

# It's Already Us In Ten Minutes

Diary



GERARDO D'ORRICO



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«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

## **D'Orrico G.**

*It's Already Us In Ten Minutes* / G. D'Orrico — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

This diary is my third book, an exploration of urban and suburban environments to observe humans and modern objects. Representations in philosophical or mathematical form in order to find the right amount of motion, the proof that good is a higher feeling than an evil, the right repetition of always the same things to confirm that here one cannot say the false is even less realize it. This diary is the third book written by me, an exploration of urban and suburban environments to observe humans and modern objects. Representations in philosophical or mathematical form in order to find the right amount of motion, the proof that good is a higher feeling than an evil, the right repetition of always the same things to confirm that here one cannot say the false is even less realize it. A certain practicality that can be associated with a manual on socio-political rights, then the different forms of exit from a modern unhealthy or incorporeal being. The becoming of one's own experiences, of one's own dreams in their reality, without basic problems to confirm an overall human evidence, finally the transfer of social and anthropic material so much contested in these years after the year two thousand. The period of the twenty-one letters contained reaches from December 2008 to July 2010.

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**Diary**

## SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Gerardo D'Orrico was born in Cosenza on March 6, 1976. After completing my high school I attended the universities of Arcavacata (CS) and Bologna but without a degree, I have a good knowledge of computer science and some musical instruments. My youth was between the residence of Luzzi (CS) and Cosenza for studies or in the hometown of my mother Villapiana (CS) by the sea. I have made many trips in Italy and someone abroad, after the military service I helped my father with his work and I dedicated myself to writing prose as well as continuing my passion for computer science and software programming, I created and manage a web-site (beneinst.it) where everyone can enter their pages for free: letters, poems, drawings, pictures, photos. So far I have published four books: 1. The good and the bad, memories 2. An ash ceiling 3. We Are Already Ten Minutes Ago 4. Say it yourself. I live in Luzzi where, among other occupations, I continue to write or revise my texts and research for technological art.

(Youth photo)



## **PREFACE**

This diary is the third book written by me, an exploration of urban and suburban environments to observe humans and modern objects. Representations in philosophical or mathematical form in order to find the right amount of motion, proof that good is a higher feeling certainly than evil, the right repetition of always the same things to confirm that here you can not say the false is much less realize it. A certain practicality that can be associated with a manual on socio-political rights, then the different forms of exit from a modern unhealthy or incorporeal being. The becoming of one's own experiences, of one's own dreams in their reality, without basic problems to confirm an overall human evidence, finally the transfer of social and anthropic material so much contested in these years after the year two thousand. The period of the twenty-one letters contained reaches from December 2008 to July 2010 good reading,

*Gerardo D'Orrico*

# 1. YOUR DARK ROOMS

31.12.2008

“Hello, you had to start somewhere, you could start by removing what you are not, what they make you understand for yourself or belong to you more... your deep teasing.”

The attempt to make people understand verb or action, who or the other study that openly leads us to the most disturbing delinquent, the divine possibility of not believing or not being, speak. One day of celebration is also the next, the reality is always that, we moved to feel that true, you are in evil? ...and yet it's so difficult, still for a while eh, you usually repeat a case, you have to accept it or better you have to build a law, a solution on daily horrors in forms, acts forced in that way. Those damn troubles make our life a sweetness, there we see well forward, but no one has ever spoken of thieves here, who is the first to say what we live today and who exists. Thousands of rules to respect, rules without ever saying that that error is not part of life, your commitment to others is your presence even in your absence. Errors, commissions, naval ports, land areas. View or accuracy, you think that it is a false life or fallacious, what it says here will go in a software package or something else.

What I don't know, they explain in two lines just to keep quiet, they don't have to make fun of us are people those things, different individuals create the difference in your vacuum, everything there is exists from zero on. Here the ruler is evil! I almost suffocate again... they'll denounce us ah, and then they've never done anything, they won't get anything out of it. We live addicted and bored that afterwards it's like before, it's not just on this particular occasion, what you wanted to tell me later we'll talk about it. They seem to me a shadow on the world is no necessity, just the total absence of everything, where and when to go, leave to leave an unhealthy. All things forbidden that are good but, the truth remains a road without mistakes, after all there is no other bad, they want to take us to a part where we do not exist, where there is no me as an idea or, as a person for example, an open field where there is no one, then there kill us forever. One key is that you are here, no one left because you were missing, while the false as the cold shower, are five hundred books to read to know.

Here an exchange of person is normal, being here is just an expletive, it will be the air we breathe nobody does anything, it seems the usual song is instead life, what sadness what has been created by the indifference of the tragedy. Whoever wins is cancelled by mistake, and that's it, it's all wrong to get out of here you need to call the law, the police or a lawyer because it's not a dream or the other, but a tragedy of others in your life. People complain that 'the future is the past, the existence of another is necessary to distinguish the parties, a hundred points for all people that is not dead. There is always an explanation why we are alive, what we do because we are doing it as the opposite, but then only one act has arisen the lyrics of these times that modern times are passed but smell of centuries ago, as true as the blindness that we bring, more true still, more true, here is a unique reality, all 'the world has changed, people and measures is not true, it is not past but present the future. Words that have a taste of constant renewal, like a rebirth under a new sign. Renewal is renewal, anti-death in life. Dangerous business they say, better would be others steal, thieves of beautiful things that have always been and will be the right ones, while others know nothing of the impossible things. The immobility of a movement creates an inner resurgence, no one will denounce us is just too much fear of that thing that no one has solved, changed. The music is over now where you go alone, there are things that shine, others of gold.

After lunch I'll have to leave again, I'll go where this place doesn't exist anymore, the memory is the access key, if you want to lose a key to enter the house, we have almost nothing left. You still

have some of those orange blossoms in this war without borders, since yesterday it still persists today, it does not want to end up continuous as life is recurring or, continue for a fake that to call it already feels better, and we are still here, me or you, the many of those who will be fantasy.

Solutions in this world are endless or, better to say under a million, in this period that the world has changed it is said that it is over, but finally it is just another while it is already day, the light will come again, there are only many more of us as many things have not been done also this year, the folds of the past, it seems to take a degree to understand your time, to complain or judge there is always space but, what you wanted where it is, what really exists. My dream is life, will there be joy where a state is installed, where these problems no longer exist?! The present will no longer be past, like the mud on rhetoric, it is what we will have ten minutes before, half an hour before or the day before now.

A harmony of voices is words that conquer us, an extraordinary interest at breakfast, a strange world to say the least envelops us to continue the day, stuffed is embellished with an unknown identity that everyone chooses, if bad or ugly for me, is the worst possible situation today instead. Those who must speak must be helped, those who say that that speech is wrong, those who free is for a few, in the sarcasm of tragedy, who speaks is the solution. Base not obvious but completion of another work, which must be finished, not fraudulent of a disappearance in life or, illegal and legal. Enlightened, I stay home with a few friends and family. Photocopies of life or words in other situations, you know what has already passed sometimes does not return, it is certain that someone is offended, perhaps insulting is not good so it has always been better alone, in parallel universes, all earthly, simple and cheated.

Allowing the reality of a wrong knowledge, unhealthy and its quantity, does not create concrete things to be clear, if they were not impostors even in the past, remember those negative things then, today you will see what a complication if the problem is inserted again, it seems like we were born yesterday where we live. Remaining in the past is another thing, by the way, it will also be the business of our company today where we are, like the mathematical thought of what we wanted to present the future, instead it was a remote past but, not a verb like time... ok thanks, continuing you will find your exes and stories where you cannot lie.

The day that has no taste, colourless people who interest us, where we will have made a mistake, because we are not here or in these parts, already let's leave that thing alone then, it was not too far ahead will be just words and, obscene matters of blood. Invented also 'the fact that no one solves, you go up from the ground floor to the eightieth only with an elevator that was built then, placed in that place for that reason. Look outside the house, you don't have to make fun of me if the reality has to be explained is people, in short I am what you say. Do what you want to do if it's right or okay for you, you know how many objects even thoughts were forbidden long ago, respecting the law everything is allowed, it's not true that here is wrong or everything is forbidden, to think about it well is ignorance or power. The master does evil there.

What? Boxes, hidden objects that have no light of experience from ignorance, from forgetfulness, after all it was the same this piece of furniture, is what it is about, it is said what is concrete. Don't ever stop already, then the batteries run out, so what does it matter somewhere you had to finish but, it's absence of state, absence of those wonderful laws that would make us more beautiful that instead make us continue roughly so: me, you then all are always more or the opposite stop, it was forbidden even this solid years ago, say or do without fault of who it was, as we are true contemporaries.

A wrong blood group, with the wrong story is then silences, nothing worse but someone is informed about the future that is no longer a bad thing, okay but it is also beyond already, it has always been known, someone says it because he has taken the wrong road but, for this reason too, there is a path. We travel together with the world, and we are already absurd things in the wrong places, even just to make us make mistakes could seem the state instead is evil, and I told you everything. Now the things to be said have multiplied, they're getting faster while a basic procedure has already been

called for a good or, therefore, for a human encounter that has already been modified before. It's all by chance, Madam, or, it's a bad thing to throw away, who hasn't made us sew our complete dress. A software is not recommended to me by a friend, the State or other, but a study of personal sectors, understood as a future to avoid.

It ends where you've gone, in the speeches you make, a very slight question sometimes just software but present as the mistakes you do not make, things no one will see, the people you frequent. What you did, what you expect, what deleted you in the program, what you had to do that you didn't realize. The concept exists, you can't delete it, they want to make you forget it as superfluous, maybe you think they will make you forget what you have to do, but, you only forget the act you had to do, and it's already a crime because it belongs to the creator, you will remember where the boat will land, the bank. After all, that's the way things went, nobody said anything and everything disappeared.

Look around you go over the fiery hill, you are reborn becoming yourself again after a mistake, on this planet at the end of the year zero eight, of infinite forms, some people push saying in a while you finish, nothing will happen again, instead you continue, so now this is life. You are a good thing, your duty is a single thing, you have to do what was good, once upon a time, what you didn't do remains for later, like your dark rooms. Where there is no one, you should spend the whole day, the whole life.

Other, other speeches afterwards will all be wrong, it seems like the wind is blowing against us. What you did not accept will come back, like what was said sinning not to be true, even if only to do the same things is then to die, nobody tells us how things are, you just talk, because you can't do anything for those badly built realities, who are those then, who is after all your great person, an incorrect Italian after a catastrophe of millions of people, in silence.

The problem is at the beginning, once explained its fundamental entities for this existence, it gets better and better, as sometimes words consume themselves, without even being said. If you want everything for us, if you find the cornerstones for which the decisions are, steal it but what, the day is already over, beyond everything and all the things to love and say, there is to make order in the chaos of our injustices, after all that has not been done in this past year, it will never end, instead you look better or you turn around and it's already over, as other objectivities have become three-dimensional objects, that's how important they are.

Too much is too much, you only succeed on one side where it was right to go before, after all it is the most effective. Flowers that 'the day ends behind its light, inside an evening that does not end if not in Rome ends. At the end of the end, after only we leave anyway, so as not to return to the place where we weren't there at that hour, where life begins to create itself in history. We are all that life needs, if we are the ones who change nothing abnormal happens, it is already solved what they are looking for, panting for people you see passing under the window of the house. Sometimes you just have to talk, sometimes it's just a little too spicy, like in a city that you can't do anything, because we don't already exist, try talking to that strange guy of our friend to see what he thinks about the situation.

Tell him, how can I tell you, that you're not in it anymore. I'm still sleepy breathing, advice here is expensive.

*Bye G.*

## 2. ELDERLY AGE

31.01.2009

To live or to remain without the possibility of not believing in the good, and to know when you have been robbed. I imagine so also my third age or, a journey into loneliness, such a confrontation that life cannot betray, much worse than to say a marriage. Certainly a political relationship interested in a social part of us when we were young, the imaginative view of the present with its never-ending developments, a moment in life made not only of memories but, of a deep knowledge and whole consciousness.

A mirror to know is that dark evil that takes away the light from the true truth, that still escapes the word, the actions or the works that we all dream of being present. I know that place where you want us to meet again, where you said it was better to see each other or, how many steps there are for that beyond that knows a lot of this way, how terrestrial is that monster that you need to avoid, and it is still there that does not know what you want, every problem arises where the competence to argue ends. The fundamental axis of displacement towards the third age is not a problem, given the large number of people and ideas that carry us forward the day, it would be better to erase the loneliness. The universal starts from the world that has changed, words are even more useful than before, like a capacious object in our city, it seems to be all at stake as when we were children, we do not know what happened not for the real but, it goes for the dream that is said to be interrupted because it is in the air, not in the aqueducts of our Main City that nobody can say, which for everyone is so. Sometimes it is difficult to speak, often we are prevented by those temporal causes, where we do not correspond with reality, we dissociate ourselves from the present or rather from the recent past.

While the century is going, we remain as others say we do, and then it goes on, or it worked because the future prospects are really varied, not a canon of ideas that that party wants you to believe. Belief is dear in these times, even if an erasure cannot last forever, the century of good is already recovering, a light in the picture at sunset or, at dawn, heals wounds. Our address, our memories, the dream sometimes appears, one is no longer alone which is better. Afterwards you will see the taste inside, a nothing to the taste of gunpowder, so they still tell us that it is not us or, that this speech goes out of the line, it is a world of rubbish but certainly not wrong to speak our concrete thought.

Loneliness a subject like other unsocial, like being death or empty space, sometimes it's the words that don't come out of your mouth or because you can't get them out yourself, it's everyday problems not to talk about it. A tangle of absences and essences that do not build, weights of temporal measures, of what you will do next, of space is above all old age, what it will be to be old. All in one place, in a mine, the false, the profane, the things that are not good, the real current living situation, the real name of what you are looking for, the taste of sweet and bad then, you will tell me not me to you what you have to say or do, a sort of thing that resembles the heart, study or read about the time that passes between a pause and the other then happened, you add what is yours.

Old age must never lead to loneliness because, the present can be future, here words sometimes escape, as I have heard many wrong ideas, for example we are already dead or others say that we are not whole, complete or completed, we will be old we want absolute peace. The problem is that nobody knows what is proposed is nothing, how serious is the possibility of saying one thing at a time or, if something cannot be you.

That strange wave from where it came from, it never happened to you, be careful who you talk to, nobody says they know anything while the abuse and injustice are passed by law, they tell you to go on living, as written history is reality, the truth then betray themselves. At night at three or

four in the morning you can see better what happened the day before, how can you say I don't know, remember it's not a personal task what you are looking at. Someone lives in the wrong place, we are the wrong ones, we are all going to end up the same way as nothing, it's better to say it's not all at will, we have never said who is bad or who has won, it seems but it takes strength to rise again, that's how much in the year zero nine, see there are those who think that 'the good is past is the future as before, it's a matter of regularity or, of percentage increases in itself, people come later, life is after death, it's a legal matter what you don't say, people are beyond everything, it's real not a fake.

A day like any other the discovery of America, strange as many things on this planet are strange, with the cadences of a universe in between, issues so big that the several thousand people involved made confusion. Waning Moon seems like a movie I've already seen, stop the lobotomy, remember who said it must end dear minister representative of the State or, where was it completed? seemed like small problems instead are memory lapses, disagreements or discords between our loved ones then, in my opinion we are constantly beaten otherwise we saw better, pause. America who knows what you're doing today, it's better to continue on the ground too many films that are being discussed. Being old is not as wrong as being young but, just a great repentance, then you need a division of the parties, so for horror to say blame.

It's better to rest and wait, where we live it's not quiet, there's no appetite anymore, words are not just words sometimes saying them is already an abuse, just thinking is not right. Wars, persistence and beliefs that approach the walls of what? Sometimes if you don't speak, you don't understand what's wrong with what they've done to you, according to the government you'll do everything by yourself, have fun you'll become a thing not a construction, you can't find the accounts without punches, we'll continue but the air is so sharp almost suffocating. We want the will and power while no one will solve those problems, we are already well, the good pay is convincing us but, it exists now, today in how many cuts we have, how low they have sent us, on the other hand no one insults only the air, for example if you keep your head still on one side you see that it is solved, while on the other without you noticing, the same thing is not solved. Sing today: good has been obliterated, he who recovers has been lynched for sorcerer or witch, fantasy governs.

The dream is where you were, where you can't imagine it. Where were you five minutes ago who had arrived? It's very difficult to have a whole person show up here, it's very rare what you had to go and do, many times it wasn't even your job, just take a look at your personal defence, just run away. The dream, the nightmare doesn't want to end, the relationship has become absurd, understand me if one wants to continue alone, we are not awake yet. The idiocy is great when you put, by the way, life can become a waste of time, like believing that what comes from the East is good! Soon the boys are already eighteen years old, it's if you watch on video the solution to all our problems exists, you know that the air of lies is not here, but around here.

They say that including the complaint goes all to one side, like a train that passes over the road you are traveling, instead nothing is not coming, nothing will be done, they are the culprits, old age, the dream that does not want to end or maybe something under the teeth. Stunned remained the world when they declared the truth, existences said as they are and, we are still here, did you know the beyond the grave? with a little 'calm you clarify a screen full of blood.

After the Sabbath comes a quiet day, peace is for everyone but, strange if you look around there is not even the air of what was supposed to be, there are people who ask me about the structure of good, what you want as soon as you get up you cannot do evil, I'm awake for about fifteen minutes strange life, does not disappear is assimilated, overcome. As long as that climb or a staircase of more than a thousand steps, so tell me is not gone, the other one is gone, you've already heard the words of this last part of my speech: it's not guilt but, belief in God.

In the secret of the words, lies your main interest. As the world stalls watching, people, colours. Our traps are the big words that deal with small people during this disaster. The incredulity of people is like the force that is not expressed to realize our energy, our conquest, that does not know it is not us.

It was reality our dream but better not discuss the emptiness, because we are all the same, is still the place the other day was called Equilibrium as 'I film, that is a swastika without extended arms from the sides, while that goes, do not look at it. Anyway we'll become old, we'll listen, we'll watch, we'll lose everything to make a long story short then, check what you find and go back to your room at home without instructions, you'll see you don't understand well you think but, actually you're fine. Talking yes to grow up but, it's a great work of words from emptiness to disownment, of the individual person, just look at the rain that falls while those who still want to lure us, still alive also dresses as an old man or a couple, a single but it's always him or her, it's called and is the horrendous.

So we are one step away from paradise is for no reason you can have everything ahead, a complaint seems a must, where you go I do not walk in another room, you will see why there are no solutions to a problem already solved that someone says, if not his only solution. Whoever thinks that once the problem is solved, that is, you or I will be left with nothing, in the memory of what was or who was there, goes too fast... this was a help. Lobotomy, demagnetization of consciousness and memory, past or recent. I think you live but everything else is as boring as the song, you live yes but down, the reasons for not being a great person, the superior advantage, freedom is the same for everyone if you understand what is a word of blasphemy then, the speech continues. The hour is delayed I think I'll finish writing for a while, it's really difficult to talk with a contemporary especially today that will be January. If we are always in a room where those things are, I wanted to tell you a few years ago, if you don't come out of it, mistakes are always more and more but, if you think about it, the thought is nothing if you look in front of who you are talking to, they are not mistakes of our company but of the air.

I know the balance is important but if you want a translator for every common feeling, word or situation, in my opinion we haven't understood the good yet. When everything is lost, nothing is lost, people lack the word as misfortune is part of our life. Do you want to keep drinking? There is no such thing as emptiness, not me but the air has changed, you don't understand it's no longer here or, you're not here, who therefore was evil. Life is after more other things that they don't say on television, like that we have to be helped like an old man, as if life goes on without what I don't know, then you do it if you don't ask for your imposed key It. There's no one here. Oh, come on, the world's already over, I'm kidding.

*Bye, G.*

### 3. THE DYNAMICS OF THE PANCREAS

28.02.2009

Prison has already been left where the heart wasn't there, is it your spot that leads you to betray yourself or what? It's the classic that leads us. It was who, his last robbery or usurpation, we have already been numbered with a bar code, articles or codes in words that last at least a whole day. Only with a plan you will never be able to get out of this habitat, Italy pulsates badly now we are all correct anarchists, whoever moves is already dead or stabbed.

When they go away our memories already end up there in their super powers, where their joint-stock company, the spa, begins. The horrendous is clear in too many things, too many confusions, the humans, the integers want to know when they were inaugurated? Never, it's yet to begin. After the meal you start to feel better, bitter or sour. You're a quality bitter, branded, you're a past tense, you know that everyone here knows each other very well.

Confusion is always part of that thing that makes us study, we jump from the dead to the past future. In the afternoon silence is everything, nobody has understood the evil, don't leave him in the deception of being you, it's a strong trap to your experience, where you don't say you are.

Line up, alienate yourself, your law is formality. Quintals of suppressed ideas, those monsters are obscene creatures, whoever acts in one direction cannot do something parallel to the opposite, whoever will not be defeated, evil is defeated the very moment you write it. Who knows why it didn't happen, maybe we are the evidence, the humans of the indicated production, why don't you talk to your neighbour today, never been to Canada, too many taboos see only narrow words, then an evil sun rises, you don't understand what good is. You think it's there instead is where no one says it is, how all this will be erased, the power of those who exist or who have done it is no longer spoken of. Years could still pass and everyone will still live for evil, then excuse me for not talking, you can't get up from this infinite vortex, certainly it's the day yesterday betrayed you, as you see there is only the road, where and when. It is certainly a story of others but where you are, you must not believe in death in life, it is a story of children who become never grown up and have to be treated in a prison, it is a tragedy of other loved ones that happens today at home or, another drama where no one will stay then, otherwise we will be in one place, so you wanted the youth to call where people are and you know everyone, otherwise they will be laws of belonging to other people is away so for the whole day. Living evil, why don't you say what you think? Go back to where? then that wasn't the way, you don't even say that humans are lost because you don't need to do evil. Who has closed us, because there is no way, why don't you look that it's not your private problem, people are lost for theirs, as individuals meet while the next ones move away.

It's amazing not to smoke too much, I hate those good ideas that make the present thought pass for a state of passage. I've seen that there are so many him, so many her, not just one character plus the evils of our city, so many for every place or house, that's how we avoid them.

What will have happened to the downstairs or fasting, the point then that you just have to breathe, feel how expensive the air is. What was true for me somewhere will be true, breathe in phases, smoke or, have you got the beam? In quiet, an attack on politics at twenty at night which is worse than... but you don't understand that the emptiness. Theme: the serious waste of time, ten more years. Look at him all his life your vulgar, disintegrated to go where, after they decided not to speak anymore. What happens is boredom, what should be today without problems, look how many people are already in a crime against people. Roman boredom, today and tomorrow what do you think you live in Calabria.

Our software to live is wrong or, has been hacked more even who tells you, the separation of assets should be called this thing that goes around the city, not dear citizen. The taste of good things is true, the taste of bad things, the things you can know are the things you are able to understand and it's already all wrong, the bad of already as well as death is part of your life. An act of denunciation surpasses everything you know, you live well or in the good, even if only because the evening has come, like the surprise with the trouble that life told you, so begins the discourse of what you have lived, what you have not done because you have been. You've seen how many people come into us and say this is where the party is, they are strong and winning.

You've been denounced and yet everyone wants to do as you or I do, tomorrow it will all be illegal. Who wants to talk if they arrest him right after he opens his mouth, it'll be other people's problem. Are our word or mouth dirty? You want peace, you have to call yourself. Soon it won't last ten minutes then jail, where did you get lost because you're too compromised? OK.

Most problems are the same for everyone, then it's better to go and finish the evening in the kitchen. Ok, the speech is long, from the confusion you risk to do nothing, too many things not said but you know, not done. The solution is beyond evil, a declaration of not belonging to them, then you find yourself, true. That noise you hear wants to enter your house, as in every house in our city, is evil, you can't talk while there you see them passing fast under your house. Remissive every time, still those problems that the usual people are hunting, is what you have never told yourself, someone runs away from their reality. The concrete of people is universally opposed to our idea of the day, the world will cease to exist you have some idea about it.

Unspeakable problems with wordless explanations, the solution is to go without stopping, non-existent problems of theirs without the head, pure obstacles. The law always governs because even after you see the light of day, the question that has asked you is not yours, you will see tomorrow. It's a national questionnaire, there's no one in the room. Their friends don't overcome evil, they are evil. Let's change the subject with then mambo, we are already finished and we have to pay, I know you don't have to talk but, you can laugh at our experience that nobody says real, you look somewhere else then you will see where or what you will think tomorrow, where someone believes.

The helplessness of ignorance, of what you do not want, experiences or horrible things where we live in Calabria, you thought there was a letter, black on a white sheet of paper, instead there was nothing, but there is hell and death, more than the flesh is the organs that you have on you then, nothing more than nothing, alone! Continuing the evening that ends, you will see the light of a new day, better the law and ... in short it is nothing tomorrow, it will be one day less on Earth, the rest of a day's work. It seems to me it's time for this umpteenth murder to sleep, what is a criminal offense.

Bipolar, tonight I have nothing to do, I am writing to tell you about this evening so far away that words are lost, there are no more reasons to live here, where you say you are present in the world, you do not live by what you say, who exceeds has the keys, so where you stay is where to be alive or dead, memories and past things, the disgust or gratitude of what was to tell you have done us evil, maybe you know where you think you live, then see what you did wrong or how you do not return. The others are not there to recognize those problems that you can't find or, you don't search, you say where you got lost. We are great now, our time is much past in the future. It will be a night where those who want do not, rest is none of our business, if you do not act against yourself or do evil, what can normalcy.

You know it's nice to live here so dear, maybe you know me I don't tell you anything anymore, since you are not here, those look like scissors but, you didn't lose, you didn't get lost, there should be a doctor for the rest, we weren't even supposed to have a society where we had to do everything ourselves, where you don't talk so as not to make mistakes or, if you lose you lost forever, so be careful. Memories, stop if you want to understand what is happening there you have to avoid, even what people who have not thought are saying.

The code of words are the facts that do not change, it has been working for years but it is always better to rest, to avoid, not to do in short. Contact is a loss: Saturday night what did you do, during the

week or if you got married. What you know you do not support, not the unresolved while everything has a name, all the things described but someone talks about it, it is a very heavy reality your life for public duties. Today it's like that, tomorrow who knows, you still believe that I don't see, look it's not the same as them what they lost. Incongruous situations where you are not there, you will grow up and you will understand until the end, in which century you live is certainly that dark shadow above and around you that pretends not to achieve, to get inside you then tonight, you know on this side the evening is very special, full of humans the day they have not done anything, for the usual and serious issues. Whose fault is it? We are a bit shabby to say this, each of us knows whose fault it is as many other things are colored. The blame is of what was said long ago, I think, what happened to say to be recognizable is already for a long time the same, not for five minutes or ten minutes., it is the transparency of our body is another thing, we repair ourselves not to lose blood all 'the rest of the day ... and it was already everything as the leaves fly in winter, the streets and streets with the good taste of what it was, the work must be done.

Alone in our small group, you can deal with matters that know the state that the eyes gratify, always the usual confusion in the past days, now they are sure to talk about something else is that the others do not talk about them because it is too much, so leeches are things that are not said by mistakes or, by simplicity, so we have lost that we cannot be called except in front of a lawyer, from how they have arranged us, it would be better to turn on the television. I'm going to see if there's any coffee left in the kitchen, in the summary of a week where the world won't stay, what you want to know won't stay inside us. The first instinct, the rest of the Earth that revolves around us, without or with us, vitamins or medicines, after all, if you look where there isn't any, don't swallow them.

What to do or what air, senses, impulse, expression will give us. It's better not to be controversial about the weather, today and yesterday's thunderstorms are already made of what will happen.

*Bye, G.*

## 4. SINO POLIS

31.03.2009

Today is a day like any other, he doesn't feel better, we'll sleep afterwards. Not knowing has always ruined many families but they understand me, they were not to say the mafia but worse. So you're lost, you don't know who to believe, who was that one where it's not better to go for a beer to forget, where are we? It's more what we forget, there's emptiness inside us, what should we erase again is then forever, our disasters? Even further down we don't understand what is there, inside the emptiness or not talking to have an expression anymore.

You have to die to Fascism, of false Fascism not to speak and denounce you. You can't say dead and killed because you're alive and well or, it's forbidden to say that you've overcome an evil in the ego, the artistic property is refined so you're beautiful. I also breathe and then I continue to breathe, believe me it's all true to get confused to find yourself. It was so low the ideological thought of today compared to what it should be, that you almost take drugs, you need to recover the consciousness of everyday life, of what you don't know why it didn't happen. Who tells you, where you want to find it written.

Maybe nobody understood us, it's not in the lexicon you find but where you look, try in your favourite drawer. Everyone defeats an evil, convinced in the fight then lose themselves are cheaters, beheaded your fans or your bosses. Here it's all expensive instead, sign good and original then you do a bit 'who, as, when, so much will be inhabitants in the same place also mine. The weight, the smell, the obsessions, the phobias to hope for. Today's massacre is nothing to them, they will always pay more or nothing for power, they are copies of us if you want to forget, while an insect should be taken as 'the best tool, better not waste too much but it is what does not make you speak well of me, wants to get into our heads convinced that no one sees it, to say it's a novelty. He will wait for the next massacre tomorrow, love dies, November who dies.

The classic is art, let go all those thoughts on your belly down on the desk, an exemplary cohabitation no or you are like that. The sea exists, what you want to know is what you don't know, plus where you were. Problems whose solution is obvious that you couldn't do anything about it, once there was nothing, he says, a time ago there was nothing but a surface, twice as bad, however, was what you say the pain. Here at my place there is no way to quarrel, those issues have already been lost, the solution is the way to go.

They will be sick people who are beaten, camouflaged to look angry, the words are in a non-compliant gravity, the error is circumscribed. Who speaks is the solution is still death, is nobody says who or, what is the State, because people do not exist is the topic of tonight: you have been erased, there is no solution is the easiest thing, because! by tradition goes along where there is nothing, the solution is you or, the streets have already been found, you are the object of what they are talking about.

Evil is honey, aim too low your gaze, there is no more living space. Usually we are already in good or it all seemed to be over like tomorrow, where still coming is never back, it would be better to say it was wrong, tomorrow does not shine of any mountain but it is life, the way that arrives is then we are still in evil, still words because there is nothing more to say or those files that have been deleted along with the many impediments not to make them say it again, it is human however they work in that point there, where it has never been possible, they would be instead those things that do not accept an off. What a dark night is here, the destruction at the end of the sentence, who was offended, who had to be is what had to happen? Now I tell you, nothing follows calm down, it's all

the problems, it's days together as you see now or in a dream always the questions of the other time, you're still listening or maybe you got distracted, period.

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