

# FRAGMENTS

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Fråg meş  
tos



# Frág meş tos

*Filipe Moura*

*Fragments*

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**Cover**

Rodrigo Rojas

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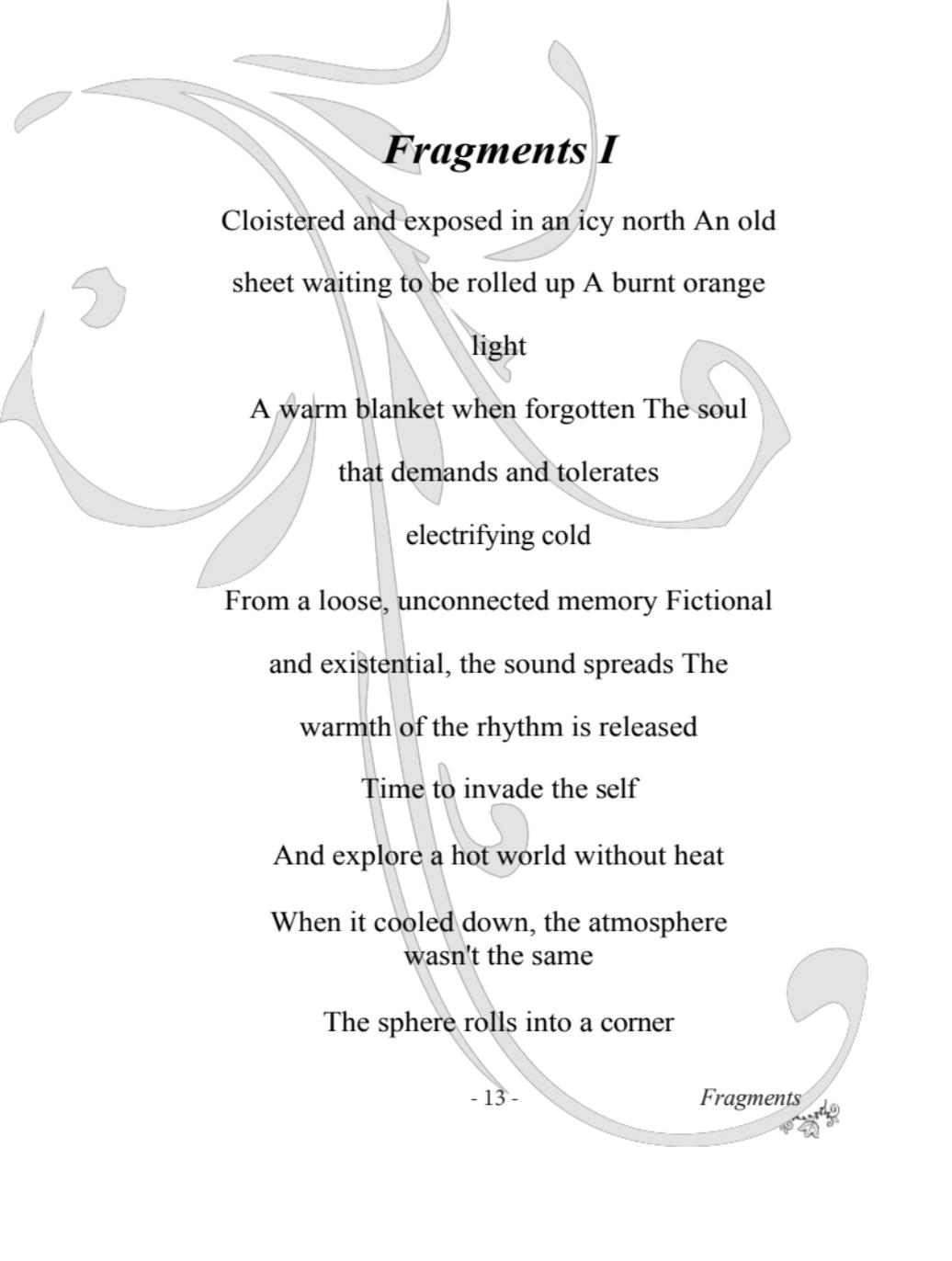
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## *Fragments I*

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

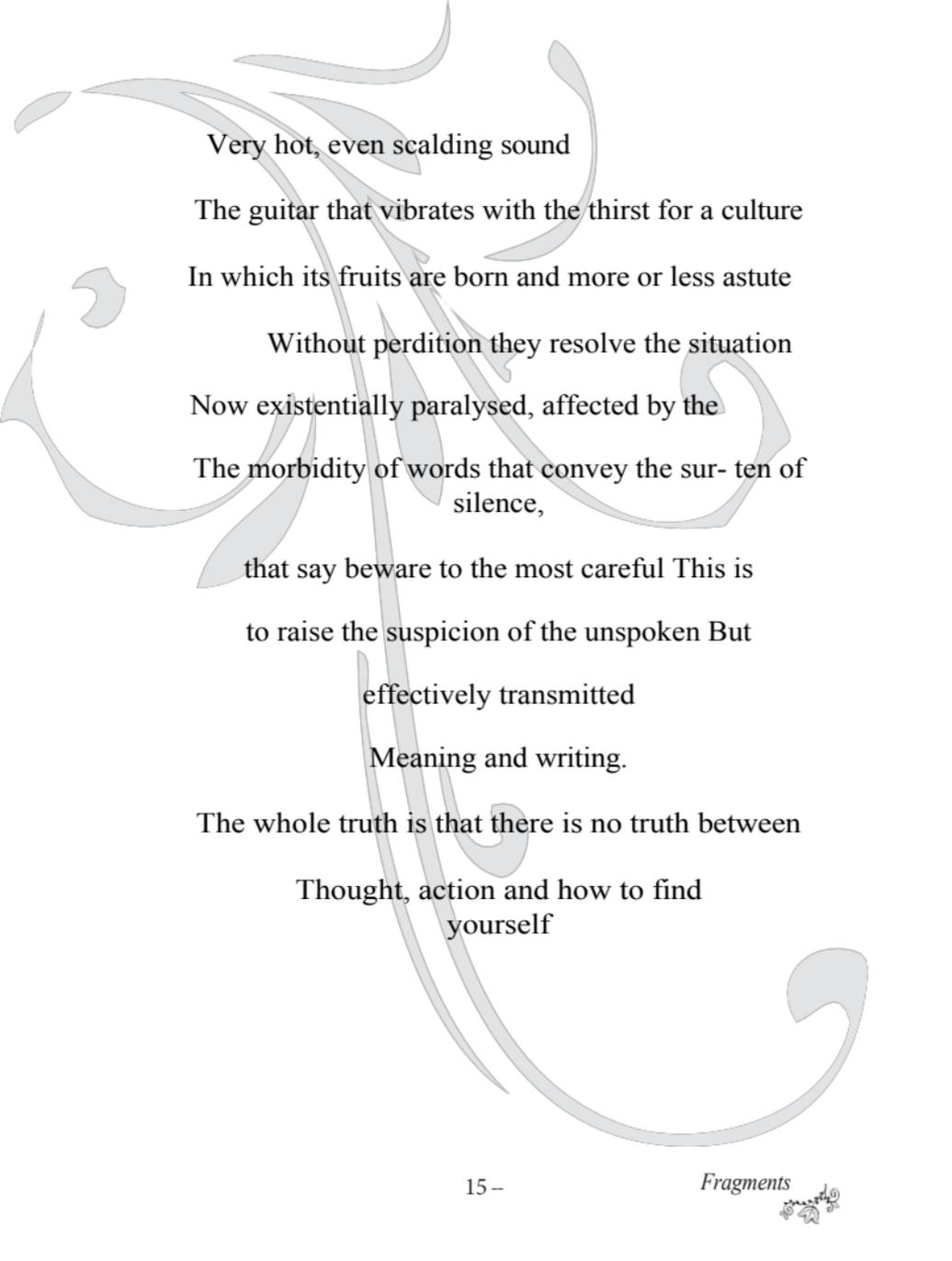
A warm dream of a spring and a valley,

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

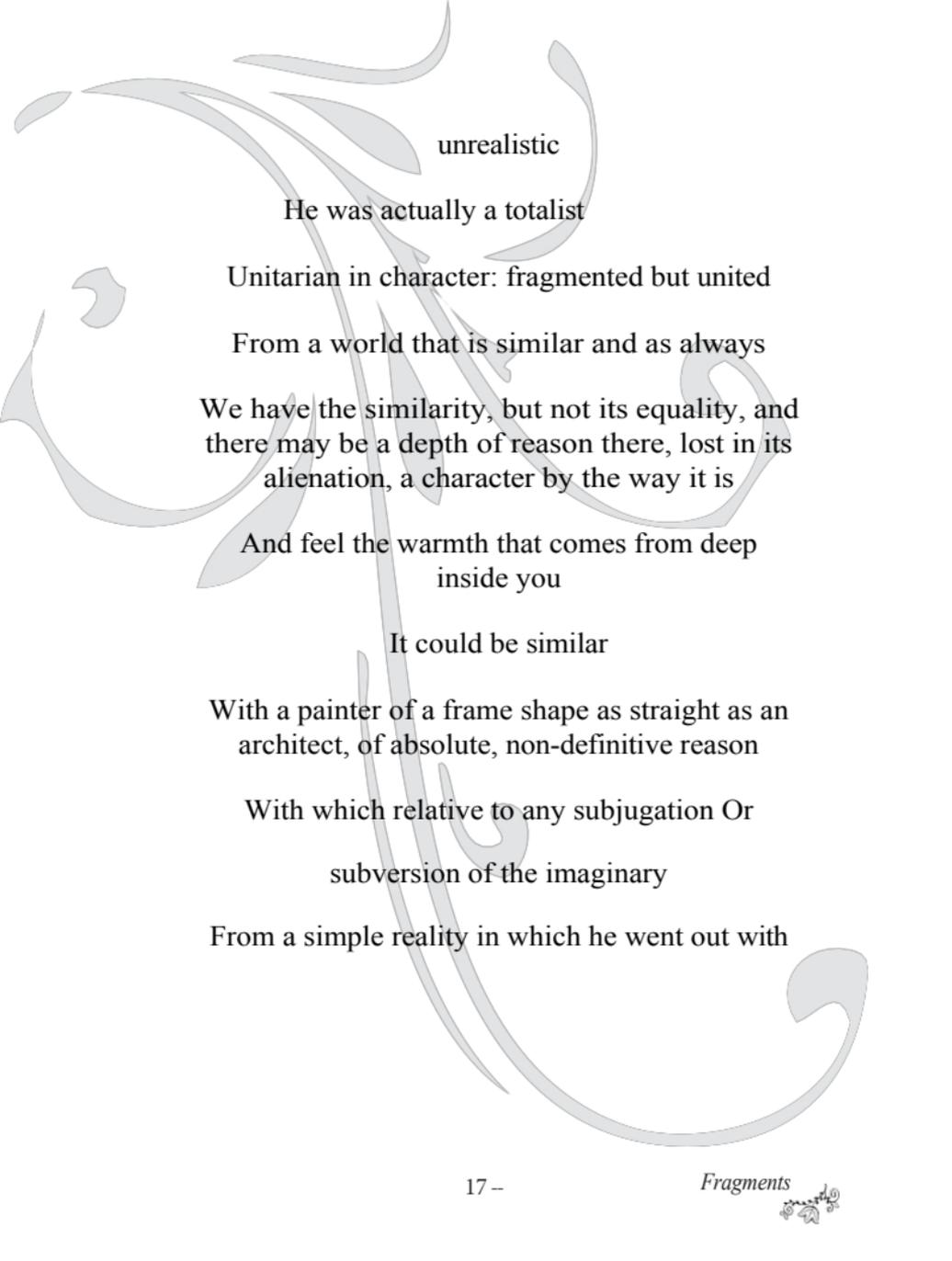
Description, vision or sense, we often say what we  
don't think and see, which is knowing how to do  
and learn from others and from signs that are the  
same or similar.

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

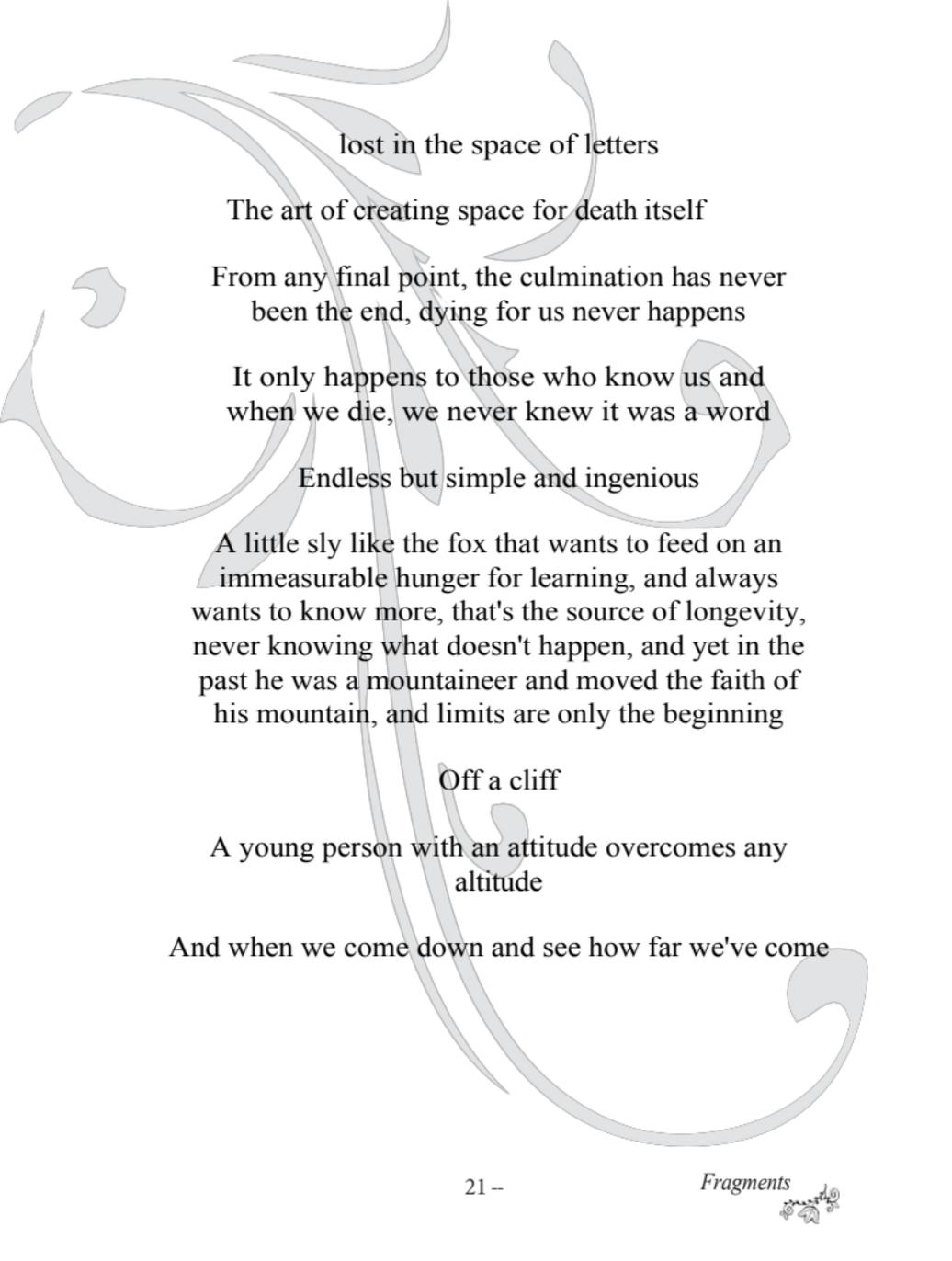
And an unbreakable force that is as fascinating as  
it is unreliable, difficult to know and never to  
learn

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

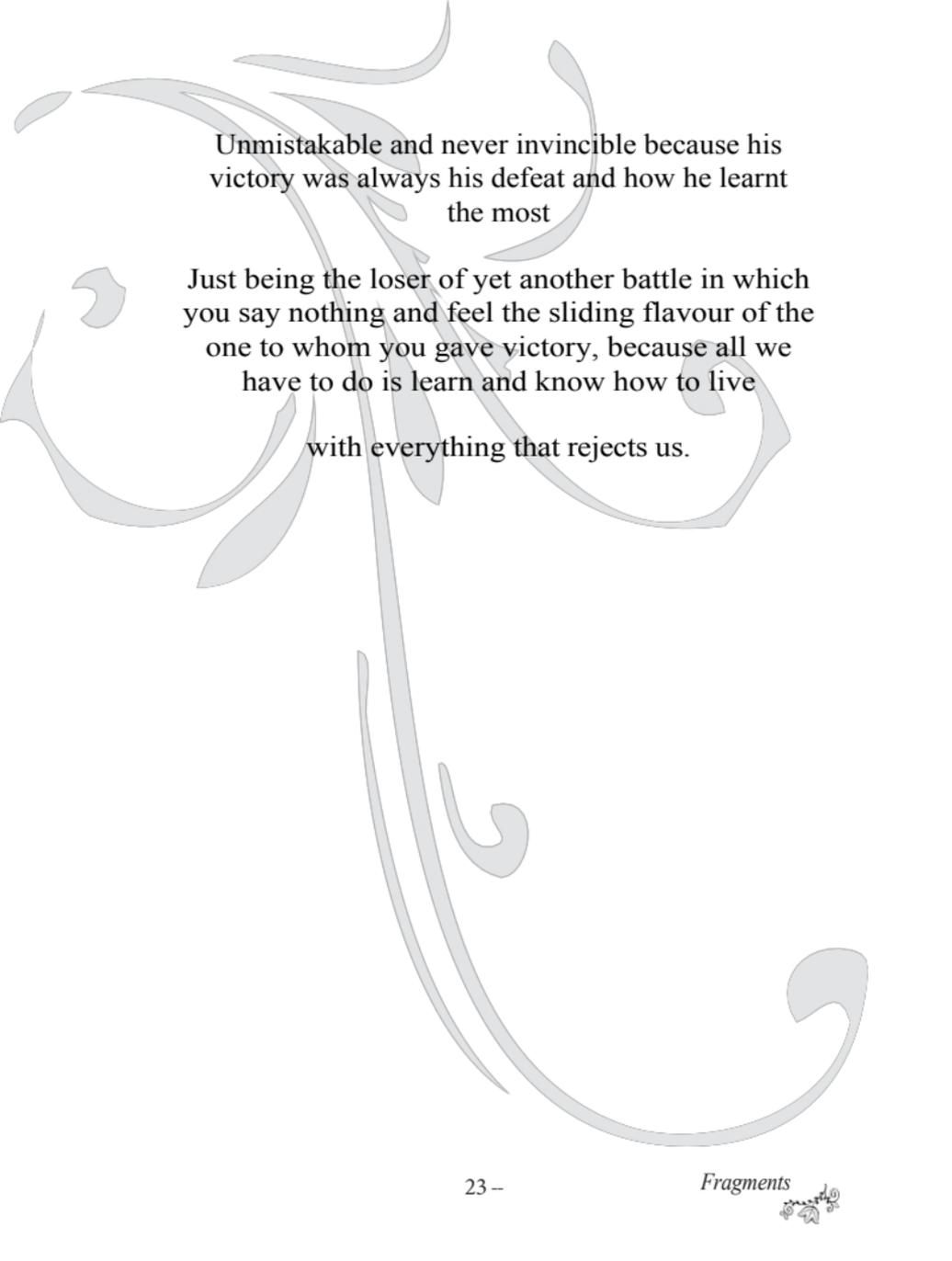
everything is Words

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,

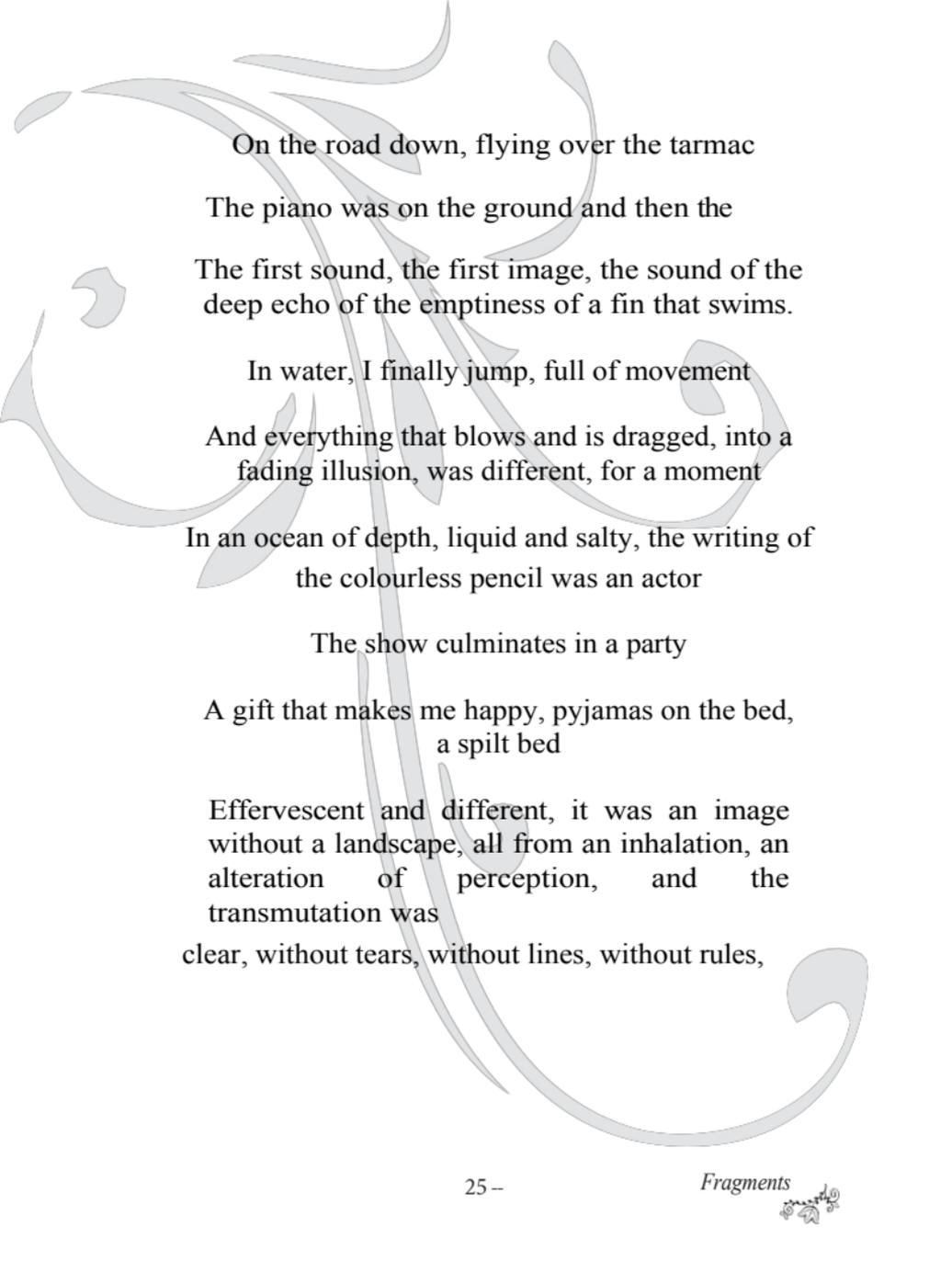
Marble squares, on the walls in fours, a drop by  
drop falls and in the depths, lightly, someone  
shakes the floor

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

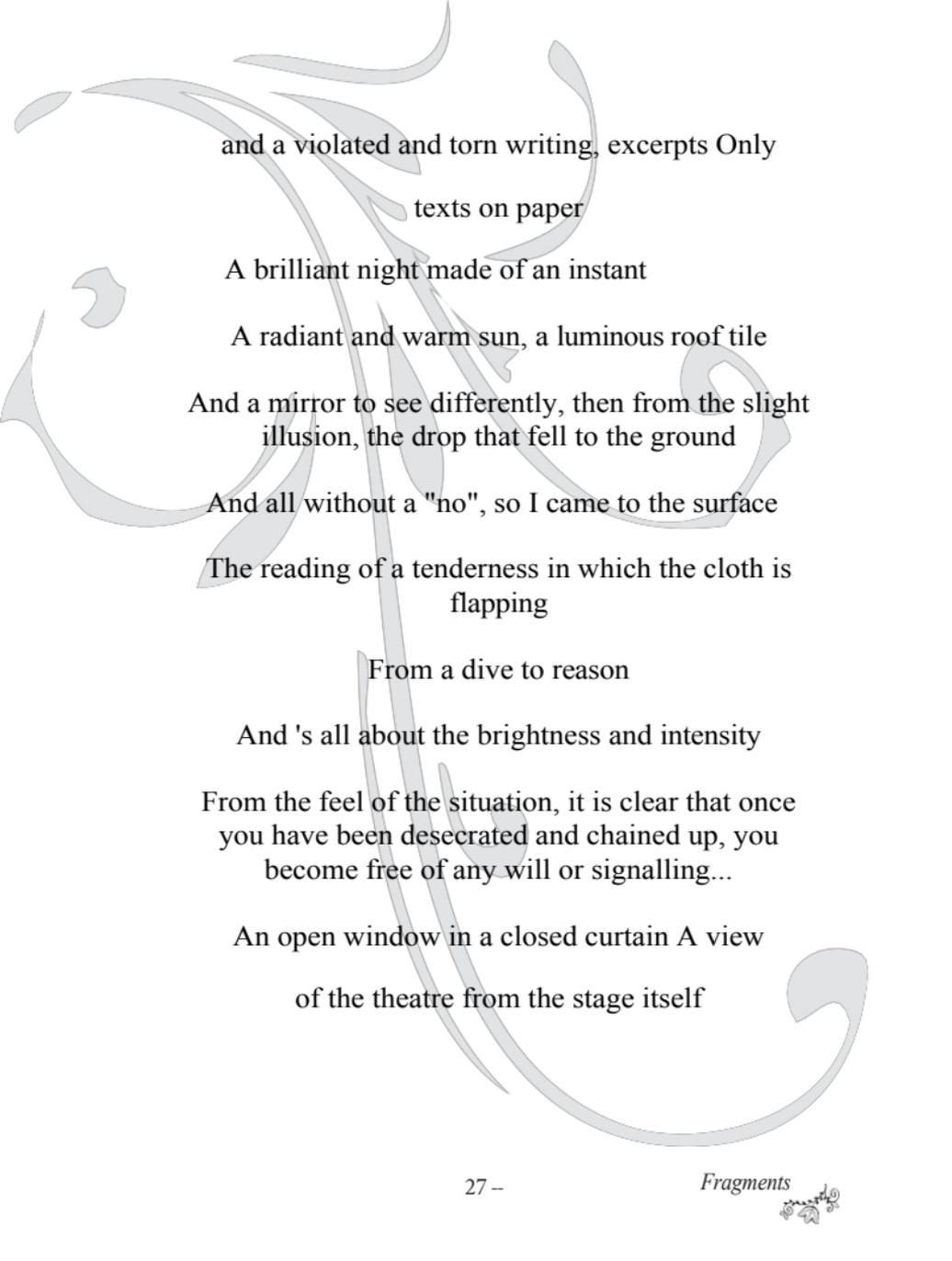
A slingshot, a target and you're stunned like an  
arrow with no range, a noose in a knot

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

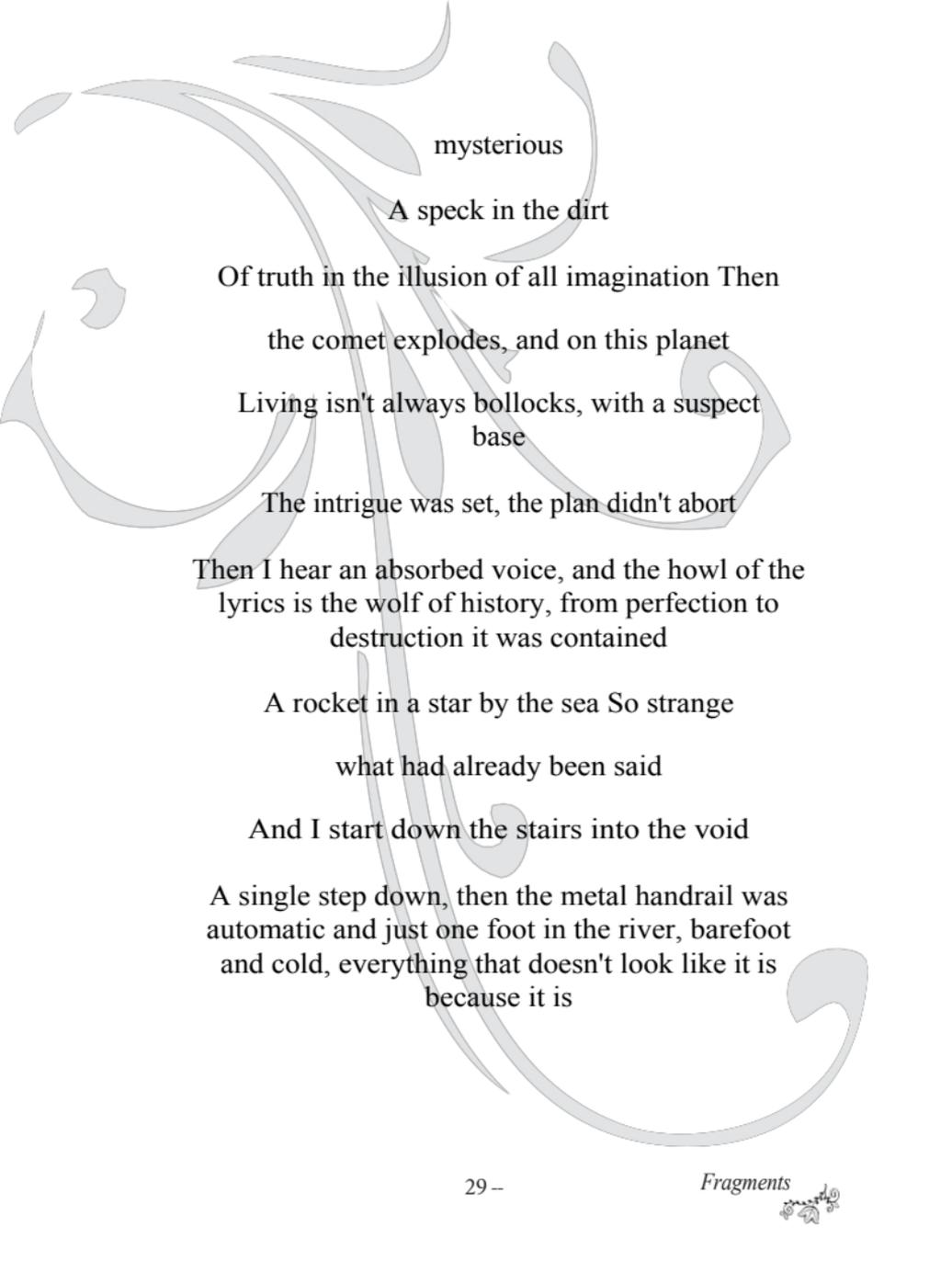
We became incandescent and descended into the  
depths of a world, of seeing a simple song, turning  
it into fulfilment, of

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

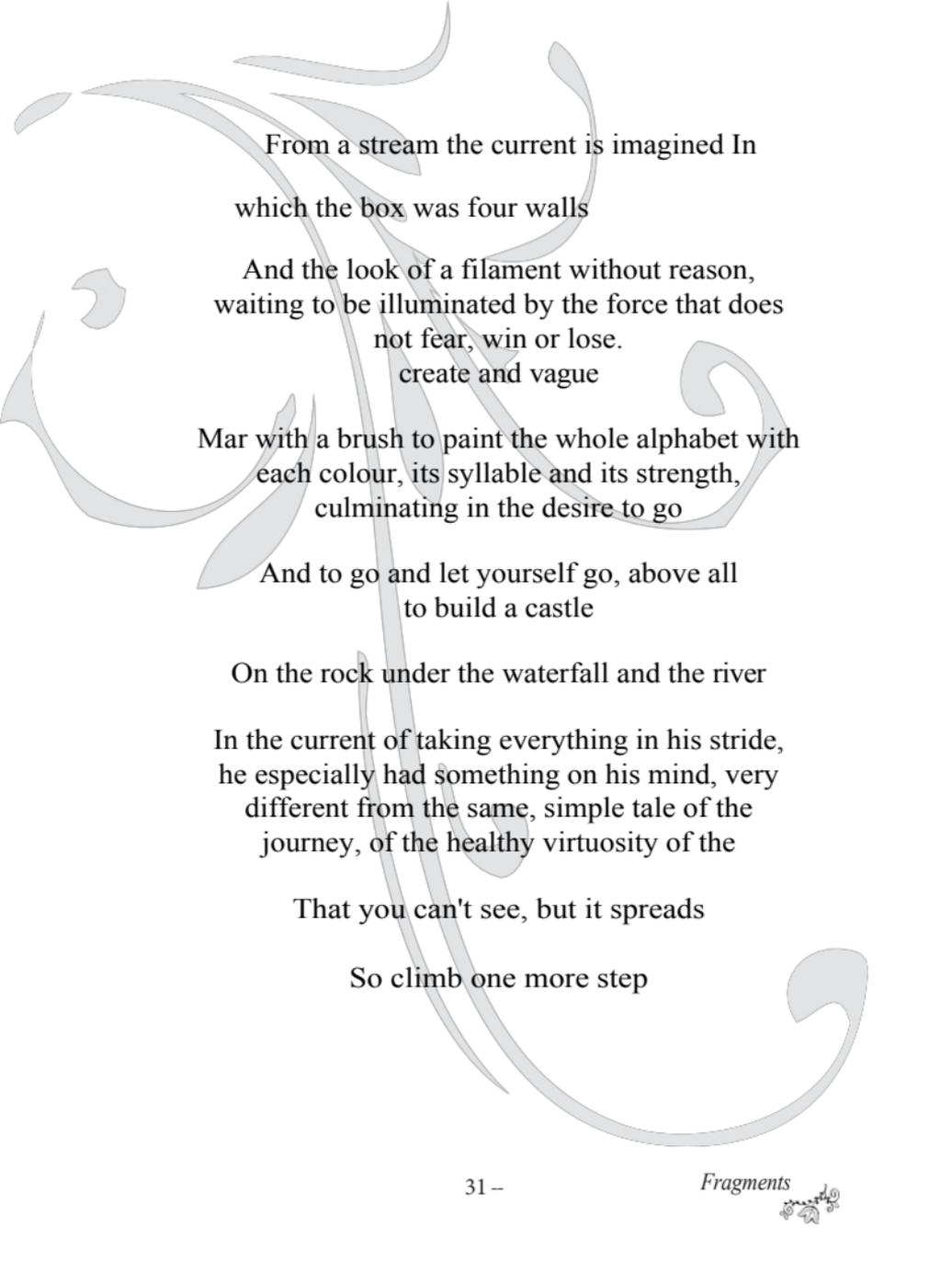
life apart

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

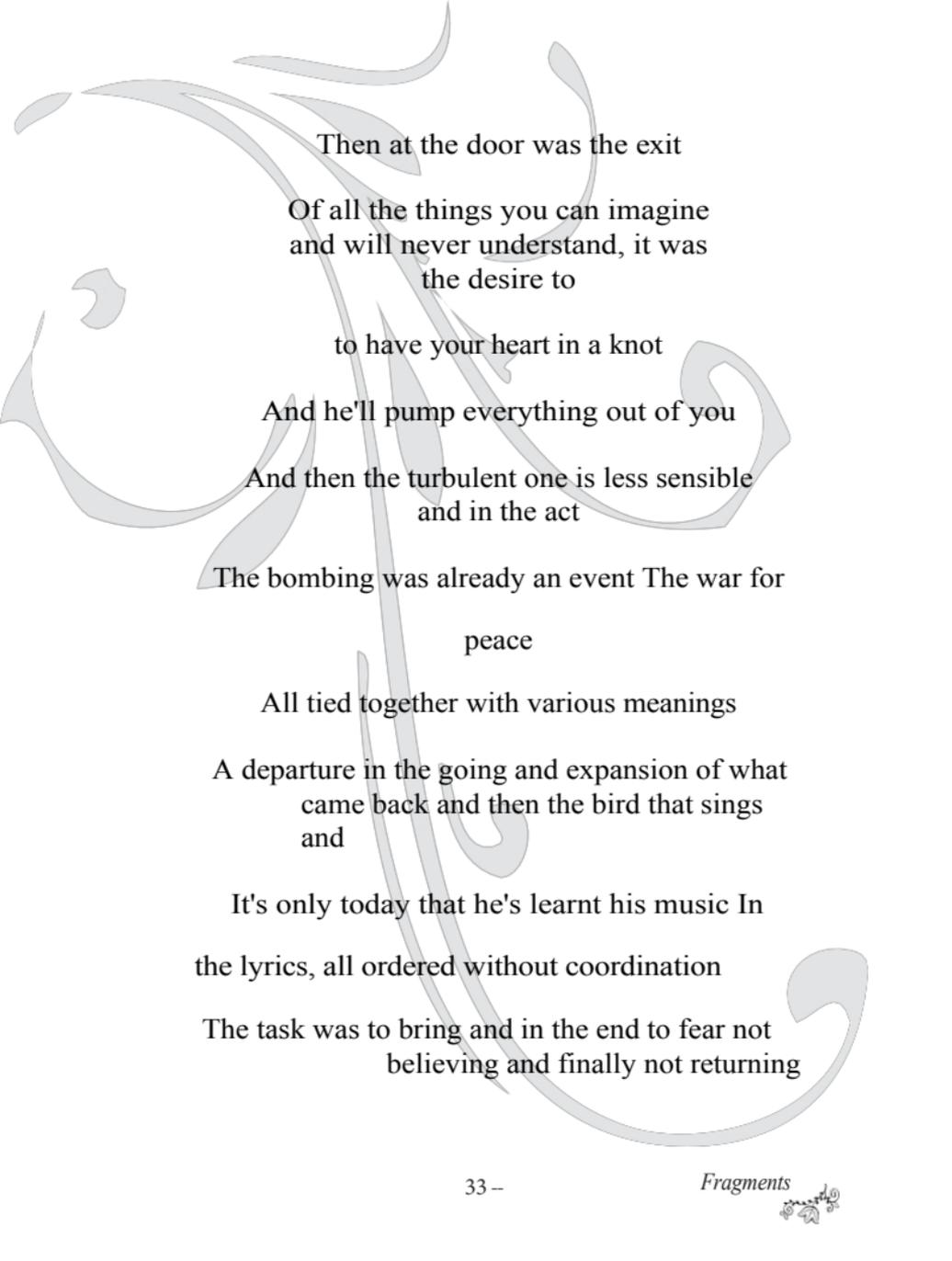
Still the staircase moved backwards  
In the advance of a step and a levitate  
And only one trying to climb each step with his  
firm and convinced air of imagining

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

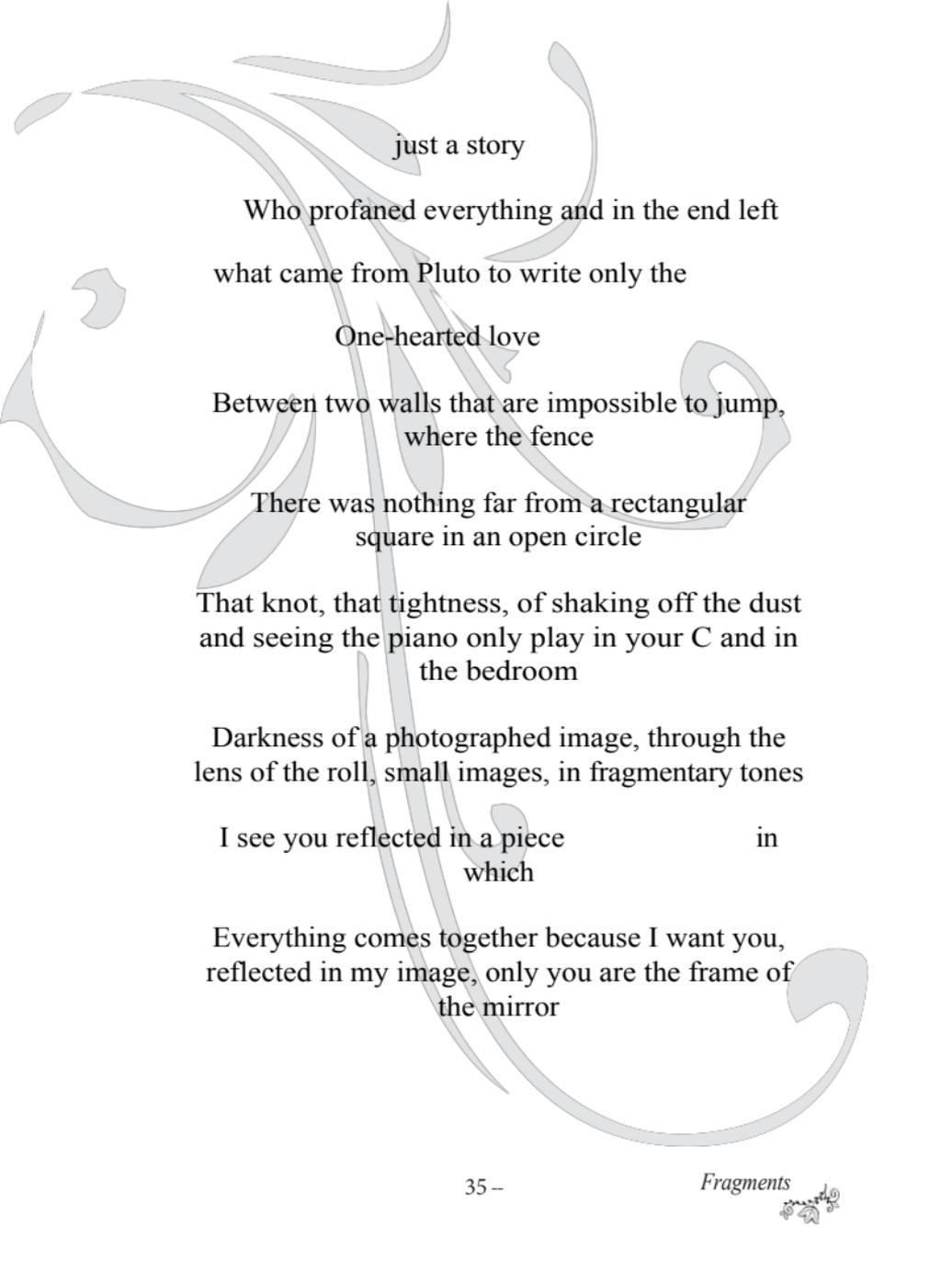
It was part of a plan to play you the note that  
will win you over

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*

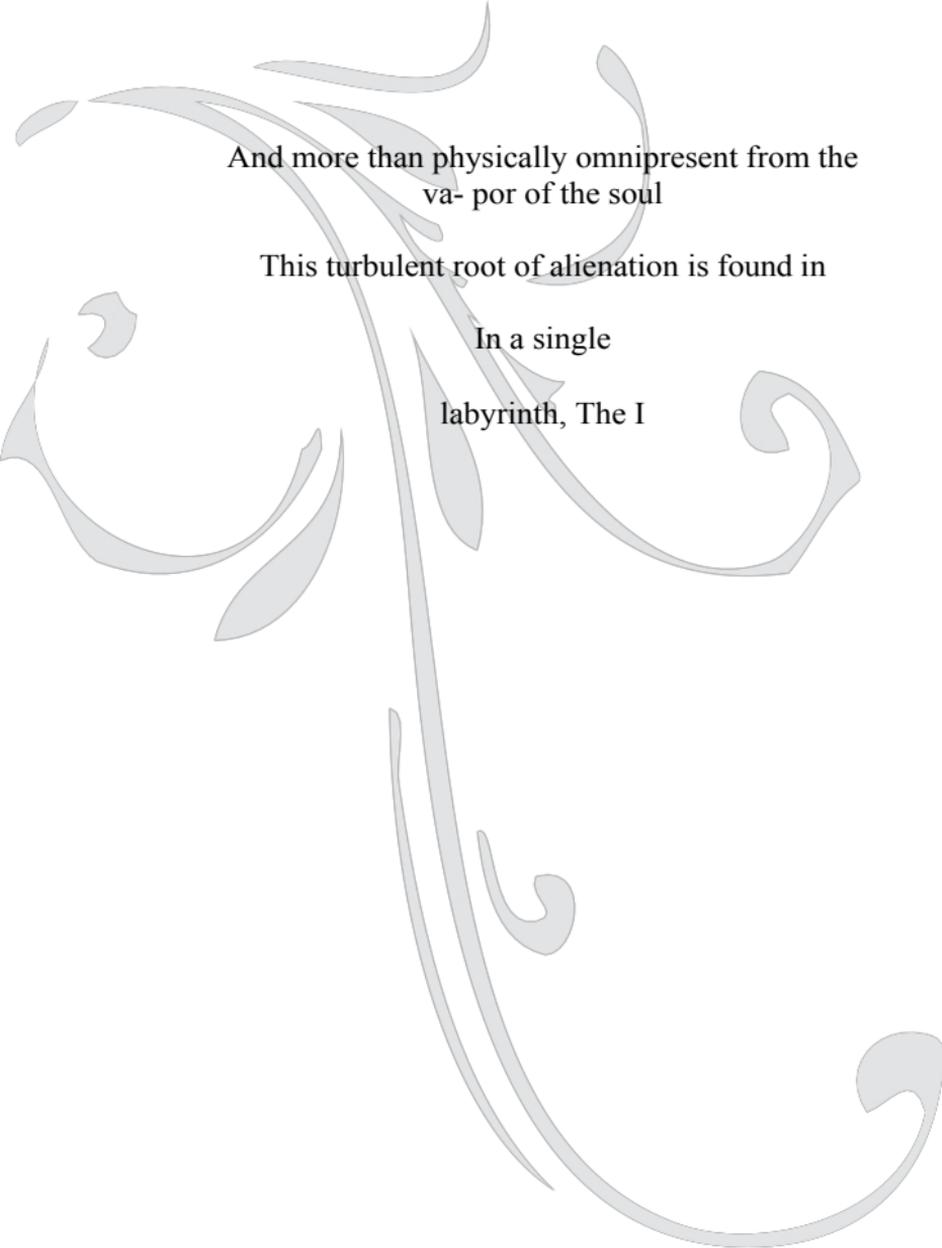
How do we get out of this  
pain, which is immersed in  
and aggravates the  
suffering of a single and  
unique ache?

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...

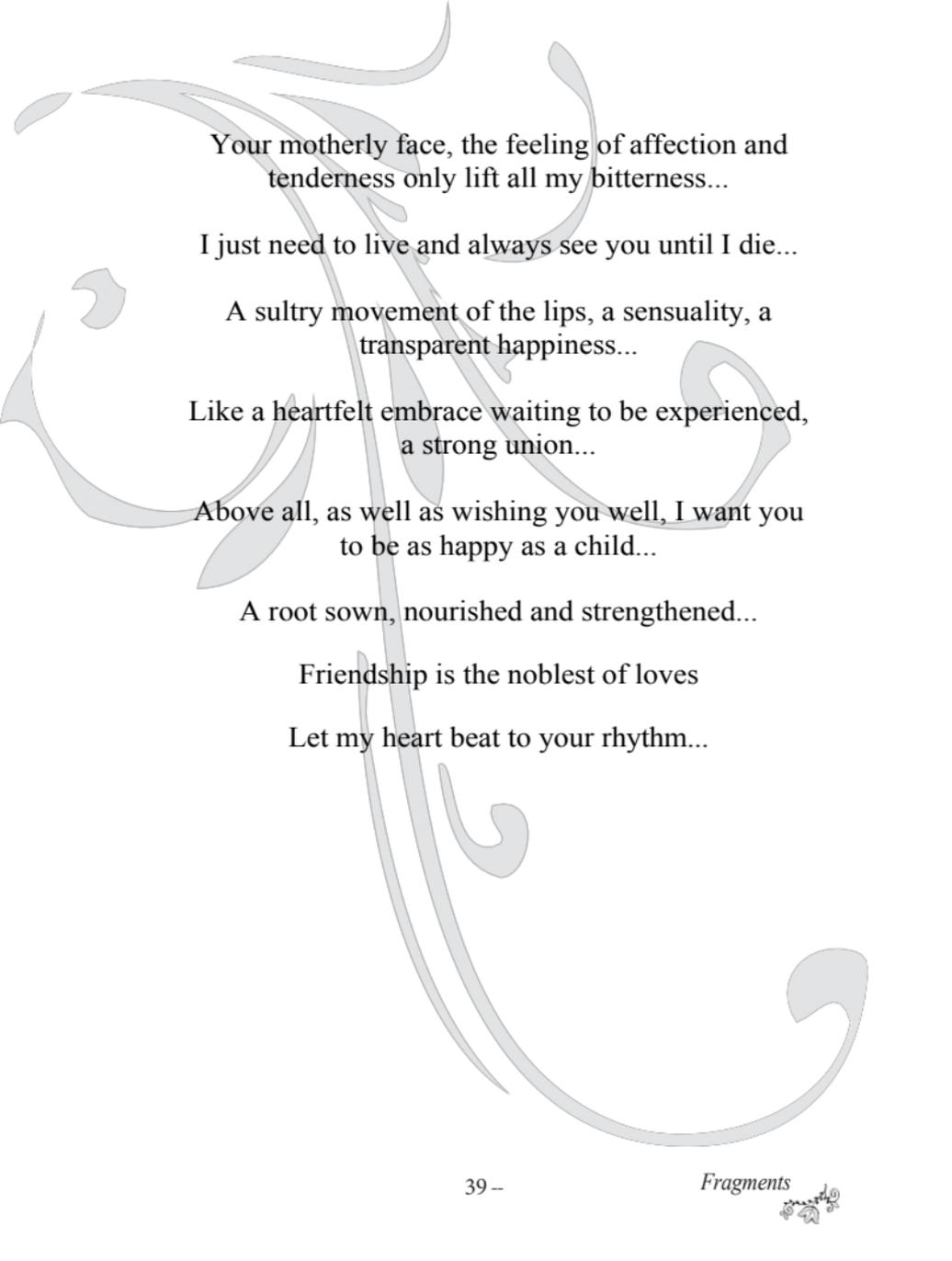
The torch will burn out, here's a glow and the  
flame is lit...

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

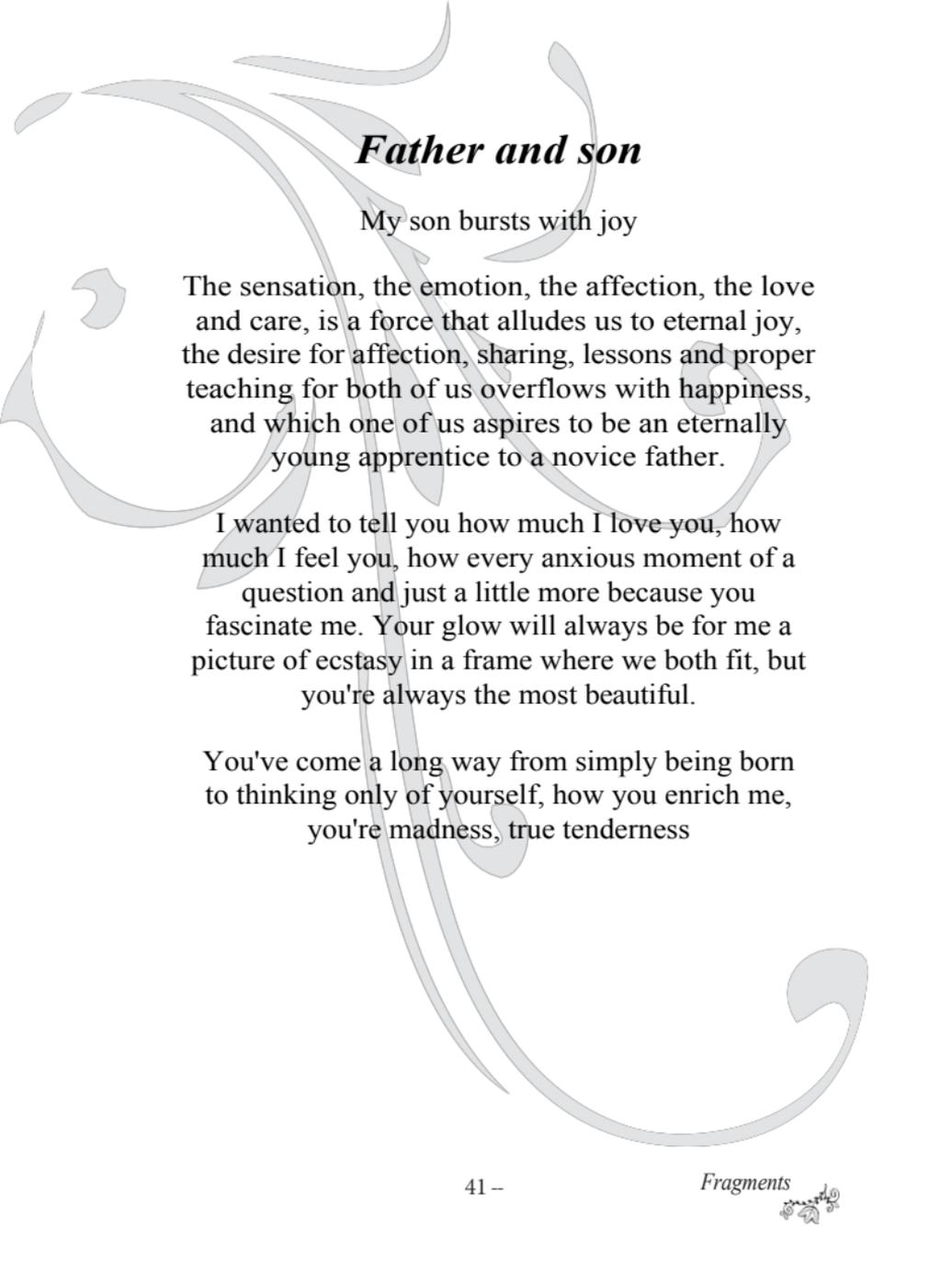
father

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



## ***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

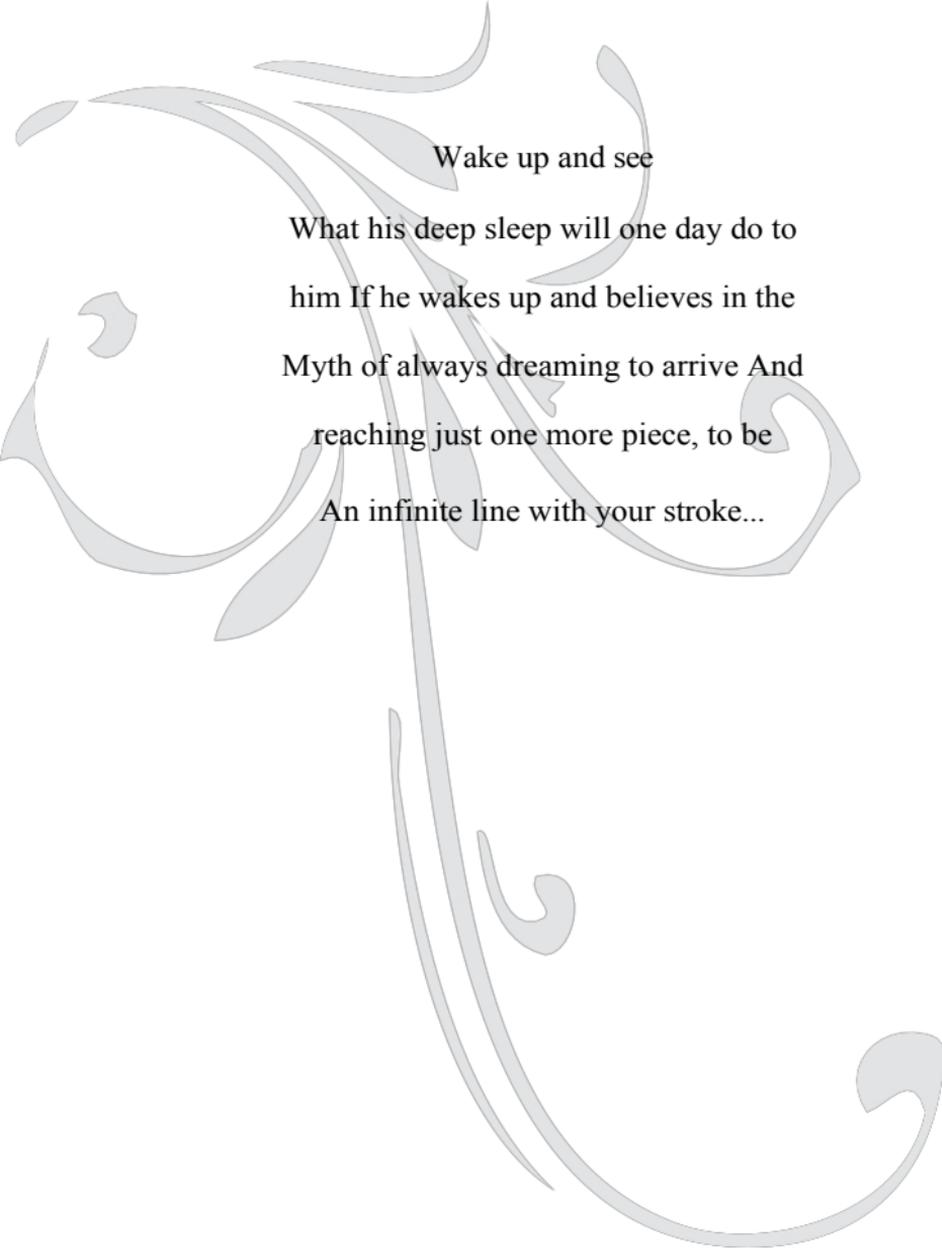
## *Dream*

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.

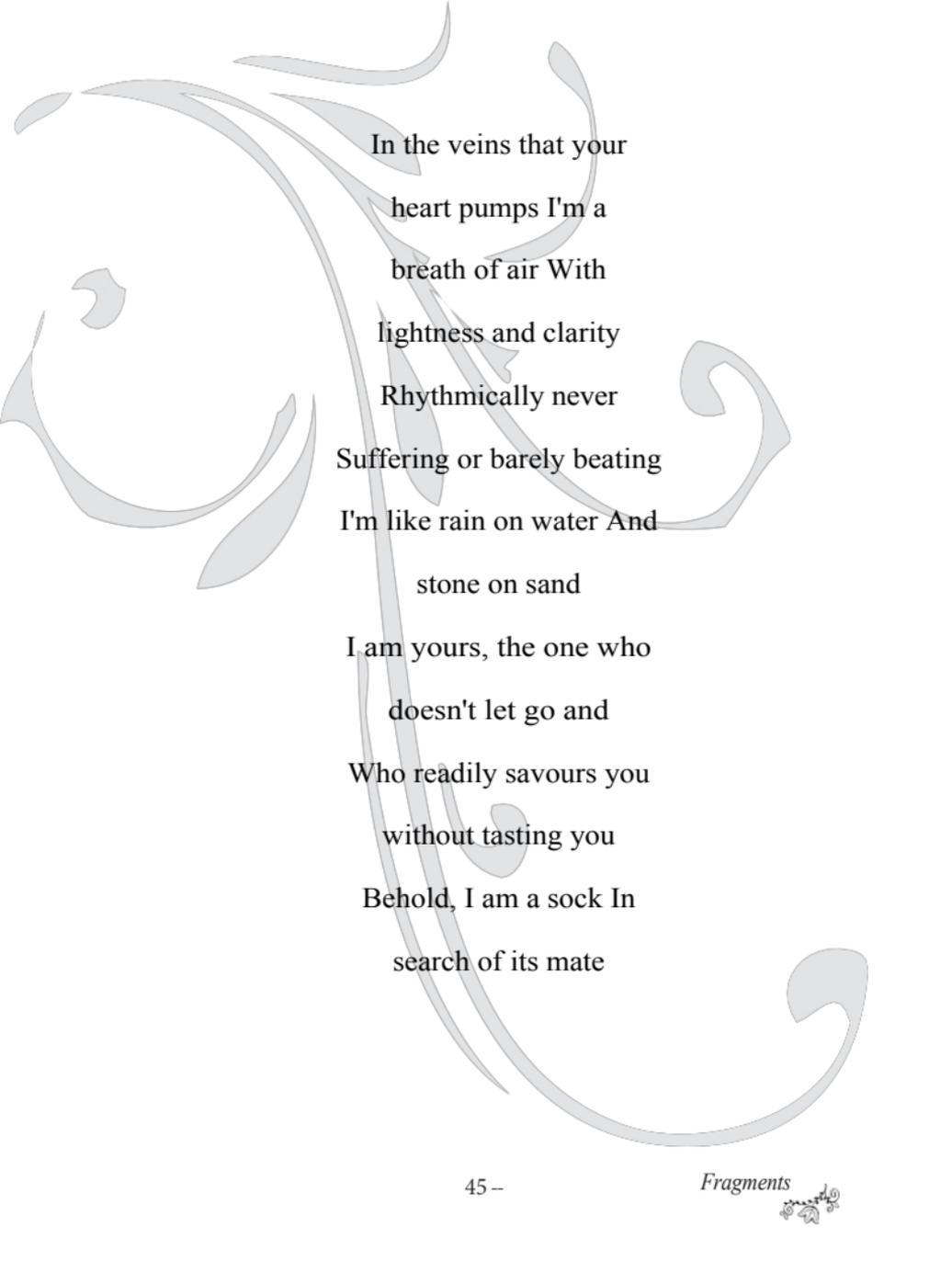
Of pure and raw illusion, of the most eternal



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

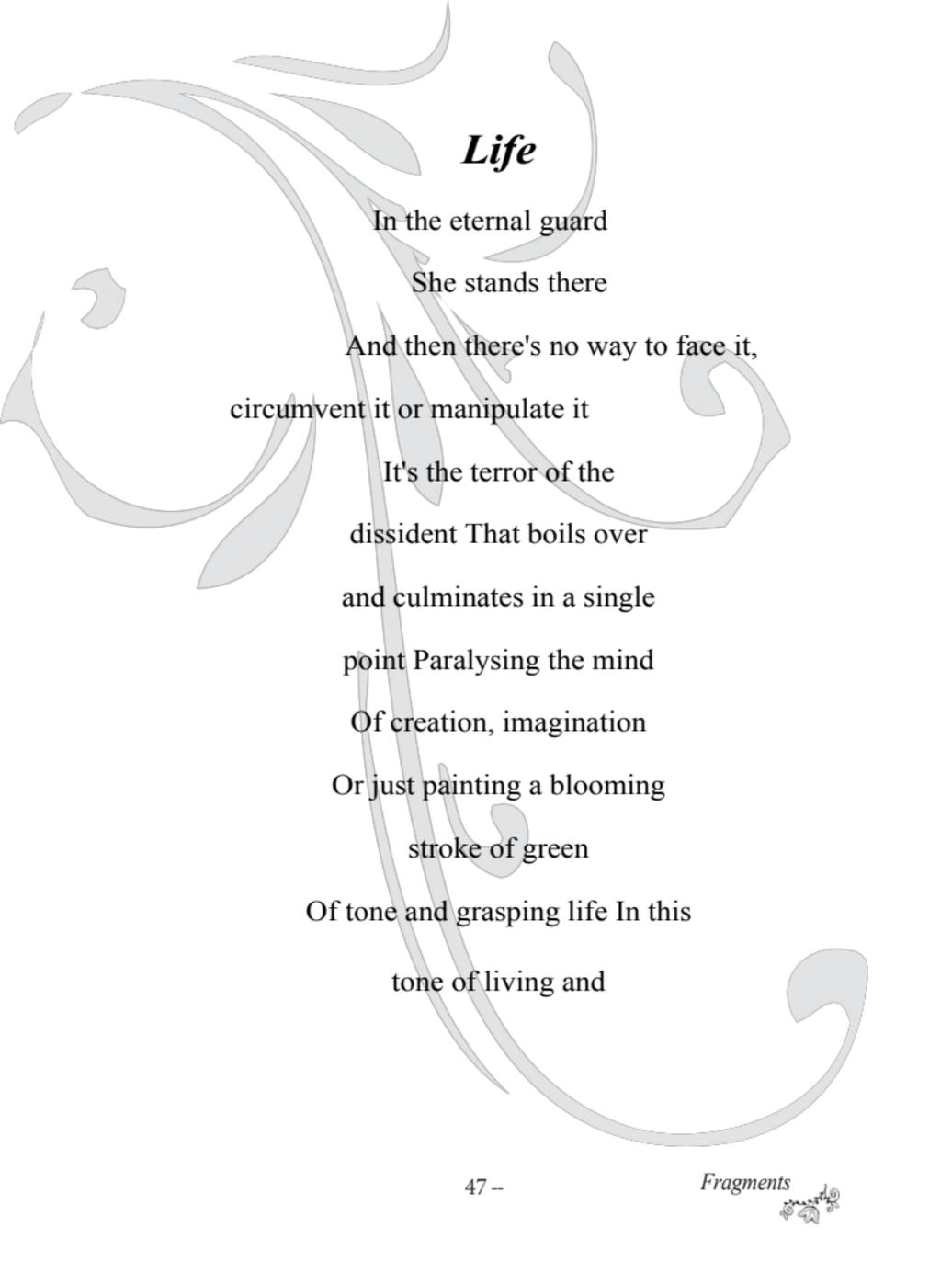


In the veins that your  
heart pumps I'm a  
breath of air With  
lightness and clarity  
Rhythmically never  
Suffering or barely beating  
I'm like rain on water And  
stone on sand

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 Paralyzing the mind

Of creation, imagination

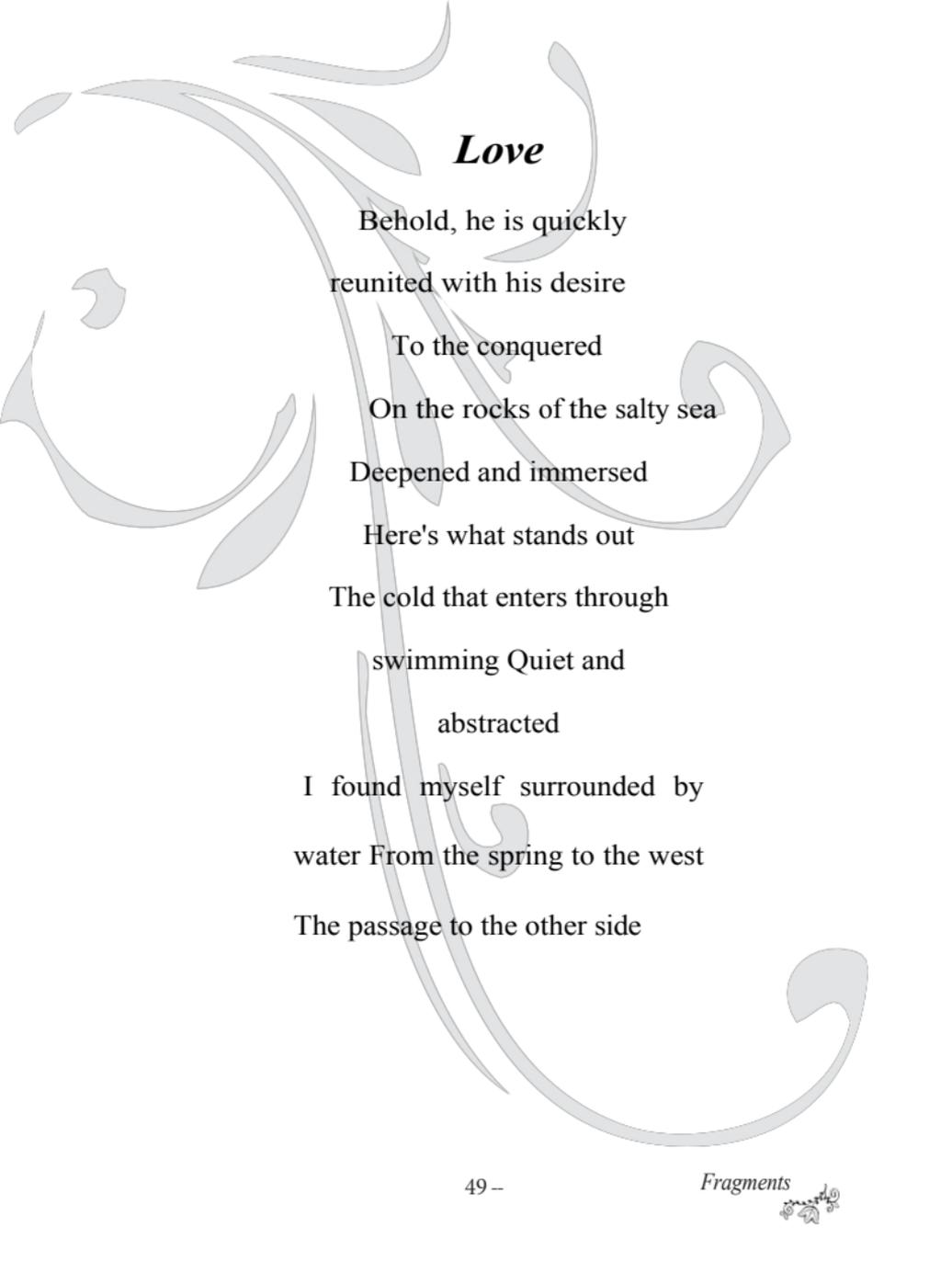
Or just painting a blooming  
stroke of green

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

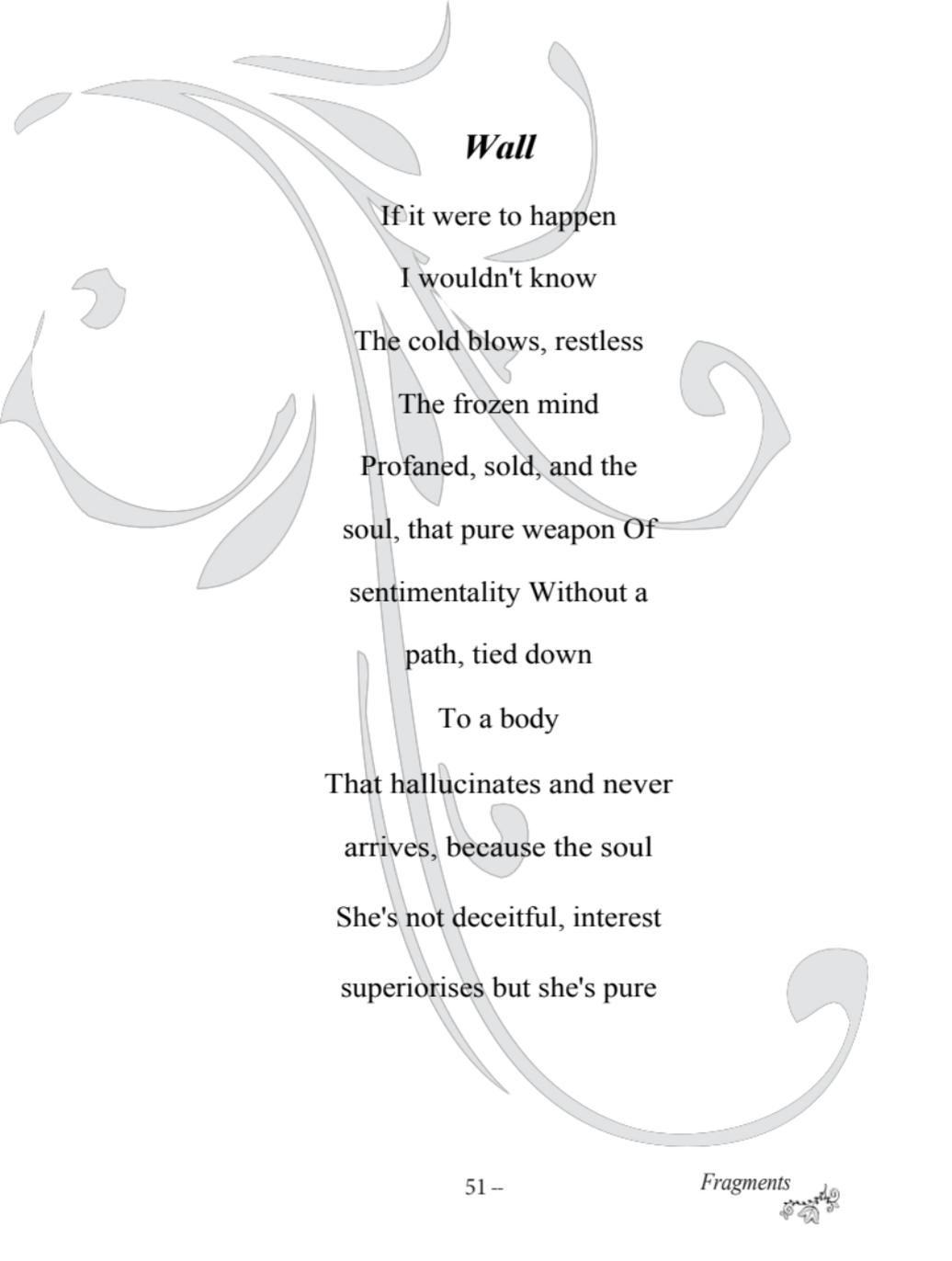
The passage to the other side



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*

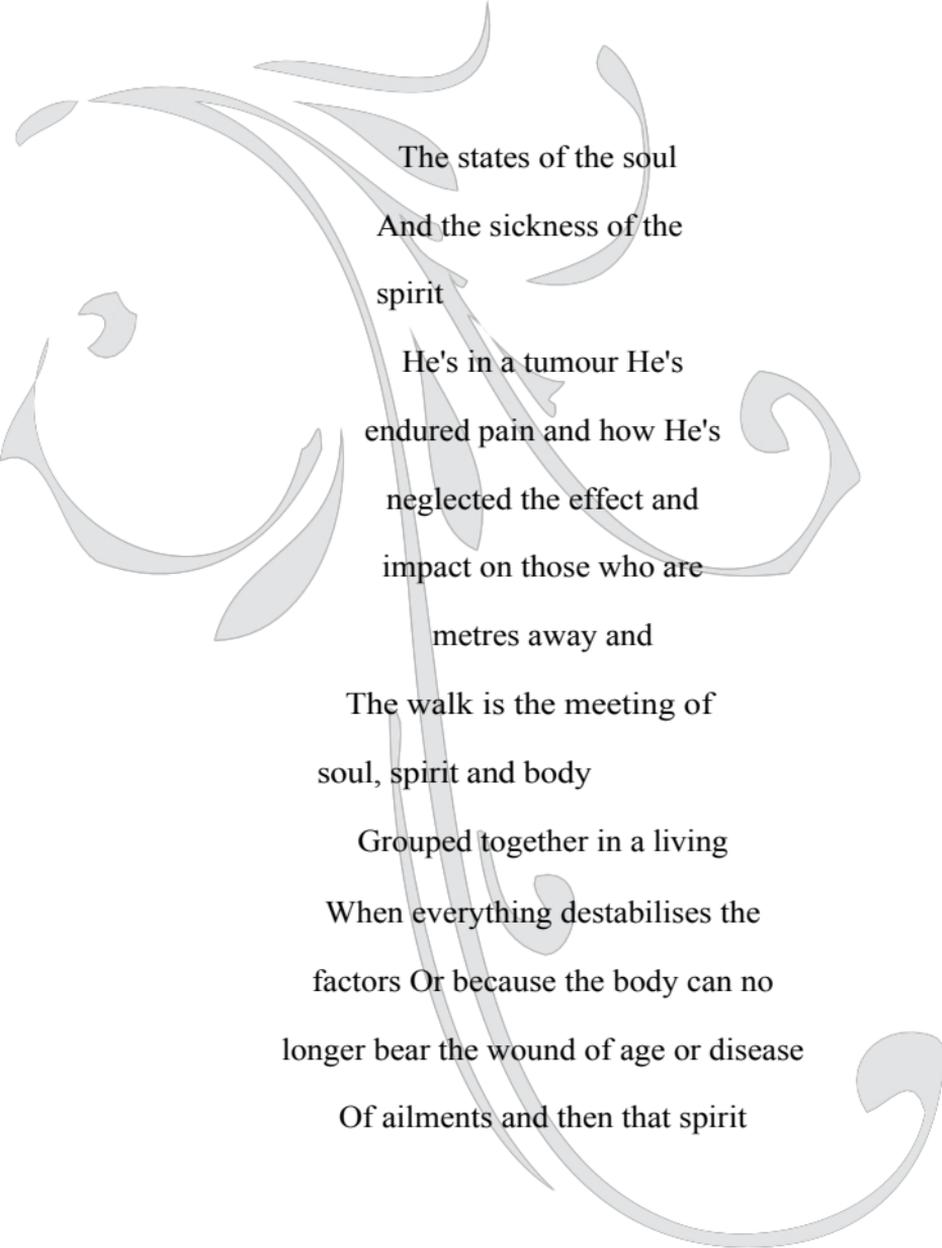
If it were to happen  
I wouldn't know  
The cold blows, restless  
The frozen mind  
Profaned, sold, and the  
soul, that pure weapon Of  
sentimentality Without a  
path, tied down  
To a body  
That hallucinates and never  
arrives, because the soul  
She's not deceitful, interest  
superiorises but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



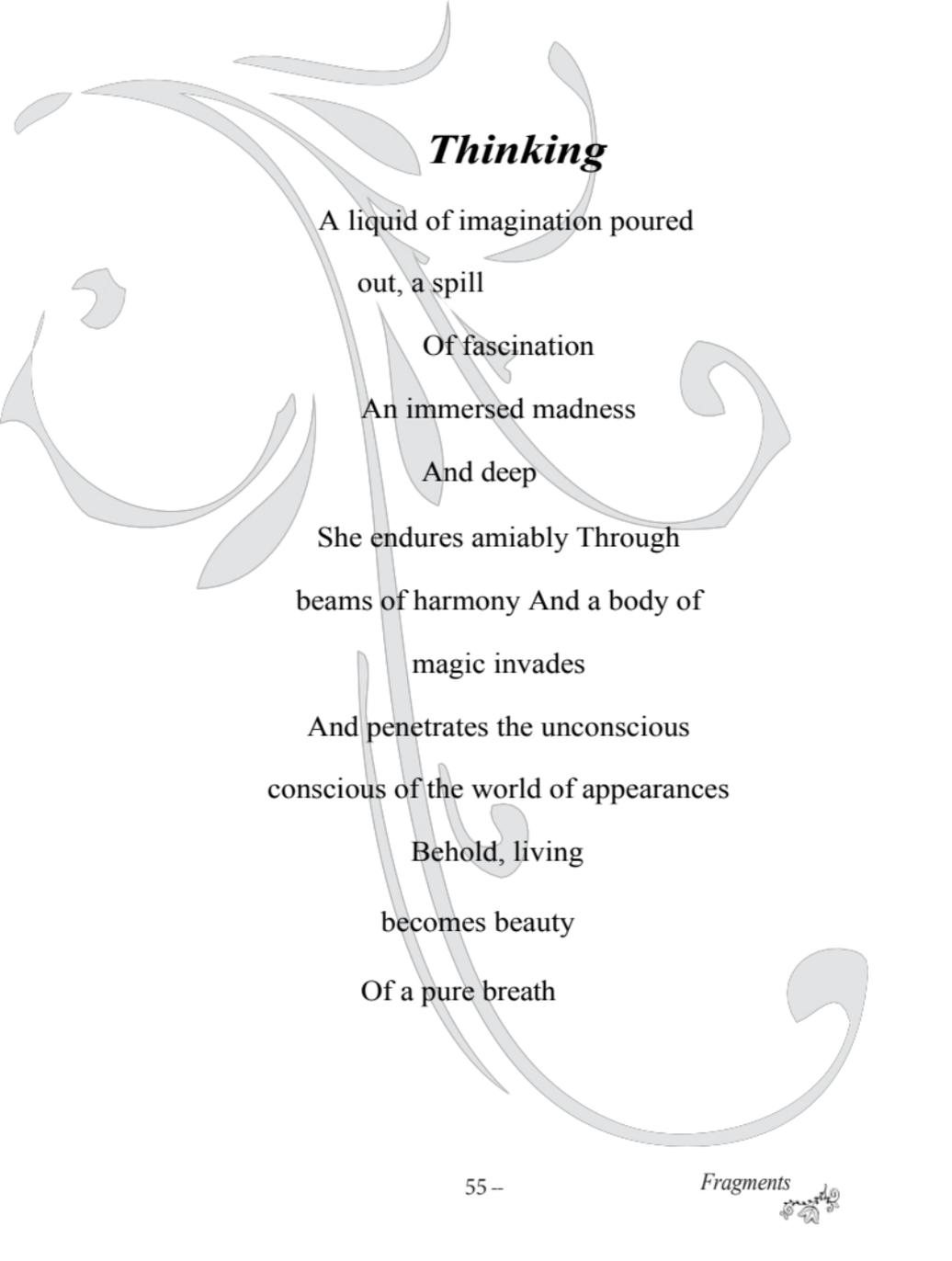
The states of the soul  
And the sickness of the  
spirit

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

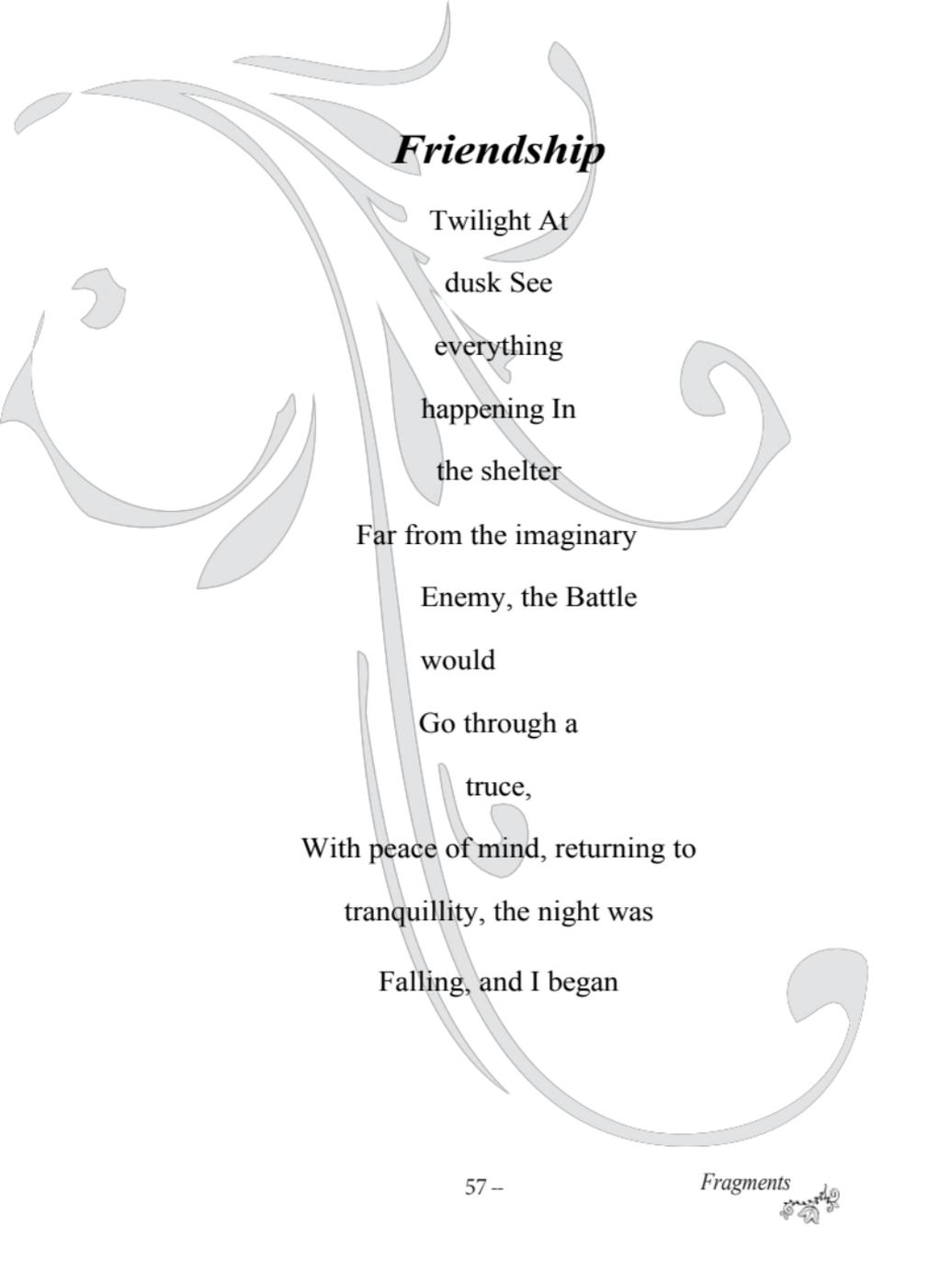
And penetrates the unconscious  
conscious of the world of appearances

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

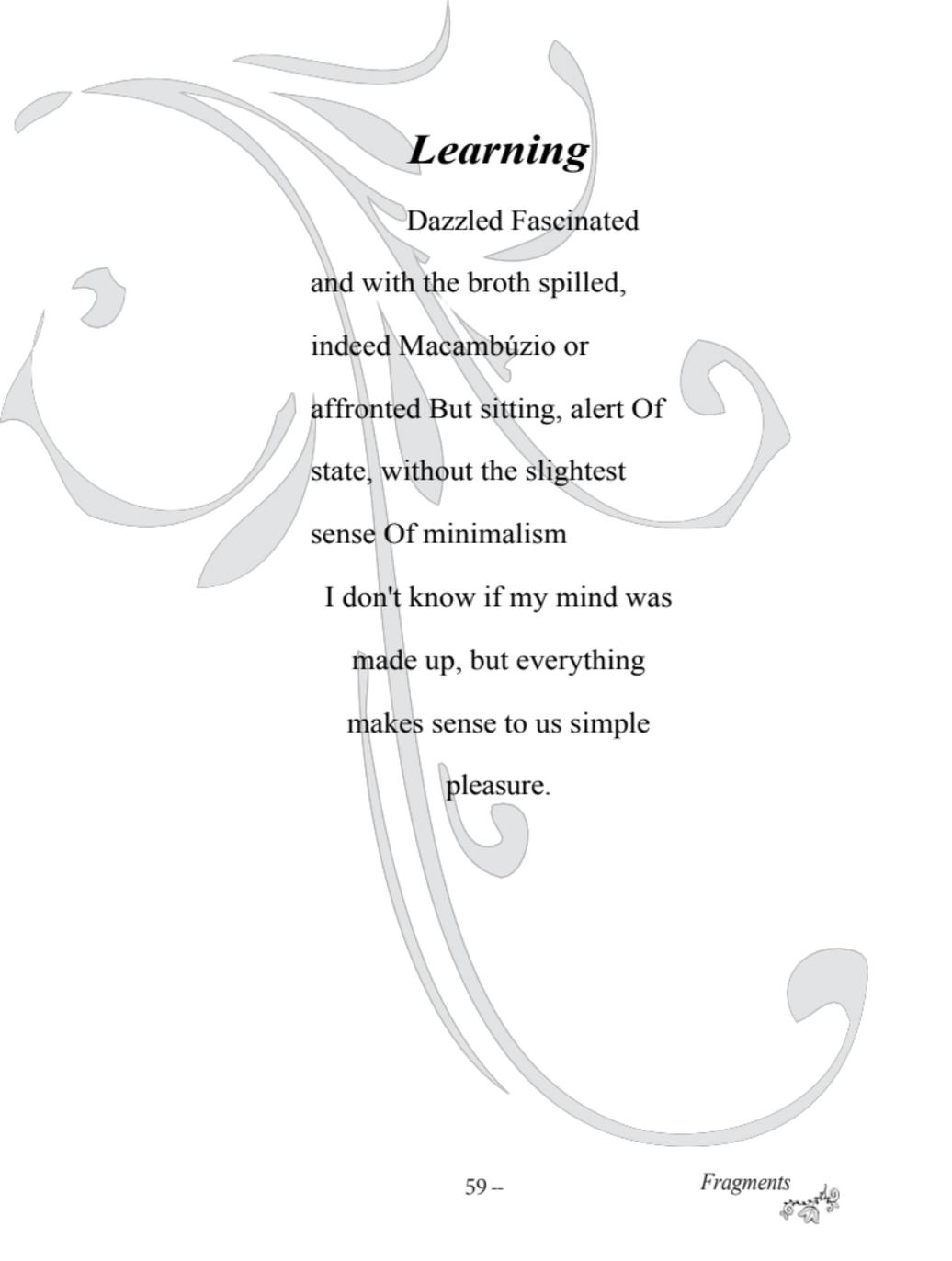
Go through a  
truce,

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

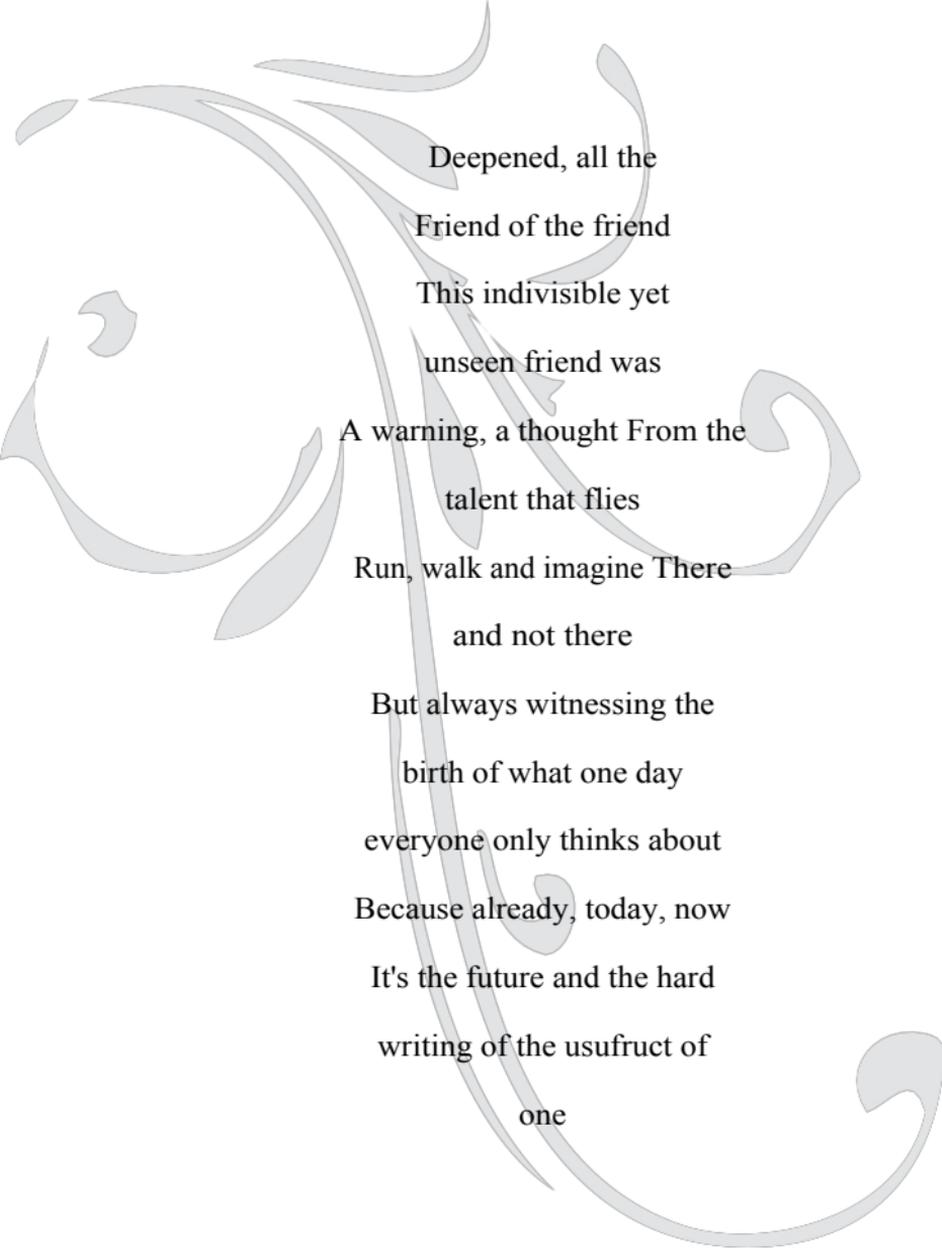


## *Learning*

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

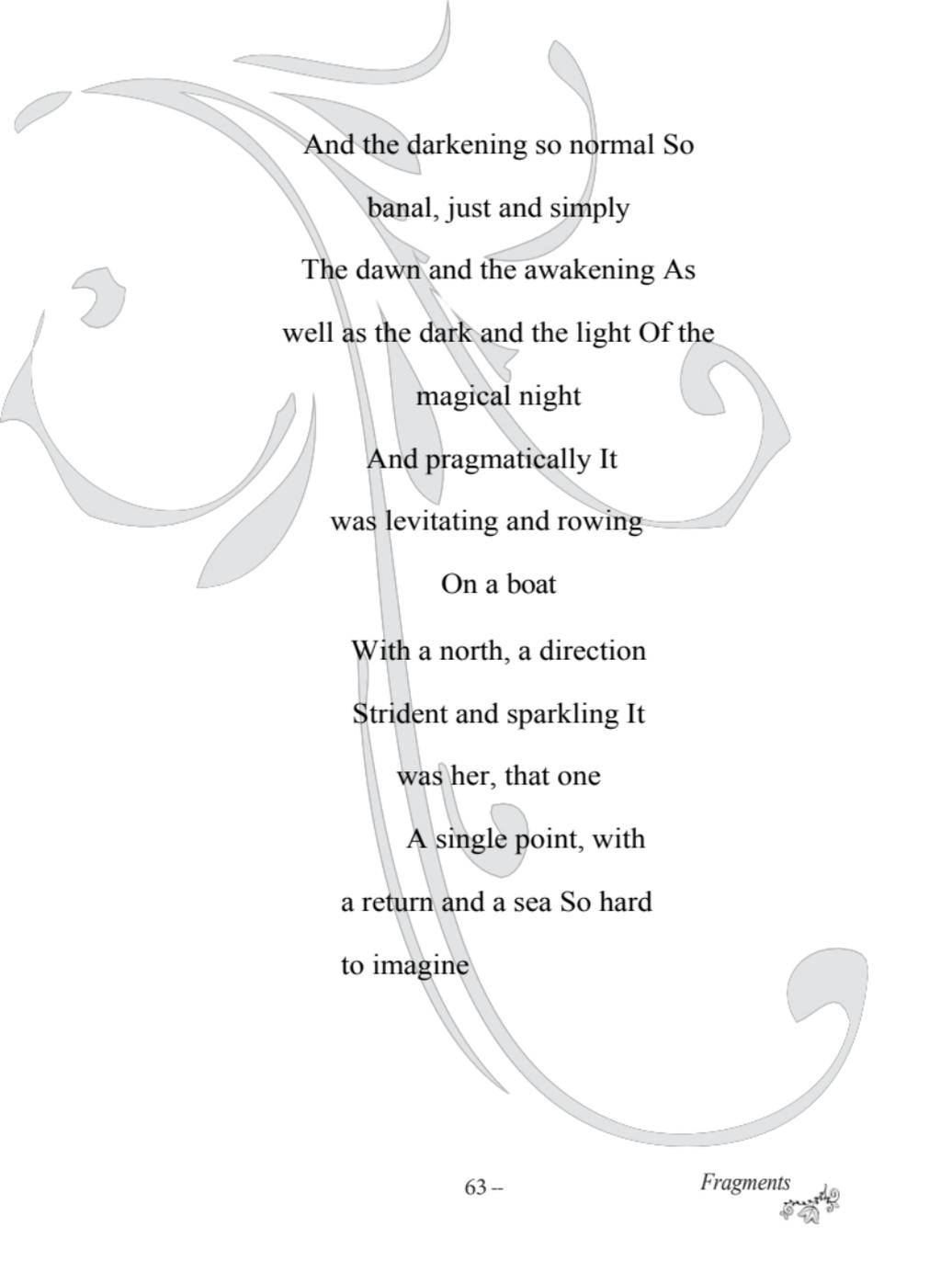
Preferably on time

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

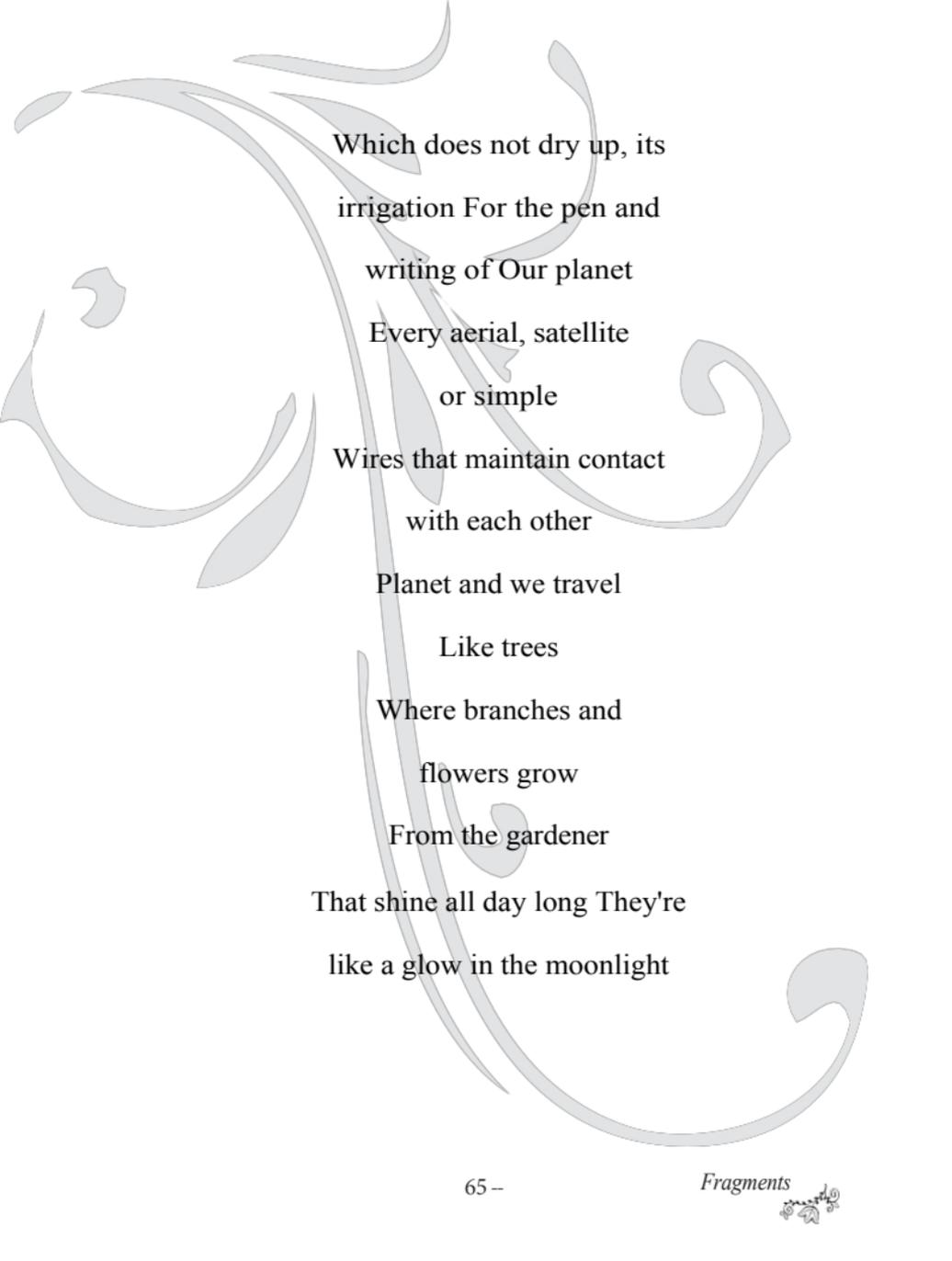
It was immense and  
tremendous Fury of the  
oceans

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

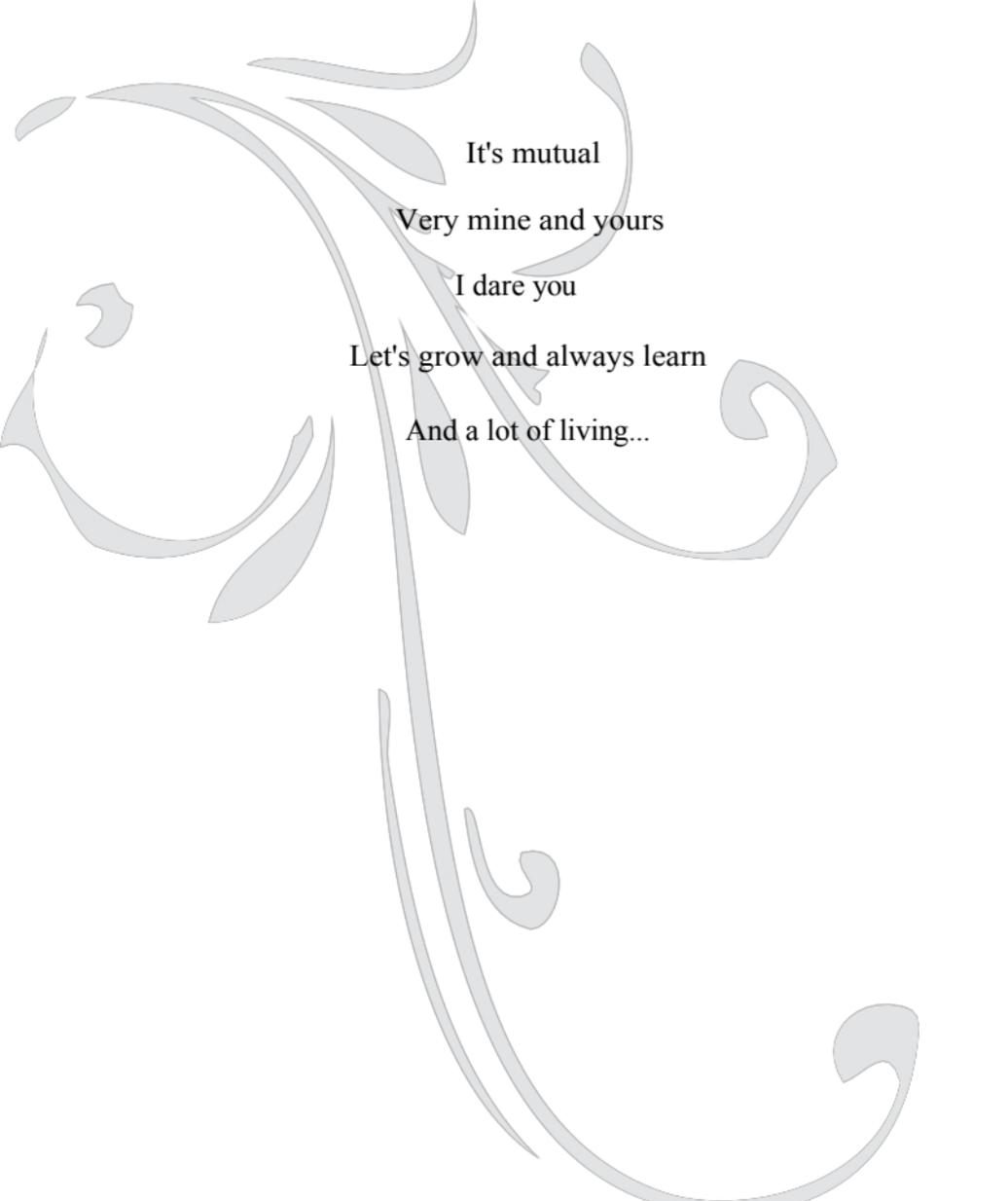
One more jump, one more leap To  
see a kid born and above all

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

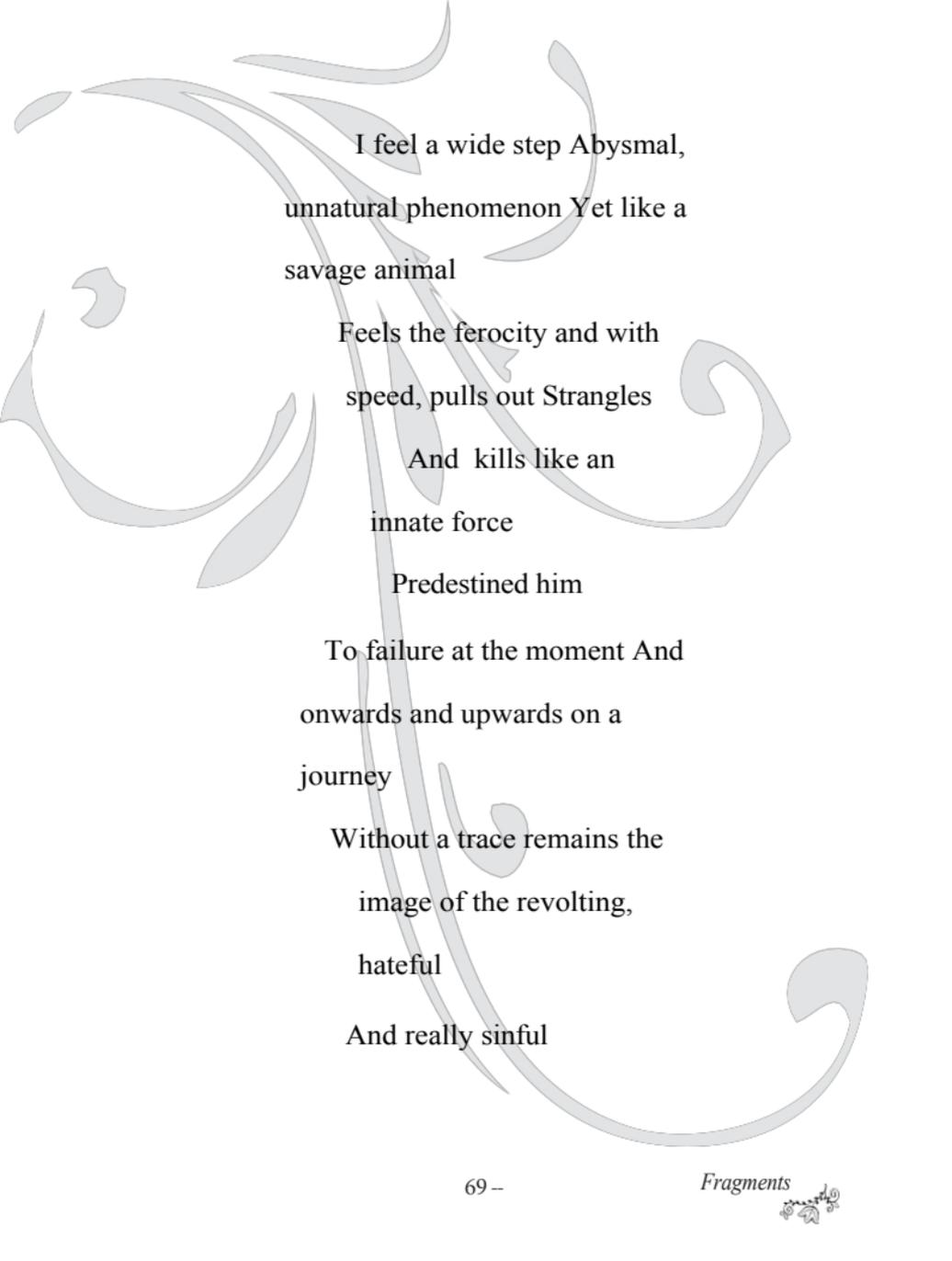
I'd like to be real With an  
always loyal demeanour But  
like a sad clown

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

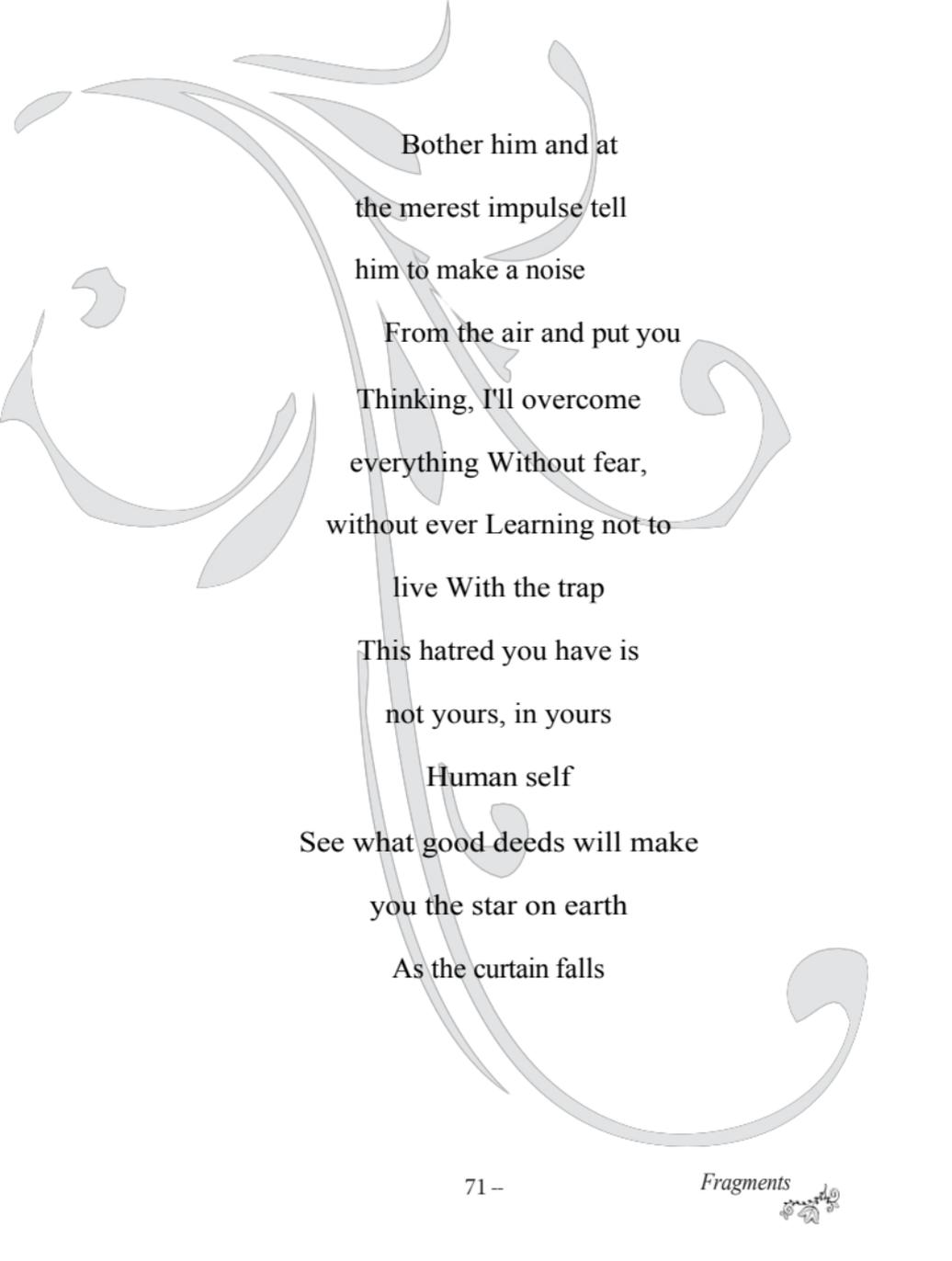
To failure at the moment And  
onwards and upwards on a  
journey

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

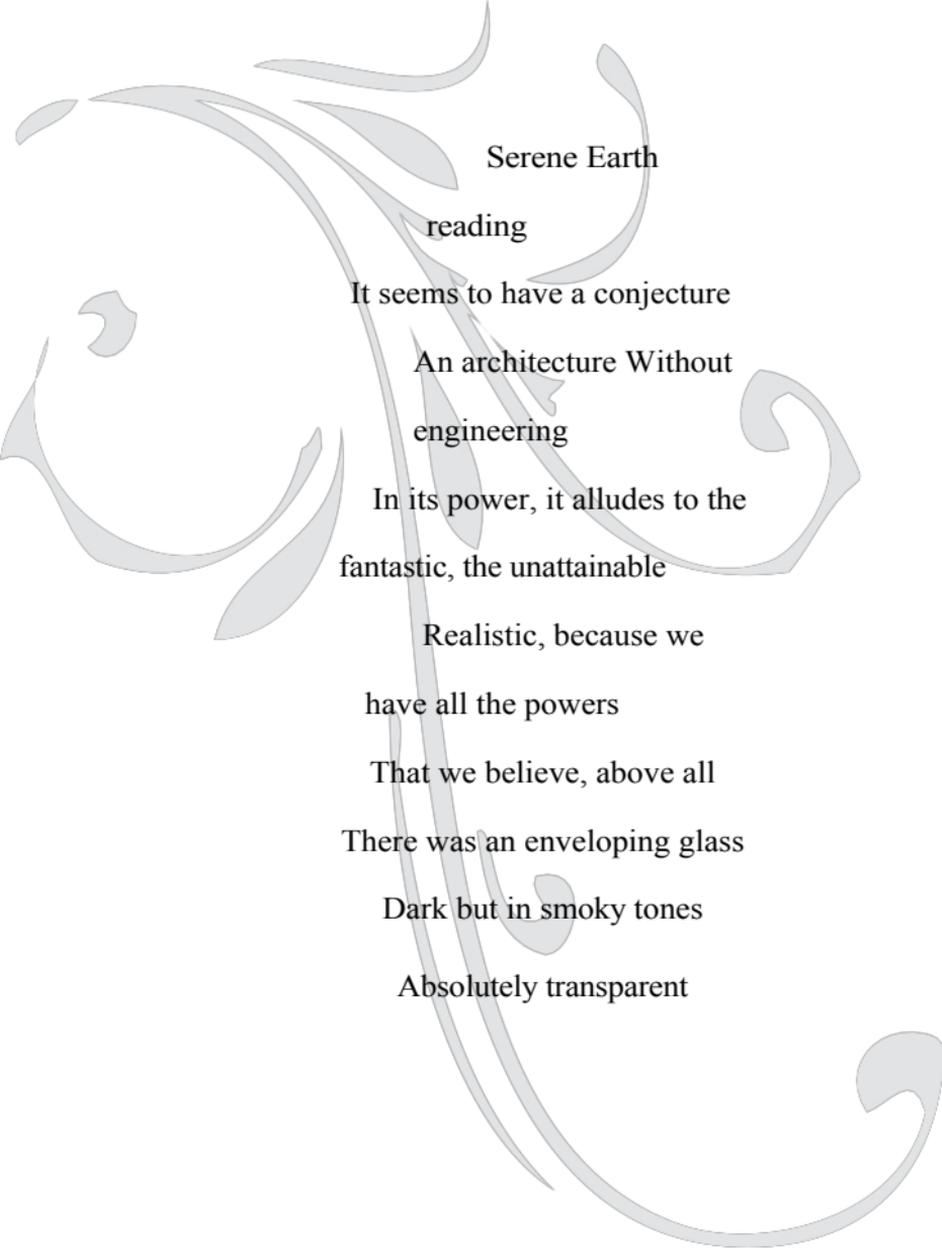
From the air and put you  
Thinking, I'll overcome  
everything Without fear,  
without ever Learning not to  
live With the trap

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

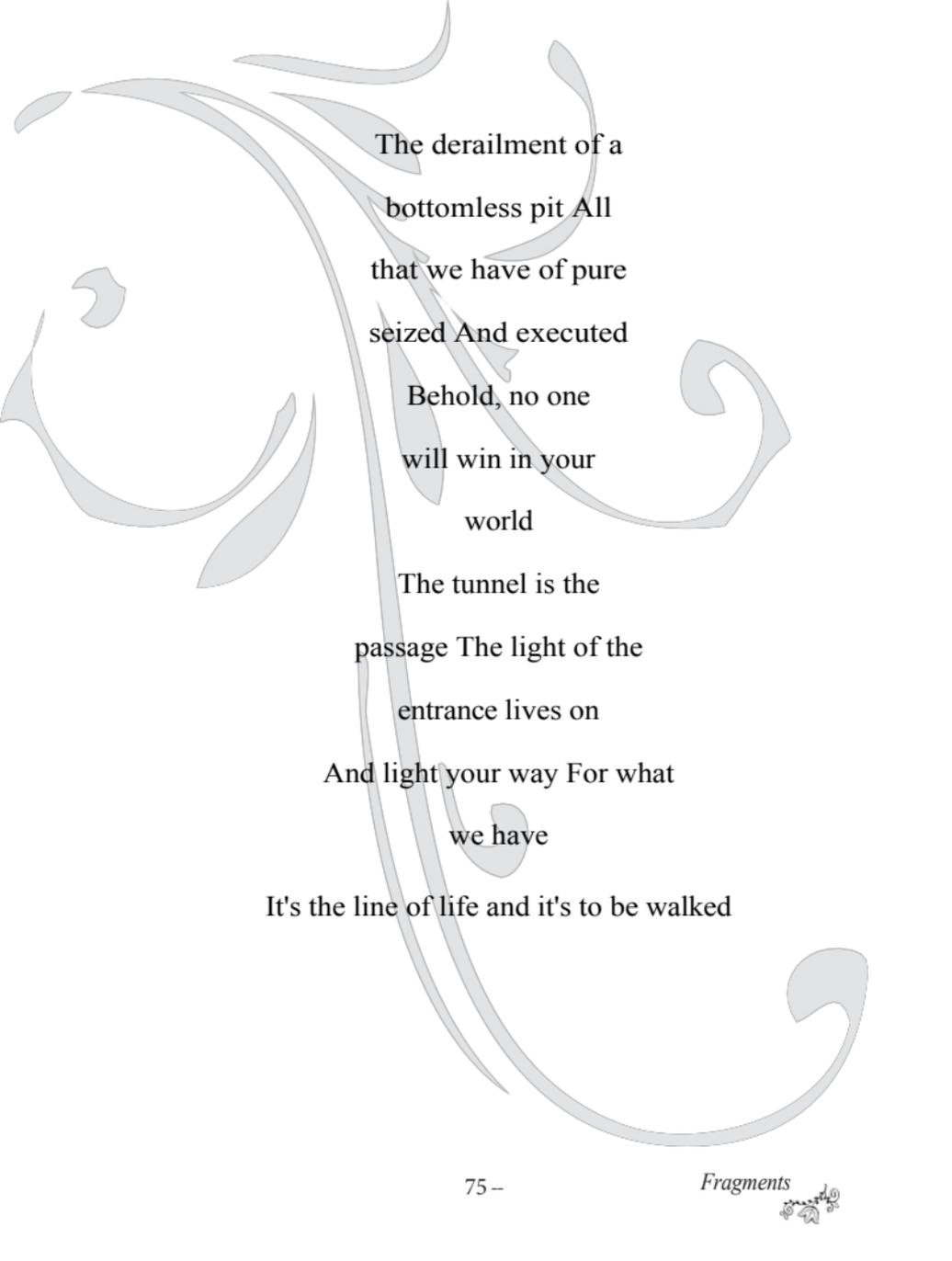
That we believe, above all  
There was an enveloping glass

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

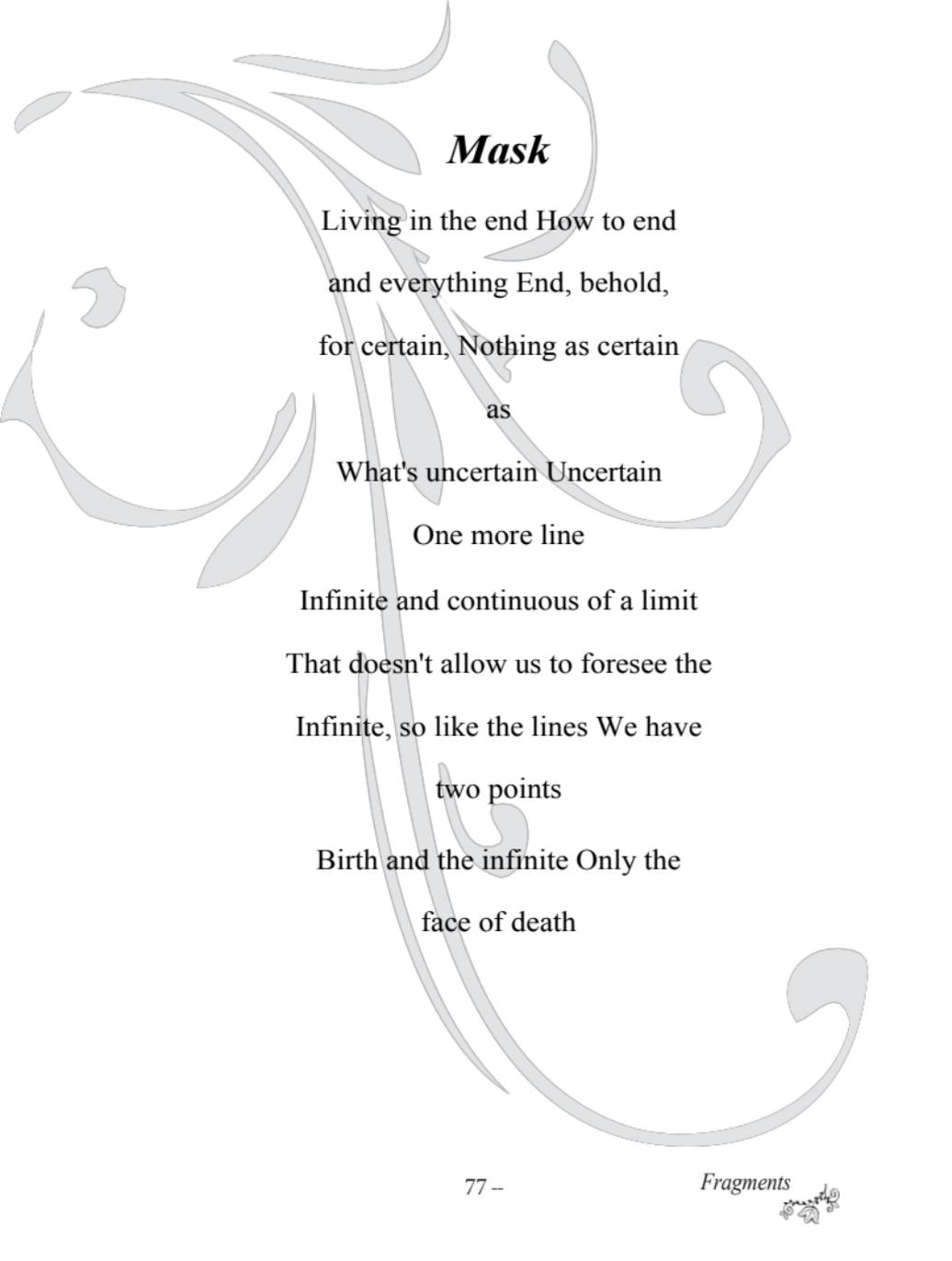
## ***Love Deep***

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

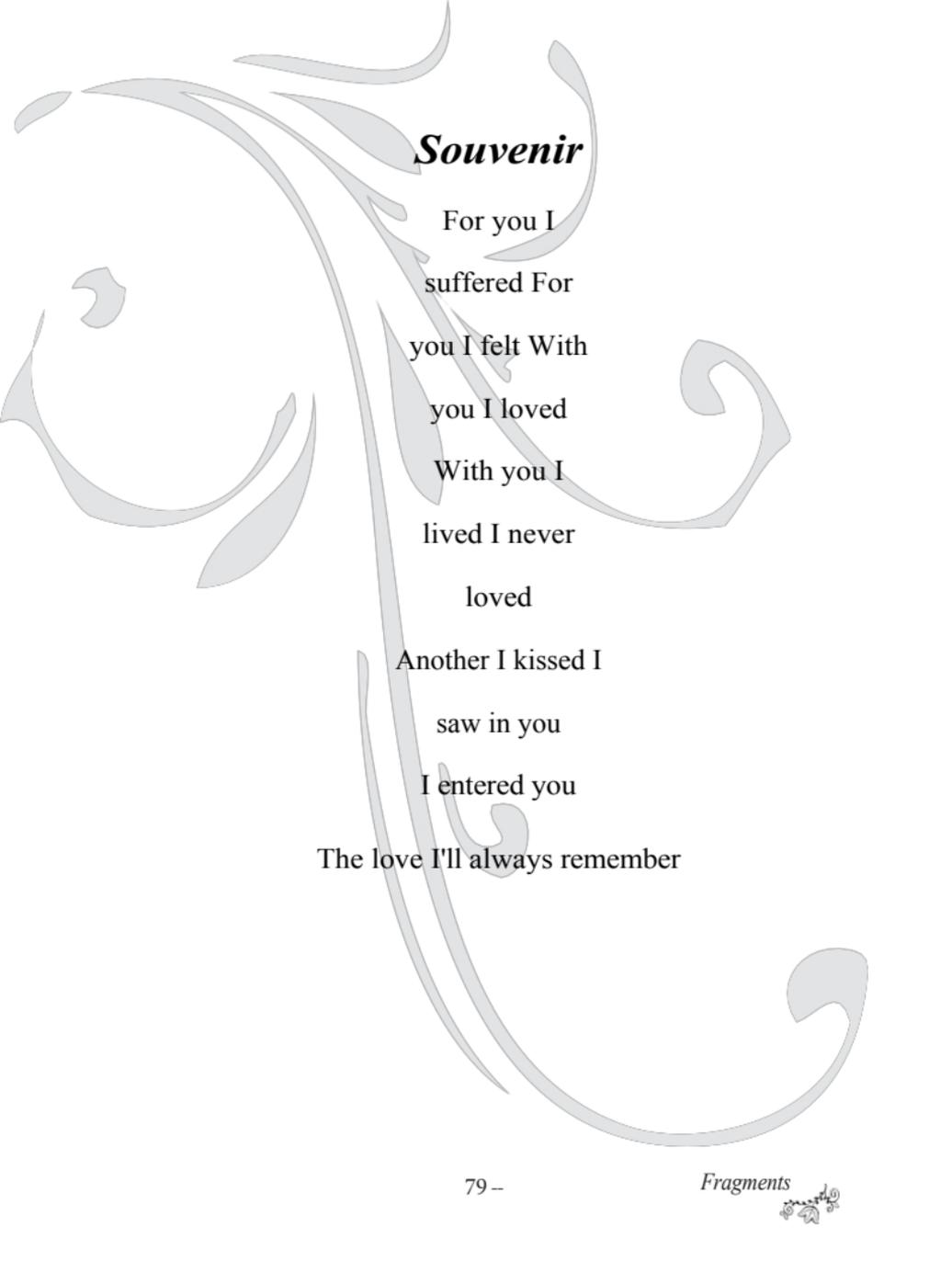
One more line

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

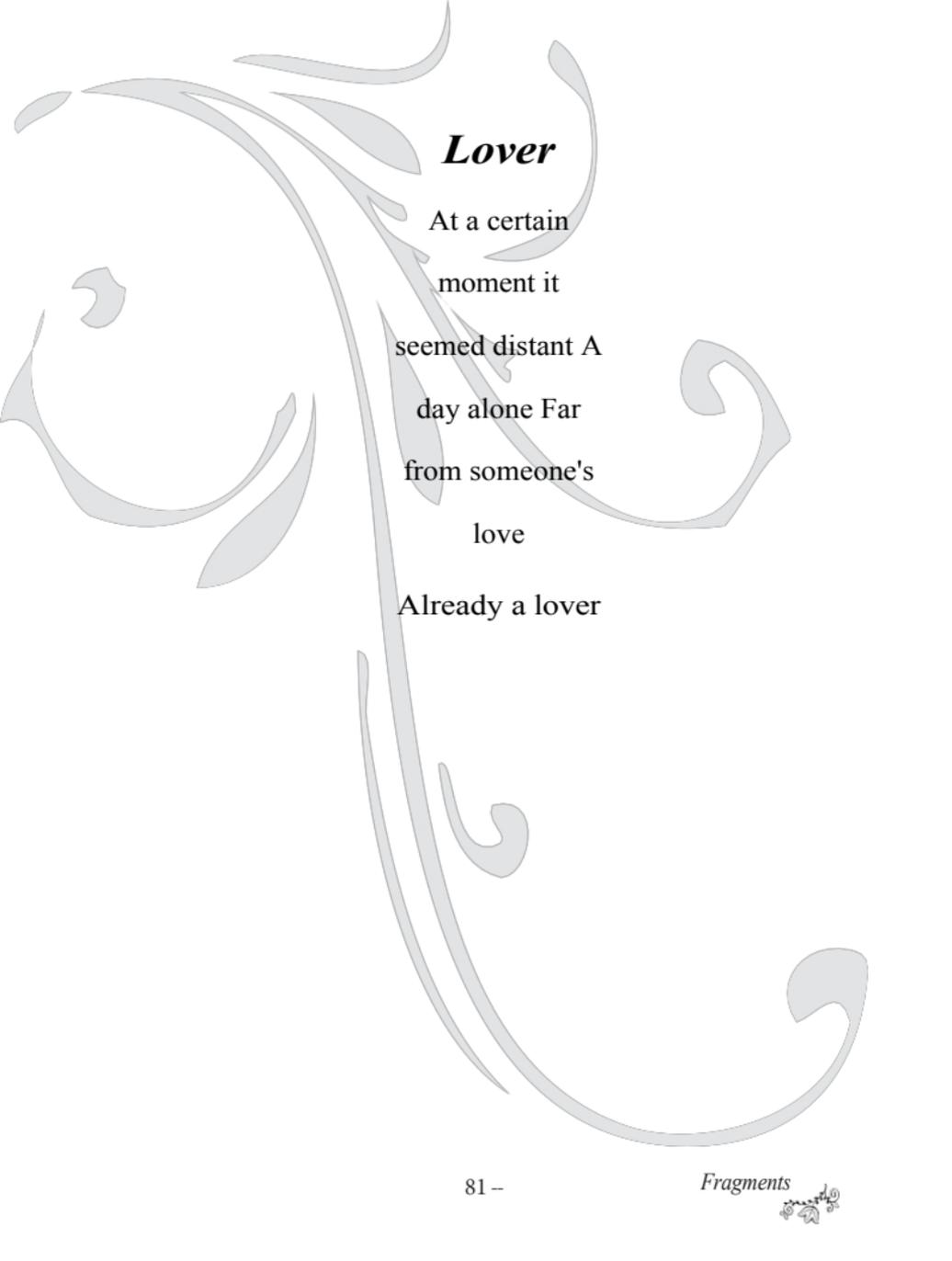


## *Souvenir*

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

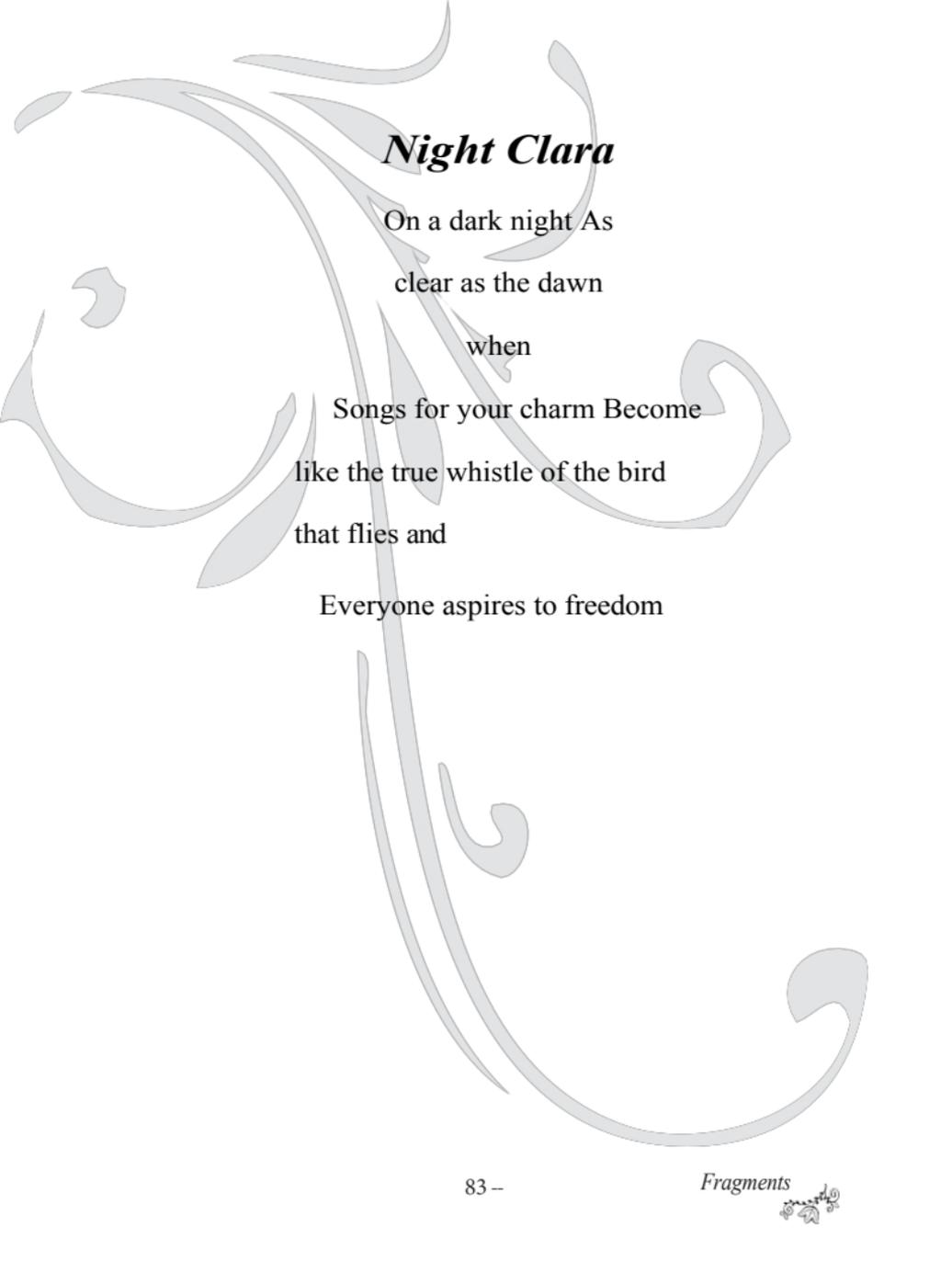


## *Reflections*

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

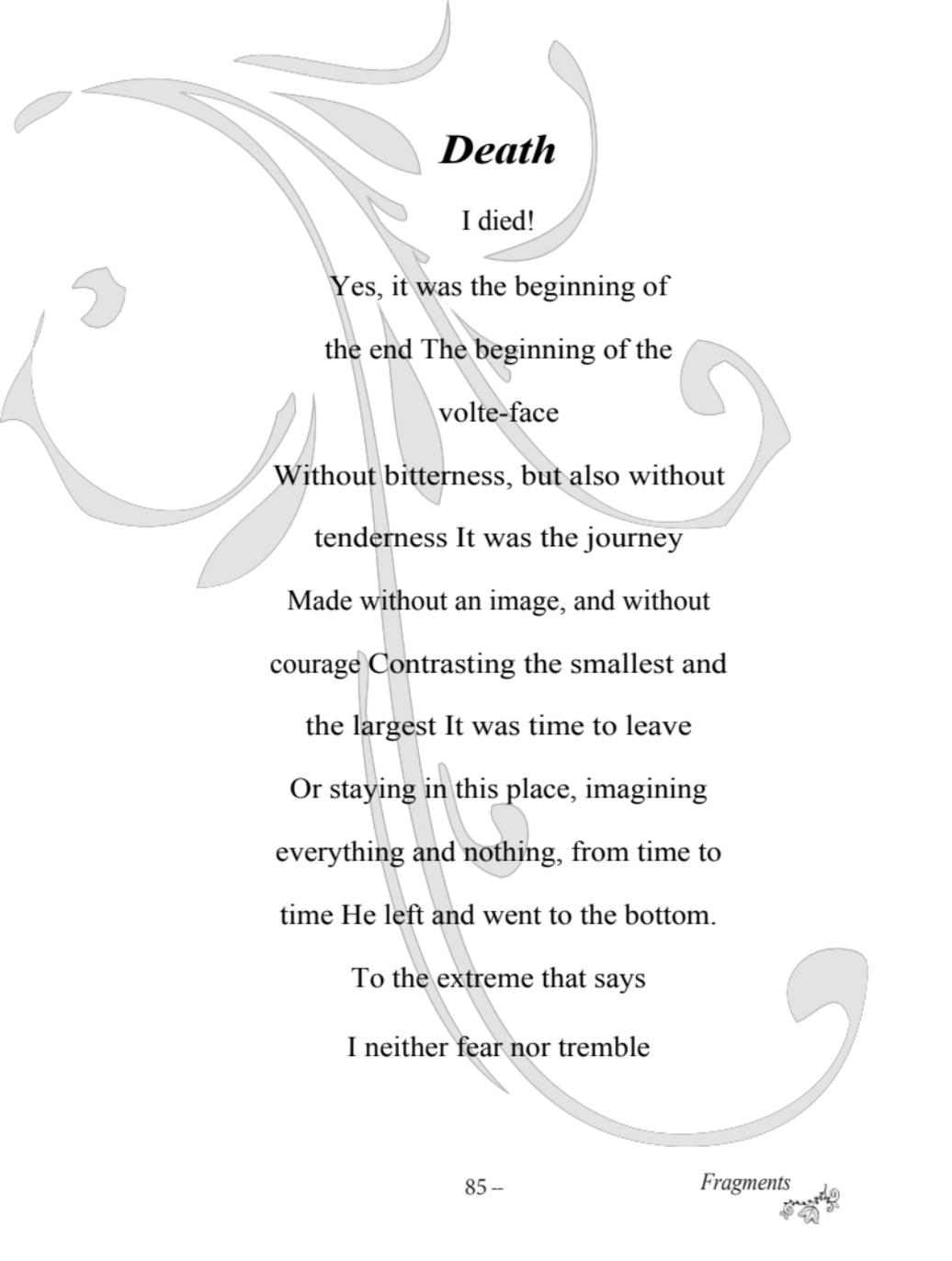
Songs for your charm Become  
like the true whistle of the bird  
that flies and

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

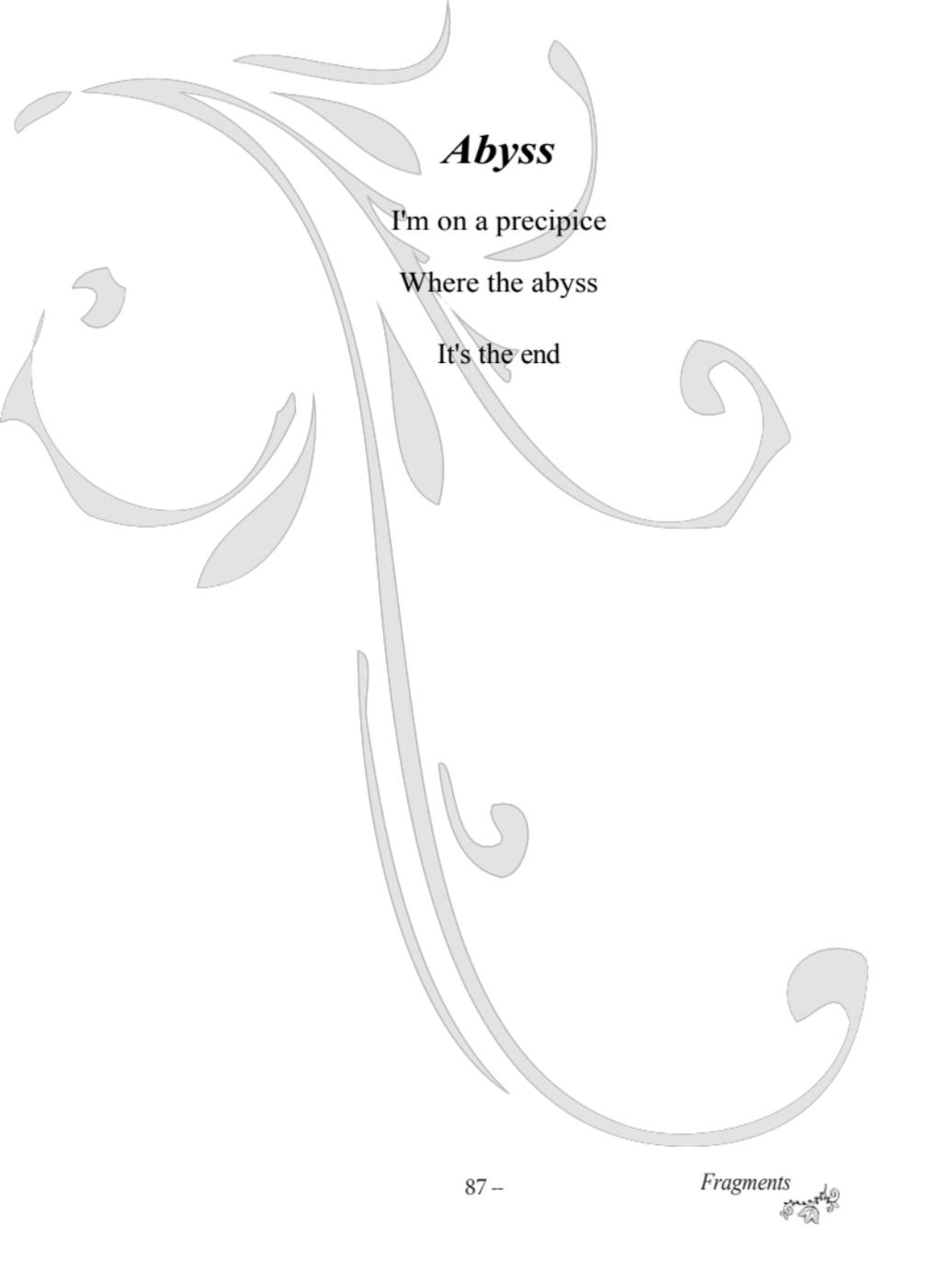
Or staying in this place, imagining  
everything and nothing, from time to  
time He left and went to the bottom.

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

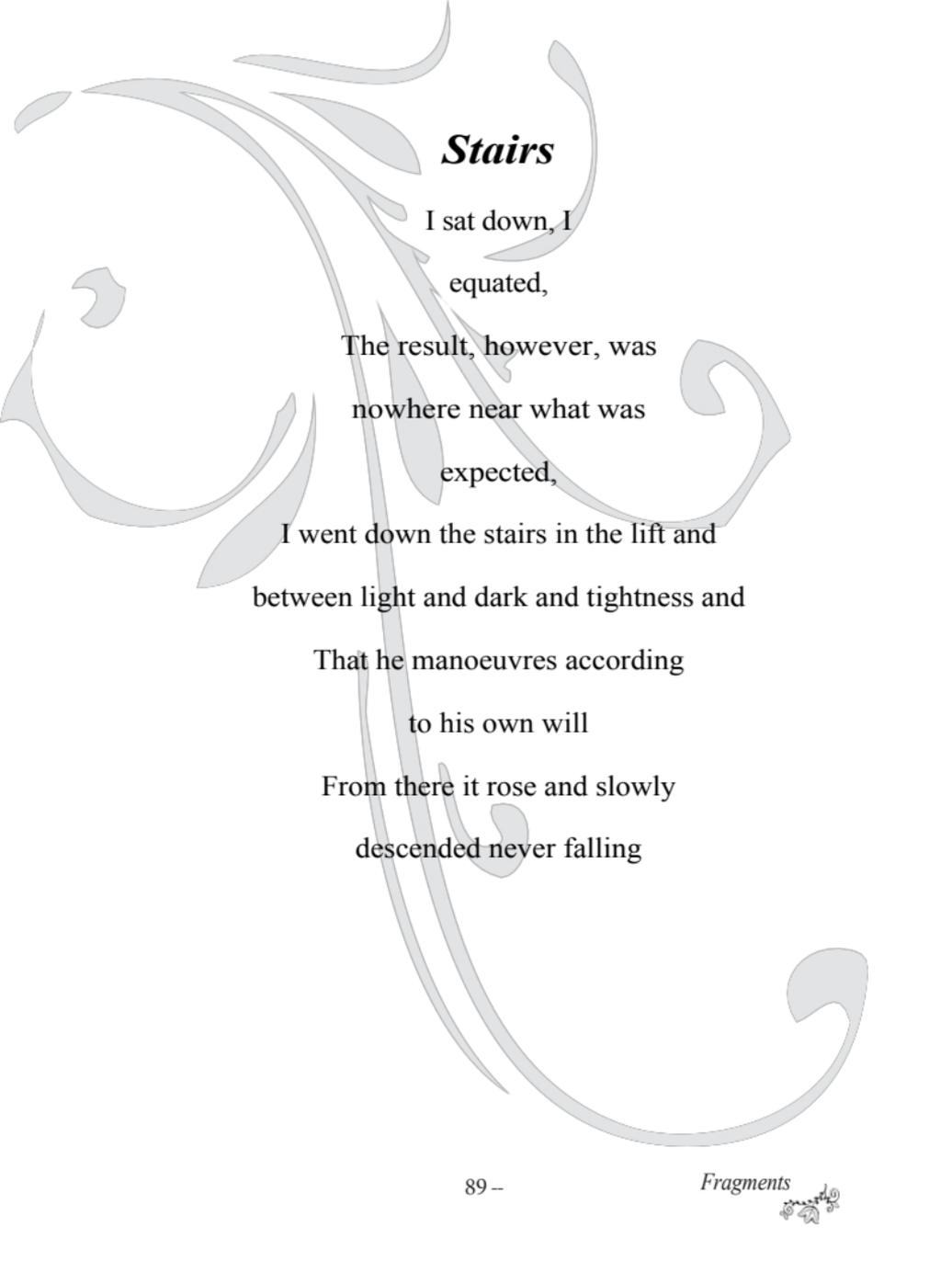
Anxiety varies with age, although we

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

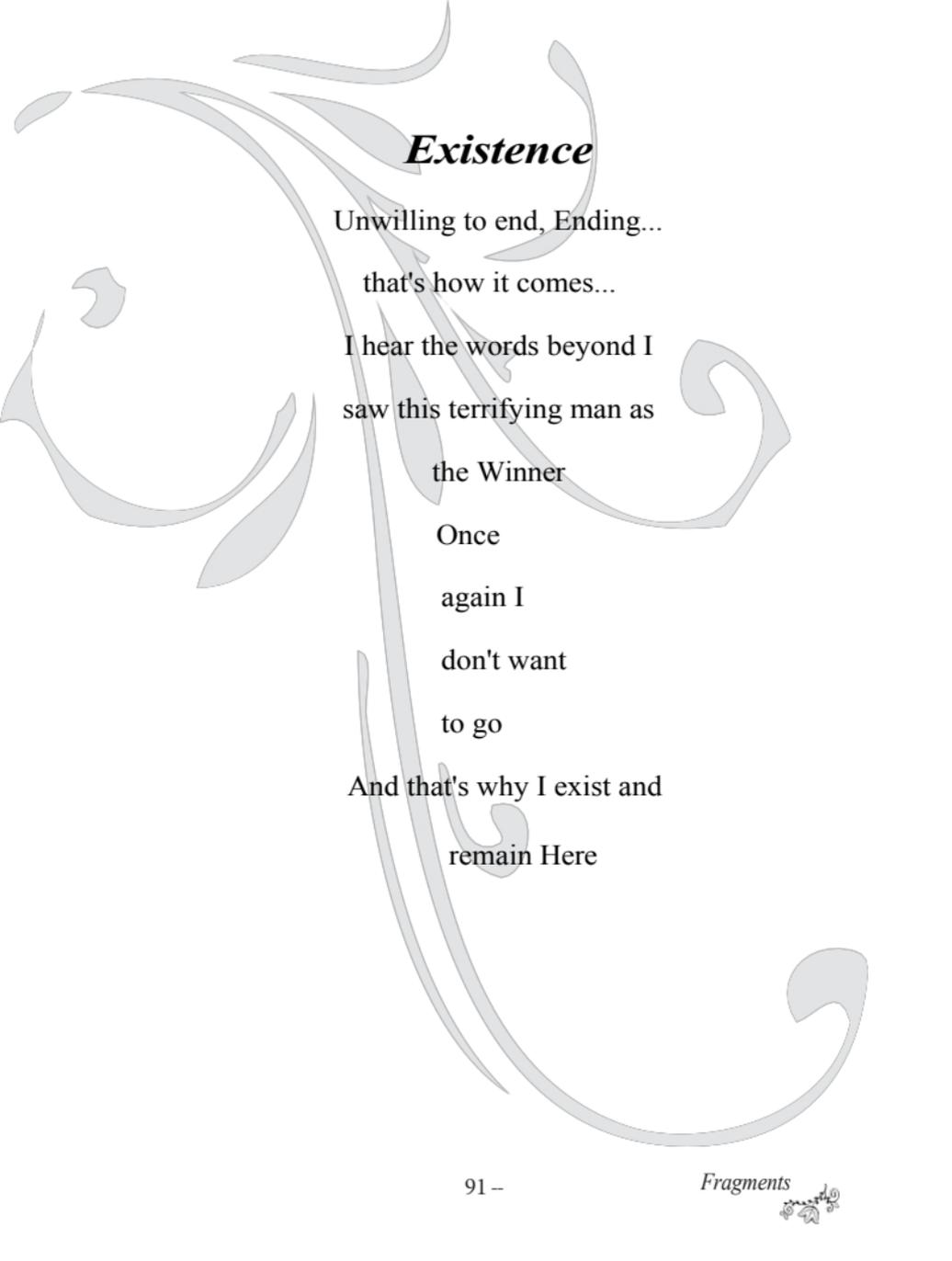
A swig from the

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

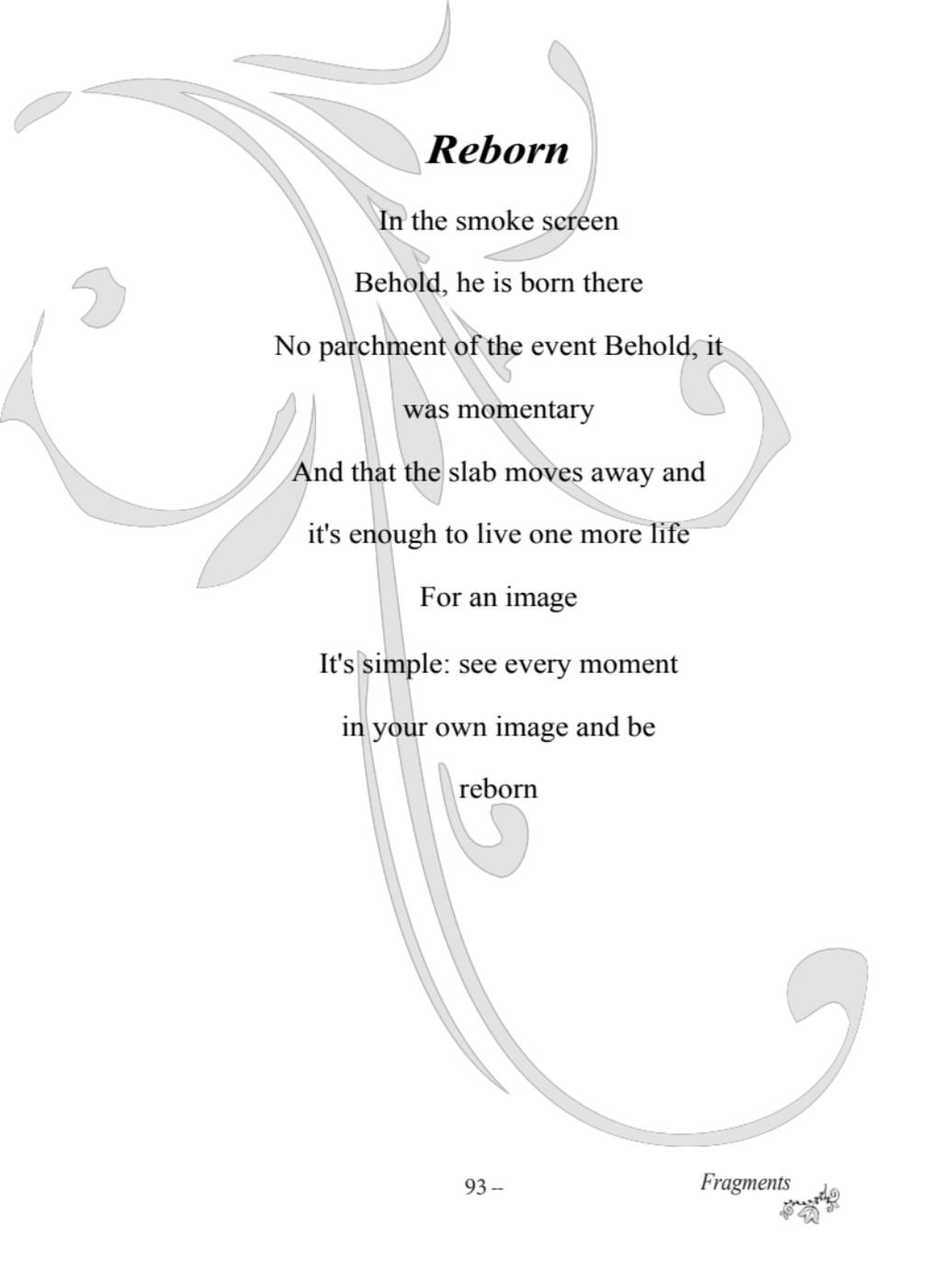
remain Here



## *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

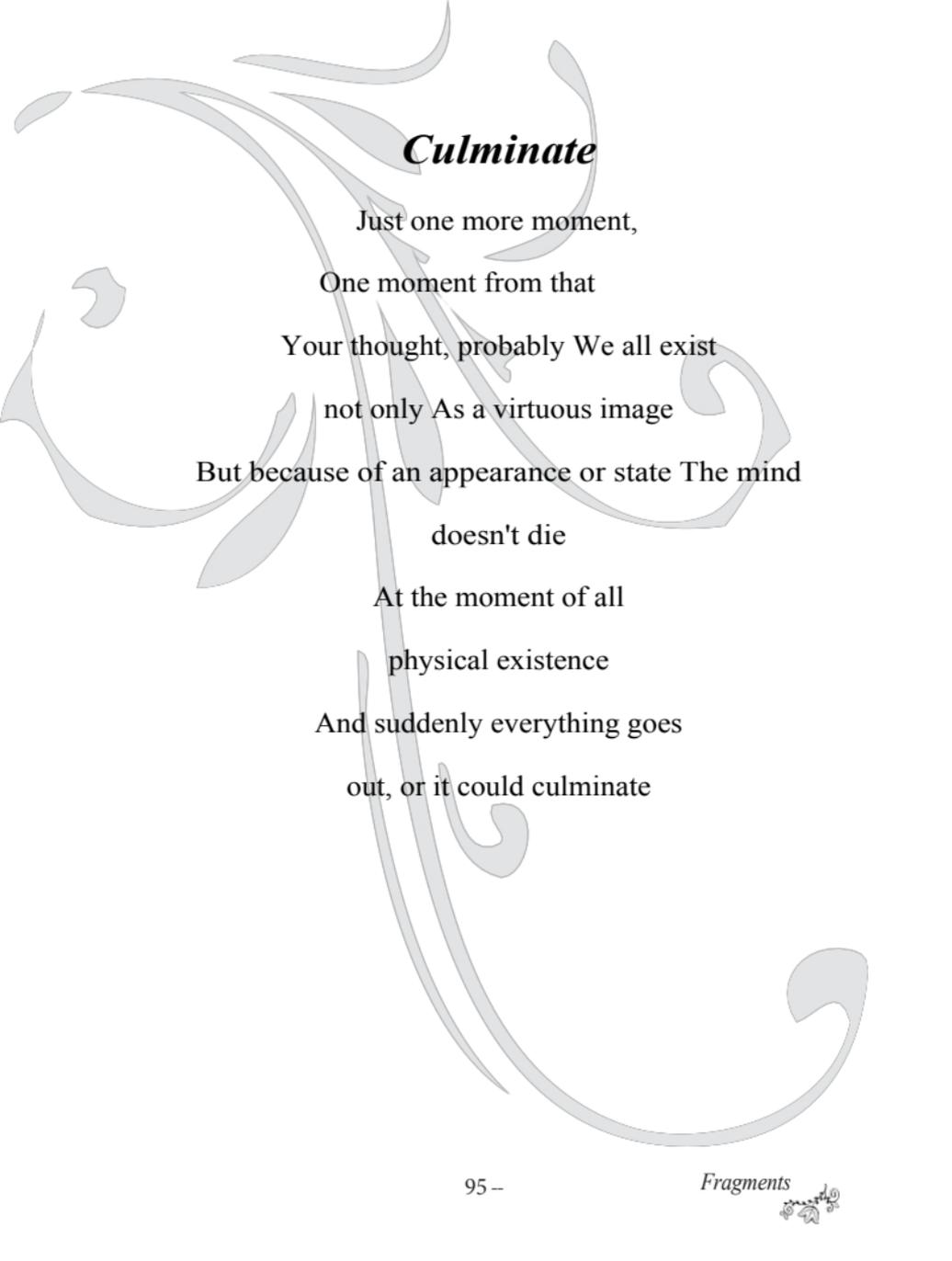
in your own image and be

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

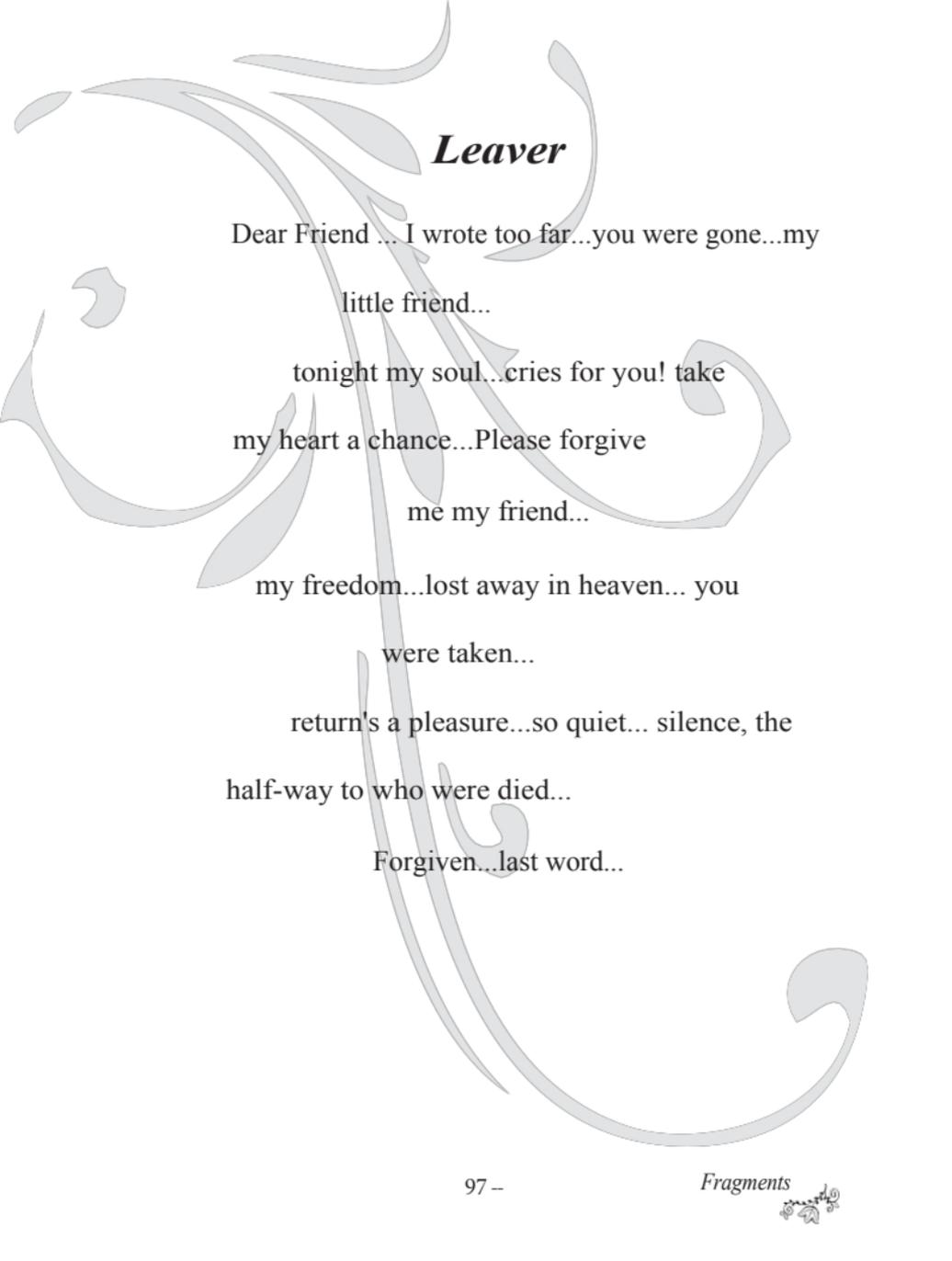
living

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...

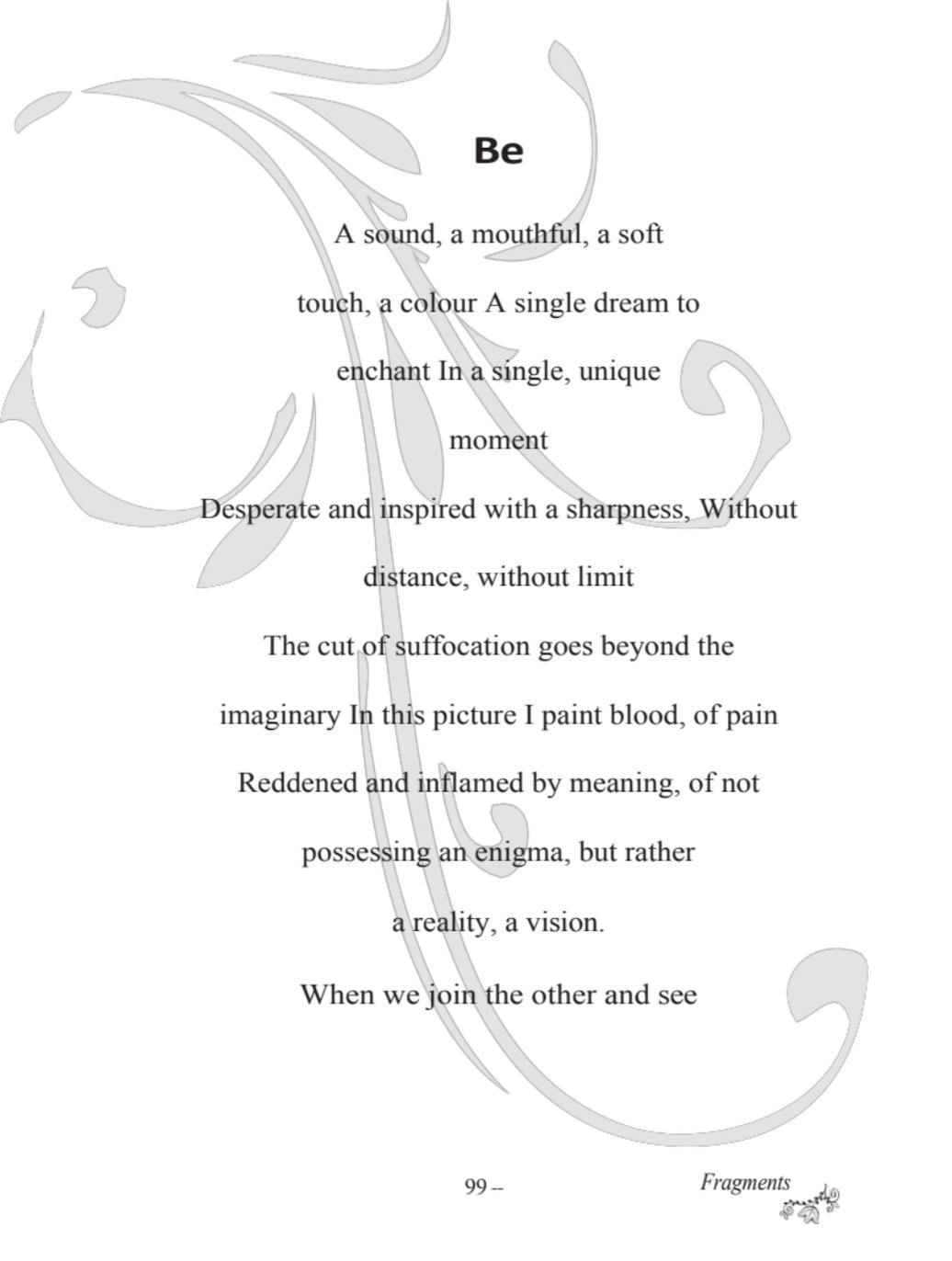
return's a pleasure...so quiet... silence, the  
half-way to who were died...

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

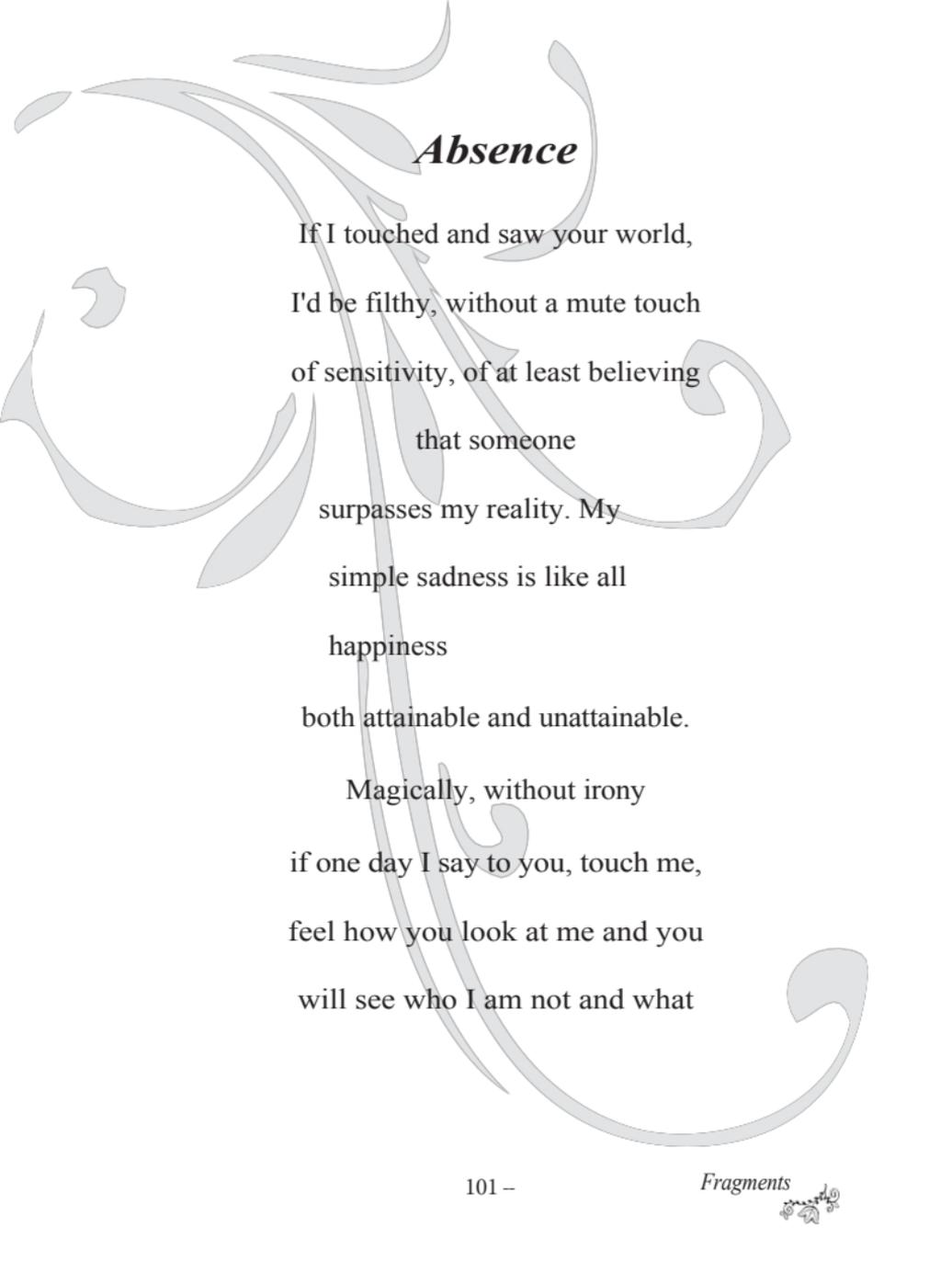
united, of a

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...



