
succeed?

Strength, Strength and Strength that pursues me
and tells me to move forward without fear!

You'll be finished before my days are over.

I'm going to reject everything from the outside, just like me
I'm going to feel it... I don't know, but here I'll leave my little
story...

If you're on this page, you're curious about my little story.

What I'm about to tell you in these pages will be for me to find
the true being that dwells in me, with no outside world.

How is this possible? Let's see how I describe my story.

I'm not moving for the moment, but I'm stepping back, ready to
move forward. The smoke continues to permeate this space.

This story begins where it will end. What I want to
tell you is the fight against everything. Let's see if I
can get to the end and say:

I have everything and I wanted nothing, like maximising the inner
Self.

It's already here, in a few moments I've matched it in cigarettes
the number
of pages you browse.

Let's get on with the fight, it will last as long as it takes.

It blows through the hours, the minutes, the seconds. It's over!

I'll start where I left off.

I'm ready for this smoke to pierce through the window and
release itself into the air, I want to be this smoke that only
exists from the air.

I just want to breathe the air.

I want to float and imagine what I'm about to tell you. I do
what I don't want to do, I start off by always committing the
same things

errors.

The battle is far from .

I want to convey to you feelings, situations and
conflicts.

And the struggle lies in overcoming the
being that I was.

I want to be the other, the figure that pursues me. My
own conscience that warns me and tells me:

Emerge, overcome
yourself. Here I am standing still, but fighting against the
movement.

so

I pursue.

My Vult, come to my Self.

Free yourself, expand yourself, let me be like you through
of me.

This is where what I'm going to be
began.

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What doubts, moving forward without retreating, this is a figure that
pursues me. Do
it, make it happen and be reborn to live and feel. Without
demagoguery and illusions, live what you can't
see.

Because that's the only way you'll make progress,
stand up and say. I want to be what I am, I
am Me. The being I was and the figure I
will be.

I will be as I imagine. I'll
tell the one who's chasing me to go ahead.

Face me and I will free myself.

The end is yet to begin.

Everything I thought.

Beware of this being who stalks you and at the end of
cable is your friend.

I no longer regret this moment. The end of
the torment came, he touched me and murmured to me.

rou:
Are you
there?

It's the end of the principle that I'm going to report on here.

For now I say:

Enough, come to me and incorporate me until victory.

You have become a vulture in me.

Possess me!

You will be my odour for the last time.

Yes, you're leaving.

I'm not sad about your departure. In fact, I'm looking
forward to your departure.

Go as you came, leave as you arrived. I don't want you,
but you're a misfortune beyond measure. Your presence is
an affront.

I know that for you, I've never won, only lost.

You're like cigarette smoke, a friend of disease.

Go away, go away, I won't be there when you arrive. As I said,
I emanate your odour just by going... I get another flavour and
perfume.

Perhaps you don't know or have in mind what you're proposing.
For as long as I can remember, I've known you for a few years.
Enough so that now here lies the desire to continue with you.

I'll initially mourn your presence, but,
auspiciousness for lesser evils.

You are the object and I create our connection, but fu- nest
pleasure and

illusory for rather poor living conditions. I dare for deprivation.
For only then can it be light and natural, through

air that feeds me.

Fresh, serene, warm and harmonious will be the compensation.
natural wind that flows like the weather, always in a northerly
direction. The air currents blowing against us will be

storms that face us, Nothing could be more natural
than the smoke in the air itself.

What do we find in external nature as inte-
the harmony of the free being
of currents.

The very root of liberation blossoms, grows and sediments.
ção.

Our meeting's undoubted will is the very
rose of time

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of the desert sands that firm up reason. Freeing oneself
from the image of the ordinary human being, to the eccentricity of
the intimate relationship that distances us. We're different, I'm
natural and organic, you're artifi-
cial

and synthetic, and that's why you can't express
yourself without me. Without the act that I'm going to
neutralise, you'll make me happy. I'm going to open the door
for you to come and talk to me.

But I'll leave it ajar for you to leave straight after. Vulto, are you
aware of your propagation?
patience

of unease. You are and
will be of little importance.

We all have these stupid phases, usually in
child.

But if we're told as adults to release the child in us, that's why I
also had one with you.

bad
phase. I'm going back to patient
tranquillity. You can go and I'll lock the
door.

I know why you came, but I also know where you're going
you
drive. The abyss is wide, the thought of letting go is wider.
gar.

Run away without me, lock yourself away and explode.
From day one, your word has been mine
sentence, but don't count me out when you tell me next time,
Hello, I'm here, but I'm sure that your journey will be a return to
the harsh but harmonious reality that it's all about.
if you want to let us invade, what do we have that we're looking
for? Just one word from you, which is Goodbye.

And you've been , far away...

It was the last time... Longing coming to an end. The tear
fell and erased the cry.

The rope that tightens me is not the same rope that suffocates me.
The knot in my throat, held by a thread.

You strangle the mind and suffocate the conscience.

What you provide is a slow death of rejuvenation and
walking like this and talking like we've been doing. It will never
erase the sharp pain that cuts through the shrillness of life with a
single glancing blow.

At the top of my memory is the devastating, ghostly blow.

It was your dichotomous presence between being and not being.
Life travelled in photographic moments that all

stores and in an instant empties itself. Because
you live in me outside of me. Erase your destiny
and live the fraction.

That timeless feeling spreads over the next few moments. Like
flying without leaving your seat.

That instant that never stops because you breathe and you can
never stop,

what makes you breathe.

Living is as strong as the urge to breathe. But just breathing
is not living.

When you stopped living, you didn't stop breathing.

That's why what comes to us is an ima-
helplessness. Without
limits or consequences, to the next stage. The one that emerges
from being another at every moment var-
158 tells us what really
somo, this illusion of the precipice is self-flagellation of
live while we are alive, what moves us
is this Nature that surrounds us and cons-
tantly only distracts us,
I mean that all the absorption of the moment is mere-
illusory since Nature reflects all the
frames in a random and super-rela-
tively higher each
instant of human movement.
Everything that appears around the figure of the "I" is exterior
that magnifies
the interior, but capturing only the sensation of distraction is
a greater Being
that moves us, Mother Nature.
If, at any time, virtuous, contradictory te
invade

is assimilated in the instant of the mind, these inputs cannot
match the learning and output of
any impulse. It's a
good thing you've emerged from the immense and distant
think-
ments.

I'd like to talk ... you decide, always mano-
braste.

Reversing the roles, say shut up. The flight
of a word is an act.

How to ignore you and make you leave.

You're flying in the shadow of the wind.

Why do you hide, appearing when you want to?
res.

Don't you see?

Take care of someone else, you'll have a friend other than your
simple misfortune.

Everything emerges vaporising.

That's how, counting to ten, I realised how much the glimpse
of the instantaneous moment of the window of the future was
going to open and see only the last smoke that was blowing and
how the click of the future becomes large and
vast.

