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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.



Photo GD - 1993

Gerardo D'Orrico

Say It Yourself

Diary

Preface

This diary is the fourth book written by me, a collection of twenty compositions representing the thought and certainties of our modern age. Tales about a not very distant past that could be identified with today's reality, the present not reviewed journalistically, people who do not have common public representations, too busy in a certain sense to think what they could never do, until what was taken away from them to not understand a contemporary good or evil. You also tell autobiographical stories like personal experiences with others or possessions, peace and pain, miracles, love and friendships. Do you declare yourself and the world as a hobby, sport or? You need to declare yourself and the world according to your own experiences in concrete human and material relationships. It is a diary written in a simple way, a phenotype of Christian and present feelings, it wants to represent a door to the future, a new party. The period of letters reaches from August 2010 to May 2013, english translation by Fatima Immacolata Pretta. Good reading,
Gerardo D'Orrico

1.

Money, peace or sorrow

Summer letter, 31.08.2010

The reason is our religion, who made all our troubles is the summer that runs its course, don't you agree? Unprepared in everything, a fast of the mind. Sweet the path that leads me to a great refreshing September, several observations occupy me, then I was not a lawsuit that lives our Calabria or big words spoken in the air. Who knows what we wanted, where we are going to end up. Who governs here? Say it, repeat it, you'll see it works, pass the space plane takes you away, or your brute who wanted but does nothing already. You sleep while walking through the streets and in the house, with a good night ahead, full of scents and smells typical of this summer. You'll see you'll find an

argument that justifies your normal line of aesthetic products, which you take out. Your understanding for my peace, better the sea or the mountains? was much worse in May, not knowing which way to start, the competent modern doubt of the great morning or afternoon win, you do not see our friend betrayed, lost, terse. The truth in cement is only one, speak in your own house.

09.08.10 The foolishness turns our heads or is at our side, today is the solution of everything, of the past of all time, today is pain and other things. Look at the clock, those Globes still think that good takes care of other things. How senseless is our government: don't move therefore don't get down but go, go. It will be as they did last strengthened or paid, satisfied for it our honour is still. Here is another thing that will happen at this time, as at lunchtime, do not move, stay and look at the colour of the day, but do not commit crimes is so (()).

“Loving you is the life of the things that never expressed themselves, of our daily enigma, of the words that are few for the time lost, from all the time we don't see each other occupying that place no one ever comes, who tells you it's not yours or, they want to steal you.”

So the day has come, the sun burns our people. Exactly: now what will your neighbour amplify you, because you think he doesn't talk. The reason is how mathematics precisely takes a line that you see, a speech gives no room for doubt or imperfection. Better go to the next stop, a triumphal arch towards the end of the road. Theme the lie: now you have overcome oblivion, now the first favourite dish will be the devil robbed, the prison, the woman or the branch of the tree. Since we must overcome our fascisms, you are not here, don't lie you are not here.

Make peace, go beyond a mistake in person, make a mistake up close really, it's just the ransom demand from a kidnapping, what you wanted from the devil. These things are easy, they're rifles, they're ours, then they're our fear, the fascist restrictions. I would say the restrictions of a sick person, saying no is abuse of power, in another aspect they are overwhelming power of people here in Calabria as in Rome. Why don't you talk about your reasons or, the existence of evil. A person, a world, a ball that spins on itself. So let's repeat today is again like yesterday, again like in memory. Floor by floor you repeat boredom or a black spot on your chest, you say that peace is a place for those who have no eyes to see, the truth in people

and things. War is a place where there is no peace, we are there, we are there, it is not true that there is self-extinction. The others are easy people not guns, maybe guns weren't easy. Who lives in prison is easy but, it means also something else then there are needs, how strange it is to talk about people sometimes you can't see who you're seeing. According to you, with an accident to the head, a good thing is always the same, people are distancing themselves is not good.

Five minutes more for my peripheral existence, we're not in the office yet. The wind is blowing in the colourful plots of its future, what you want to change the work, it's everybody's business today, how many times I have told you, the good that governs life is present, you don't run away from reality, only sand can escape in our hands. Life is the persistent existence impregnated by the heart swab, there is no better shape than the real, true one. Enlightened by what newsstand you come from, how many worms. Existence together is not a burning man, it is said we are all alive, occupying because to think that there are not all the people in the world, it is useless to believe in fantasies or in the emptiness of things that are there or, there are not. Some things are said that it would not be obligatory to be there, others should be found around

us or outside our home. Two lines for our passed away, in the kingdoms where the air is finer: they hurt us while they hit, a person close to you a kiss.

It was difficult the good, even if behind the door of the house or in bookstores, people almost extinct is then we are the product of all generations of the Earth. The world is full that also charges us with responsibility to all, each one his then it is not true that one goes away, moves in everything or has to die, okay. It is the other people who create, I repeat to you, even our freedom, they are only false and false but those so // //. In short, you have well understood in a concrete, historical, epic way of who they are today? then they receive a salary with the poison that goes around. Built from the legs up to the shoulder people, are the other people who create our day and our work or, the next bill, you have to look reality in the face not those who are the evils, at least for now is so forever, tell me you have doubts about your production? the truth does not hurt, the truth free from all evils is like a great wonderful road where to put your car end, if you want after this is all as before, as it has always been, as it will be. It was difficult the Good, in short our end, nobody has arrived there yet now 7:16 12.08.2010. You live in another city, another house, a winning building, but maybe

the handset came off the phone and, because the party or parties didn't work, the Germans are still alive today.

American music, American films, American people, relationships between non-robotic units. The possibility of correcting one's own mistakes, the copies of our lives, among other things how to change a good, our cultures for what little strength we have left, today isolated from the rest of the world. Our self-destruction, hatred of the true milk, of the true is of those who bring us evil, those who produce live too deep inside. Other people inside us, where is our fearless dream that frees us. Speaking to free ourselves, we need to free ourselves from a state that doesn't exist. Every person is alive, don't you think? Whoever lost was killed, there is a way to get where you want to go, wandering between the usual things and a living dead to avoid, like the same things as another year all paid, instead for next year all the bills and insurance, as our blindness is tomorrow, I feel like laughing.

The Sun of our raised plan, are you still stuttering while you speak? your blindness is my death, it's an honest but unselfish world, who wants not to be seen today as it came was not believed to be ignorant, the goal of evil. Sinners in the shadows,

they live in the night the day. A fund exists as in a glass by force, those will be ideas or objective realities not composed, not manufactured as if you called me speak to me, if you did not call me no. There is a machine to work, in the end, you just need to know how to use it, do not splint, it must not arrive exists, it is on we are distracted, ignorant.

Hello all 'The Sun that the children cry, everything you want in our house is already elsewhere but even here, some things cannot be kept at home, they are not ours, alone you see what beautiful evil you have around the house. You had, having our future is too much now or it won't be anymore, like a passing train, there will be no more station there are too few kids. Hi, your favourite cut. You see what an extra nerd it is, an evil no one cares about because of lack of state efficiency or malfunction. We're too big, we're everything to us, to others. Actually, it's enough to show up to see what it is, you don't live in evil, you stay still in evil. Live today, if you are alive today there must always be a right weight to things, to people, you can't go to the baker to buy a coffee. Many things that you didn't think you've already done as if one is, is not something, someone. People don't touch each other, they don't get offended, they don't talk to each other, they don't look at each other in the

words they cut out. The truth of pain is not nothingness, the pain to find people, medicines, philosophies to turn to already, here no one is left with only a few bad workloads. Ah, a false Fascist inverted remains silent, a little drenched in mucus doesn't see what his real absence of state is, it's like the flame that sets today's fire free the arts for the next two years, to go and eat in the mountains with nature. What can I really say, who is interested in your line of products, poor guy really hurt himself, where does the dark line end to enter the codes? the truth is one for everyone at the center of colour, of life. Free yourself, we're in an imaginary fascist prison, life has become tortuous to go beyond where we have to go, we don't get out, now we get by without anyone talking to us from the tumult of dead ideas. People living in another place, do not touch them are zombies, they are fake garbage embellished to resemble the evil that governs there. The state is air, it laps its realities as if it did not exist, like the extraneous truth mathematics for which they created it. In the hope afterwards, at the height of a human maximum a mirror in front of the whole body, you can already see other things but who knows what lives on the other side of the mirror, heaven or the lover, horns or a state of abuse, it is only an overwhelming, an

injustice not to realize how much you live below. Stop, mouse. A cold war won by the freedom that frees us, what does not denounce you the skin, we are already from the morning of different people, reasons, intentions and decisions of taste, even in the flesh of a human to follow not like a machine. The responsibilities of the State, ours and those of others who know where they are, blessed are those who with their own eyes have or see the truth. It was the month of the year and the day of today, when we woke up, you cannot steal anything is our computer, hardware and software that wakes up. It is still a little difficult to talk about our days, too many superstitions, too many Valkyries, false and stolen anarchists, thieves, bullies, fools. In any case, there are rules well installed forever, the applied law is associated with the medical and legal arts.

What you feel is that you have to be, you should be trained in this gym with that thing that pulls blasphemies well, don't think about it then you will cry like a mad roast, so I know more about that I am there where those things happen, other problems as in the past what you have to and, what you can't. The day alone he will show up to go to work or, for example, to say who you are and what you would like from whom, where he pays you, think

about how you could slow life down. Returning to our bodies well decided, look that one has the iron in his hands, is still turning because laughing who does not have to listen to him, is not even a devil then was not possible all the amount at home, you cannot agglomerate all 'the power that is said without an amplification, a newspaper or other. Ah! It's a cold or hot war all to win, from here instead of there are all people who have lost, Ok you can't imagine how low you were like the others and me too. The rest you see... it's the old commune, things that are discussed in front of people with reforms or in jail, the people responsible.

It was what you remembered your power, your resistance, people's ignorance, your age who knows what you want to erase in order not to exist anymore. You have to be careful there are many false people who wanted to make us, ourselves other us, already present modified for the uses of an unhealthy power. Beware no one creates us we are human already conformed, let him go away from your life that damn pepper and salt, his words are wrong in going on, many problems are solved while talking, you kill yourself while he wanted to make you himself, he already remembers badly then. We are already what they stole from us yesterday and then bring it to us, to finish only by you

can be true, yourself, no one creates you. Some species of humans in Calabria, even in the evening they prefer to arrive at them alone. Some things were thought, nobody talks to you leave your mistakes alone I laugh, it was a game for people aware of war because they do not believe in the main interruption in life or, talk about the problems of these people. In this late summer you never know what happens, maybe the fascists will die forever or you will never see the end of our and your globes.

Good luck Earth's forgotten population, abandon your memories, your tasks and responsibilities of a world that was supposed to be a dream reality, instead became a construction. How much difference between last night and, the day that begins now. No, we won't get hurt, now another one continues.

*...and the best of pain, money and peace is already here.
Bye, G.*

2.

See how evils die

Before is after, 29.09.2010

September September zero ten only the noise of the broken phone, only things of the impossible. An evil is the same everywhere, useless to start a parenthesis that you can fall, they tell you this is home of good as never you talked about evil you did not want to do it then it is always the same embarrassment are the same people. I on this side, you on that side did not know that there was a belonging in life, you had not learned that the word life refers to the main issue of the air included in the body. What is censored today is the return, for example, you tell me you always occupy the same place on Earth, where you are, the evils come to me because they think it is me, you as well as how

many things are not said about today, now instantly or later you feel a future that is now, in other words what is adjacent to a real, modern, electronic, computer, software look at a clock then you will understand me. Your famous social interruption today is easy: now here where you are, okay. Now don't interrupt that is where you are, where you are there is evil, tomorrow look at the sea in fact there are doubts but they are the real, the money, the car, who we are but really. Do you remember what you wanted to say? It's already all solved, there was no need to do and say anything. Exist, exist! So many things have not been done, you want to live in America, please come home.

Daily themes: people still very disturbed, a lot is an adjective. Those viruses are none of your business. Sara or will be dear, dysfunctions or horns, in Sicilian people do not recognize the living as attacks on the survivors of the planet. You've seen the state today, my dear brio eater, who's the nutcase. The brute force of who didn't know, a live murder of a lawyer but, in my opinion, he's just a little distracted and, a little cold. Daily theme who or what goes on, goes on. It was the end and it's over, now it starts again but, you don't firmly believe what power is and what pain is. It was the past instead is the future, an extinct state not

present is a tragedy, a drama like an institution where to go the day, it could be our silences or, better the evils of today, one day our sins were discovered, now what has become the sky. The flowers will dry up again this year, it wasn't me, it wasn't you, it's our time. Draw an arrow, continue, look at that beautiful wall, now go back to where you were before, where today's rulers will escape in a teaspoon. That wall is imaginary or for everyone, reading the newspapers is leafing through organized nothingness. To resemble emptiness, to learn to digest fascism. Rest where there's no snow, what a lovely Sunday.

I go to the head to make sense of what year, what weekend - end? Bella is pretty and pretty anti-fascist Sunday annihilates the saying that thieves do not mention there, if you want to go start as well, even against fake fascists, thieves and even a little 'murderers. You used to live in the past to proceed to the future or precede who knows what he wanted, the fog does not see it. All people are here or not, they live somewhere else in their home but, they are present in the economy, in our inner existence, gentle class or green plant. A process of self-elimination such even of the days, as one of the greatest hidden social revolutions is where you exist you live, it seems to me air after a worm, the

deceiving poetry is just a silence. Money is like ‘the blood must get there, horrendous that people slowly slide down, smile at us or other expressions that go down to the bottom of the city, their silences, look how evils die. A piece of advice you did not want to talk then, the emptiness or nothingness in their eyes, where are the others, civilization, their thrifty occupations, they are alone and cry. I say that bright light has the truth in the day, last week at work, the blood where it is, the money, the petrol. Theme what really happened, the emptiness. The traffic light is red... oh, my God, look what he was saying to you, your traffic light is red, the phone broke, who and where, still the problem of the other year, you got hungry, the boss doesn’t speak in his moods, I see so many problems already solved in front of me and your bionic soul that nobody speaks.

A summary: 1. Time is getting better and better, don’t be fooled and then it gets easier. 2. These are all things there are. 3. Reality now wants its truth back. 4. There are all the speeds you want, it works at all speeds.

End. Please, around the next hour.

Spotty kiss, G.

3.**I would colour it for you**

The aristocrats on the ground, 02.11.2010

Dear diary of beloved life, plant friend, Giacomo Leopardi verse eighth vague, is those insulting. Overtake, overtake him are the social worms of them, dear Italy. The speeches, the habits and then much to change that problem is still not solved today dear Italians, what you already know do not touch with your hands. The fake of our century even at home, the monster, the indecent, hunchbacked, you didn't know better than not talking. The disturbances, identity problems, school is everything, the manias our stomach-challenged friends, sometimes are questions that we do not know where to bring our thoughts, goodbye. Who are our evils, because we are a past, we

already know who is the one who shoots from the left side, seems a little devil like the one in the drawings. The law in everything resolves constructive doubts or creations, after later this software. Go back is real, your business. This company is hibernated today, it looks like a replay: you shouldn't talk, they will never find us. Only miseries today who are the evil fantasies, hallucinations, the ghetto or the government, then you hear to please, who thinks we have not already solved, how many disagreements give them a point, give them death as they say in jargon. The boys do not speak obey the good, at home lost more of them than us, more than you thought friend the power of speech or, what the words meant before, thanks a break.

They were behind their door, it's true you have to leave them there, later the complaints of investigations not made, because declared inconsistent by reversing the good with the good and the bad, what you can do today, even in two years is the same, while you don't do it remains the same until it happens, or somehow it happens but, in addition you have to see what is saying behind your back then, you have to make the differences between the two sexes is that trouble, however good day free or passive, imprisoned at home, dear poplar wood, main sausage.

All the misunderstandings are mistakes, still false and the society of false... it's a pity if the state was bad, I'm sorry are you the extinct? By the way, what do you get up to do? Have a coffee. You're the past. The only trick is here that the other one is right, your or my parent still forbids me sin, the globes cloud my vision. How much freedom uh, disfigured exists in the bottom, you live an illegal state, I always feel green, look the most discerning person has already understood the mode, since here there is no, so all the freedom even without a rooted habit, responds to our greasy last week, no introduction, period.

Present I still have a doubt, I thought nothing was too obscure our ingenuity, as order or, something public. Perhaps later at lunchtime what seemed to have passed or, if a product is yours or not, already move a shake, Protestantism is a movement, hopefully you see how present our home in our state. Only some issues act in the week, who sees provides could nothing be done? A big event will happen in the afternoon, what you wanted from the community now worn out, honest and miserable, do not fall down come on let's go. Autumn begins as a new era for my days, as if nothing lies for the miseries of our past, it is really serious in this quiet mind our joy what you want

not to tell you, it is everyone's but not for everyone. A cadence of sound harmony repeats life to make it more true, the vulgar is not an educational repetition, one should not follow that indicated path, it is not right not even to say, the illegal and fascist past has already happened. Life gives life today we are the falling star, like those who see it falling towards yourself, it's not true that it had already happened to you don't know, it's not true that they will catch you, what will happen tomorrow you can't decide today, who knows what they will make us say tomorrow! It will be in our hands tomorrow, take all the time you want alive, you and all the things that have never been done. Careful, careful you don't get hurt. Finished already is the time of emptiness, of never being born, of our strange way of looking at things.

What that thief wanted, our goodness without credit for his crime. A tribute to the smell of corruption is too much, who will listen to us tomorrow if we cry again! That three-line thought isn't over. A piece of advice the money you can spend today, spend it now, then there's no one left, laugh, maybe it's us who are cheating in jargon we don't like. The last person is us, the most responsible for a poor burned, an oxidized book of people, our true nature is nobody will ever tell us who we are.

I fell down by day or you are a thief, you fall or continue to be inferior, true as the electricity or gas bill, you can only as what you have already paid. Rex, Lux, don't you get it? He can't tell you because he's your killer, your evil, your best friend or a fake disguised as him. Pushed down, the loss sets us free, we suffocate, who dies is the disgrace of the house. I believe in the suffocation of pain, not in the growth of an evil, as the film in the evening coloured us with Valkyrie. A void, that's why you can't understand the square, on the picture not on nothing, so the future will come anyway, in every time as in these modern electronics nothing escapes the law, the real one. Feel if your heart beats, if the phone rings instead of feeling the boredom, the Valkyrie or the anarchy that is always one thing.

Sacred, profane, zombies, you can't get upstairs except climbing those usual clear stairs, you need to build a wall with concrete more than painting it of boredom, but, our complaint is a crime of defamation, sin will be a mistake to judge, so here no one does you good because even tomorrow the same, in my opinion it is difficult to hold a different world that many do not know cut, what a confusion where the complaint ends enters the habit, only the details of a life destined to be trashed, full of things in good homes is nobody knows, no one

will be ourselves. You sleep of boredom or, still you are not sleepy, you can't even imagine how many problems someone has, not me where I'll find you nowadays, do you know what a heretic is? where you've gone don't talk, otherwise it breaks! Who has ruined poetry for ten years and ten years is still that human virus, do not empty like folders the past or, the present, tell him to go to hell. Today he is still looking at the calendar and the clock, other people and more, before Christ. Are those charts belonging to the school the ones you're missing how come? Math, geography, letters or something.

What great ice cream and then, and then, and then there's you that doesn't work, not me then, the opposite. The curtain comes down five minutes early so people don't know what time it is outside.

Your infected, bye Perego.

4.

Logs close together

Freedom is you, 01.12.2010

“Are you busy tonight? You tell me? ...then the phone call fell through.”

This was how we preferred to spend the time of the things we already knew, where the heart, reality, dolls, porcelain, our unbelief exceeds us. How low is this product, tell me when you'll come, to see if it stays fresh! Perhaps we like to sleep, peace. You want a cigarette among the many things to do today. The theme: the proximity of retro progress, terse, lost do not even mention it to me. You want to know what is the chopstick cutter, the cutting board of the deep ... we are at work we continue after we get paid, why do you

still think. We'd already have the solution in our hands, how many stumbling actions even today, no cooking for tomorrow, hurry up and get cold, you say it, love is depressed or speaks for you. The evening ends, night falls, even the curtain falls again, dear beloved and gloomy Italy.

You still remember that unhealthy thought, that pain in this month of December, was so ignorant.

At the end of a year or at the end of a century, you are in a metamorphosis in your body for the whole day, the stolen peace seems always the same story, it is tell me how many people you feel in chorus because you are there, what annoyance you are not, dying. End of year zero ten still cannot speak of evil, who wants to jump. Trick or treat you're alive, but in an unspeakable mistake you haven't even begun. Too low, my ass, again that false fascism, pick everything up and let's go away. It's enough to stay to have, to continue to see, there is always a great universal crime, the silence of knowledge.

Leave yourself alone, talk, breathe, how much you have left behind, how many occupations to do, an army of failures to cross to see the first brick of your house. Tell yourself what you already know, being is a privilege today because somewhere else you'll be better, they want above all you for

everything, who they are you know, it's not the echo in the broadest sense of the word an evil creates gas chambers or, what no one has ever undertaken in a concrete way, like you, everyone. Try to tell her some things then you think about it, obviously make them your images do not worry, however I repeat you is a thief but clumsy, wanted your evil while the others leave incompetent. How many evils in Calabria make invoices, maybe they are but they have done evil to themselves. How much the world was the same, don't confuse a burnt cloth, up above is not the same. Everyone talks while everything is in nothing, we are defrauded children it is not true that if you don't know now you will never know, there are no other people on that side only the illegal and false, more false statements, slander, deductions.

If you want to enter please is like when you don't know, I think it is also false who programmed us, without a success card or, a ticket already paid, you will see more. Poor, deluded in the daylight of those who do not recognize the true original source of truth. Most of the work hasn't been done while everyone is going to joy, look at them go on. Who wants to finish reading a book that they don't like, what does a people mean by offense, an act done together! A voice at the

bottom: what can happen if we do it all together for real, but sorry it was not a problem of those two or three then, the ignorant governs as 'the evil desire future, it's years crying we need pepper or cultures, how many things we have and we are still just us this other, we need a machine that continues a matter of personal instances, you have to finish that then it is the same, we do not stop physically while others continue.

How many crimes in the last week then, in files you can find why he left us uh, how low the sea was in the past days. Abandon people who make mistakes, how many problems we will have to choose fist or force... paper or stone. Better to tell her all the things that aren't there or failed, the rest is boredom. History or fantasy for nothing you don't stay, how many mistakes we have already made to live nothing. Look at the sun that warms us, it says it's all gone anyway, asking is the impossible. We live a communism a bit 'too big I was once told, so devoid of words without institutions turned on, instead it is a time of renewals, call see other people who are well maybe they had not explained about the hours, other tolls, balances and payments in general, there is no active tool only the comments of this afternoon after lunch, the money or the Sun. Death is in the end so it's the

future for these, like what a broader software was. A statement cannot hurt to live well above, as what had already happened in the past, life has already passed at fourteen, do not you believe it? The pain is different, our compliance, the issues a little more expensive when it swallows us Sunday after lunch, who deserved had already won. Look what a nice newspaper if you're smart a party is like a palace, you have to live well to be healthy but, as you will do in the next chapter when they tell you how God is called, then you and your back.

I've been going on for several years, it's good not to surprise only two. He was just a thief that modern epoch, he made or better still makes all that noise, because he is the annoyance that I think are many humans from the quality of confusion, I talk about it because I had noticed another dimension to human figures in history then, must go to jail, if you don't want to be surprised much is just a legal process, to a strange point, up to life already know but, we have to be hospitalized because we are governed, we pay it that is, we think and commit our good then miserable of people who do not speak, declaring to the Czech a unique good to the history of one. A good is instead of many others or the opposite, to say why we need to move so as not to be killed or, stocked by many positions that

we do not know but, that we learned in school. The person in charge of the good today must be a good person, certainly a delinquent or an unconscious person, and that's me... those are diseases of good, parasite units in society. You're still hungry what that person has ever said to you, you know even evil is good in these people, evil is what he says, good to our people, because it's not only mine, you'll see that it will surely fall.

So a rich fake replaces me in a world betrayed then everyone already knows, in this silence, who says anything else but, certainly another false pleasure then illegal, must go to jail, the square is the prison for that person, you do not joke with certain issues that hurt the flesh, desperate animal friend. Let's proceed, from where? Come on you do not know there is only one truth to where you want to go then, is what you wanted to know but unfortunately you do not say a word. Make, make your expressions mine, the wine again. Good morning that will ever really live, does not seem all dirty, you have a religion prior to Jesus Christ? At a certain point it ends what he wanted to tell us, that is, that he did good, since then we are always good what he wanted to tell you who declared he was good. All these unique places do not exist, you are always you in certain aspects, that is, you are this

tomorrow, next week the future maybe not but, you cannot go crazy, we have been deceived and backward friend, as evils are all the same. What's wrong with the world? You've got a bellyache. No, the world is wrong. You know what goes on after that arrow, you know there's everything in life in an instant, what you see is everything for now and forever. All the things happening must pass now there, where you are in the world, in front of you to be understood by you, to exist. This moment is the next or, next year the unknown but, it is not very fleeting, finally I do not think we are situated in the good today, to put it briefly, today is a day like any other at the end of the year zero ten you do not know, what speed life takes where it tells you to be, this hello. Where you are bored, how many fascist prohibitions, gloomy at the end of a year that as always alone poor man presents himself as a sum, on the other hand what can you expect the day gets up, its realities adapt to their strength effectiveness, it will be suitable so, it is said perhaps it is our city that wanted to hide the furniture with its neon sign bright, flashing. Things that nobody ever wanted to hear like an echo at ten in the morning: what he wanted, what he said, now he's gone, now as always a deep right hidden in the homes of those who did not want, an illegal act

outside the body, problems of others that ‘the public does not work.

Close the phone call we were already ourselves before we woke up this morning, everything where we are as always is in a body of crime, the stones in your mouth like the people scattered downtown, it’s already over, I do not think it will remain for years to come. How much it costs a today, what you see for next year, what has ended up in the end is just a little defrauded, with the art of a deception our state, by the metamorphoses that are assumed or personal duplications. How many fakes but comes next year, there was really not everything at this time, time for all or open offices. It is necessary to realize exactly as an example, for the Good not to operate those things, which are not good. Look at the clock, scrutinize the rest of the room or the horizon, the scenery is free of the place where you are.

The taste of lead, the year goes the same with people even more up-to-date than you. They have already done a different good, people a misery, a misery like I wasn’t good, but I was good, so don’t complain as you see we are all here. At the end of this economic legacy you can call me and I’m at home now I’m going to Happy New Year, happy holidays. *Bye Jesus, call me.*

5.

The film I will write to you

Lovingly us, 02.01.2011

Okay, you're alive, bye... it's one of the most beautiful phrases of this century. Dear Red Brigade fade a little bit in this future, don't you have a name and talk? the city already exists with my cousin's software. Today, after a crack in the face, he runs away. The year zero eleven, who knows who's talking? Still mountain problems so we called there, be careful many continue until eight or ten. Tomorrow you will go out with the money, you do not understand anything, however a good day to you who have cobwebs in your head. Again, open your hand well again, let's see... here, look at it yourself at home, then let me know. I leave the house I'm a free wardrobe, I don't commit insults against the

state, I'm not a criminal with my eyes open just to see the difference between things that move and things that stay put.

Corporeality of the possible, of the real you don't tell it all, now and now we really owe it to go in the sense that we have to move. You would be a thief or a non-thief, whoever stopped you, find some where it is written or look at your peace. You still have the intention to know where the thumb-tack of the disc attaches in your truth, okay in my opinion you are in a state of confusion but, so they will call the police, they will say that you were in evil but, it is not a statement known then, to finish were others so more than one evil, by the great echo blamed, so that's how you will be: a beautiful creature alive whatever said, was so distant or far away that you do not hear, morale we are all in the same boat.

A good is a mistake or perfection, who knows how much it costs. The favourite yard of life is our room, our bad thoughts will be burned. On this day what will they do to us, what will all the people build but where have you moved to? I mean where are you... right now the first train for life has passed, you keep laughing, they are all false here in our country. Stop, it's because you're talking, don't you think it's our love, as there is a real or a

problem common to all of us, it's true they come and go but, everything is real we are an image then we leave, we overcome afterwards an evil comes again and we have to exist to leave it, smaller than a penny just because it's a human being. The first form of elevation: don't advise, go ahead, don't talk to me, go towards the road, let's walk together, but that cloud nearby is evil, dear zero eleven. We owe a solution to walk higher than the earthly ground, not the popular ignorance as 'the pavement, or the authors we met in our lives were alone and confused us.

Drink wreck that 'the world dies, ie you have something not to say today. You play to live better, a second is now, here you see your hands cut off: you burn the day for the night. Look at what beautiful designs of life instead, you and your activities, you have to open your mouth, run, the public line is not waiting. In all there is only a little echo. There's the sun, there are some kids who will miss it. Living through, CB. Here I am still alive, come to Calabria there's a red wine that's a fairy tale. Blessed you Calabria continues where no one says the difference but careful they want it in all the regions. What I ask for from the concessions is the power of the voice, the disposition of the faculties. I live because you live now, and you don't

understand. People who are not power, their instruments are their powers. Without drooling today you're not alive, go, come, you talk about it, that is, you are, that evil is a dear lecherous? is our ability to feel, instead there are things that have not been done, the right to what you had to do today for your knowledge, more when it ends then, who knows but it is an education not a he or, a stop, we all pay taxes with their sour smell is the bitter taste, the sweet taste of victory, our life that rises.

A neighbour who sits next door, will wait tomorrow, takes time in the evening, it's true some moments have passed but not hunger. Everything is done, they play the winner who also lost, now you can go away, dinner is ready, you're afraid of surgery, well we should just go eat ok, what year is it, it gets better and better. Finally it was really bad the best friend, even if in jargon is only the first phase of the catalogue Well, like a false devil, a huge state debt, the three mountains of evil put near, plus the things you do not know about evil. In this day and age the fake overwhelms us, a house exists to reflect at once what it tastes like, however good day downgraded or glazed my friend. Okay, we're free okay, we're our favourite stadium okay, let's get a lawyer pick one! You do the things you wanted to do the other you, the

pole, the bet is not true that above there is only continuous fog. The day we see is false, we've all already gone beyond every problem uh, we're all people, we just don't talk, your neighbour has a stench of death, where are the rules and places, where to pay well, where you passed before, who really talks, it's other people's business our life, what you did last week. Now who are these fake people dressed up to live today, who knows what year it is now. In my opinion there is no application, no software or, an antivirus, it seems that in this machine as final installation there is only Windows, what did you hear last week, now it's Sunday? your poor misfortunes want you to keep them as joys, right now right? Who dies, who lives where you want to buy yourself... right is the quality sometimes produces a good product anyway. The world is power, ignorance, thieves and easily stolen money. Cities are edged with white, or blood splashed. The trick, the evils are the same everywhere in the West, in the East so in America.

Smile the same maybe you burn a little bit but what do you say, another trick is: it has already done all our life until you have to be, stay go, is come. This is a dedication from us free boys, a greeting to you who are coming as you do not know the culture of the here are, maybe they are

reports of murder, psychological annihilation to get the rest or could not end because of what happened to our parents, our relatives, our friends that pleasure that does not make your good, that future but it's Sunday who sleeps?! Dear stabbed state is betrayed, to understand how much while you go home, in the evening with people. And yet no one moves is so easy, that was the last one is gone, maybe even those who were a little confused where the water is lost you do not stay, it's a time of passage, everything will be of an opening, calm must be useful as beautiful as it may seem. Look at it looks like a disused instrument not rusted the wind or poison of those fascists of yesteryear, the century does not please you, finally to discover a chasm never declared, that as a wave loses the day even now, is tell me who you really are. You could even buy it as expensive as it could be, the taste of fasting does not make it tasty. Drink it with a sip everything is nothing, you or your youth look at yourself, look better at that photo nothing has happened or, nothing ever happened, I advise you... you can see that he wanted you. It continues, as nothing today. There is someone who says something in another state, in another place for me lies a crack, our empty place, the rust like full asbestos is the sea or the mountain. It hides the whip, the

duration what happens now with those who will live the next ten years is in short the continuation of events then like thieves and increased problems.

All things have a state, in my opinion there is no account of modern times, maybe you haven't heard where we all ended up. Say your favourite cut, your evil, your air, in a little while who is taking a break, who are those people, you will have the lighting down, until you see your loved ones far away. In the end it won't do anything, there won't be anyone just trash in good people, just remember who lost. The road, your poison is near, we've finished a hello for your peace. That's how the century of when we were little began, tell me your doubt we solve it, we live of history in our silence things that nobody for some strange reason has ever solved, sick, degraded, social degeneration, among them our sore point. Beyond something you never arrive without going in that specific sense, without talking is not good or, your problems are mine.

The night fell but the light did not calm down, we have already bought most things, the good exists but it is here not good those principles that mock people of ignorance, first they tell them that things are different then you will have to understand why you are the next or, the living neighbour

next to my era, then not far from all my reality which is the reality, the same planet finished. Hungry princes and thieves, many people have that same problem. Learned to disintegrate complications then it is not rationally the same thing, if there is a quantity or a species to have a globe. The dishes to be served at the table for the memories of others and neighbours, there is a central axis to the world where to stick their own notes of existence since ever, no one has ever denied their name or, a power that you cannot deny, you cannot just say yes sir, obey the penalty cause, no one can afford to contradict what he says governs even above or equal to a State. It's about talking about it, planning reality for what it really is in your eyes and senses forever, as until you leave a place where you do not want to return to understand what really makes our institute, our city on the other hand are all here, present, past and future. Now in short go to work with your history, your present and your future, who chased away the good a deaf mute? after where you go you already feel old... for me? keep a gift. Shut him up and give yourself a dream, no one's coming there, the centre of the earth is only one, not two, so be careful, the unresolved is for later.

Have a good day, G.

6.

Fai, Italian association

About us for the rest, 01.02.2011

Dear friend diary began a new year, you want something to drink or suffer from bellyache, try to understand me you cannot escape the air. The cold is typical these days, how nice it was to go out in the snow when we were kids. I already think about when the sun will get longer or, on hot summer days.

Nowadays, people are nodding with a smile to say the weather or the air is good, all right, good. There is no more extinct than us, you wanted perhaps something more colourful, will provide for you, there is no time. Without talking too much about our tired, overworked, dying, deceased, fake delinquent, it's not guilty talk, in a big

provocatively impersonal scheme that makes us get an example of a post: otherwise there would also exist our Italian city. Happy beginning of the year, without any impropriety. Reality that was as easy as it still is today, it seems that we have forgotten instead they have hurt us. Any personal interest is easy, common to all, a state law applied to life today, however, we need to have a fund. A delimitation like a winning ace to keep in your pocket, to play at the opportune. Superstitions, infected neighbours and we would have already done everything before the Sun was born this morning but, as always, it is in the whole of humans that we find our near singularity. I suggest you look at your face first and the law, you never stop eating out of hunger. Be before every splendid dish look, if there's poison in it.

How high is that problem in today's modern day, we are just like neighbours and you do not understand anything, we are all people and we are not in the room then do not tell a friend that maybe it is bad, tell me if you find the reason, the revenge who says it is his, do not run away, you are not wrong to talk about evil, you are not wrong in feeling attached I know, it's the same he says but, the important thing is to live today do not believe you. I've never met the Fai, an Italian association that

comes from noon, or rather noon to say the sunrise time of Zenit. For example, we do the day of the darkest night dear well, dear son this from where is the dark left out to forget the past. One of the most important things is how much poison or falsehood there is right now, if we have not understood the good today or what our commander wants us to say on this day or, who killed him. Today that force then you will know is evil, it forces us to go in that direction indicated, there are problems the unknowns in what does not want us to speak freely. Dear students who want us, want us to die, what will people do today not only what you think on Monday.

As he writes badly, you can't even imagine. If you want now the end of all time has come, in these two hours that are now but, the people of the municipality were not there to declare the whole truth, nothing is solved except with an act in front of that doubt clouded by time. Life is art, poetry or, just a revolution against the exceptions of the air, a slip in the mud. Another goes on to say, writing was art is the true nature trampled on as a state is lacking, while a studio must shine anyway, I'm going to smoke a cigarette. We are alive as long as we are left on the planet, during the week the air is darker than night, now it's Sunday how to do good

without talking about it, without paying for it, it's so much you suffer originally as 'the normal natural sin, it's all false but like another story, made of relatives and friends who have left us for the second step of their existence. Too bad we do not know each other better, hopefully the future will not be war between the dishes, always a greeting.

The fake is against us, however, crimes, defamation, slander, slander, mud, or wanted to be us so for a note. They are other objective realities if we can define them as such, owners of lust, of good, of waste, of cars, they bring their bones of the living to the cemetery, because we have won the good? If we only have to look at the Sun of misery in the memory burnt by the actions we have to end it you know what is an echo to begin with, what good they have given up to now nothing, they say who knows what the other wanted.

Lately who has the intention to rule over your death is an evil, a false in front of us, it's really already solved everything, who knows what he wanted, we are people finished and dying you do not understand you need perhaps, a gym to train the mind or body then destroyed, false or covered. Here are some bits of people we had close to us when we were teenagers, when they were right. What opinion do you want if you don't want it on

your face, just the memory of the good these years. The future will come will fill the evil to finish it, maybe that's what we'll call the Good who knows maybe it was talking about us, for our planet. Emptiness is just how much uncollected garbage we have next to us, I am like my ID card.

The need to understand ourselves, the importance of wanting to live, Make Italian association for the need of speed, the desire to exist, the mathematical action to go to the majority. To understand in order to grow, the scholastic reason given to reason in life, the pleasure all of the clear light of the Sun. We want to live, if you don't do it on your own it doesn't come true, it's a new culture, a dream is the end don't pay attention to it, we are not comics. On the other hand, it wasn't me that you didn't like, you were going, or rather you were going on, not knowing who to turn to or where you are today, it was a relationship between both of us, who knows what you understand today! They are zombies or they lack ideas, it was a problem that spoke with a double, of things that they didn't look at us. Pain is all in the past I don't know if they told you on the day of now how difficult it was, all the worries are common problems even yours while, your interests are left behind now they are resolved so much was clogged the

ether. No one sleeps, no one talks and that anchor says it's my business or someone else's, another then it's a matter of finding an object or, an exit from where the world has already appeared, my respects. It's always better to leave it alone until you find, as they say in the jargon, a son, who advised us badly he was bad. Money costs dearly, just a cover not believe tomorrow is not next year, evils not to denigrate do not have character, what is this dignified reality. Identify who has spoken, where they all ended up is because everything is ready to die but, life is everyone's, let's wait a whole is solved, all people together then, listen that nothing has passed if it has not passed under the house, today is a day connected from now back in the past, so at least you can see how others distinguish the bottom.

You hate the wind, you see disfigured nature epileptic dream of those who had already lost, you still feel the pain, the memory where you are no one will ever come. At the bottom of the sea there's still the blue, at the bottom of ourselves there's still us, you have something to say before continuing on this road down, well it may seem strange but, there are things to do in the afternoon even today, it was just a nightmare or the daily bread, it wasn't you who had lost or, you still had

to start your you! So we finish the book of our life still in its prime.

You hear the next wave coming, people's confusion. The sky is clearer than the soul, scratch your land with the rake, you'll grow up to be your film. Natural state absenteeism is always necessary to say where death begins and life ends, where reality begins and fantasy certainly ends with the Sun. They say it is thus begins a long story since we were born or even before, it makes me laugh "Sum pater mundi" please continue after the fog down there. A dream was a lifetime, the prison comes and goes don't worry it must be the uvula, no one has the courage to speak! Glad I found you.

Greetings, G.

7.

The real weight of things

Symmetrical letter, 04.03.2011

I wanted to meet you again without whims, knowing that I had already bought it a few days before my birthday, without fear of the next one so I already had it in front of my eyes, not working at the top of the graphics but, by that they say working whole. You think it's ruined, instead it moved with the thought.

Society or victory, conversations thrown there as a souvenir, the questionnaire to get out well from the day that arrives, complicated because it is the good, while you think it will take years, months to be and the next smile is your good, it will be yours I do not remember if that here, are the doubts of your good even towards your evil.

Always the same boredom, they didn't agree. I repeat, it's not our problem, we are all soulless objects once a crack has been created in the human body where we live, people are those objective realities that you don't hear about or, to whom that really refers add the houses, buildings, greenery and the rest. It is by producing our idea of the world in a software, which we should be the individual users, authors and programmers. The rest sometimes you know then the fog is not a lack of desire but, all other things also hunger, when will ever be the day I think, indeed I'm sure you know, I see you walking ... good afternoon simple human product, we are always here. Thieves of theirs, here he is passing by, goodbye.

The memory of the past enlightens our mind to better exist the presence of a plague that wants to surround us why not say? It's fascism here not to look at it maybe it's too much, at the same time I think who knows what will be this air in Calabria where we will end up with these dark evenings and dark days, maybe we will win the lottery or we have debts, the answer to the first one that happens on television. I think of you every day, you have something to say. We solve every human being on this planet, they know today what is an evil and therefore a good not very clear, after all they

remind us of something we know and speak when they can. Now to the hours and, the minutes of the hour, it is a bit difficult to tell you the things that are now, today, like the clock or the relationship with nature outside the arm, in short it would be useful to do. Being alive you are born I guarantee you, as far as you can breathe this is not a Christian environment, they were heretics or blasphemous them, if you want after TV or mouse? Speak also on the right side when you post words with me or, spit if you want not on me oblique Italian but, of my television problem do not laugh, think of the doubts of others as yours, if looking at Cosenza in the afternoon you realize the human garbage present, the fire.

Our life is a necessary calculation but now incomplete anyway go ahead and among other things you hear what and how others speak, you refresh yourself, then you eat. Theme: The other days of my life, write, uh, tell me you have something to suggest in this world of thieves, encourage me you didn't even imagine how much! tell me now you know? Let's continue along the path already in the square, in short, further down the street or further down the street there is the need to call a lawyer for you and, who would I be... here I've already finished it was simple, right! Both for what you

wanted to make believe, but also for two or three other reasons, as what a nice picture the reality. Come with your great age, in the same square where I'm going to the cube sir. What you wanted are the other things of the day, you knew the silence as to say who stole here, I knew it, you wanted to say it: not here from this low is sunny Calabria. So tell me who has stolen the Sun of the true light of things, among us then is who has killed.

You're still not there our goodness, the spring is coming where you'll hide your insect if not cockroach, your boredom and the rest of the planet, you can't say you're in evil then the lights went out. Who will be peace, after all, is one of your villagers treat him well, in writing he hasn't solved anything for ten years, ten years ago the same sentence, in another country or population, ten years ago they were always with these impediments that they wanted to pass for masters, after all they always tell us to always declare the same things. You manage not to kill your father, your girlfriend instead of your evil. I know it's dark all of a sudden, but it really sucks. Your eye, my eye so it slips away. When you get there, won't it be good? Maybe it'll be the time, hold the chair to report a civil servant or, if you're a woman and you're sleeping in the

bus, however, stop sub renting a shoulder.

The sea is blue is not good business... citizens hate the desert and the false figures who speak further away, it seems calm instead it has passed. Laugh, that is, make a smile, who knows who will understand it well today, everyone at that hour is asking. You don't even have to imagine what those humans think, but I was an inhabitant on that day of joy, so tell me what you wanted to say. He said to me 'the cat: the office is in the indicated street, let's waste all the time in this life is not caught a moment of now, let's favor the credentials that those are us, in that way we want, let's go where we already know. An exact way of doing it, our dialogues to make a speech first are our whole existence.

Earthly living today hello, your neighbour, of my life no longer depressions, to be precise as a stomach. Those who take care of our daily questionnaires, to see what they wanted from us, then all quiet and still while there are two or three other reasons to act, who knows that further on there was evil, who lives in Via Agata, the best enemy of your or my father's. Turkish furniture fried things, words of words. Where will they all end up, for example Ferrari dream of Italians, Italians shut up, Italians well. An ear wash makes me laugh from

the many and how many neurons, worse than tumultuations of incoming or outgoing organs for today, I know it would be my oesophagus to be exact. What the terrified say, they speak, they had an oesophagus with modest passion adequate to the neon light. Here are words of haste at the bar that shine like something you want, you say my land, so continues an afternoon that promises a more fragrant spring.

A greeting to the most alive woman at the bottom of the world, in that down there that is the world, you are well found this morning in the light of the Sun dearest inhabitant, sick prospect, insulted, we are all our rotten friends but come on, the year zero eleven is calm, the next you already know. All in a quarter of an hour you shouldn't be the one who was killed by the people, they said they had disappeared, there's still evil, but if you don't talk about intruders, you'll twist and fold. You know where we are going to end up or, if it is already over, here I know there is no time for this fundamental law but, there is another software made of gestures, of tables to which you cannot say anything. Law is matter, articles of real concreteness to which one cannot say no, they are the same for all the inhabitants. One lives, one eats and governs history towards the good, the beautiful.

Above all, we continue to exist in the sense of not dying, so where are our public acts of non-death, of life beyond evil.

It was in that way but really for everyone, so the evil will be difficult to recognize a person, just by the name even if it duplicates the idea or, it takes us all silent for the true strength to survive with humans small and large. But after that what neon light or, law optimum? where do you want to go if you do not have it or, if it is not yours and original, where you are he is also, shakes ah! ah! but cannot continue to say what you do not support, look strip like today is not the other day, have already decided things like that for today, go see a good if you are heretic or worse another arm, what patience life human being, what you have to do. They detach and get lost inside a movie, the world is already outside as the taste of the banquet is what time it is, good day stop where death is not there, dust off your conscience.

Although you have the iPhone also does not live 'the owner of the Apple, try to give you a brake, you need to leave them are burned, zombies, inactive just a pole to the cards, an auction. Some rulers without blood know it, let's go to another room I have some liquor, press that button and go you cannot repeat a hundred times always

the same issues, and have only one problem. One note, don't look people in the face too much on the way home.

Look before it was Easter Day now it has become all cloudy, between our interrupted communications more today it was the air but, the sea sickness last week or, that of the past month not! You say what people say, what you don't know, other things don't say or, nobody else does. What you want to know is just after that precipice, you live freely one law, jump the ditch who knows what these words want. The years go by, our time also, even the organoleptic behaviours present today for us humans. I know it's nobody's business, but they just showed up okay. We continue beyond this hell that spends, shines, according to many is our dear zero eleven, make a sign with your hand is go who understood, understood. Poor our illustrious government because it has never been talked about with the movement of the mouth, it seemed an easy little joke instead hiding what one would like the other to say. For example, now we continue to work.

They are whims, you exaggerated, it's always a pleasure to rest after work. Hateful, envious to say the least, that's what work is exactly or, the lowest neighbourhood on earth, why the desire cannot

exist, if so bad is not enough you're the one who is cheated to know the judge I write it, plus who are the modern machine breakers, I think you understand that it's already been a long time. Here's the other way in quiet, light passes the day. Let's go, we'll see how it goes if, when turned off, it's better to raise the wings, maybe someone stops, antihistamines.

It was a real instrument the parallel that you shouldn't have known, like today is like yesterday in a world of lost, it's easy because you look at me, you don't know that I already know. You want to make peace with someone, humans are not personal belongings, you go on to get home as always the Sun tells us good things, you say what you want.

*That's the end, you come back.
Greetings, G.*

8.**Too many changes**

Pedagogically speaking, 02.04.2011

Humans are informed, they are others in unity if you look at them and then recognize them, never cry in front of them, because maybe you will never meet anyone. Individuals are German if you let me finish I'll tell you something else, come meet me and I'll talk to you. How many things, beautiful the sunny day that awaits us, I fear on request: the free no of dissent, if you pull that object around you goes back. Lacks have all the flavours in this ice-cream parlour, after all there is also the case. You'll be your neighbour who you're talking to, you just need to look a little bit 'to see what is the trend of our existence, good and evil as some things are better to say them to get them. The

solution is behind the door of the house, the future, time, in other languages it is time to go, even if it is better to say heretic where you want.

In general it is the breaking thing you recommend, do not turn out or, inward, so you are wrong to talk to others. If you want to study the details in a photograph you continue until there is an end, you do not talk because we are sorry, sorry is bad. Here it seems to me just a big scam, so many people, so long it took to get to today, years, age, classes for all open between the past and the future, please after a day of work only superstitious and so much stolen silence. The Sun still shines today, and that's all. Emptiness is nothing, stop the wind if you do not speak, I know thieves who have lived for centuries, give me your courage when you listen to me, hoping for the sacred word of God. One day tell me more if you are not a thief, tell me your value wants to disappear is the problem of the Sahara desert, do not worry it will be the clock with what is left in your head. The vacuum look at it better is the air around us, open your eyes in front of our institutions, as a computer processes your time and air.

How small our world is, already finished it is ready. They declare themselves gentlemen is not cheap, they are clothing thieves, what did you not

like about ours today, the evil, the parasites or yours? leave the false fascism forever. The rest another one does not say it for you, the accounts come back even when you're just for those speeches that confuse us the day, amen at bottom to express the important thing is peace in the soul, how to write peace to the act described in its unique and personal form, afterwards do not make a hit soon.

Business is always our business, I always say of Cosenza. Who we really are, we say many other things instead are done, I recommend maybe it's the truth very dear today or, unclear is enough is the doubt comes to me, in our days no one gives you anything if you do not speak so clear, nice clear word. Among the countless plants extended to our region the impediments want to be masters, theme who knows from which source, sometimes you have to stop and drink a glass of water. Otherwise life is something else, today life is an exaggerated word in a situation where we are not there, we are there. They must have miscalculated their accounts, the other flight instructors as I call them. You have to identify the fake, the virus in this symbol // // then the common thoughts, bricks associated with a mental neighbourhood, as you noticed that they still talk about you then, thank them

for all the words they don't say or how many with that long coat in summer, laugh who knows who broke a pencil. You want peace, here's a truce, a prehistoric earthquake. Take a motorized vehicle to get downtown, at this time of the afternoon you say many things, surpassed by men never grown up, sleeping but there are other things written that could be useful for your life that you do not know, nothing has come out yet as soon as he calls I will let you know.

The beautiful sunny days are waiting for us, it's not much but believe me a few lines, a short nail, a small company to discover all the things you can fix. I work I don't have much time but there is no unique product, a software for today for those who want a complaint, who wants to know when it will be. At ten o'clock you don't know anything anymore, the speaker doesn't speak Christian, you see how useless it is. Italian mistakes and here is the confusion, mistakes the Italians or something else. Another enigma over our lives even though we have already passed our exams, you cannot know how many problems we have given today to everyone, as we had to be to stay then, still those viruses, eat on our silent turmoil or our long ignorance in the glorious zero eleven, as if it were that day in May of past years, you can clearly see that

there is evil, just a kick is no longer know if you earn a preserved life, because the needs are only yours, if you want a movie but it's late.

Trembles the trumpets sound, connected does not move, our love is already lost, I'm not killing it I live without a declaration of the good created, today, real, existing and functioning. April I've lost the words, the usual things don't worry, whatever. I'm at home the other humans are fine is a rich director's theme, being alive in a rhombus is the favourite commercial material, wave to them with your little hand they laugh or, what impression did they make on you? tell me is everything normal? you fly but to whom you talk, I repeat for years you are frozen. They've done everything today, everything 'evil is solved in its forms already, as you knew you don't want to progress, that 'the Sun illuminates you more and more, and it was really little, good and right thing I'm not joking, just a short sign, like a text message that is missing, that brick on the road. So where we live is the problem, otherwise we are the doctor. You wanted a past as a thief so great was the mistake, I have to say goodbye, I have to run, time is running, see you later while the working day was already over, still small things, the real weight of words even legally.

We live in the thoughts of the first pages of a

book by another author, we do not speak as if we were the wind, we do not exist, and it was thought that we were the ones who were not all 'I common, 'I volume. Beyond sure there will be something but, who says you have to train must be killed, let's understand each other, let's buy another gymnastic apparatus to put in the house ah, ah, what would we have lost the air, the sky or the fragments? Who says what the inhabitants of this planet, of our country, of our region, we are not extinct is already a good point, if you do not get offended it happens in the next two hours, especially in the afternoon how the weather changes people.

Probably a number had to be done, my years and yours, but without yes it ends, we are saved, you don't know, you don't answer but, so it's bad maybe...

Goodbye, G.

9.

A man without a timetable

Perpetually May, 10.05.2011

It was all very simple at one time: we remembered without the insults we have received lately, the sea was clear. A man without a timetable, a bar, a street, a square or outside to understand who we were on that day, it was enough to have a display screen in front of our eyes, to perceive with software what we wanted to ensure, among other things a state of submission, if in Rome they study what everyone is for everyone, as no one can speak because of last week, chasing time if you want evil, how come it is a bit 'down. You want coffee, go to the kitchen. Human Italian because stopping has run out of energy or, it costs too much the price of life even today, too true but maybe it's already too

far away you can't find a thread, some wine is no longer there, details not to be overlooked as other things hurt, hit in the morning now everyone has left a trail, a job is evil after all hurts the father, mother, a relative, a friend then tomorrow what you do, what it means.

Better at the bar a chocolate in winter and you who live in the mountains, you talk about nothing else but yourself. The immediate present presents itself with the death of the next one, the next one stumbles, it is said, but an act in law must be in accordance with the constitution, while I dream of the past day of Friday or Saturday as they were. Now everyone at home, building their own rifle, the exact evil is wrong, it corresponds to its qualities, then, in a photo where we laughed about the evening, our righteousness is wrong. Every now and then the police pass by, we continue with a cup of hot milk, a social problem flies over us, an artificially created inefficiency, we should cut ourselves on the edge of everything but, it is the very constitution that liberates us, do you know why? It is we who liberate ourselves, I am or you are the liberated. Those who don't understand today, haven't understood yet after years what a back door is or it's the back door, like someone who introduced himself but you want it to matter, you don't

know... lightning and lightning growing up maybe they will understand it's not just a game that chip but, a machine gun attached to a relative hidden from the police.

All misery and rubble, and we are wrecked, why is the world different? Too bad for that dot that approaches from there at the bottom of our entire existence then, will do the work of practice as he said, you'll see as soon as they move us from the glue attached to the position where we are, we were. Here in this free space before the next breath the rest is not there, we do not have it, you do not understand letter, cookie, paper or rock. Math, philosophy are ahead of us! Have a nice day.

How empty is the world little human being, who has already landed while we have to be silent, it is necessary to know what is there, not why, so that we seem to be earthly evils, machines to ruin by continuing to walk. Walking, beams, small as small as small but we already know we have not grown up, we need action to make today's day pass is also something else in them, they go of us no, we are discredited and the securities are the worm of our enemy who is a worm, we need to see what has actually been achieved, from even personal decisions on good and evil materially and socially, if not degrade I tell you, you are free you not who.

Even in America no one tells us that growing up alone, in fascism instead of the republic. Freedom is now, today it happens our horizon is out tomorrow when it wants, on Monday when it comes up again, who was in the centre was you, I was the others, with everything nobody ever has or says anything, rights, duties. Following the science then, here is the answer: proofs have not yet arrived, in my opinion the quality of the problem remains. The others do the same work, in the same way is the law of nettle. Now please go, come on, he's over there but who knows why he doesn't speak, it will be the money order he has to pay soon after his death. The silence of the worm, the Sun rises, then they will introduce us to these great ones but tomorrow, you know tomorrow maybe we die. I'm tired, I know for you a bad thing is blasphemy.

Here the day is what they want us to forget, how much time has already passed, they chase us, we are alone in the jargon is the process of the bricks, on the bricks the life of others as the usual melancholy, melanin. There's no one there because we can't talk? we remember how much time passes without talking about the discoveries for our dear sweet and tender existence, hidden from our thoughts, from this involves a complex work for the evil one, the duty to make people forget.

Never again will anyone come here do not believe us, dear or dear doubts in any form beyond, like we would be banal memories, look what a beautiful smile I have printed on my face. Mountains as problems those who rule here, those who have the right to speak, thank goodness that summer is coming, soon all those nice cold drinks will be ready, and ice cream, sharp and sharp, because you do not have to sleep at four in the afternoon. I am the one who sleeps or survives not an idiocy for today that goes, what will be his, so the topic of the day is who, how much damage then, was another parallel universe where to buy your bags, you like the desert of the city in the afternoon.

How much noise for nothing already, but William Shakespeare isn't there, you don't know things, anyway further on you're not even a human being, you thought this was life, not a state of convalescence or, a state of abuse not only yours, I'm always alive. Only an idiom of life plus a pole, to be concrete, is still the other nothing speaks. Common dangers, the cutting of a blade, reason as the one who speaks to you. Who says we need something else in hand help us to continue the act of movement to win, leave him alone an evil smells like a fish, we see things that we do not have a state that does not speak for the evening, huge insults

like dinosaurs, we are sure we are all armed but from here you cannot get out. Without this other one on us who didn't understand like a dress, a car, a ring. Another you have no peace, it's always the same price of pain. We are tired in a manner of speaking, because tomorrow we will start again, those who call us "uninsured" do not exist, here we see the child forever, the child forever.

Without harm is another system, a software but they have torn it or, they didn't let us keep it, we will make one even better, not die. Without the reality of what we wanted, without a good lawyer like a pastry, what will surely be. Honest miseries down, you laugh at little smiles and shortcomings, every day of nothing, you can't see anything. The future is a betrayed by today's acts and other pastries, they have passed for rustic... we are not informed permanently, no one has succeeded, you must know how light we are at the bottom. You're the fool in Italy, not the damaged or the anti-fool, we should bring our own and then shut up! What do you want us to pay from here, ten meters from here always. We are the good, feel why strangely none of them has a personal good, maybe he reads.

Come on, say who he is or what he is, a heretic, go down to the ground floor to continue, because here they have also blocked the road. You have

already crossed a constructive architecture thanks to your school education or your experience, that is, already, you see that no one speaks, you give everyone's problems are after coffee. The shops will reopen at sixteen thirty, still there are no written rules is published where to address a duty, a personal pleasure for us but, know that for everyone after or during the day, only one more free mouse, what do you think it means? What do you want me to write, no racism, no diffractions, I don't believe it any more than they did us wrong where it doesn't work, we are not there or also because we don't exist, nobody has to talk about us or on our own, we are not indebted to understand? Inside fascism is the title of my next book, or free in half. Of the time, of the places in Europe, I understood why you didn't tell me, you suffer much more than I do, you don't know what or who he is anyway. Everything here is illegal, in glass, thieves of lives, of hearts, fools you mustn't offend. It was better to give the money to the taxes that will come anyway, tomorrow nothing passes if the law doesn't pass. Here I've told you, with whomever you want it seemed useless, it's not always the same film, the essential thing is to make them understand it, there is everything you want in our midst, as light as you want but, without those complicated

independence or Bengal solutions, heaviness as if you're not here, if you're not here you don't exist. That problem is for everyone, for us or, for you alone, relax, the homeland listens, here is full of equal cases.

Dear absentee not present easy to the illegal, who does not say, here you do not say anything, so there is a job with or without humans at the base, ruining ours today on this planet, if I may ask a question: a work of robbery, infanticide or other. A nice discussion, I'll leave you I'll take care of something else, anyway look, there's something left in the house, like memories... if you don't know what time it is for pleasure, it's for love, what you want from this great immense word to want, there's something going around in your head you don't want to talk anymore, you don't want to make people talk anymore there's a big difference between that statement and what the world really is. Now as a task for the afternoon we find humans, who they are and what roles they actually play in the game, in the applied context.

Heart of hearts also leaves your written experience, these days many things have already passed, or have been erased, demagnetized, burned, envied, copied. Let's resume? We need to know what is really at the bottom, so low was that step that no

one missed it, a piece of advice is enough is all true we lived once but, it was too short. An awakening not to sleep in rejection, after all there is not only us, look at that passerby. We are disorganized objects of the past, we weren't alone when we thought we were, don't you want to realize something else this afternoon, before going to jail tonight? A memory of me the skylight, a duplicate of God in secret for lighter punishment.

Bye, have a good day G.

10.

Jupiter the biggest sun

Permit or lire, 01.06.2011

When you start then you continue where you've never seen it, you know why, fascism wants it that way, a continuation is what nobody ever says, but today I have doubts about something more serious ... close to what? it's in the position, who wanted it or, what happened in that faraway place here, tell me your favourite authors in the end were homosexuals, who blackens this summer that comes, I say this. It was at the bottom of this place, we didn't even see how small, poor, a medal like that remained as long as we are old but its importance, its homage is simply forever everything.

A bit like the hands of the clock, in the sun before summer in this state full of illegal

unregistered, today you know to finish is like a number to play the lottery, forever all tastes do not die. Dear fellow countryman my lot I understand, you want it bigger as the tradition says, the saying as they say these things, unfortunately are illegal humans, not equal with the land, they have no updated documents, they do not have the earthly pleasure of forgetting there at the bottom, maybe it is the fear of making buildings too high. Do you want to continue or you have been intimidated, I know it's something else but turn to me, another nation greets us, that the one before is Pinocchio, you're still alive but what do you say, where you went to the washing machine, I know it's normal or, you were transferred to a lager last week, you know there are age differences are not guests the evils, the people of hell that is they had taken everything on their own.

Here is the afternoon, those close to us are the problems, how many people, how many mistakes these humans make, I remember life does not betray like a thread of macaroni, after all the open studies in the country, it will be difficult but, you'll see it's simple as it has already begun, as everyone already knows an arrow, I pray on a day so cheap, who knows you continue towards the summer. Problems are our neighbours is not true, then how

do we move from home they should leave, it is then when it ever happened, let them go have many real problems, we fly away, run in a short time lunch is served by the people, continue so much they do nothing they took us for crazy but, they are bad they were wrong the person, in error they took us for another.

Between you and me there is the sea, as I've never told you before, it's just another power game between us and infinity. Who do you want me or your job? The sea or something else, don't worry about it, you're alive, you know the rest. Magic says the teacher, the first of the class don't eat it, is tell me what act of anger you are living without you on this day, without the prize in liquid money that is needed to buy the instrument, to understand and laugh at the daily issues of this year.

Dear Calabrian land smile, the May Sun saved us from the dark meander of hell, from inflated balloons uh, excuse the strongest memories are the most vivid, we were talking about something else, like if you want the good or how far home is from where you work. A dream to be able to say the words for what they make us say, even where we went then you still think of the places on earth as places to get lost. We are children more than anything else, we are fifteen years old, we are neither

dead nor paralyzed, ok well let's go out, hurry up or it will get cold, leave that cup of coffee halfway. We want a century of light, this two thousand after the previous ages, however far our year zero eleven is.

Where we have gone, where we have been there is a place where the acts and proposals are described, I am in a hurry too.

A big cold hug, bye G.

11.**Real justifications**

July to say, 02.07.2011

When the Sun goes away, it walks its way we'll stand there watching the rest but, when it's happened what you want from our favourite author, how much of the instinct not to die is left in our heads. So much rubble on the streets of our cities, gold to buy air, many people in a state of foolishness, so many jobs not done to have daylight on Sundays or feast days, to deny the Christian God uh, too many taxes if I may add, kisses.

Look how much those false fascists were not joking, those objects in the clear, they wanted to be devils infest the world then, where or how cannot be said is too much not declared publicly the Cosentino's habitat, after all also elsewhere to talk

about it, do not look in front of what happened or, animals in the streets, objects false people deleted to say the least, on power to infinity that shines on a mountain of action and garbage, take me back you know, are walls that fall on the walls of our city, who governs or, who does not disappear just not to laugh at our real life that then dies, among other things even zombies our units, you must know, of course you owe it to know, to be is to have. The world was already lost, it is not true that hate is lost or other things that must be forgotten forever. One forgets ruin, sharp tongues one does not even forget one's debts, who knows how deep our city is tonight, you laugh because it's changing? It's already passed, we look like extinct people, there's too much to do already another day, the humans don't speak of the nostrum, as it's called place. They say we live in good, but we live deeply in evil.

An open summary does not exist, people are in the memory of what it is, you see only ants and those who will die of diseases, pests and atomic bombs. People die together at the end of the world, which has already been, the reason why we should die is already present. We are always and eternally born, you only live this for thousands of centuries, it has always been so you have to get

used to it otherwise you don't live, you never pay attention to the hobbits or hunchbacks of the promo, life is not a promo, you don't drink it because abroad is outside but, someone laughs, you are not in a room super protected from the smells of pollution. He says that you leave, that you're left, he doesn't know what to say anymore is still there breathing the parasite, please don't tell your present because we're not dead, nothing public happened, no one tells you the behaviour of those who must have burned on gasoline, because it wasn't just a movie, because we were leaving the room alive for some time. Please, be like potatoes you go on, then on the map to the X. Already finished a ribbon of electricity, is just a capsule of blue light that remains in our minds. You've got candy in your pocket, better not.

It was Easter Day when I woke up, what I missed I did not know, when the colour of youth passes, better her than 'the day of celebration. Shocking this society that turns around, doesn't know who's talking, they may be worms but they pay, because they are fish. Among us was the law, the countless units, and then you do not understand what you want, what we are doing here, what everyone appreciated. In a while the Sun will fall, and there is nothing to understand where your

personal memory has gone, where the money and friendships are, this was our state, our good in these few lines spoke to us for all our needs with the taxes we pay. Let's declare the truth, no one manifests the truth understand me you know it! To affirm even with the body is as difficult as trivial, that's why it is a common war what is on the bedside table this morning.

Silence says nothing is well understood, better to speak truthfully, no act forces us if not a fact, where you want to find it if not where it seems to be the right slope then, what is more than black money, a speech, a corridor, a lobotomy or the partial or total erasure of memory. The verb doesn't live in television success lately, don't worry I won't go crazy about how far away the world will be, worse than trying, a fruit, a kiss, an afternoon. Humans have never wanted to hear that the story, you write anyway. Good journey dying, growing, look at me no one speaks to us, you cannot walk jumping two meters throughout the journey, like a summer of the thousand nine hundred and seventy, because it is also wrong to write then, we speak badly because it cuts us a bad. God will forgive us, we'll feel further away.

Bye G.

12.

I wonder how high
the seagulls are flying

Read the lire, 03.08.2011

It is surprising, so shining as simple straight, banal and essential as the truth. The bill to pay a little more than fifteen euros, is the world falls at our feet by the way for that is already alive, as a regular toll to get out of hunger or our stomach, insist however in making us a nerd figure, they look like psychopaths with the naked eye, they are parasites of human bodies, persevering of something that would be missing or stolen a day, like you do not know.

How many permissions to go back to bed or, permissions not to sleep, hello human I wish you a good day on Sunday before August, someone

else will speak at the bottom of the soul finally. I always feel beyond even described on a document, because even outside I am envied? Other is a daily parasite changes colour every ten minutes, you are surprised who of the business has already had breakfast, a pastime for others crushed under a grasshopper, we no longer know what we paid, how many personal obstacles, today was a new day. The common issues should be simple, just the word is enough, those who disagree continue the road goes away, you have seen the dynamics of today a disappointment, still time to wait, and yet we are almost there strength that nothing has happened.

Start from traditions to things at home, from the future as a present working the truth but, age sometimes makes strange games as the environment sometimes needs to be improved, you expected a free space for evil, instead of the usual bar. Here are the marvels of technology that serve not to forget your time, your work, as 'the day gives light to a society not affected by the simplicity of an unresolved problem, at sea, in storm. It wasn't really what, it wasn't a speech to make, a tool on the desk is much more useful, it's still too many elements, too many words. It was a high mountain without the art of sound, in which year

we find the great coyote is still alive, it was not true are the other humans who do not speak at all, they are like behind a tree but, they do not know how many impediments.

Sit down and have a coffee or tea, public people or not fatten their glands, giving you freedom in pledge, once you sit down everything is already paid or you want to get into Gulliver's book, you are the most important person here, repeat it he is his mistake, whoever recriminates turns against you, in reality he is the one who dies, who if you want is just an object as he wants. Only one thing, only one figure your or my person, indifferently governs the whole game, then you saw what the almanac says last week, what is really beautiful, who governs, the work in reality has already been done, what has already been built? That is a program so said even those who do not want to talk today, a manifesto common to all the same. A form of fascism of saying for you, why there aren't many things, why modern creatures don't exist already, but what a lawyer, a politician or a worker in general wanted, finally an ordinary person, is the business of whom! Not even a bitter person tells you how much better it was to live outdoors after work. You inspire true Italians, sharp but perceptive.

You know, sometimes reality always upsets those who cheat outside, those who want to talk to a friend in a room where the floor is missing. As the water slides away, as easy as the solution was. Where you will be because of the baseness of humans, canned and dishevelled, confused a bit 'changed, you did not understand what it really wanted to mean the how much in our days, it is not understood that in America is the same. It was said the week attached to this Sunday, purple as a colour then, other modern trifles belonging to us, as well as to them and, to their neighbours, the ruin and the rustic.

Who knows how high the seagulls fly, bye G.

13. Other people

Summer two thousand and eleven, 02.09.2011

“Your presence is stronger, they’re vermin if you let them bite you, remember it’s you who must go back with your mind. Looks like we’re born already, see you soon love.”

It seems With a bit of calm it is also explained ‘today unhealthy and immature forever, the solution: we were joking or we were not in ourselves, out of us maybe for the room we were flying bah, in a while I’ll have a coffee and, the full memories of this summer free from work and commitments, memories of who is really the salt of life. Immediately it is explained, reality is a necessity not an obligation and things like that, the law is not a piece

of paper but nature, the interval, the past time is embodied. Even today how much indecision, shaky insecurity or falsehood without reason and religion, swells an evil but is empty, like an empty object the others are we who do not want, like the song.

You were alone with everyone come on, an object that spoke not to outrage, it was already summer when you left, you have some problems or, it's you and your life. Today it's forbidden to tell me what, living free to live free to live married? would be cognitive problems, not to be able to overcome the teacher or the mayor? Dear/any years of suffering is there is not even a newspaper on those facts that disturb the eyes and belly, astonishingly do not have a public pulpit. You will deny yourself today in the afternoon says, I have to laugh wanting to reset the quantum of our province, moving away with a magnifying glass even today, it seems an act: but you know who you're talking to! Always me.

You may have distracted colleagues with your face in front of that nerd but it does not matter, you pay you have to think is worse what is deeper, have you ever considered a phone because you live too low, they do not have a permanent intercom or, another tool of those you know well, in my

opinion at the bottom was an architecture of issues that make you the structures inside and outside the house. This living in a wrong place like the law is just one, the meal you will always ingest of that flavour. So it's true that we have already taken a road each, for our business.

Sometimes it's a detail that dissociates us from the rest of things, small clauses that in our government are not registered, you understand! even if you go to a public place to talk about it they can tell you the nothing that is, but you know to what extent they have hurt you, at least so is the software if provided existing or, programmed to clarify me. How much light brings today's day to the past, who knows what that delinquent wanted, you have to tell him when it passes? abuse and lard, his things or missing details he did not understand, the participants will already be gone, without gasoline needed a program. We need to talk, expressing ourselves is our vocal justification that marks the facial expression, if you do not speak openly or publicly there is not much left. The daily noise helps us to live our present, what lives outside of us or the solutions that have changed over time, it is a process to be done in its form, to know where those objects exist after the restaurant that passes in front of our eyes.

Modernity buys us or the fleece of a sheep, it is a discourse to dissolve, a pitch to understand, alienation, candy. Are we one equal to another after passing the belly? There is only one way through the centuries distinct for good, so we speak of a process to things and humans to be carried out in full even several times, to understand who we really are, how expensive a relationship is. Really leave something to your people before leaving, respect the weight acquired by different objects and, the responsibilities of people, relatives, friends and absolute leaders who live.

How complicated the life of human beings without proper care, the rest is to wear to understand their work, other tasks, produce, impress even for an economic discourse, you need to consume the objects to find all their functionality, never turn off the head, more business and ceremonies. We live a communism too wide as you do not care, forget about the other summer is contemporary the present of now not before, if you want a good provide now not next year, can arrive another world like a cake at two in the afternoon, you can distinguish the difference of evo, the way to invest humans in their totality or, in the complete bodily investigation, in addition to the objects that run inside and outside the house. Dedicated

to companies, absolute leaders, singers, writers, engineers, the Pope, the head of state, the inhabitants of the world, girls, the inhabitants of Castrovillari, all in one dish, in a food reserved for one person, is like a treasure hunt, the happiest face in a haystack as big as our city, have fun.

Damn the future, the ignorant projections, the month that doesn't add up, the cloned emotions. In truth, all these things do not exist, or you're there, or you're not there, who's fooling you? in the same way so it's the real things that are complicated, true, difficult to hit, according to the dead weight of society from morning to night, because they had not succumbed badly, you fall into material so it's already ready or, you lose track of who speaks. The problems are sandwiches, the possibilities are a projection of the laws of physics, electricity is paid for... you left or you were here, it's the same thing.

Everyone pays for a product not to have a single seed of a whole box, in the impossibility of moving where we live, below the state the discomforts are in the vocal performances but also written. We pay a complete good already today, what will be a perpetual line of consciousness then, just a detail like 'the future that you think now, the truth magnetizes for how important we are, we do not have the

continuation of an exact equidistant person, just the time and interests of oblique people. Reality never moves much from its light, in object figure from your actions is from your desires that you produce for now and after, so for creating the two eyes.

Disappeared, not to believe how low we really live, having paid, now we calm down if we have a right to have a good. We defend our rights or no longer exist, how come we continue in the mud in the centre of the north and south, what happened to the plague or fascism in the year zero eleven, whoever you want is interested in your purse today, there is a shop there are other people will have others, in my opinion there are few people who can make changes, renewals the others are false or wanted to be us. Here's an approximation, they've been neighbours for twenty years, it's a business deal in the end, nobody wanted to know it seems but, today is another day in the name of God, so what everyone does is or is not right what we say, for example if you want to make a card now for all the other days, it's not a single report what goes on in time, so today then Monday, you have to do something strange in our days.

Dear Italy wake up, you let a boy suffer without love then, you can't train us, you can't bear to

forget the previous days as the years, you have to work remember him. Today looks like an emotion to declare why it is so but, even 'Monday is not normal, this way is not good, you need physics as a constructive or definitive matter these ideas can be very serious, only time soberly could take away the pleasure of good.

So the world has changed and people have to say it publicly, if it has already changed you can't do anything anymore, you should for example explain if these realities end up with or, without us, as we were, it's gone in a way otherwise if it continues in time, what really interests you or not. Are we as a universe, in the universe, the universe in your place the same? Now that we are free, it is necessary to give depth to the management of objects and humans. Who they are, where they will go later, who pays, watch out, so life goes a crouton today, a sandwich tomorrow.

In the beginning was the night, the second of objectivity then, silences and rubble, nothing but the darkness of the night that comes without a right quotient. The homeland is a guaranteed lemon presence, you're a fake or a real one, we look like rubber, what's in your eye you can't imagine how many things can be in one eye, now let's split up and go to sleep. Who knows what will

happen in September, cheer up with life, a little colour to this infinite white, the wind continues to swell our faces until it rains, until we reach a solution, a free one, a public one is blinding like money, so omniscient water to drink. Other solutions? Yes, peace, calm and rest. The vocal amplification or narrow constructions where to seclude with a lady, where is the ghost hidden between the words, where is the bow stretched to eliminate an evil? Is nothing the structure of the city where to build tonight as always? here tell him to the prompter on duty who showed up three hours ago: six zombies, grow up economically. A structure is the day seems but you cannot escape with thought beyond the hours and stops, always forever until the end of construction for the present. All the same human beings up to the belt and beyond, stabbed in the belly at the bottom, it's evening after all who cares, the work starts on Monday, let's free our minds a little bit of all the instructive piling to see people with more colour, with rosy or pale cheeks together with beautiful t-shirts or shirts, with cars and other objects, they could have another free sense, the paid freedom. You're Pinocchio, I don't think so. Once you don't disagree at work no, welcome to your region of the world, what lives in the present day, what beautiful solid walls your home

has, are other humans in a peremptory way sometimes good, people you will meet at the bus stop, walking down the street or other insertions nearby but, are mathematical realities realize the product that had to be already ours.

Now fly to where we were before. Ok, don't run, no one gets there where you are today, there is no hope where the mind does not sleep, there is no sort of exit from a constructor force in a point of necessity that prevails then moves, it is for a greater cause than the major that you have to operate, tiny is a point that leads us, a calculation then a real object present like the others, it seems another thing not present in the catalogue but strangely existing, looking for it must only be presented. A matter of ventilation, of management if everyone knows how to turn it on, it's pay off, off while in all cases we will have a government of prescriptions and police destruction, uh, of mania, imagine what can a newspaper or a news program, a broadcast on a reality that individuals have without public explanation then, what can a person the rest is all instead you are one, so normal.

Good afternoon modern female verb, calm down you know in that little brain wax that you have left after leaving home if the woman is well today, what head had that other today, it was better

to roll balls of wool at home. You wanted to tell me something, so high tended that politeness, wasn't it a question of today? a life higher up, nature as art or law because you don't laugh understand the symbiosis between what she wanted and what your neighbour did, who sent his dog to tear you to pieces a little while ago.

A city, a world, what time is it? Well is soon in a sum total way. No one has ever done that job, now you live the day that presents itself, buy a mask and do nothing more or you will always find yourself in the past, here press that button and breathe. Ok, high water, low water, water to drink, you've charged the phone, we're there like memories of her. You remember all the things you have to do today, the sea in winter, hell and heaven, if you lack money you have to work, you understand nothing happened, you have to work your work. Friendship was what it is, the incredible in this year zero eleven, just the word ... inside fifty-four serves gasoline? on that Sunday no one was working, so the idea of alternate days was born, one yes and one no, stop. Dear well nothing, the interdict is the day, you fall when its light goes out, we come back from vacation and we start again... feel what has already ended, how much outside you stay without me. *Bye, G.*

14.

Always the usual things

Literal extemporaneity, 02.10.2011

Always the usual things, always in that way is enough, who knows why sweet month of September arrives. Who says to turn to the month is not the person, look what a beautiful dress I have, vague but in the end signed, serial do not laugh otherwise they shoot at us. How many daily errors are the most representative in this reality, inaccuracies such as life is an error lost or forgotten forever, even today while the end of the world still remains to be dealt with, it's late something should be done given the enormous serious pledge or gain intended, the light has turned on now we can pass, in things to remember: declare the truth or the need to say what bothers us.

Great the afternoon that adapts to the evening, who knows if one day we will win the prize money up for grabs at our end of the world, no one says it openly for which reason everyone knows nothing, you have the epic daily prize so every day, so forever but, it is in the reality of all living humans and quotients that lives our kind, when it is who knows what had to happen, it is really true let's calm down are other people play other people, other human beings while we live, what we will have paid today. All those who have left home are already extinct, pleasure to have met you, an exchange of hands as in church, how many annoyances in our days, who knows what is useless to write or say, care how to put an accent. After all, what is written: please don't do evil, too much information for it not to shine anymore.

Infusions and compresses begin the autumn, in the near future comes Italy a republic founded on work, of English is who has made it. Everyone has tried to do good at home for their nation, the rest to make it short or, to produce themselves and others to make a surprise, so human being with scattered bones comes autumn, your favourite brand of jam, up to zero or the point of return of our train in the position from where it will start again. The same, the usual things but if you also

observe how strange is always the idem in things or, the cut in the middle of the forehead that does not remember anything. Start with the tax fraud there at the bottom, it burns the absence, they give the flames of our dreams, it's too much past, the fraud and state deceptions that we have at home, what do you want to tell you is your evil or you're evil, so they want us always reset and reprogrammed like robots who knows who, you know or for peace is better to deal with something else now.

Living inside a movie or inside a replay, without real money, without living the air of the sky, without simply hearing the inhabitants of our nation speak. Constantly moving eastwards, you don't even want to subscribe, so our life really flows, you don't understand the word or the human being. He goes eastwards, he doesn't even want to stop a payment mistake, loneliness. The equality goes to jail! had not understood the words are unique could not do anything for the balance, today lives as we are few today, it seems that in the city there are only us, what are you looking at on that poster that there is nothing written, indeed there is not. Here's your old daddy laughing, damn distances. Who knows what will happen to people today, with what depth, what our brain is now conquering that

is alive, because it has stopped. Too intense is the colour of purple on our lips, too strong is the headwind or, simply the distance was greater than we should, what we expected, let's go home.

The fresh air and the morning dew what they tell us at the bottom, a theme applied to the day that begins, maybe you'll already be great because try again, maybe it must be sellable our product before being beautiful forever, in memory of our greatest human or if you mean realities. The choice shines like daylight, alongside the transparency that we also need as rubber, to clean stains and mistakes, you wanted to live peacefully today or, you wanted to create and then burn a piece of paper as suggested by our friend. It happens, we are not those people that you should think, while I speak or you will come even tonight on Saturday night, catalogues of single life, because humans do not expire, they are fresh as 'the fish, always again. Humans don't remain evil for legal physical freedom, really. Look at a piece of heaven is think it intensely, it is true the raw natural reality is very important to the person, as reflected in our past in the water, in the days the presence better clarifies our present. How much confusion, look at the past and the present of those who have loved you, you have an amplifier for your years, you have a

continuous memory. Things are falling lately you need to talk and understand the true from the false, good from bad, originality in things. Ok! you have to do a job, go do a job then, come home without scratches, bye.

Look at the people in this year zero eleven, unapproachable still of the accusations as they have been for a long time now, or they denounce you if you talk. The midpoint in the centre says that they made it, they decided it, they are in them you know in the end it's all wrong, how many unfinished work is how many never started in our city or country. Now let's go out together, there will be a solution sometimes to laugh, so much lack was huge but who laughs, we are clumsy on human tamer. The explanation is the price to go home in the evening, those who perish in your death at home you find yourself, you feel it's over, they are just little worms even if stuck on the face, they are nothing, they live where the silence of the institutions is nine as level up to ten. The memory of past emotions, our real economy or the years in the end there is a light that directs is this emptiness, dear professor reflects your past. Another female unit may be dear, but you buy here is a completed sentence, now again people come down on the street walk, pay even with a repetitive sense then,

they have not called the Good but seem awake, at home their units or objects.

Demotivated and similar, blasphemy is too much... we take a breakfast break, usually the electric light replaces the burning fire, lots of electric light in winter, we wait for the clouds or something else. Who wants to speak into the microphone today for people who are not laughing, they are enormously late is not true, that nothing happens, only those who already know are ready, our municipality is ready uh, our future. Here denies the long day serpentine, see 'I cut hands of Via Nazionale.

A big black river, who knows what surprise what awaited us, who knows what the head says to those who have been marked, me, you, an economic downturn, an increase in percentages in the other car. One who sleeps, or ten years have passed is still not laughing. Still years like euros, they'll never find me just have home you're happy, now tell our friend who cuts us often: after me, I call God on the phone then, I'll be busy because something had to start. Change must change the colour of the asphalt or, for those who have been sleeping lazily for a long time, now the desire for the memory has passed a little swallowed up at times, a piece of advice is not much use talking to the fish, better to listen to the old and the stories

of ashes.

Better a trip to the cleanest structures, between texts and buildings that work do not believe, look how many people walk, they know that to look is another part. After all there is only one solid system as you understand, the rest is the corrosion of our connected attacked then corrupted based on titles, interests, purposes and limits plus the ends, as growing there are really many human parasites, they occupied the living spaces and perform most of the issues, make you think that few needs have modern Italians right? We would have only one personal access number worldwide, in a software where humans have suitable sheets to tell where we are hidden.

Oh, what a fish you are to be modern, where are you? because you're just laughing is not part of the game. There is everything in the respect of the law, there is no torn good, it's its whole bound in united parts that create a real function without fantasies, it's true the rest, those are just crimes built also to see a world that falls destroyed in the eyes... hands please, as usual the notes are enough. While walking down the street on a flyer you find: grow up in the end you become. The deficiency is a triangular spiral, it's not true that they didn't do it, it has been realized, you stayed behind maybe, because we

should remain a fantasy, the reality weighs you can see, sometimes you are out because the size of the cut is bigger than us to stay true, even if you paid you must have access codes to stay and be present in a not imaginary way, lit in the concrete respect of people, existing structures as it is not a game of a few days but, life growing, a light that always blinks a colour or two, remember must always be clear then, forget it is already fine, you just need a concrete presence not invented, per day for verification. In fact, run you delay the time, and we should go out alive and present.

You will see only crimes to you and humans because you think: I treat my good in secret, dissolved or foolish. Nothing good is a secret, there is no water at the mill because instead of crimes we will see offenses and slander, you have to laugh that you did not even understand who speaks for our tomorrow, the boss did not understand. A single person must at least know Judas because we are far away, because a woman of easy customs is a man. Tear your personal receipt today for tomorrow's glory, look at your hand. Today thoughts are paid for, renumbering is the duty, perhaps you've fallen asleep or, I was too brief, a treaty is a document that can be used to divide ideas that are better, to know what is good and what is bad. You

have something to say, you will understand the worms ... those that do not happen then, even more well, or to men to clarify the present, you do not escape.

The clothes, the bills or, the rent plus house expenses in general, the reality is one, two or many who know where the fantasy stops, life begins. Who knows what the world wanted today, good night dear brigade. After all, we did not know that falling is also on the other side of the mountain, sometimes we still do not know what a product cubed, on a person's thought, only victims of fascism in the year zero eleven paying taxes, where is written our evil is to us? It comes after the person or our father to deliver us from evil, amen. Sweet lost is intense resembles us but you cannot even imagine how many people, how much happiness and rest, a promised land arrived but neglected, rest our animals we have not won or we have not won today? was heavy that package, we must not stop the other one that arrives today as yesterday but, what bothers us to be a private perhaps. It was normal no intervention, let others do their job and do yours, you know it depends on who you talk to, who insults you daily, as I always said your problems are everyone's problems, there are no solitary problems. We need a nice publication today that

clarifies how without moving, in a street parallel to the one we crossed, there are the same things that we will have to study on other people.

You know that 'the good living in our country between heavy and light is the same, as you see without.

Take care, goodbye G.

15.

Wind and autumn are
the same thing

The game of time mirrors, 06.11.2011

The noise of the street beats loud, always for our happiness, I do not hide the confusion seems to me a cloud that does not brighten the day, the clear is really to be studied. Sometimes how far away is that tree to go to rest, if you didn't even know it was a tree. A note was known, the humans are not going to speak to those present, in five minutes before they say they are finished. Modern arguments: poor thing seems wasted, they thought maybe it's all gone then, with thunder afternoons or tonight you'll see, we'll see, a little patience hold

a candy. Today is in danger where our physical person is, why it exists in silence, just to tell you but what does it matter: I was too fast uh, if a war happens or the end of the world. I remember hearing about a contrast, that new, divide him from the force as the time runs today, what fish face has taken our people tonight, an unresolved questionnaire the indifferent is not harmless who knows what he wanted, maybe he had missed the previous episode. Do you remember the good, tell me what you like your plans for dinner today, ah well another episode of a serial not very published in newspapers on earth but, after all so well known. Look what a beautiful colour the sunlight has, it's like water, although there will be thieves but, just evil at home in the immense Christmas of the year zero eleven has already passed, as a pity a serious economic loss uh, do you want a phone or a phone call, where are you running stop you seem to have already heard these words? Damn the Earth, we'll come back one day, give me a sign with your hand, who knows how much more money.

The young informer proceeds on his way to the office, saying the news has ended as usual a strange world, instead of a dead planet. Illegal or false anarchy, serial fraudsters, a period of history more raw than bloody, a history to be erased is even

worse. Stop, because we're stopped, tell me what's happening to you. The fake, the illegal attacks the state because it's mathematical, paid for. The girls changed to new go out on the streets of our city, as other ideas have remained the same, although the countless jobs. However, that particular coveted location is missing, by the way, the fascist side of our building hasn't been fixed yet, don't you love the controls, how high you wanted to go to make an evil come out of your body.

Our friend will be grateful, still those blessed anchors, those filthy anchors on either side of the city not at all demure, looks like before when we were kids. Now you see the frieze of honour, and I don't see what those people are paying for anymore? Please have a cappuccino. Who works, who's a heretic, how many humans are in our commune only in its border, how many years have passed. How much money does the shopkeeper want for that thing that was needed or, our secret desire, how he spends the day without a good instantly. We wait for an answer for ten minutes then, we proceed to the end of our questions, at the end of our thoughts we don't have to go mad, we don't even believe how miserable we are or how alone we are... it's all one, a trick has exploded in our government instead of nothing, we have a

telephone with death that occupies us like a payment, it's just we have to work because we don't succeed, as if we had been paid a huge expense to pay, a bill to pay.

It's late, there's a hurry, the work has to be done as the future, another day is formed. It's easy to work, it's a simple life working, it's to do a complete act, full not empty then, you have to do good by saying another act, as you have to declare at least the reality. It is not true that it does not happen then, it returns. Look what a funny face we have tonight, even a bit retro. Now you can rest your arm, so the time, we feel lost in our room, lost in the world. Tell me, do you think it's all over, what will the elephants do in Africa? To tell you the truth he was offended, his iris or orange peel skin irritated, it overwhelmed us, here take it off. What will have happened, is it time to go on? the rest are daily mistakes, our life is going on, they will denounce us all or, dinner will come? watch out for that indicator while, you see the sun go down or, in telling me where you live, the light and the rest. Hand, game not want, do not die breathe slowly and slowly.

Still us or the stories of others, tell me the smiles are yours or all of them? it's always the same calm down, you'll see what you did not and done this

year will come next year the same to progress, the things you had to do will fall back later as 'the day of your divorce necessary, also to make those gentlemen understand what is law really then, because for everyone the mafia is freedom. I know it's always the same, put your forehead down and I'll give you a kiss on it, bye.

The reason why time has passed too quickly, too quickly our state is ruling, we run too much on Saturday night or, on Monday morning, however as the matter we need to live! Time has passed, the historical moment gives the numbers, how many I really shouldn't remember, who knows what they will do to us tonight on Earth. Sometimes time passes, even a solution like water and sugar, without saying anything, just a colour and a solid, heavy presence is enough to solve what does not burn in our isolated apartments, so no inhabitant on the planet is the rest of the good, because I am in these lines is cannot say even this, as on Monday work or, that parasites are crushed with one hand. You'll see our monumental clean world on Tuesday, the why has always been behind the door, just ten meters from us there is everything we want, maybe I exaggerated anyway we keep trotting around in ten minutes there is that blessed waterfall fountain that colours life is refreshing.

Matter in our present is like a brick or, we couldn't stop, damn it must have gone away, in fact we couldn't ask for more, it's a bit empty, as the present is called, a bit stuck in another person. In the morning it tastes like milk, it can't stay as beautiful as in the evening, pulp fiction doesn't ring that phone, you know that sometimes the evidence is not betrayed, you can't say no to her, now this morning she decides what we are, as for now, forever. What's heretical makes me smile in two lines, who knows what the boys ate yesterday, tell me why you can't find the words and don't say anything already, maybe today is like a good new washing machine, it lasts ten years, now forever. Adult people are not thieves of memories, now that they are covering up the mistakes of who was their teenage years, confusion is not a friend of our economy, the sign that escapes laughs at money, that's how they say a ball and chain, it's more what the police should pick up or that doubt as I already know from adolescence, as in a dream the State.

The important thing is to speak well then to be tired in the morning means to be free, the act of liberation begins to breathe after having manifested the declaration of being alive, as today you can continue instead of withdrawing at four in the afternoon. So it's true they have done everything,

they know everything but soon they have to die, so it should be cancelled you have to exclude the blender, a household appliance is always better on a table. Flying Italian or you want a different state, like another brand, if more you can ask the gastronome, another type of taste not escaped, because he knows what is not a true. They pay only the good also here, where the heretic is inserted, as the foam in the cappuccino.

Who leaves, who are these people, what is missing perhaps an office, what difference you found between this and a living past, they are like in a dream people always, here are those objects with people later go out, for the cities in this world, take a break listen to some music. I'm not here, you want an arrow to go to another, believe me to a good in Italy and people just lack the word, it's laugh if you want to smile. The rest is already walking around in the house or, you know, outside it dies well. The real economy today is what you do and, what you said ten years ago, what the near future will be in ten years or ten minutes, if you stop you can see the infinite, what was fantasy.

Look at my hand that says no stop, now is all you want to see, the present is infinite consider the date of today, here you are. Laugh, the past was a message where it was written: evil will be a past

tradition or, the people of hell who have yet to move, then start working in our nation in the world that belongs to everyone, do not cry if you're out, look how much dust is here. You see the ostriches, the assholes, the strange as never any kind of software arrives, you need a weight but where will be hidden the great Metallica or other, how much you really weigh, tell him not to break glass today, please. It stings the physical or mental being, generally in the present is his word, we didn't even imagine what the object was or, his extermination targets, so also in which office he works. The cut or the image of the scissors, the afternoon of which year, it already takes a little compassion. You see the sky as heavenly, like jeans. The purple of the Bolognese or Roman blades, the infinite work of those who complain has already passed.

We are already the same humans, the one who gets up today is an object of pleasure, in short we move that does not move, dear little Collodi. We have already arrived but, now we are about to leave with a lot of air then it became known that the blades were only from Bologna, never say Bolognese, again in that place of wrecks, human beings without telephone, rebirth of identity or, right echo of understanding no! Look better they are another population of evil, it is good all in the occult,

home and streets. You know it, I know it, it was all now because we don't have a newspaper. We're remnants of the Middle Ages, calm down, I was telling you... here's the future of today that arrives.

Take care, bye G.

16.**The hand of Dodi**

The silence of the movement, 03.12.2011

The hardware to transform yourself exists, a different world is already here, legally you could realize it would be necessary to do so in the largest possible portion, so the private many times is just theory, think our needs would be lightened by force entered, that is you could not stay without movement, you cannot stay is a text of several pages, so no one can proceed the legality, you understand it stopped at half a word of the most important person there is in the general framework established. A machine declared illegitimate? there is no such thing as illegal equipment, because it works well, paradoxically if then it would serve to see who cannot speak, who grows over time or

assumes information, money, the reality of this nation is a subtlety for those fools who pay in the dark.

The present machine called today, right now is present, only the one that takes away the hunger in the world, no they have not stolen it while we today instead of living in our city should be in paradise but, in our usual city, maybe you have seen the idea pass. The future that was supposed to come is passing now, present because it has to come, a near future needs it, it doesn't exist anymore remaining out of date, why don't we colour our faces? we're fine we're fine please, I'm waiting is not a game here. They will all be a bit 'in silence, it is a kind of training for our state major expressive form, in addition is to avoid beatings sometimes, so to report an abnormal legal situation of the publishing movement in the nation.

Look better we are different humans, where it ended the war in which they meet on the street like animals humans, you know today sometimes kills today among other things is a public duty to give, then we cannot stay there because we ran out of batteries, we seem to be able to stay instead we have to move, here we have to move we owe it to do so, sometimes it is the duty is not to die. What was the idea, if you want is the word or the gesture

of your neighbours or others that you will meet today forming the errors that 'the computer, which you do not have will signal you, but beware not the hardware in most cases but, the software that you do not have because otherwise you were already in paradise today. Sure our privacy but, tell me who broke your arm, your boyfriend, now I have to make you cry. Let's take a break here everything burns, we are a bit incomplete despite being born, alive, natural only missing the soul or rather the Cpu. A law like a perfect light despite awards, degrees, diplomas, good and bad weather evenings, if this is the modern is not the way. So degrees, transmissions, Nobel prizes, heads of state and nations... the good is not there, we are a good as small as a life is, for a public and private information that takes us where the machine wants us, why are we still talking about predomination of evil? perhaps for a mirror, that is a clearer truth that instead has two faces, one that represents us and the other white. Eat little, what is truth a product that does not say its price and its purpose or, its expiry date. Here are those ideas of existence, of evaluative presence end up in their description, for all the ways of functioning in the law not outside, instead we speak of forgotten in the good because not arrived carnally, to the button that activates the next

day, to that present as you already pay, a government for good with all the progress on earth is not complete today, the sequel you know.

The layout of ideas is a book unto itself, yes! so the inhabitants of our city woke up empty even today. Explanations of this universe have never all come to light or, is it not true that it's all over, why today kills us? today is another new day, we had paid for it and we are not complete, then it was wrong the account number to look with some attention to detail. Complete your flesh is an old practice, for a long time we do not say what happened, it does not work at all without moving object and action, in the material or philosophical sense of the act, we are the object and the other realities included in the action do nothing else, the flesh does not die, is a material capacity similar to a household appliance that you bought in a store, now it is in the house unlike people who go, they fly away from our house because they have commitments not questionable, how to win poverty, here instead there are many more beta units that circulate after ten minutes from impact, who wins is who you are. Who does not have a brain is not a unit that you keep at home but, a gross national product equal for the regions of our nation, certainly you've heard of it are all the same evils, is not

meant to say a prison as big as life that falls where the blade does not pose then, down all Italians. Evils are people who overcome... I'm kidding, the end is not really the beginning, you can't start from the foot to the head, from the bottom to the next, you don't even know how to do it with cemented hands, because humans are not all the same.

We're already at a good point even if it's early, we don't exist anymore without our favourite lunch, there was no one there when we arrived, because it's not the usual business: the maximum and the good both together, tell me why they stop people is deadlock meet a bad, maybe they marry him ... planes fly in the sky is not over the houses, raw reality to eat really because 'the future of today that is created, does not seem to have already heard it, you know what is a modern gas chamber, plate two thousand and eleven. The product of today is high please, do not be warned, there is no good equal to another, you know you never betray a matter that has layers. Sometimes there's not ours, why you can't tell, even if you see it near you.

A reality is like that, how come we understood it, maybe it was called an evil in the future, it wasn't written in bold, so it didn't have the air to speak. It is worth in light is then really cannot talk, maybe they will kill us in the future by obsolete beings.

History marks our smile forever, too much I pray, continue another. An interest of yours as you move it is already done, you didn't understand it, the interest you will feel that it pays, you will suffer that it was true, you will feel the future is future... after two hours it is but unfortunately it must pass, there are no ways out, two hours not in ten years to hope again, after another two hours. A game is won, a game is played, life is a game? Where have you gone, look at the copies of life today, why today you had to end up in the fog? You've picked up speed now you have to stop, you know out today for better already, it's already a lot.

A past ten years is not erased, you hear bad words or, they told you it is much worse, and it is better to stay in your lane then, as you can create a lane between Italy and America, remains what you are rest of bricks attached. Here you see how it is better, outside the public works new and solid, in their interest already copy or copy the best of this year end zero eleven. Strange just to say it, the new sausages of this year, their evil proceeds to outrage the conscience of the professor, to believe better what you want to know without the word, because we are not alive at home or outside? It was easy in the end is enough, so in the future it will be easy, you just have to buy a historical period. You live

beyond or well, you resist beyond the state, life, schools, our institutions that work halfway, as a love for a life is you win beyond or well. But don't touch their realities, don't touch them, you don't have to do anything about things that you go beyond, that is, you leave them in their neighbourhood and go out to another place, because nobody wants to do anything.

Being is not becoming ok, taking speed is not a problem but, you cannot live without the other foot as without all four limbs, if present in resistance are already empty and full, the presence is not the absence for what we are. The respect of working hours with these social dissipaters, who do not respect even a civic, at the bottom or top are already solved not to be solved, the easy living has become impossible, they will be incompetent but you cannot escape, what do we do not work or, ours? That's not true, take a better look at what's over.

Bye, G.

17.

For who is always

Exercise for today, 24.02.2013

“Do you continue to be destroyed and tired by normality, because it turns on or because it turns off, you no longer have the connections to words, ligaments or are you afraid? That wall can actually fall on you or it’s already collapsed.”

Europe on the side of an animal, why don't you overcome what you have in front of you, you want a lawyer, an engineer, why you don't have a public product or why death had come before the evening. A secret you don't stop, you haven't done anything, you're afraid you don't express yourself correctly for the skies of the serene Heaven, you don't stop you're a zombie, you paid for what you didn't arrest. In our day in Italy we

do not live close to what exists around us, if not having was the only mistake, look if neither would have already gone, sometimes we are closed by disgust we still do not get out, there is no trick we are extinct. Switched off you cannot move it, while so another cannot live, because it does not exist where it is not, as they say in paid jargon then, our mistakes are not relevant is what they want, so concerning a minimum of thirteen active limbs, is aspire to be on the screen of the entire audience. Open... it is in ten years back and ten years forward that you see a total fake even in the head, where we live, in the centre, where you want, here take a picture. Still it is always complexity in syntax, in the articulations of the arts or emotional understanding, subjected to investigation to better say, are our cities when we arrive at the end of tomorrow. One of my theoretical solutions is like gasoline in the car, if there is the car walks otherwise it stops, even in the centre where you cannot move.

Have you ever seen in an American movie, the trick of giving money to people, so don't do it in Italy there are too many parasites or lacquered zombies even if it's the opposite sometimes, how do you have to close your mouth not to confess in January zero thirteen, what do you think you will

think tomorrow or, next month, is like putting out matches in your mouth... since when do you sleep dreaming? Look at these upset Europeans, zombies or, to put it another way, illegal. A good doesn't move, it's a relationship that represents us in two beings close together in an isotropic way, united to have the real good of understanding, paying or reacting together, if you want to get back on Earth you have to have a friend called the jargon, how to do it, otherwise you live in a free delinquent or, an anti-establishment, you won't have space to create a city inside another one, you can't live a good without at least a ticket, a ticket, that is a reason, a reason to go around, they say that 'the world is a fallen world after all, for me you need some air immediately, they are the divided words, still some syntax problems or, fantasies. I prefer to think about how to change, how the rest of everything else has changed in these days, here you are always standing still / now I take a picture ... cheese.

An alternative software was turned on at the top, a private under counter with a button, then the music, good is never a foreign language from today, don't believe that today will kill tomorrow, it's not true it still happens if you are happy with what we would have done in our full freedom plus a whole new whole, a facade or a mistake,

memories. You have to break up the experiences, put them on a picture to see how much they are worth, even in an economic way, it is necessary to leave it alone more than dying, you are already dead. It's a society of stacks instead of cadastral, you live, you laugh but, you don't know who the people are, as if the document wasn't complete in its description, there weren't all the entries. You could say they are not interested or well is now more than the end of everything you want, your hands are bent down for those who no longer want anything. Tomorrow is sacred but, uh, you weren't there, uh, you won't be there, on the other hand there are no laws or religions up to date at the moment for this, the state fails daily a good, as if someone would want to erase our existence ... and it is present below, above and among us here is the evil but, exaggerates its purpose sometimes hitting even itself.

Good morning, I introduce you to my breakfast of memories, what Samsung I bought, what is written in the posts of later, fascist piecemeal washing by distracted humans, more washing of memory, transformations of person, of ideas in block, you have not yet understood what good you pay, is what you bought more what you have in your pocket, and it's over. Now you go home and that's

it, then it starts tomorrow and everyone wants their money back to buy a new day, they don't give anything more of what you take, so install what you can. Newspapers, news no one ever comes to talk to us without a good scheme, really the rest we do not see because it was too close.

The non-institutional, he lied but has an ID card, living years upstairs, not for nothing but, also because we are not paid properly, do not have qualms, do not look at the form you only pay the truth but, here they are just a game really, they have already finished like us. It reads a science like medicine, a calculator in everything original instead of the conscious intention to insult, it's something that didn't understand it, didn't pay for it and it's still there, also because it was you who didn't want to know anymore but, no one has ever met anyone, practices fly higher, tell me you don't have time or your joints are tired, you know it's always like that no one laughs next to his duplicates from, then you didn't die strength. How much courage it takes to get to say "even today" who knows already, to remove the fog in front of the horizon, by the way I noticed that it was good, to see the view is really hard, who knows what whirlwind of wind has driven away the will to proceed today.

Too far back, too far away it all seems in vain,

heretic or, useless to continue a speech, it takes too much money right, anyway because they all stayed at the bus stop, in the end they will catch cold there at that point, it's how come this work is not even known has started, no one has ever finished it or, if it will end. Maybe you won't get anything more out of life? Now take a look at the photo of the professor who graduated and think about when he stopped. Dust and asbestos are nothing, sometimes humans leave others, sometimes they're like refrigerators. You think that the need is lost with time, that it took to have no more desire, as if to say: do you ever happen to pass by your old university to tell it how empty it was. The real weight of the things you swallow and the copper, never heard of copper, good day's work until tomorrow. It was behind the words, it was behind. It was faster than the speed of the arm and it was the calm, here was the future, the real question never solved because it's future already then as it will be next year, everybody talks never nobody flies over, or everybody flies over but, you can't see anything or, maybe the trip was false, short.

What is more above, are there humans more above? Who are they, how they are made, how are their works, they are those who say today, tomorrow and after tomorrow, laughing from extinct, is

laughter. Do you know how many millions of euros there are in yours of all, the taxes of all or the difference between animal welfare and object ok then, why everyone talks, go out, have fun and do not solve ... you know how much a solution costs, you buy if you want, you've already heard the truth, the contemporary, maybe the missed. All present, all turned off and there is no time, too many things to have already, get over your non-institutional or friends who have their evil at home, already heard but it's not the future as it seems, you've never heard the future you have to clean it all up.

After all, how much money you spend every day in our earthly states for not having the power, you shouldn't be like being there, uh, simply never, only they pay to do it, it wasn't your brain that had jammed lately. Has no one ever told us the future? Yeah, but a maybe north as well as south is a maybe. Who is really high up, how it happened to him that he cannot even speak ... maybe a state of union of two atoms in the same brain, there is still an interest in the form that you follow, still a ring turns on itself, for there is too much money thrown away for nothing today here is the usual, here look also tomorrow is how much more will be spent until the end of the year, the next has paid for the next twenty years.

You should think that an evil is a great ignorant, only to see it is an anti-consciousness, an immense absence of state, instead of the design: to be the adult age of a person coming. To look at this chasm of dull minds, you don't have to hear, you have to deafen, no you or, death is enough. The truth is paid for, just like you can't buy the house and the bomb to blow it up then, to stand there waiting for things to live together well. The future that pays you, the future is the past, the future is paid for. Buy virtual reality without written instructions, here look now you just need a statement for everyone. Ok, that was our life, give me a wave with one hand god.

Bye, G.

18.**Say it yourself**

Exercise to say it all, 29.03.2013

Miracles more, loves more, blacker things or blackened things. The day seems not to come because I wasn't in the video or in the heart, I wasn't there more. Here we do not discuss our state, is what? are too great our red passions or the criminal and hateful lovers in our victories on the streets of this city in the year zero thirteen, better today what is meant by heresies. That damn arm instead of doing one thing makes you do another, it must be a thing of the modern always dark, without numbers to get there, so as not to feel more sensitivity under the skin or, to say all things is to stay still. The last word creates the phrase, because it is always the same a general sense of getting lost to not

recognize, the phrases of love like sweet and salty. In Christian daily life the day of the interior is renewed, today it is forever not to believe in falsehood. The past of money spent shines through, of someone who saves it in a file. Progress in the future is consumed, what remains of our life, of our era. To walk today is to rotate for the next, indeed it is how our governments there have solved the problems at the angles of our body, an erect work is paid in time, which comes from past centuries. Do you have doubts? What has happened lately, what did the evil wanted? It was better to leave sooner here, to understand us now we go to the church where we went to do the count now, or we open a day at random and it's all different, while the boys after forty years of waiting already have the eyes of a different light, where you want to go there is not going to do, in the end.

Differences of belonging in one body is too much, for example where was what you could not see. In society humans are quite domestic, don't worry, in this empire called two thousand and thirteen then, as you know is also false is not true, usually I do not speak with those present, even today I go, I proceed to understand what is meant by the whole work or, only that of today already, small details in the good always understood. Money plus

problems always contained in the flights of heavenly or modern grey. One after the other not to be missed, it's heresy.

Do you happen to live inside a replay? ideas in short or, the cold our current account that has not joined with those of other people, who speak in half. The day never ends, always the same piece forever, the white glitters is who behind the door has already understood. Surprises in the calculation, in the result of calculators. Brains always updated in block, as if to smile better than the day of the concrete, we will have to see them, then scan them in objects. I remain of the opinion that there is a meeting point in the day for all realities, one from the other indifferently, even if only because it has a single existence, a unity of its own.

The differences are within solid objects or real people, you want diversity between the small and the big even if nobody wants to work because they are ignorant.

You decide who or what without killing yourself, respect for the rules is actually something else, then we are the same, you have to declare yourself and the world as a hobby, sport, or?

Bye, G.

19.**The speed of people**

Exercise for today, 28.04.2013

By now we have run out of words or ammunition, for the rest we still have to think, we will never get there if we are not here today, tomorrow, or when it will ever be. How much better is a screen where you notice that you do not look, certainly better than all the time spent without a phone call, is a period that no longer comes to us, passes without an instrument to choose the audience. Even today explanations for others, if you do not know where you live today is the clergy the answer to another, you do not understand why, if one cannot make a difference between animal and hardware, between solid and liquid, you cannot enough!

The speed of people interests us, they look like machines that take speed, instead reality is like the solution, they work at all speeds. How many people thought that a good thing was just a flight, who knows where our favourite circuit is, if not among those or the others who walk around noon on the main street of our city. Ignorance sometimes uh, almost never is always a better tool, some things you have to know, like the effects, results or dissolutions, at the main points of entry and exit of an act or action. Besides, the question of the rest is already solved: before or after a speech what we do, what we amplify towards everyone. Pleasure is not modern, modernity in the greatest sense is a complete or, we are extinct. A bit of air tell me, is it a pleasure or an annoyance.

It is another new arrival, another thing so in presence instead of one there are two, an audience and us, who dreams and who leaves. A solution works at all speeds to be understood by us, for all people with the same problems, forever try to believe.

Have a good rest of the day, see you soon, bye G.

20.

The game of checkers and chess

Perpetually go, 21.05.2013

The game of checkers is the law between personal relationships and their rules, checkers is suitable to explain the law in its ways in simplicity, the game of chess is its dynamics, the explanation of a sequence to be operated, the same speech is used only for actions of peace and good, we have nothing better in the twentieth century before disappearing altogether, is not even a detail they want us to pass. A point in the head that represents the command of the higher good, the first reason inside the chaos, this is what I call the good that is the living society, nothing must remain disappear, eliminated, eliminate all things one by one then all together afterwards, we should see if we can find

them again. In the world we do not play, then what can we know about what others think, maybe evil is a communion of friends who fly, which must be an intimate secret, that you should not tell anyone only the fascists were allowed to live that experience then, the good must die is not good is really too much, I need to smile too in the past I had chickenpox, then I discovered that an evil is a false fascist, to date I think I avoid all people who believe in evil as a general sense but, words are just a game of what it is, you have to put the other side of the mirror to understand us and everything, here is forever, is then another thing a day that can be reduced to five minutes.

As long as you eliminate all the evils, i.e. you can bring everything to your side, which is already a fatigue that you barely bear, there should be a tool, a software that automatically performs the task of dividing or cleaning, you know sometimes a human does not have the mind or even the body "trained" to live well. Let's take a break, eat or drink something, it was necessary to do something productive or educational, that heck I produced of everything almost killed me, then I ran far away, where my city and my friends were far away, even to live so far away that for them I was passed away. In heaven now I regain control, I reactivate my

earthly life, I forget what it takes to become an adult in a world of zombies but, words are just medals with two faces, one the opposite of the other, in my pocket however they have a weight. I write just to remember, to remember you or even to tell you to leave the boys every boom or physical crack, just a permanent installation like a network of radiators or, electricity are useful, the rest will be consumables.

Freedom is life only with the most strictly necessary things, beyond the rest and the churches. Sometimes it is misunderstood what is just infection for the path to get to another chair. Dead is beautiful! Then don't complain about how hard it is to kill all that fascism, that evil, not all the things you can know, not all the things you know, but a good slice of it, sorry for the psychological intrusion seems to me not wanting to do anything, plus all the evidence, then in the end, however, we always get the lucidity understood in life, the solution is at risk, as is all noise.

Except that it should be your contemporary in your near earthly future, you create to live also what, instead it should already be understood in the morning awakening. I believe in a concrete original, with a geometric shape more in how many athletic positions you work to get a smile back on

your lips, you know how many things I've bought lately everything seems to me infected, harmful, uh, the topic of evil, failure or, just the way it enters you. The important thing is always to stay alive they didn't tell you then, someone or something fixes you but, from how I found that someone, something is me.

Have you been shot? I change music hoping not to cry, human that is just fantasy, you need to clean all the space around and on your body, it must remain only the air near, attached to us, I pay for this is still not understood humans who are not animals, like a cat or a dog but a man. A music is time, as it advances and renews the day, I believe that a world has already been made as it was for those who did not believe in my existence or, that I existed before or, that things go as others say, they mock us that nothing exists, they mock us but, we always remain in us, like a company that will never leave or, what they call the document, that mysterious document, that does not represent our human if not for four or five objectivity, more credit cards is however even if not written there is any interest, as you can insult even the hair or eyes, do not argue with anyone go away even alone is since we were born a multitude of things to see, and is much deeper an interest than a bad story: that's not

true, it's never over, already it's always sinking to the bottom, every year more and more, until the evil ends uh, confetti falls, you'll surely notice because you'll be dead, laughter is your future.

So we would have finished then, we went to sleep that it's life, that the end was later, there is no solution you stay, there is no longer the dream you just have to work, as a cherry you have to give life to others who will continue, please, death comes in life and in life comes the day, the sun you do not see is you. Sometimes I don't recognize myself, what I wanted to tell you is maybe that I thought it was you telling me. It's always so difficult, you know, what you don't want becomes what you're afraid of, then there's nothing here we're alone, it's you who defeated the evil one, otherwise you would have died, look scientifically, you only need to find yourself among everyone but, today we're sleeping, we'll all be with everyone like this to live off, my dear fan, or it's the luxury that you don't understand... what you're saying.

I can't sleep when I'm awake, I can't even think about what I should be, you know I discovered the invention of being alone, I've been rebuilding myself for a long time, uh, I don't like pongo for my person, you know voodoo, I don't like prohibitions. In a world of envelopes that resemble

human beings, even here there is no good that is not good, it's just a power game of those who do not have the courage to admit the concrete, the deeper you find those who make sure that this impotence exists, never raise your head, it's not true that one is worth the other, there are people and people but they are speeches of those who already have an interest I remind you is therefore biased, of those who are always part of a relative discourse.

A direction is something more important than moving, you will see upstairs life go without deception. Go only in one direction, continue to arrive you cannot do something that does not exist. A Czech world is too easy to say, in front of I do not know what, maybe the owner is a blinding, may the past does not help us see how it was before is to console ourselves today, should be of our other eyes, I think they do it to diminish the sight then, I'm not here to discriminate or attack what for me are still life, it's already so much stand to define what you do not want with a name. We are in the same boat how can you not know each other, we move in different environments? In the title don't cry anymore if you succeed or, at least for ten years, also because those people don't joke, they are really human, the story is long, you'll still see some Czechs as they didn't understand that just

one active sense of the five is enough to be a good recorder. We will make an art persistently for the rest of the days, for example, to find myself painted on a person who cries and loses forever, be sure we will see each other again.

Open my eyes to see at least what has been in the past years, I saw a today reconstructed and improved by a sick present, they cover our face or body like dull figures in schools, they make us invisible, useless, looking like humanoids. Never think to be a simplicity but, that are problems of adults is not of children in a harsh world sometimes immature, they say there is nothing more to do, it's better to leave it alone, leave with what we find ourselves towards a new future already, but in the end is always the same a reality is as irrelevant as what he thinks, do not look back that blinding light can confuse you.

I invent my life according to what my imagination suggests to me or, it would be right to continue, looking at the future in a big flowery meadow and fresh air. I live surprisingly that others talk to me, I see things that others say they don't see, I end the day where night comes, then the opposite of what is meant in Italy. At least I have the keys to every solution, for difficult things it's only a matter of time. When a later hour arrives

the secrets are revealed, already around midnight is the ideal time to "confess" the universe, sometimes it's a shame to be alone at this time of the evening, unfortunately I work, I get up early, it's often I'm alone at this hour lately, I always think about the future that I'll have a lot more without hurting anyone, as I always have. Tomorrow morning better than the clouds the light will come back, nice and serene, without sleeping all day, hopefully in a new adventure.

Tolerance, an archaic prevention is what they propose people who do not know what happens around them, that's why they want to enter, it will not be the fault of a classic lobotomy? Because what is outside of us exists while what is inside is already extinguished, but we are strong, we resist, we collect, we continue... when this army will stop, on Doomsday.

People stop is normal, that someone finds peace, but how many times they are confused then beaten up, restarted dreaming that everyone stops, I have not seen a state that regulates the stop of this, so all self-taught or scholastic who is the same thing, is an eternal race to open doors down or up to get out of this maze where we are closed, to get out into space, is then a breath of fresh air by day or night.

One of my theories about the law is where people are missing, you can do what you want in the day to be better but, who guarantees you closed in a capsule, in a nothing even in your place at work, no offense is sleep for everyone, you know the reality is like a dream if you want is a classic. We are a drawing, a car or whatever you see on television or in the shops, we are also working, at night while we sleep we are programmed for the next day. I'm always looking for a new human or terrestrial contact but, who doesn't look for what he already knows, thinks there are people who complain and don't know why.

You always need to clean yourself, especially before going to sleep, do not leave any sign of psychological dirt, it is a good exercise not to be programmed or lobotomized by the unhealthy, once you close this other reality, you will see the day and night then the hours, minutes, then you enter your life, is if you can laugh.

I don't have much time to continue a speech about people, you'll meet them tomorrow on the street, they will have been programmed during the sleep, variable people still call it mood but, you'll smell the stench of putrefaction, to continue if you want to talk to yourself you have to overcome an immense labyrinth, I don't know how to say good

night, since now it's night at my place, I'm going to my single bed. Surprise yourself, what will life be like today without such problems? Let's hope we're alive when it comes.

Bye, G.

“So I conclude this fourth diary, I think it could be interesting and useful for those who want to explore an emotionally true universe, a memory about a not far past that could be the world in today’s events. I wish you the best for all the surprises that life has in store for you.

Good luck!”

Gerardo D’Orrico

<https://www.beneinst.it>



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