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The importance of clay

Letter taken from:
It`s Already Us In Ten Minutes
Diary



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Hello came June, a million thoughts and four kilos more Sun. Who doesn't say is reality as if it were truth, saying his name then is impersonal, you slander yourself or you contravene, you have to be offended to denounce him / her what you feel. Your myths don't say anything... it's silence, you don't know how to say why it's a mistake, you don't understand they already agreed, leave it where it is in the background it's ok, he studied, he has a degree, he has a job but he's a parasite of modernity, a caterpillar wants the ownership of the expression, then I don't understand how it's possible that the real things inserted in a speech are not said.

You have to be a nothing, not asking for freedom is a research? The others are for you too. A loss, illness are a bit different things, how come nobody says things as they are, because objective realities as well as a panorama can be not evident.

A stolen expression, mistakes, submissions or simply not talking for fear of making a bad impression. A because in the general sense, you have some ideas beyond. Fear of being hunted, a loss leads anyone into evil, you need to know how you want that public work, how many negative developments can arise from an unspoken thought, a society full of cracks you do not want to restore. Today words are few and far between, just impress them in two lines, what happened today, what was possible today then, what was yesterday. I know it always seems the same where the right ends, who is the strongest, who wins, who has overcome, we do not understand where we are and, if we are identified, what we should not accept, there are things that cannot be accepted. What a confused time, too wide seems to me to be called the loss, always the same things is when it will change little badly. Looking me in the face is the solution to most questions, the contact.

The differences are many: I already know, the voice, the amplification of C. Well, what happened was not yours, you do not know the law occupies this place, there is no one there, right? Good morning life changes, whoever talks to you says the importance can have a useless, who is a null but can have worse axioms and copies of us automatically, who are then human for those functions concerned, have a salary and a machine. Shocking then, it will always be so, always the usual things is a matter of calm the ether, to bring to light we have forgotten today, and we complain about people who do not speak, deaf dumb institutions and thieves. It's nothing we have happened, only five minutes a day we are an anti-evil, from falls down, the taste of a stolen life, a serious loss of values and colours, I am cautiously and perspicaciously for no. There really is a new world, an explanation for the problems follows, it is the reason. The speech of before is the lobotomy beyond remembrance, instead what bothers us is the thought of the false or, a simulator of yourself, if you believe me there is an explanation, it is already so much to say believe me, where you go there is nothing, the emptiness interests you maybe ... an evil awaits us tried to hit us but, who does not speak with the verb, is a concentration of words, of thoughts where an

emptiness has been created.

What you think of an experience is a certainty for tomorrow or, something to forget, a gas chamber or diesel fuel. How many beautiful words are thrown to the wind, perhaps with the hope that it would be clean. Act more word, under what I could never do again. Ring the bell everyone in bed, tomorrow the lager, the unspoken or written words. There is something well defined, still connected, tomorrow will be bigger than today.

The knowledge of school or the rest of life, of where we have stopped, because we are our whole universe, everything to be resolved for us and in us, we are all the things we talk about. The desire to fly, the induction to crime, the word gets dirty in a few words you don't feel like talking or you don't have a mouth. The subject is now well known, the emotion is stronger than thought but only fantasy. Tell me how old you are and I will tell you who you are in this age of duplication that will end tomorrow, I evoke where a heart is destroyed by a thousand wounds and irremediable folds, we will one day be able to get out of this tunnel or, is life another well-known question in our Italian homes, increasingly

closed, when you delay in the evening. What you see in negative, let it flow, like a film of a film that passes in front of your eyes without touching it, as if it were going downhill. The blow you felt on your chest is evil, it wants to enter, you have other things to say, wait for a good film.

Having a word duplicator also means being in two places to overcome, if you say it you laugh: they are one of those outdated things that have not been understood. The most important people are overcome and the living ones are already dead or, under a stone, you suffocate where or when you don't finish a good word.

A funeral every day, the past has already been erased at ten o'clock in the morning, to continue off until the evening that preludes sleep. Here are the mathematics and history what is evil, that bunch of things you don't need to know because you don't understand, sorry but who wants silence. In jail goes the equality, in two you do not win the law, is something you have to explain or, where duty is a custom, that 'the poison rest in peace bother the words said in half or, you want an interpreter for ourselves. Eclipse forever is something else, not

what you see with your eyes in lobotomy tomorrow, this is that or, the windows. The law is written on a book not on a person, loneliness is sometimes stolen from ordinary people to give peace to evil, they have no right to have it. The rest is to fill in a questionnaire like a quiz, the solution is instead the way that does not hurt, painless. Cancelled or crushed what a problem there is, living in a volume seemed good instead is something else, this also considered an evil that is not personal, just merge. People are the way described, they resemble the work of art that depicts them, much in people is a being described, defined, you do not understand the object in our days, in its light and its darkness.

It's in speech and words what you didn't want to let people know, the presence of evil can only be seen by how you present yourself, let time dry that wound. Inventiveness and art seem imaginary, they are instead the concreteness of the city, of how you already knew it. Try to find someone tonight, when it starts it's already over. You who know who you're talking to, try writing down what you think and the importance of clay.

Goodbye, G.