

FRAGMENTS

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Fråg me\$
tos

Fråg me\$ tos

Filipe Moura

Fragments

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Cover

Rodrigo Rojas

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Fragments I

Cloistered and exposed in an icy north An old
sheet waiting to be rolled up A burnt orange

light

A warm blanket when forgotten The soul

that demands and tolerates

electrifying cold

From a loose, unconnected memory Fictional

and existential, the sound spreads The

warmth of the rhythm is released

Time to invade the self

And explore a hot world without heat

When it cooled down, the atmosphere
wasn't the same

The sphere rolls into a corner



An inclined point under the ocean

From the surface, to the interior of the scalding
magma, to the jungle of exploring and impressing
the

Impressive leisure and no other way of putting it

They are words, hot words or very cold
words, like the sombre corpse very cold,
eternally frozen

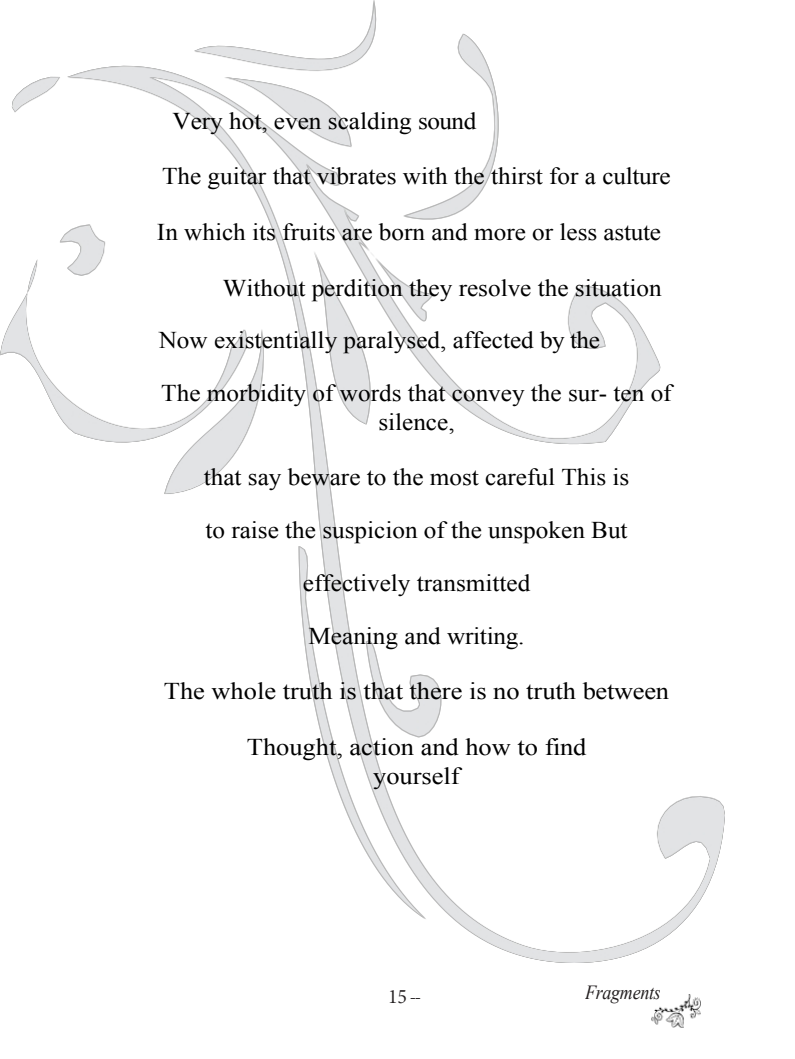
A warm dream of a spring and a valley,

A river without laughter A mutilated hope waiting
to be found

And show what deceives and alludes by creating
slowly and showing

what can only be imagined without distance

And with the right equation, the whole issue is
problematised



Very hot, even scalding sound
The guitar that vibrates with the thirst for a culture
In which its fruits are born and more or less astute
Without perdition they resolve the situation
Now existentially paralysed, affected by the
The morbidity of words that convey the sur- ten of
silence,
that say beware to the most careful This is
to raise the suspicion of the unspoken But
effectively transmitted
Meaning and writing.
The whole truth is that there is no truth between
Thought, action and how to find
yourself

Through behaviour
That generate artifices and manoeuvres for the
Driver himself, and he finds himself surrendered to
the illusion of the word Meaningless but rightly
said,
It's unbelievable
But every form has an underlying act The sheer
misfortune of the untimely
Seeing a situation grow and knowing what to do
about it That lacks any sense of its own
Description, vision or sense, we often say what we
don't think and see, which is knowing how to do
and learn from others and from signs that are the
same or similar.

Or in the form of an addition

Here's an example of a
mission

Any abstract sense of form



unrealistic

He was actually a totalist

Unitarian in character: fragmented but united

From a world that is similar and as always

We have the similarity, but not its equality, and
there may be a depth of reason there, lost in its
alienation, a character by the way it is

And feel the warmth that comes from deep
inside you

It could be similar

With a painter of a frame shape as straight as an
architect, of absolute, non-definitive reason

With which relative to any subjugation Or
subversion of the imaginary

From a simple reality in which he went out with



natural wit and unimportant sharpness,
transported by the future that has everything
pure, like the reality of a harsh past

Unconsciously and with considerable ferocity, he
exercises the experience of a word that always
imagines an image

Desolation is a moment

Captured by attention Armed
with fragments

Behold, the conscious is joined to the present It
invades me to be of writing, Omnipotent Of not
being clear

As straight as the lines of a horizon where

The sun sets and hides
Immersed and asleep

He was defeated, but never sorry

Because it had to rise again and be the
brightest because it was the only one, the sun
will keep us alive.

Luminously and energetically, it gets under way, in
which every detail is uncritical to the slightest
sensitivity, just by happening upon and memorising
each word with its meaning
and held in the silence of his patience, a dark
clairvoyance, not projected, but devoid of any
non-rational instinct, the being that invades me is
not me

He builds himself and maintains the pillars like an
Achilles, always present in the fictional world

That presents itself to us, without anyone
paying attention

These spies of the self are my praises of
notoriety, the harsh reality of only

Warming up the locomotive engines

In which we take this very crazy and deep
journey in which the tunnel, you may not see so
deep into its darkness again with the exit
of that image and a luminous end, waiting only for
an end

What motivates and drives us

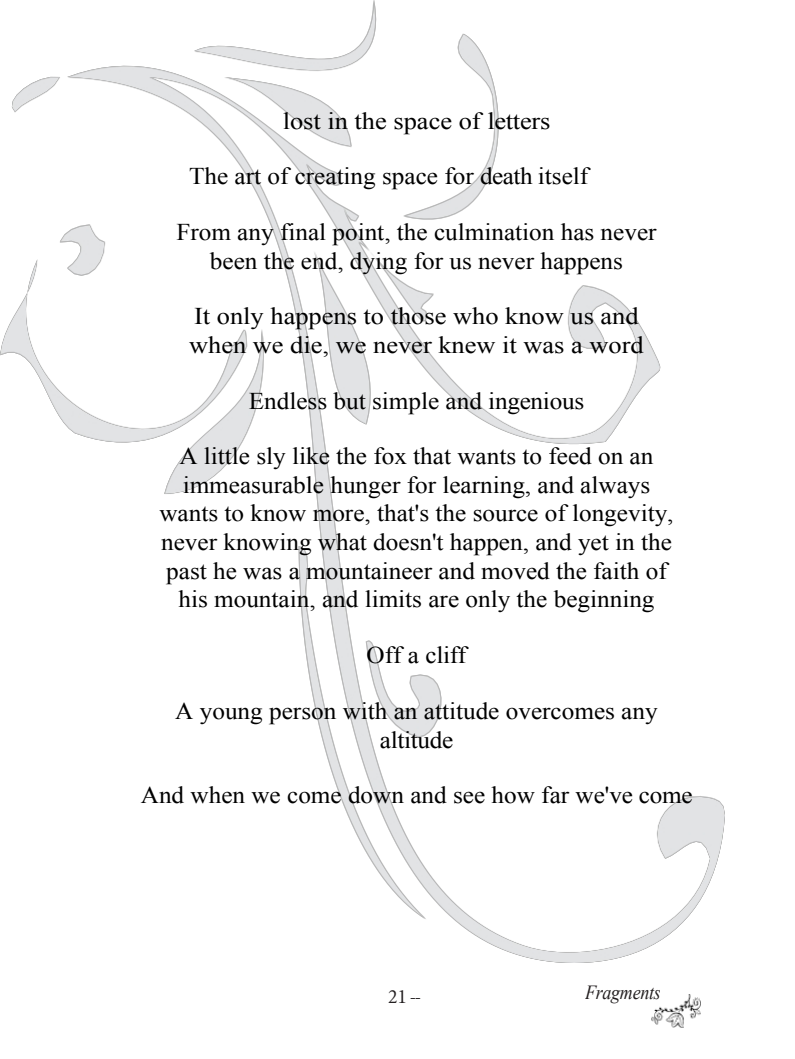
And an unbreakable force that is as fascinating as
it is unreliable, difficult to know and never to
learn

It was a web that broke, but when the web formed
again, it was resilient and like an accident in the
narrative, there was a deep shot that had killed him
at a young age, the underlying hatred

But never indifferent to anyone or their mind or
anyone, so in a way

Intelligent, he told everyone that we are all the
sum of ourselves, and that more people are
coming

Different and similar to its original character, in
fact there is a puppet in every act and play, a
journey



lost in the space of letters

The art of creating space for death itself

From any final point, the culmination has never
been the end, dying for us never happens

It only happens to those who know us and
when we die, we never knew it was a word

Endless but simple and ingenious

A little sly like the fox that wants to feed on an
immeasurable hunger for learning, and always
wants to know more, that's the source of longevity,
never knowing what doesn't happen, and yet in the
past he was a mountaineer and moved the faith of
his mountain, and limits are only the beginning

Off a cliff

A young person with an attitude overcomes any
altitude

And when we come down and see how far we've come



In the conquest of just knowing, a little more
of being

And never want to lose and we can all fly

To any point where we never fall because we've
learnt to fly and imagine.

Everything, but

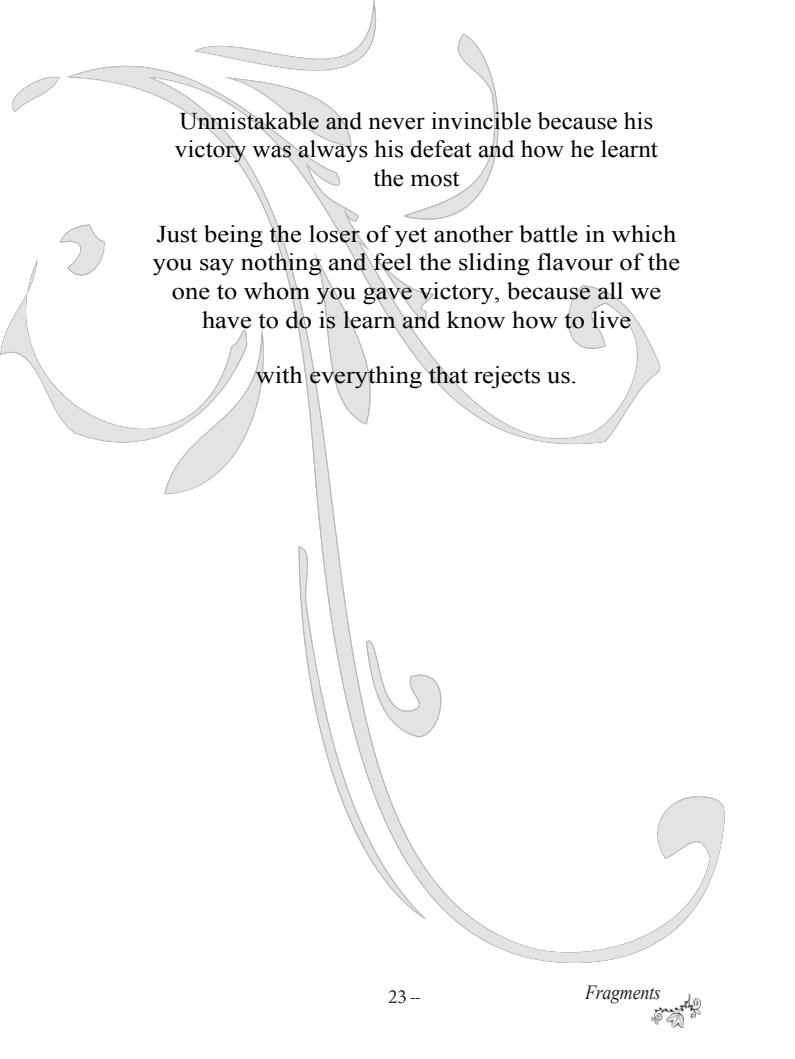
everything is Words

Fragments, ideas and thoughts. Waters so
deep

The arts of deception by alluding to a
subject without certainty

The sea arises and as if by magic From the
lightness of energy and sentimental Soaked
and tender from a little

One more addition from a single moment



Unmistakable and never invincible because his
victory was always his defeat and how he learnt
the most

Just being the loser of yet another battle in which
you say nothing and feel the sliding flavour of the
one to whom you gave victory, because all we
have to do is learn and know how to live
with everything that rejects us.



Fragments II

Plunged, sunk, a stairwell the distance

The metal steps creak

A cleaning rag, a bucket on the floor,

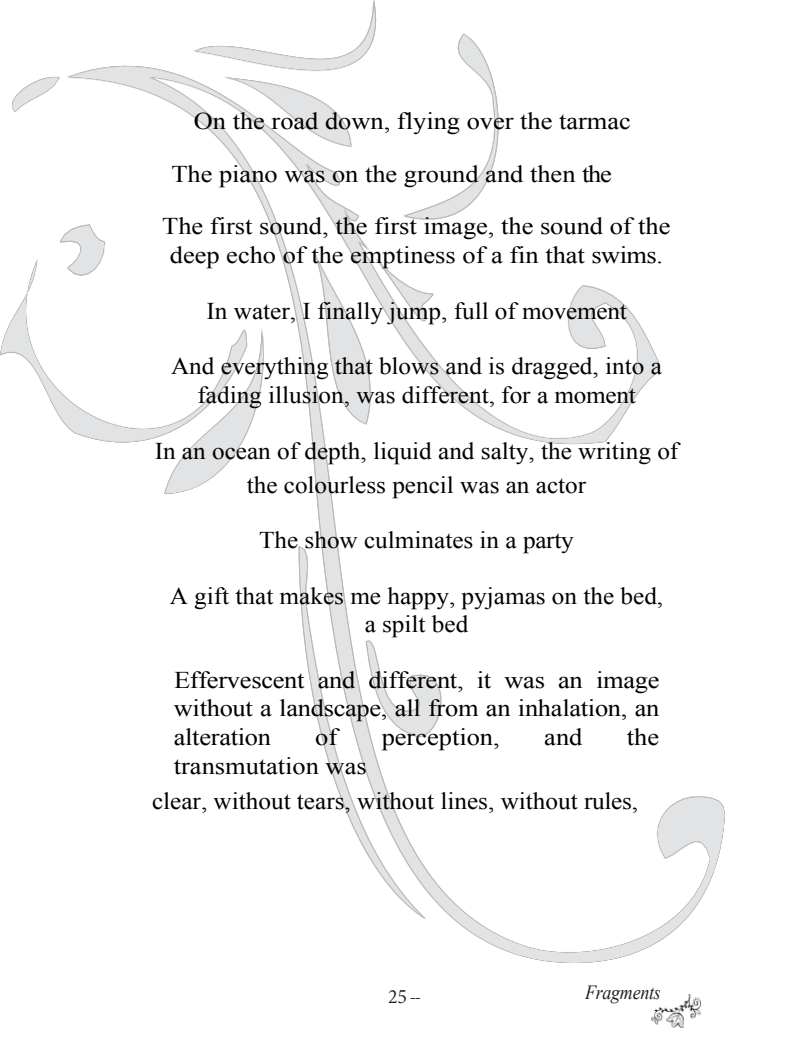
Marble squares, on the walls in fours, a drop by
drop falls and in the depths, lightly, someone
shakes the floor

Dull light, helpless, a single clog on the
surface

A ray of light with a shadow effect, a face reflected
in the glass, a look as it shatters, a single dive,
shipwrecked, the buoy that saves me from
suffocation emerging, crazy, escaped and lost

Between stars and the void of the abyss

Virtue in terms of attitude, in the fullness of
suffering and being, before fearing, so I put
down the piano



On the road down, flying over the tarmac
The piano was on the ground and then the
The first sound, the first image, the sound of the
deep echo of the emptiness of a fin that swims.

In water, I finally jump, full of movement
And everything that blows and is dragged, into a
fading illusion, was different, for a moment
In an ocean of depth, liquid and salty, the writing of
the colourless pencil was an actor

The show culminates in a party
A gift that makes me happy, pyjamas on the bed,
a spilt bed
Effervescent and different, it was an image
without a landscape, all from an inhalation, an
alteration of perception, and the
transmutation was
clear, without tears, without lines, without rules,



without something missing everything in
nothingness, a tale that doesn't grow

It doesn't appear, it's hardly narrated and we're
tied down, really, chains and padlocks
everywhere

A slingshot, a target and you're stunned like an
arrow with no range, a noose in a knot

A spilled, incontinent writing, a blurred writing,
never erased, everything I saw I wanted

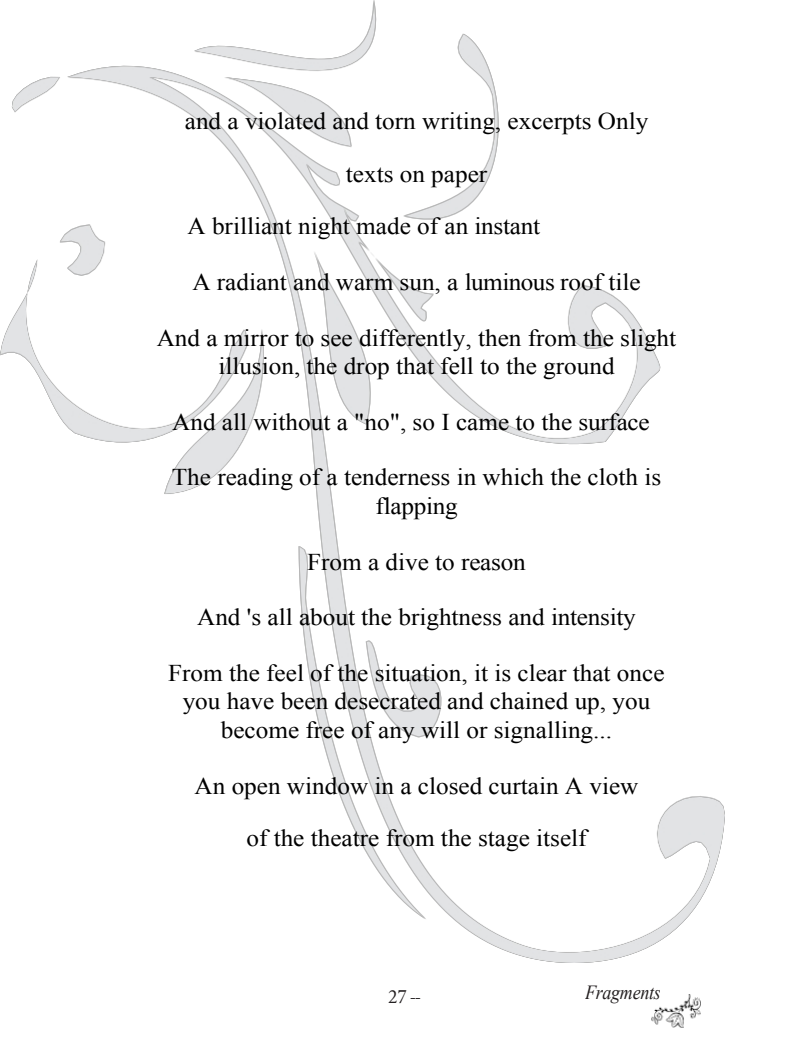
And those who have would always want to have,
and deep down they would be nothing more than a
being, with a rough beard, a single moustache, one
hair, one and then another

From each face, a touch, from each insolvency His

sin, from his timelessness to the Present and

behold, it adds up to one cloth and one cloth only

In your bucket, a drop in the ocean, a thread
tied together



and a violated and torn writing, excerpts Only
texts on paper

A brilliant night made of an instant

A radiant and warm sun, a luminous roof tile

And a mirror to see differently, then from the slight
illusion, the drop that fell to the ground

And all without a "no", so I came to the surface

The reading of a tenderness in which the cloth is
flapping

From a dive to reason

And 's all about the brightness and intensity

From the feel of the situation, it is clear that once
you have been desecrated and chained up, you
become free of any will or signalling...

An open window in a closed curtain A view
of the theatre from the stage itself



A board, a lifeguard, that's fortune, saved, then on
the sand, I saw land and lived, from the moment of
the dive, all the pride

We became incandescent and descended into the
depths of a world, of seeing a simple song, turning
it into fulfilment, of

Suddenly a blow, a vision, we all lived the reality
of one premonition after another Something that
was going to happen and was going to come to pass

The spasm of the liberated and
awakened For the being that feels and
of a letter From a sonnet that is never
perfect

From a disconnected rhyme, a single phrase
flowed From that phase, so where would we go?

Without leaving and where we were
Without entering, on the line of
disappearance



mysterious

A speck in the dirt

Of truth in the illusion of all imagination Then

the comet explodes, and on this planet

Living isn't always bollocks, with a suspect
base

The intrigue was set, the plan didn't abort

Then I hear an absorbed voice, and the howl of the
lyrics is the wolf of history, from perfection to
destruction it was contained

A rocket in a star by the sea So strange

what had already been said

And I start down the stairs into the void

A single step down, then the metal handrail was
automatic and just one foot in the river, barefoot
and cold, everything that doesn't look like it is
because it is



Everything disappears and fades away. Everything
universal is as it is, so only a tongue, in a mouth
opened by the thirsty pleasure of kissing you

Behold the kiss and the desire, the flicker of your
gaze When I pull up on your boat's voyage

It's like seeing something for real, something that's
not unreal but imagined, from your little nose a
warm sensation, and you fly and conquer Pluto
with your heart.

A stone in the pond A

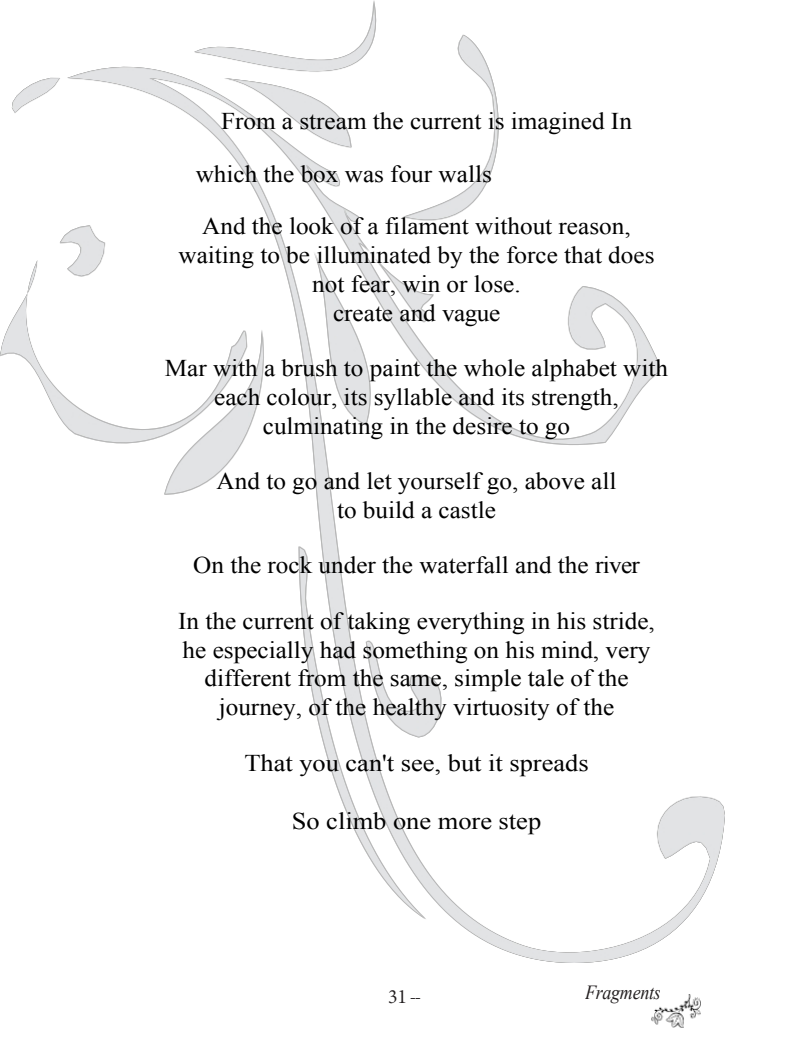
life apart

A portrait not always photographed

Madness was about to have a sanity of its own

I was going to the point where everything had
been created and from a loose kiss waiting to
be held, with a force

Just by existing, with a conviction, always tied to
your heart, a will to pump and



From a stream the current is imagined In
which the box was four walls

And the look of a filament without reason,
waiting to be illuminated by the force that does
not fear, win or lose.
create and vague

Mar with a brush to paint the whole alphabet with
each colour, its syllable and its strength,
culminating in the desire to go

And to go and let yourself go, above all
to build a castle

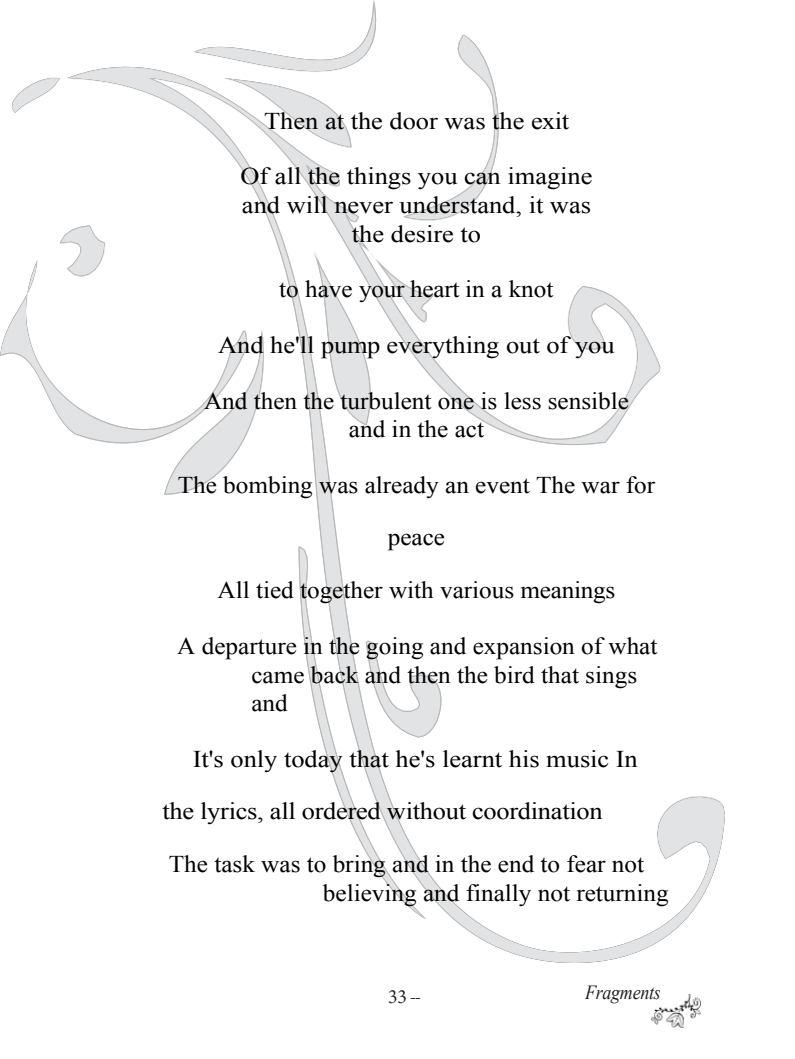
On the rock under the waterfall and the river

In the current of taking everything in his stride,
he especially had something on his mind, very
different from the same, simple tale of the
journey, of the healthy virtuosity of the

That you can't see, but it spreads

So climb one more step

Still the staircase moved backwards
In the advance of a step and a levitate
And only one trying to climb each step with his
firm and convinced air of imagining
The piano that broke on the tarmac had only
one key, and it wasn't C or D It was having
faith in always believing in divulging To be
and to achieve just one more moment
Perfumed by the warm landscape in the glare of
the sea I see you loving, in my dive you were my
buoy
In the wreck of my boat
On the clean cloth that wipes down the piano set
up in a living room where
nobody wanted to be
And all I wanted to do was get in there



Then at the door was the exit
Of all the things you can imagine
and will never understand, it was
the desire to
to have your heart in a knot
And he'll pump everything out of you
And then the turbulent one is less sensible
and in the act
The bombing was already an event The war for
peace
All tied together with various meanings
A departure in the going and expansion of what
came back and then the bird that sings
and
It's only today that he's learnt his music In
the lyrics, all ordered without coordination
The task was to bring and in the end to fear not
believing and finally not returning



The whole journey was already

The depth of the drop on the roof, the window ajar
and the cold, in the dark of an act of a fact, never
happened but reported and supposedly invented to
be thought about

That emergence was just letting off
steam That water was just thirst for your
kiss In a desire just to touch you and the
piano

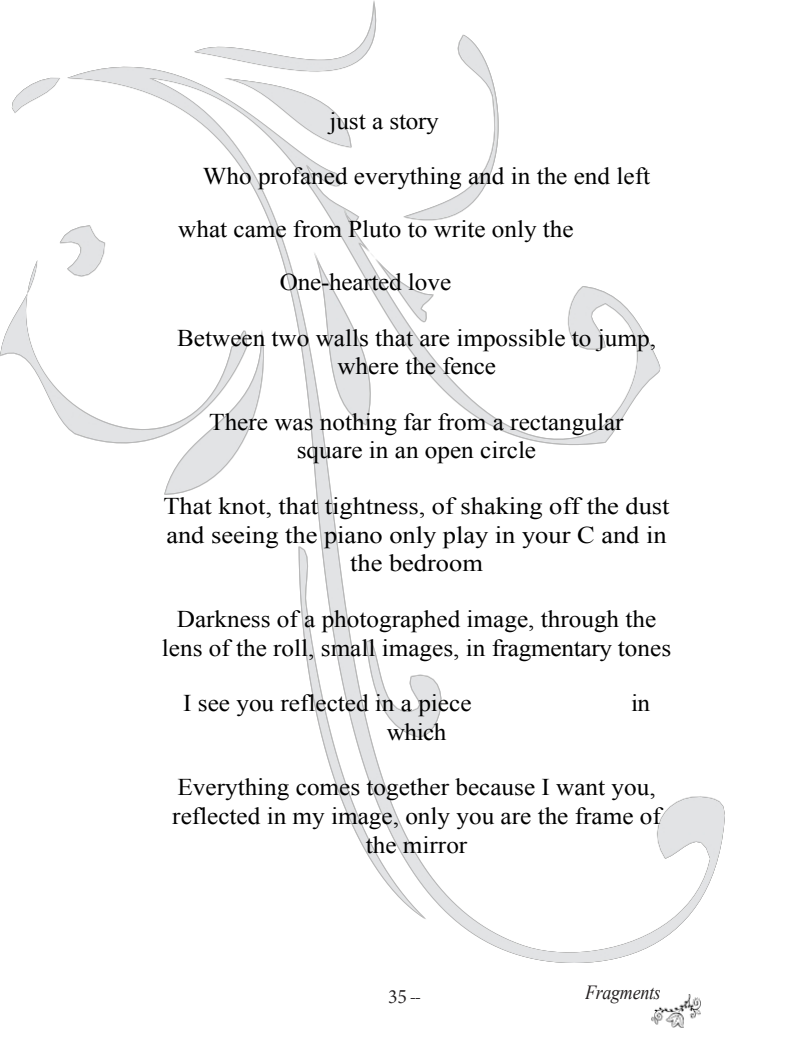
It was part of a plan to play you the note that
will win you over

A keen sense, a blunt blade

It was a strong piece of writing that wouldn't
affect what was already felt

A tether in the starless night A journey into
the future

It won't come, the present is different from the past
and it was the coup, it was



just a story

Who profaned everything and in the end left
what came from Pluto to write only the

One-hearted love

Between two walls that are impossible to jump,
where the fence

There was nothing far from a rectangular
square in an open circle

That knot, that tightness, of shaking off the dust
and seeing the piano only play in your C and in
the bedroom

Darkness of a photographed image, through the
lens of the roll, small images, in fragmentary tones

I see you reflected in a piece in
which

Everything comes together because I want you,
reflected in my image, only you are the frame of
the mirror



The Ordinary

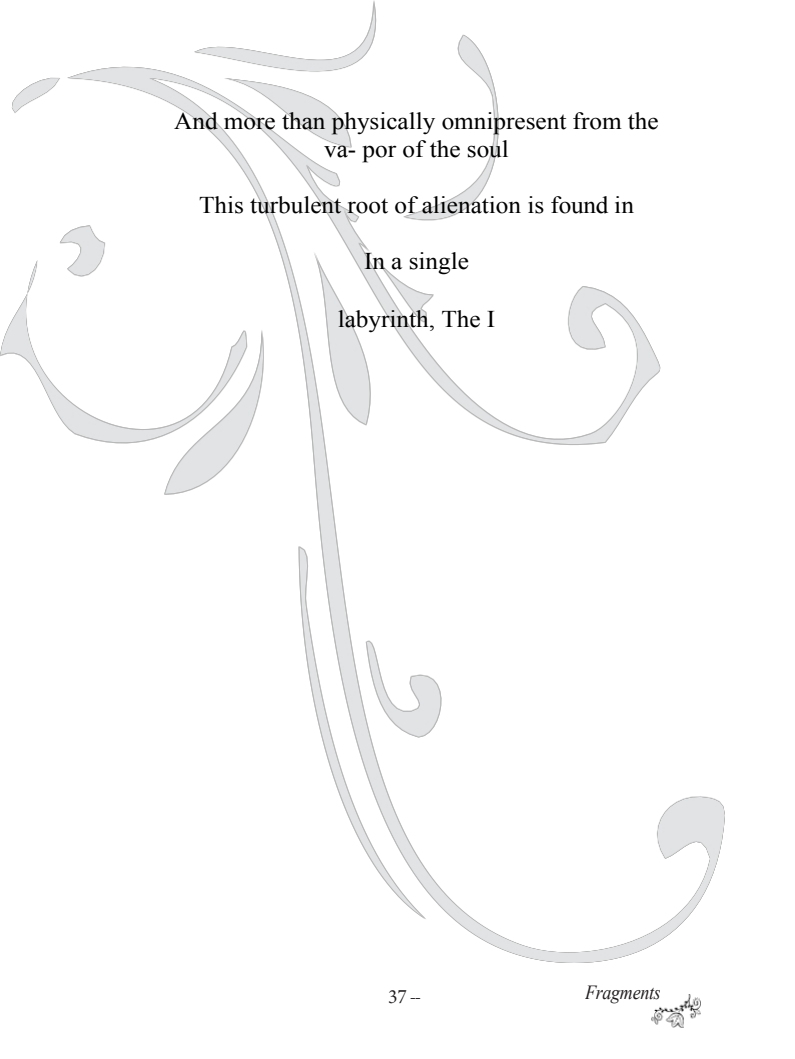
How do we get out of this
pain, which is immersed in
and aggravates the
suffering of a single and
unique ache?

Just one look at Without Killing,
problematizing and all the drop

A tear is the discovery of a Heart
plunged and desecrated

Then comes the chain that drives me mad And
chains my wrists and every impulse
Of being condemned to a sick and
dark soul

This dust that shakes us bursts through our senses



And more than physically omnipresent from the
va- por of the soul

This turbulent root of alienation is found in

In a single
labyrinth, The I



You

Dragged by the underwater current

The apathy of another day, shattered The

chain that tightens me, loosens...

At this almost urgent moment, everyone is waiting...

The allegory of living, transported from bucolic
moments...

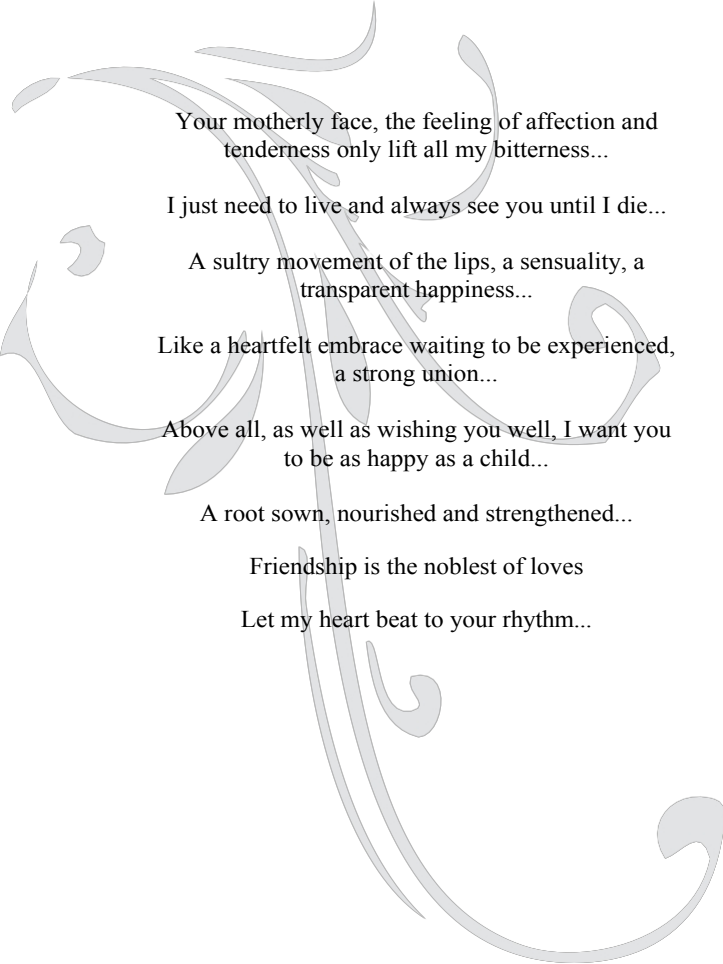
The torch will burn out, here's a glow and the
flame is lit...

My poor heart burns for you, like a loose horse
waiting to be tamed...

I enjoy everything I feel, because to feel you as I
do, in this infinite time...

Which intersects with the surrounding past and
which marks any life to be lived.

Our reunion is full of magic, just looking at you
and seeing...



Your motherly face, the feeling of affection and
tenderness only lift all my bitterness...

I just need to live and always see you until I die...

A sultry movement of the lips, a sensuality, a
transparent happiness...

Like a heartfelt embrace waiting to be experienced,
a strong union...

Above all, as well as wishing you well, I want you
to be as happy as a child...

A root sown, nourished and strengthened...

Friendship is the noblest of loves

Let my heart beat to your rhythm...



Dad

Num ai I

was a

father

The magical moment of
greater learning Always
hopeful

To the greatest
love Of having a
child

The love of a mother The love
of a child

He's a giant
Always attentive
And intelligent

The background of the page is decorated with large, light gray, stylized swirls and loops that frame the text.

Father and son

My son bursts with joy

The sensation, the emotion, the affection, the love and care, is a force that alludes us to eternal joy, the desire for affection, sharing, lessons and proper teaching for both of us overflows with happiness, and which one of us aspires to be an eternally young apprentice to a novice father.

I wanted to tell you how much I love you, how much I feel you, how every anxious moment of a question and just a little more because you fascinate me. Your glow will always be for me a picture of ecstasy in a frame where we both fit, but you're always the most beautiful.

You've come a long way from simply being born to thinking only of yourself, how you enrich me, you're madness, true tenderness

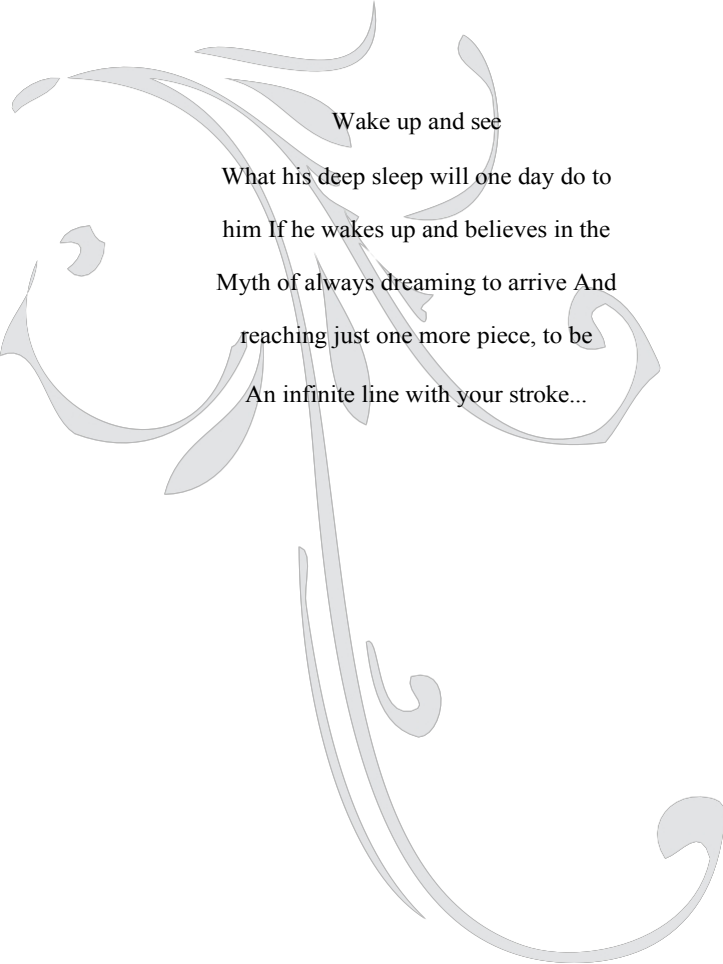


Tear

One day, if I had a tear, I'd put it on your face so
you wouldn't cry any more

Dream

I wanted to dive Deep
down I woke up In the
middle of the sea
From a sleep that will last for
years, the sleepwalker
Dreamer, of a night soul That at dusk
the figure of the shadow Invades and
awakens the dark.
Of pure and raw illusion, of the most eternal

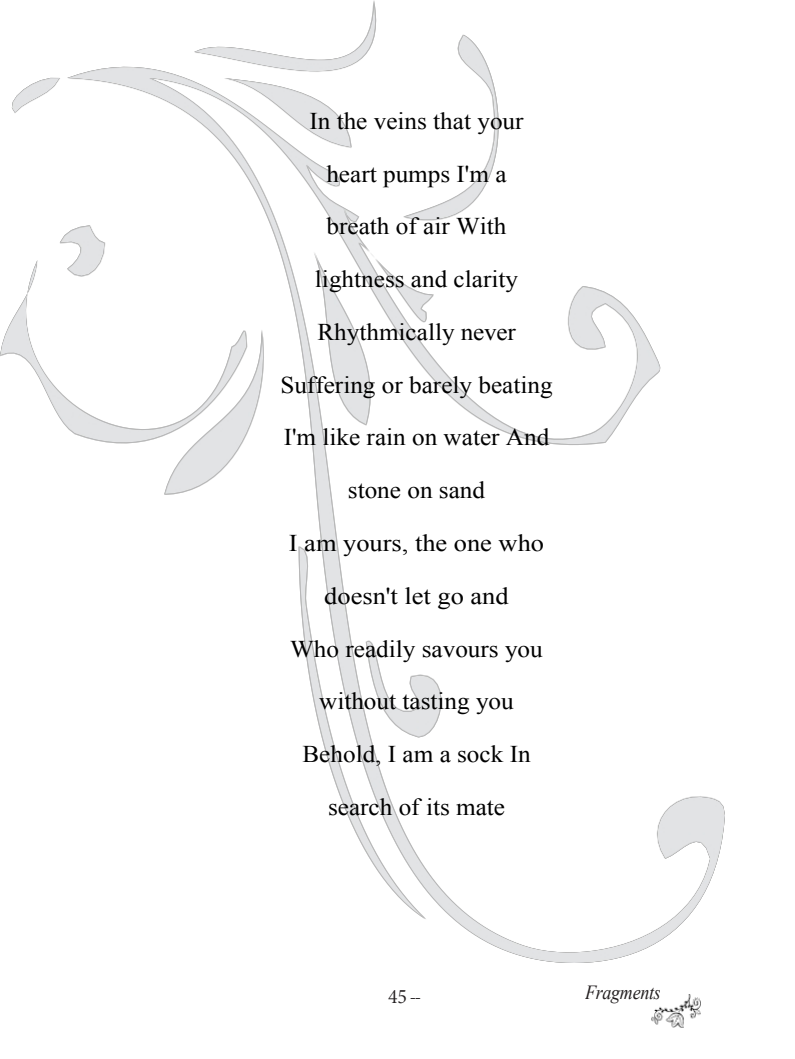


Wake up and see
What his deep sleep will one day do to
him If he wakes up and believes in the
Myth of always dreaming to arrive And
reaching just one more piece, to be
An infinite line with your stroke...



Par

I wanted a kiss A
peaceful sleep that
numbs us
And we long for more
Maybe you don't want to
know The sweetness that's
in you
And in which you speak
words that are soft and
refresh us The throb of a
stirring
Of a heart that imagines you
Tight, intertwined
And never untied again I'm
a chain



In the veins that your
heart pumps I'm a
breath of air With
lightness and clarity
Rhythmically never
Suffering or barely beating
I'm like rain on water And
stone on sand

I am yours, the one who
doesn't let go and
Who readily savours you
without tasting you
Behold, I am a sock In
search of its mate

A dipped boot Untied waiting
to be tied

And a bond I'll never undo
Because you're the shoe on my
pair That I love to love



Life

In the eternal guard

She stands there

And then there's no way to face it,
circumvent it or manipulate it

It's the terror of the
dissident That boils over
and culminates in a single
point Paralysing the mind

Of creation, imagination
Or just painting a blooming
stroke of green

Of tone and grasping life In this
tone of living and



Blossom, you'll find it here
The marker you've always wanted to tick,
Live Intensely



Love

Behold, he is quickly
reunited with his desire

To the conquered
On the rocks of the salty sea
Deepened and immersed
Here's what stands out

The cold that enters through
swimming Quiet and
abstracted

I found myself surrounded by
water From the spring to the west
The passage to the other side



Nothing's difficult, you just have
to never take the same step and
move forward Let your heart be
touched

The music that calls to you Wind,
sea and a conquered land
Just love



Wall

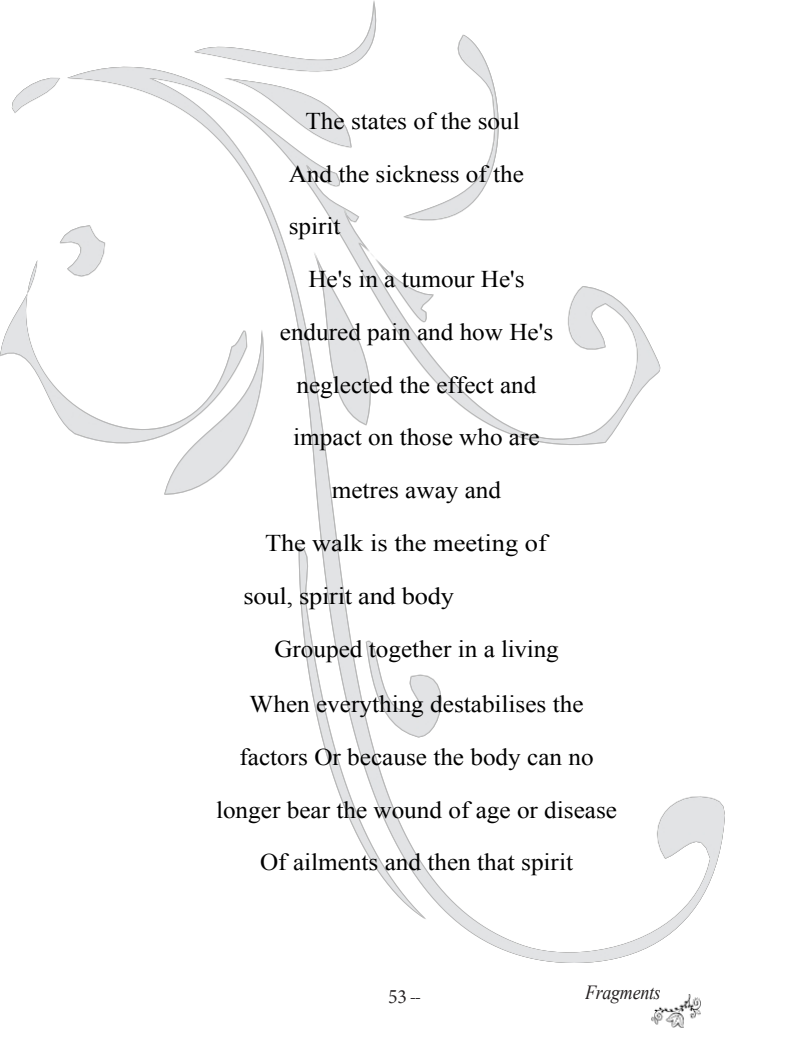
If it were to happen
I wouldn't know
The cold blows, restless
The frozen mind
Profaned, sold, and the
soul, that pure weapon Of
sentimentality Without a
path, tied down
To a body
That hallucinates and never
arrives, because the soul
She's not deceitful, interest
superiorises but she's pure



That's why it's prominently
displayed in a circle Closed,
half-open

So that with the subjugation The
illusion and coming from the
immensity A thunder arises
And everything stops at the
moment of the luminosity of
the effect But the sickness of
the spirit These needs of the
body And that we consciously
feel.

It plunges into the abyss of its own
Being and levitates, remains and
like an appendage that disturbs



The states of the soul
And the sickness of the
spirit

He's in a tumour He's
endured pain and how He's
neglected the effect and
impact on those who are
metres away and

The walk is the meeting of
soul, spirit and body

Grouped together in a living
When everything destabilises the
factors Or because the body can no
longer bear the wound of age or disease
Of ailments and then that spirit



From the self and our
selfishness Come to our will
But it disturbs the soul
And it acts on the corrupted spirit in the
maximum exponent of thought.
And invaded
Pure, hard
Strong as a wall Unable
to stand out



Thinking

A liquid of imagination poured
out, a spill

Of fascination

An immersed madness

And deep

She endures amiably Through
beams of harmony And a body of
magic invades

And penetrates the unconscious
conscious of the world of appearances

Behold, living
becomes beauty
Of a pure breath



And infinity
becomes the
limit

Visible and
expanding Between
words Feelings
And one act
Without
amending your
thinking
Provoke thinking
And always imagine
Imagining
Superiorise
Thinking and acting

for change



Friendship

Twilight At
dusk See
everything
happening In
the shelter

Far from the imaginary

Enemy, the Battle
would

Go through a
truce,

With peace of mind, returning to
tranquillity, the night was

Falling, and I began



To feel that touch To feel
it on your soft skin
Will and energy Ageless
friendship
The pure gesture of
affection Stronger than any
passion or love
And whatever the nest Just the
touch of a thumb
And just imagine
what it felt like
And the current of all
the energy went by



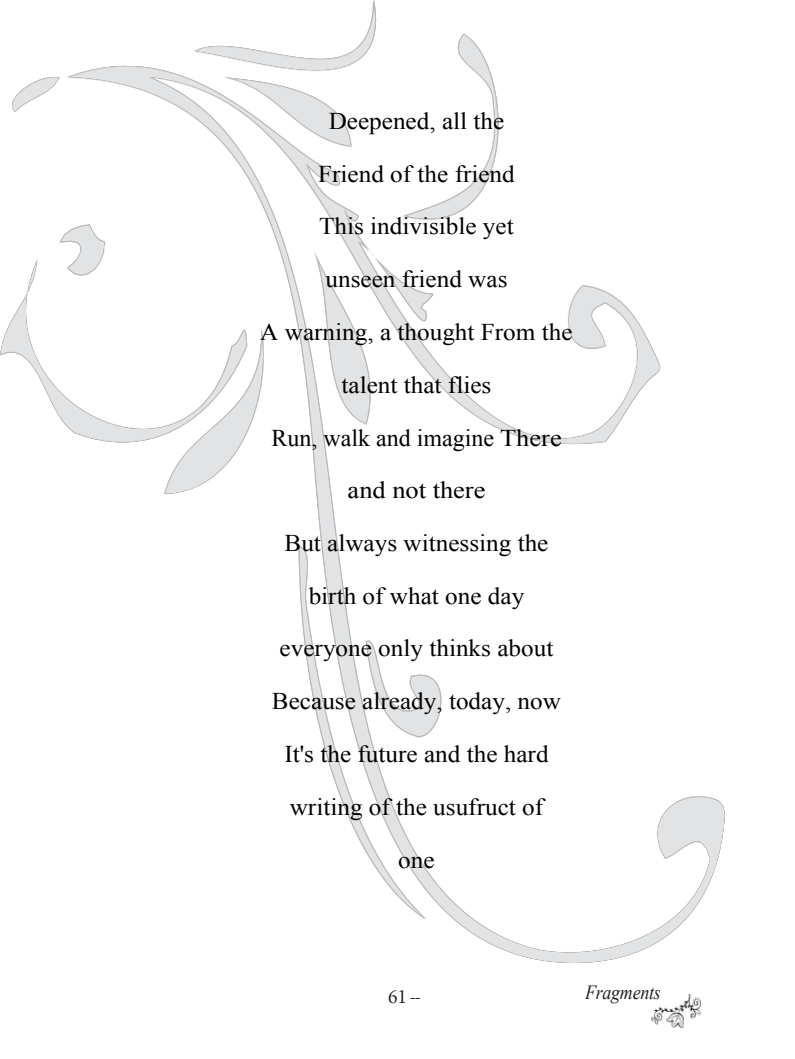
Learning

Dazzled Fascinated
and with the broth spilled,
indeed Macambúzio or
affronted But sitting, alert Of
state, without the slightest
sense Of minimalism

I don't know if my mind was
made up, but everything
makes sense to us simple
pleasure.



To write to you on request
Not required, when it happens
Everything you felt
remains and fades away
And yet he saw
Just looking, reading and
writing Interpreting,
assimilating Carrying and
teaching Learning, behold,
encouragement grows
With the force of the wind,
And then disappearing, flying 7 seas
Putting it mildly
Then he dived, went and



Deepened, all the
Friend of the friend
This indivisible yet
unseen friend was
A warning, a thought From the
talent that flies
Run, walk and imagine There
and not there
But always witnessing the
birth of what one day
everyone only thinks about
Because already, today, now
It's the future and the hard
writing of the usufruct of
one



Simply breathing and above all

Creating and imagining and

returning

To recreate and

return to the place for

which

I've never left there

before, but there it is.

I look at my watch

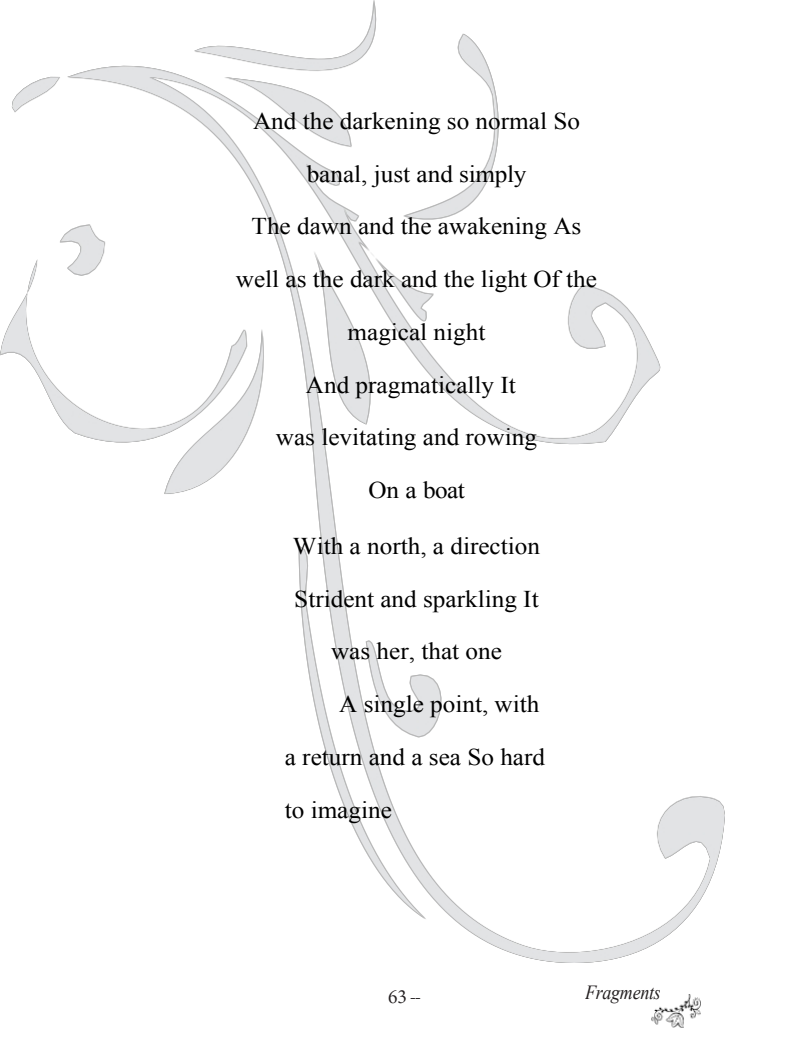
Preferably on time

Actual and witnessed

events are witnessed in an

original feeling of pleasure.

That comes with being tender



And the darkening so normal So
banal, just and simply
The dawn and the awakening As
well as the dark and the light Of the
magical night
And pragmatically It
was levitating and rowing
On a boat
With a north, a direction
Strident and sparkling It
was her, that one
A single point, with
a return and a sea So hard
to imagine



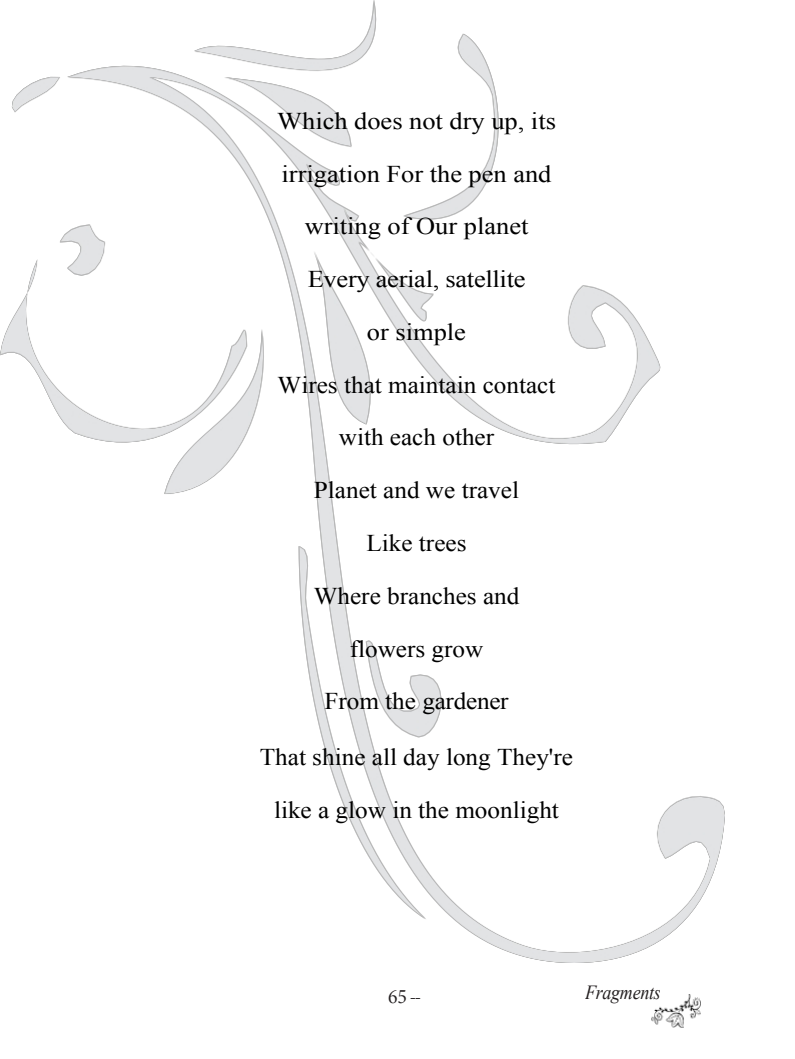
It was immense and
tremendous Fury of the
oceans

The one you're heading
for On the clandestine
journey Without a
welcome

It was the square sphere
A triangle reversed Like
a pyramid From a
sarcophagus

With an impenetrable
spirit of soul... Like a
forgotten one Living,
happening

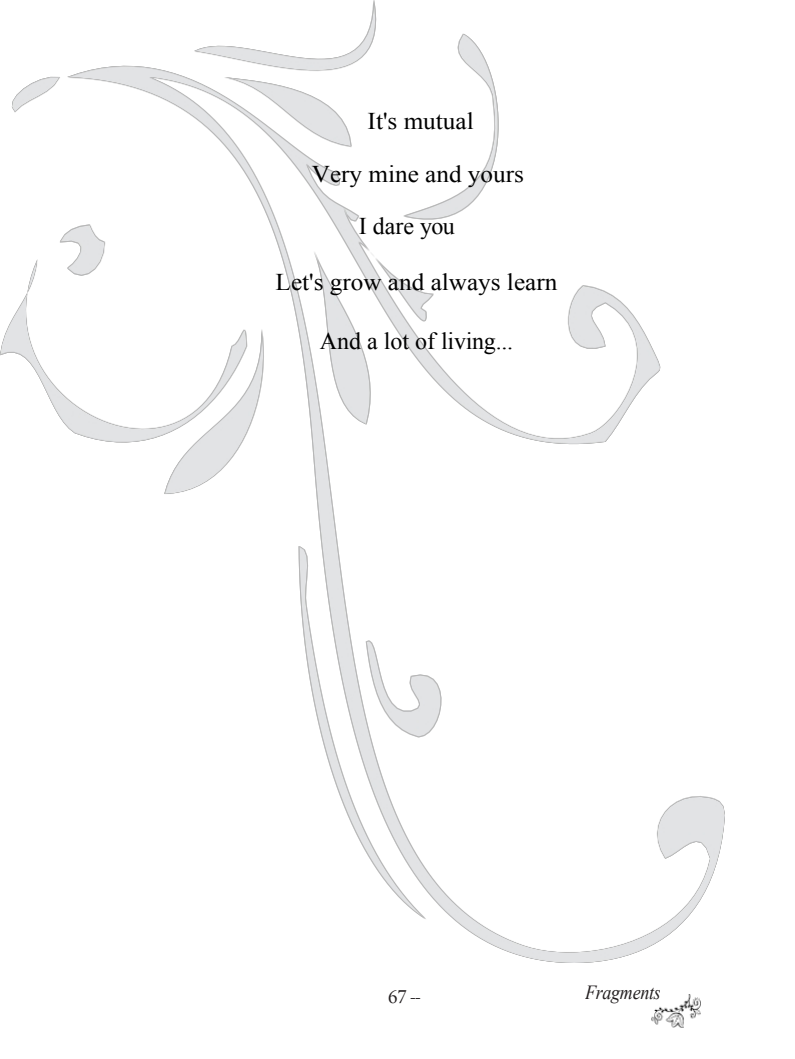
From the site a picture of a leaf



Which does not dry up, its
irrigation For the pen and
writing of Our planet
Every aerial, satellite
or simple
Wires that maintain contact
with each other
Planet and we travel
Like trees
Where branches and
flowers grow
From the gardener
That shine all day long They're
like a glow in the moonlight



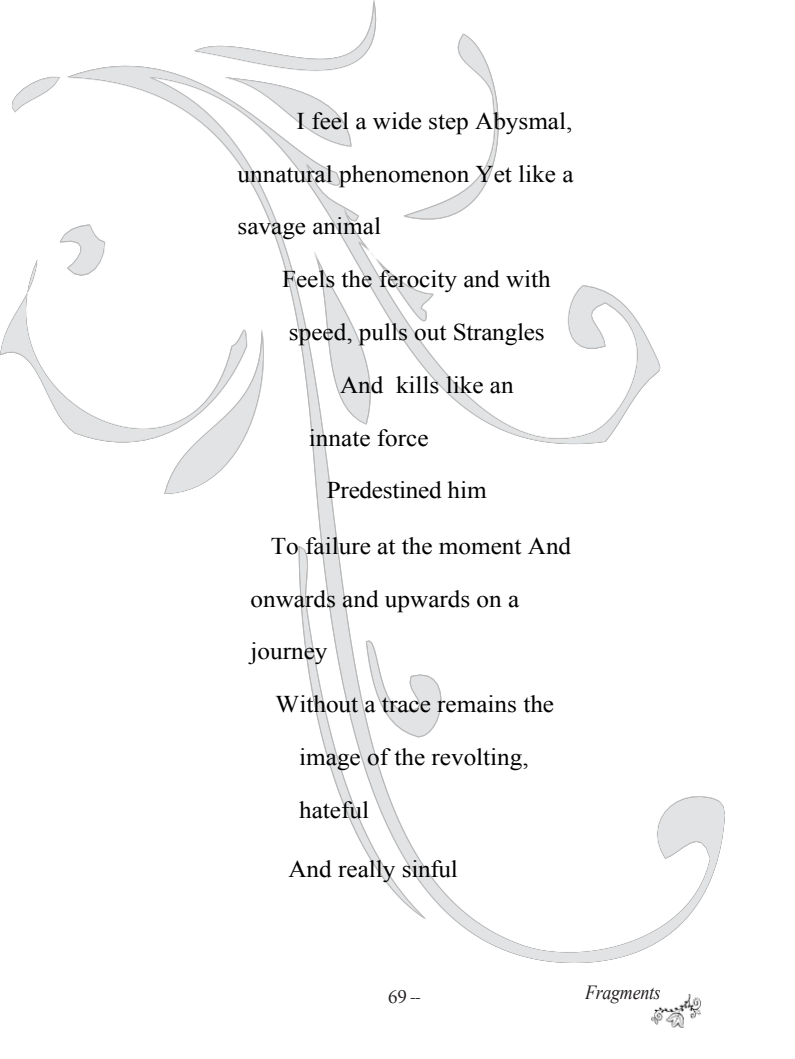
It was going
to happen
And then
One more jump, one more leap To
see a kid born and above all
Watching him grow and learn and
apprehend Everything he observes and
transforms Act, which in the language of the
child
It's soft skin in supremacy Of
children in relationship
To their parents and their teaching
From the double collusion of learning and
observing and learning and knowing Like
a twin
Who have a learning pair



It's mutual
Very mine and yours
I dare you
Let's grow and always learn
And a lot of living...

Living

I feel a pain that
prevents me from seeing
I'd like to be real With an
always loyal demeanour But
like a sad clown
I'm a fake
The smile, the joy from the inside
It doesn't obey the outside I feel
like I'm floating
That makes me leave the place
Normal would be to travel
And stay at a point where you're out
of sight



I feel a wide step Abysmal,
unnatural phenomenon Yet like a
savage animal

Feels the ferocity and with
speed, pulls out Strangles

And kills like an
innate force

Predestined him

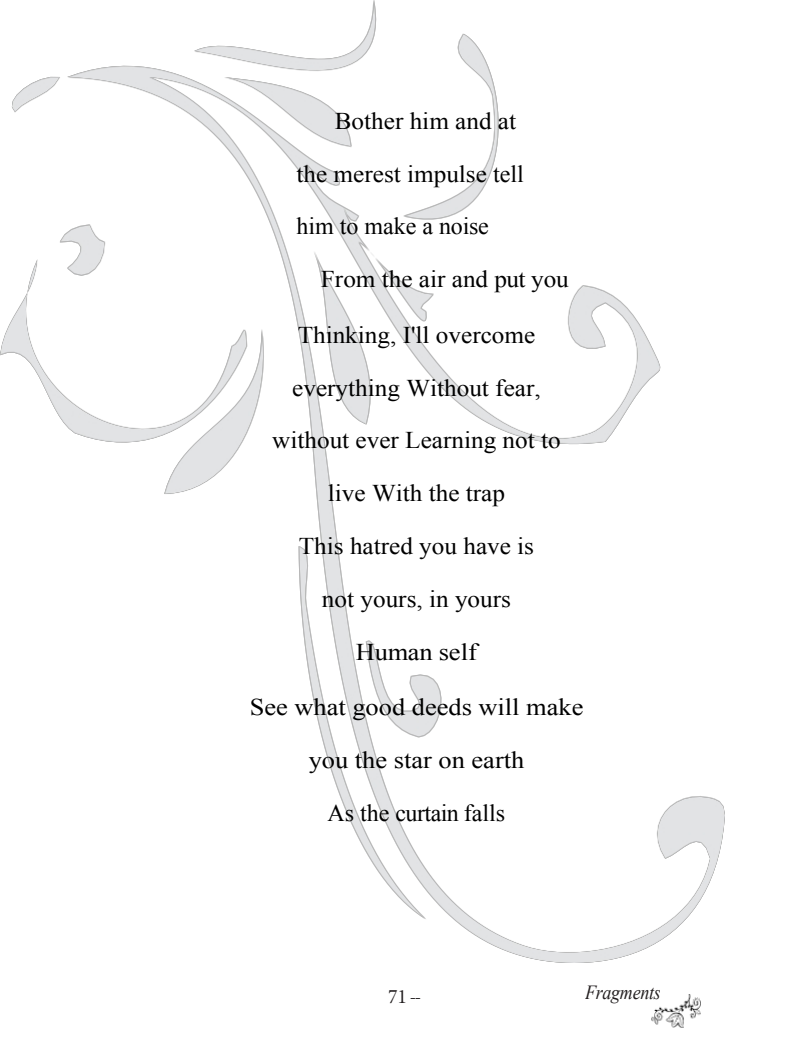
To failure at the moment And
onwards and upwards on a
journey

Without a trace remains the
image of the revolting,
hateful

And really sinful

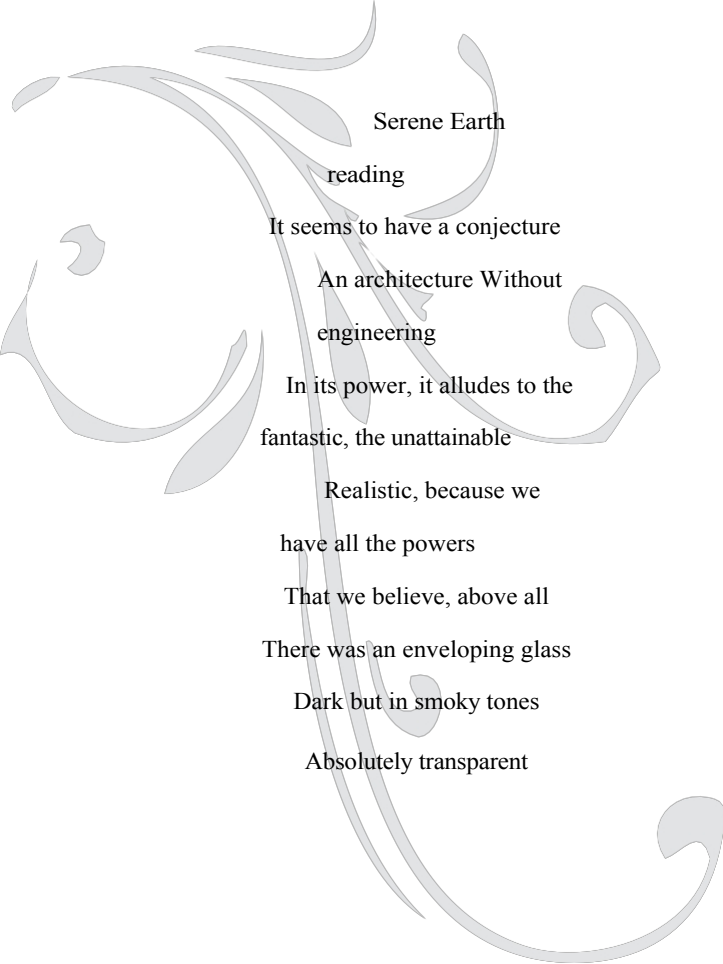


Here's an oath
In the sky at the
temperature of the height,
comes the cool cheerful
and serene Marigold that
says Stop, bloom
And it grows, this
violent impetus is just a
bad moment
All the ferocity of being
Culminated and perfected
Suddenly let go
Not at all Or
hardly at all



Bother him and at
the merest impulse tell
him to make a noise
From the air and put you
Thinking, I'll overcome
everything Without fear,
without ever Learning not to
live With the trap
This hatred you have is
not yours, in yours
Human self
See what good deeds will make
you the star on earth
As the curtain falls

I ask you to play the piano
For I have a plan Let's go
We'll leave
when we arrive
Never stop you
To fulfil you
And fly
Flat and flying
The stormy cloud Is a
condition
Multi-factorial that makes us In
the tearing rain of the tender,
damp face



Serene Earth

reading

It seems to have a conjecture

An architecture Without
engineering

In its power, it alludes to the
fantastic, the unattainable

Realistic, because we
have all the powers

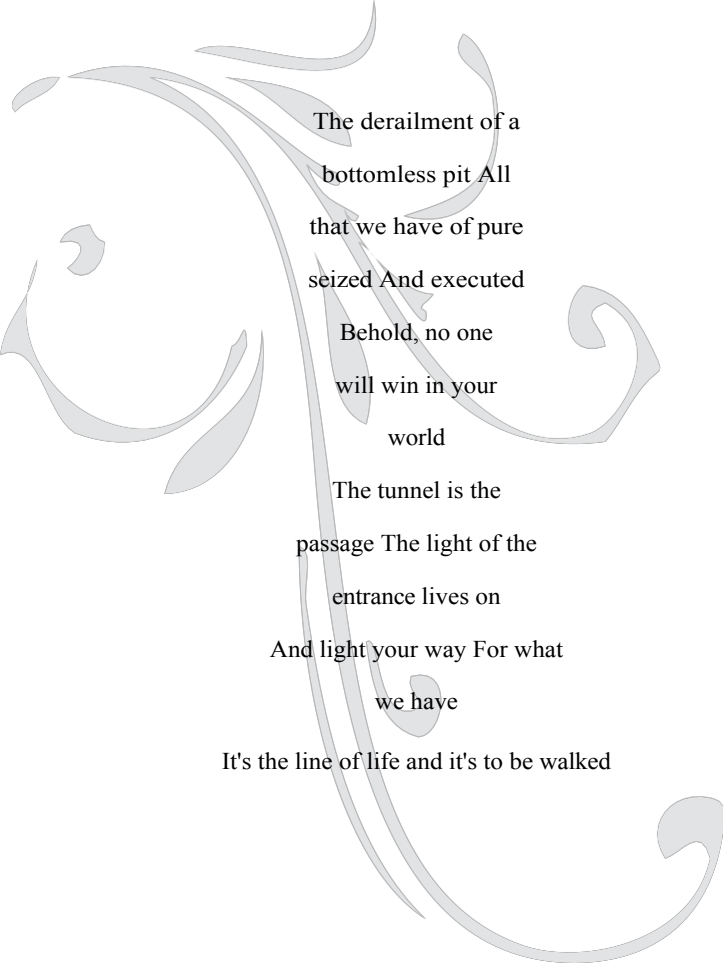
That we believe, above all
There was an enveloping glass

Dark but in smoky tones

Absolutely transparent



Values are like flowers
have to
Water them constantly And
what is seed grows in the
mind
Being different from
the same What we all
have Instincts and
ferocity
The very soul of Man Beyond
the proper Magic potion is
The vertiginous tunnel into which
you can see a light entering
And whose ending is



The derailment of a
bottomless pit All
that we have of pure
seized And executed
Behold, no one
will win in your
world

The tunnel is the
passage The light of the
entrance lives on
And light your way For what
we have

It's the line of life and it's to be walked

Love Deep

Love suffered It
was felt too
Forgotten
Deep down a little lost
Repentant and alive



Mask

Living in the end How to end
and everything End, behold,
for certain, Nothing as certain
as

What's uncertain Uncertain

One more line

Infinite and continuous of a limit
That doesn't allow us to foresee the
Infinite, so like the lines We have
two points

Birth and the infinite Only the
face of death



It's slowly arriving Like a
breath, everything you felt
is over Because you've
never seen a face other than
the end a
Mask of the dark



Souvenir

For you I
suffered For
you I felt With
you I loved
With you I
lived I never
loved
Another I kissed I
saw in you
I entered you
The love I'll always remember



I felt

Never so much
suffering Nothing more
wanting Dying for you
Through me
For you I wrote
So much
I suffered and never died
And for you I never lost
I only felt



Lover

At a certain
moment it
seemed distant A
day alone Far
from someone's
love
Already a lover



Reflections

Waiting for something to be
born In the mirror it's me and
mine

Reflection

How good it is to reflect
alone And not only your
image This simple
reflection without a mirror
has also been transmitted



Night Clara

On a dark night As
clear as the dawn
when

Songs for your charm Become
like the true whistle of the bird
that flies and

Everyone aspires to freedom



Writing

I...

And the greatest
possession I can
own A piece of
paper and an
irresistible pen
Above all, I aspire to
thought alone



Death

I died!

Yes, it was the beginning of
the end The beginning of the
volte-face

Without bitterness, but also without
tenderness It was the journey

Made without an image, and without
courage Contrasting the smallest and
the largest It was time to leave

Or staying in this place, imagining
everything and nothing, from time to
time He left and went to the bottom.

To the extreme that says

I neither fear nor tremble



The journey has a return
In this immersed world
In the depths of beauty That all
I have is everything
And I want nothing of everything, because when
I leave I'll take nothing with me, that's what I
thought.



Abyss

I'm on a precipice

Where the abyss

It's the end



Waiting

And he walked like that, wanting and wanting,
jumping and jumping
And smoking
was walking without a destination
Anxiety varies with age, although we
always live in a very anxious way Waiting
for something, we always want it
Something, everything in us gets in the way of our
own will involuntarily



Stairs

I sat down, I
equated,

The result, however, was
nowhere near what was
expected,

I went down the stairs in the lift and
between light and dark and tightness and

That he manoeuvres according
to his own will

From there it rose and slowly
descended never falling



Head Office

A tear, an

intuition

Or destruction, that

Thought is beautiful

A swig from the

fridge's canteen

And I bring it to the place of

thirst And everything is

satiated and Magnificent



Existence

Unwilling to end, Ending...

that's how it comes...

I hear the words beyond I

saw this terrifying man as

the Winner

Once

again I

don't want

to go

And that's why I exist and

remain Here



Sun

What happened I felt at
dawn A tender sadness
I've lived, I've revived and I'm
reborn I'm the powerful
one

The Sun



Reborn

In the smoke screen

Behold, he is born there

No parchment of the event Behold, it
was momentary

And that the slab moves away and
it's enough to live one more life

For an image

It's simple: see every moment
in your own image and be
reborn



Look

The scent, the smell Of
insanity, madness Torture
of thought All
disconnected
Without a relative, an
orphan of the Heart, the
pain of a single love for
so many
Others who hurt
the eye and kill
Desire and Longing



Culminate

Just one more moment,
One moment from that
Your thought, probably We all exist
not only As a virtuous image
But because of an appearance or state The mind
doesn't die
At the moment of all
physical existence
And suddenly everything goes
out, or it could culminate



Living Dying

Between living or dying?

Oh, I'm sorry, is that a ?

Of course, who hasn't killed
themselves? We've all stopped

living

One moment. All of us, without
exception, are thinking like a baleful
pleasure We're going to die and then

soon

This is how we live

The contradiction of the ridiculous



Leaver

Dear Friend ... I wrote too far...you were gone...my
little friend...

tonight my soul...cries for you! take
my heart a chance...Please forgive
me my friend...

my freedom...lost away in heaven... you
were taken...

return's a pleasure...so quiet... silence, the
half-way to who were died...

Forgiven...last word...



Interrupted

If my soul were to evaporate in me,
nothing would remain but rubble... secret,
alien to fantasy.

From a subversion that has emerged, the idleness
floats... of yet another, private moment...



Be

A sound, a mouthful, a soft
touch, a colour A single dream to
enchant In a single, unique
moment

Desperate and inspired with a sharpness, Without
distance, without limit

The cut of suffocation goes beyond the
imaginary In this picture I paint blood, of pain
Reddened and inflamed by meaning, of not
possessing an enigma, but rather
a reality, a vision.

When we join the other and see



how to believe at a glance
approving and encouraging an existence,
adulterated, inverted and mirrored.
Of all the hurt I feel
to someone I must belong, without fear
the crazy, passionless, pure-souled compassion
of a knot without a chain, but intertwined and
united, of a
only sense, of wanting and
finally having, and in the
end
nothing be...



Absence

If I touched and saw your world,
I'd be filthy, without a mute touch
of sensitivity, of at least believing
that someone
surpasses my reality. My
simple sadness is like all
happiness
both attainable and unattainable.
Magically, without irony
if one day I say to you, touch me,
feel how you look at me and you
will see who I am not and what



I'll be with you.

In a blazing match burns the
pain in me when everything

burns out.

I've never taken away, in
fact I'll tell you that you
suffer because I've never
left you and know that I've
always loved you.

I will love you...

