

PΘETRY BΘΘKII

Pedro Massaroni





Poetry Book II

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13: Madman

Part One: Civilization at lunch

19/7/17 (I)

Commune

When the property is taken...

The reasons couldn't handle
What the streets have in common with the trees
The hands of the people conjoined the final face, and
yeah it does have a mustache, yeah it is in the rain-
bow, but
also is dirty and broken
By the hands that got burned in the fire

That semblance of distance from power
that non-stop is exceeding the days, it arrived
at the end of what's yours and mine, but
without caring about its control, to myself
it keeps following me, in every step

The people will join with other skins
The walls will not know what to hear, like
they will not hear more than what's told outside
The pillow will stop being personal
The only sheet that there will be tomorrow is ours

New people will appear, new
faces with diverse commitments
They will drive away the divided past
They will succeed adding the traditions of now
If the private property got lost, everyone

would have failed in what we were supposed to do,
but
everyone will have the duty to tell what each one of
us did.

19/7/17 (II)

Transmission

What is told resonates with me
It arrives like a wave from the sea
What was told follows me
Sounds as a kaleidoscopic music
What is told gets accumulated
It let me sleep at the end of the day

What is seen attracts me
Figures that pop up at first sight
What is seen hypnotizes me
Fusion of backgrounds
What is seen gets propagated
Reappearance of the figures.

19/7/17 (III)

Chimera

If the memories sustained, they
the actors, surely didn't sing
but with their hands and with their eyes flipped
that card that is read in few words, each one
too long, like this room
that gets expanded every time more

With eyes wide shut
To find me in the memory, is
to be outside myself, while
I push for the exit
Through the door without handle
that is a tomb at the same time

These brief times, in which
the memory is wider
They make of the trip an ease image
Gets lost if it does not come
Still remains its sensation of creation, of
fundamental resource of the life.

19/7/17 (IV)

Shine

Woke up from the agony
Woke up from the silent death
Of not doing things just because
Of not leaving things to the void
The eyes ignore partly
The look got lost hesitant
From what the actions supposed
From that transparent veil

His heart did him well
The actions were well reasoned
His clear mind perceived
The actions were closed to the hands
The feeling got filled
The heart escaped the prison
Of what it is heard in the wind
The feeling was of pure source.

19/7/17 (V)

Center

In the surroundings the dark clouds
A picture that's drawn
In the surroundings the lightning and torments
Momentary lights and colors
Standing in the center breathes,
like the pillar of the building

In the surroundings the streets got broken
The cracks appeared blurred
In the surroundings the empty buildings
The heights that scares
Floating in the cloud from above,
like the plane that disappears flying

In the surroundings the hills of the volcano
The heat that gets concentrated
In the surroundings the darkness of stones
The so hard ground that bounces what is put
Emerging from inside,
like the heart that explodes

In the surroundings the cold and white
Without having any stain in the world
In the surroundings the thin and profound
That space that is quantum
From the top the snow doesn't fall into inside,
like in the high woods there are birds in the summer.

19/7/17 (VI)

Moderation

The balance of the speech,
the eloquence of the words
The fragments that fit,
the sequences done previously
The excessive seriousness,
the immobile muscles
The hidden mock,
the respect of the discretion

The seer jocosity,
the fun of waiting
The path of the conversations, those
that leaves everyone conform
Without anything else to say

It's not simple modesty
that is recognized what is being told
It's not simple reasoning
that is shared what is being told
there is always an action

The will that moderates,
without original sin
The crazy fun, and
The open understandings,
are presents that last eternities,
then the nothing exists.

19/7/17 (VII)

Instant

Not every instant,
most of them repeated,
are breathed the same way
The things were not given, nor
bought undone
The things weren't nor will be

If something is made of plastic,
that cursed material
I don't think in the lack of electricity in it when
touched,
If something is made of glass,
that transparent material
I don't think in the lack of color of it

The closet hides me something
That space gets opened, while
The mind wanders in its inside
It doesn't reside in its door
Nor in the hole that has inside
it's in its mental essence

The drawer rolls and closes
That space that get opened, while
The mind resides outside
The lock gets joined from side to side

The lighter starts the flame,
is the gas that gets propagated

I brush my teeth
I don't think in the teeth
I look in the mirror
I don't think in its reflection
Lately I'm not in my body

19/7/17 (VIII)

Park

With the moon dissolved
Its parts rest in my body
Inside the disorders
Outside the existence

I'm dreaming
Sometimes with waking up is enough
To see how long I slept
But not everything I dreamt

I see an amusement park
Machines of anarchy with colors
Red and yellow that spins
And my dissolved parts play

I wake up with thrill
The pillow is warm
the sheet fall in the ground
My eyes remember,
what the mind creates.

19/7/17 (IX)

Sky

One of the oldest things, still
We got clouds
If that land was inhabited, now
Are driven eternal clouds
With its recognizable shapes

Your happy days, they might be
starred by these big structures
High and prolonged in the immense
Everything has a price

The newer people, still
Have things to live
If they got sense of honor, now
They would want the best clouds there is
They can talk to me, I talk to God.

19/7/17 (X)

Times

The speedometer stopped, is
Neutral, without being able to be seen
The speed got plastered
The second got infinite

You lose breath, you are
Another, someone new
Your body got moved inside
Your eyes turned to see

You don't know how many times
This has happened
That the breath won't come out
But that the wind doesn't hit you.

19/7/17 (XI)

Gesture

The arrogant question, that one
that brings comparison, that one
that is foreign by its way, that one
that leaves clear your opinion,
but leaves it to the void

The face of bewilderment, that one
that is not seen, that one
that awaits approval, that one
that changes the circumstances of the encounter,
but that one that was the best answer

In mid-party
Pinch of control
The wind left
To flow in the room

To drink alcohol
To listen to music
To smoke cigarettes
To go to the car.

19/7/17 (XII)

View

He laughed for a while, very strong laugh
One of double moments, those that are dual
Now he dropped his smile, little by little his lips
were sealed
Now he is serious, follows with the look

He got scared slowly, he almost didn't get scared
With intention, he knew why
Now he released tension, his intention gets reflected
Now he tells a tale, one he already told

He saw and anticipated, the plays are given
Two chances, no matter what
Receives the emotion, of the result announced
He knows her from before, like his tale
He felt and strove, this is something new
The tale is new, like there never was another
Receives the download, a moment of originality
The drowning of time, that which had just happened.

19/7/17 (XIII)

Senses

The fears of the screen, are
the relentless searches of her
He wants more than what he got
He seeks in the air that comes with the encounter

If to talk is to impose forever
The modesty of the voice, must
be joined with soft tone

Someone gave him, it sounded
Appeared some macaws
Near the dogs barked
Behind the glasses, I see
the certainty of what I believe,
I turn off the TV.

19/7/17 (XIV)

Sale

This country has everything
Has so many people that
The results of the dreamlike,
like triumphs of metal
Guide the given towards themselves

From their many creations
the mind games, that
you do with the hands,
the eyes pointing the movement,
the attention of the dream
Give to know them all

I give it back to someone I saw
At a comfortable price
Because no one will make then innovate
They are so many and they tried not to explode
The entertainment that I create

I leave what's Chinese to China
I keep what's mine in Occident
I leave them the gunpowder
I keep the paper.

19/7/17 (XV)

Pollution

From the wanted habits
Its propagation got extended
Like the vices of the hand
The reason of the competition
The haunt of what's ours
In vestiges, it became

The inhabited places
With reverie, they go
The preoccupation don't come to them
It resides in the boot of the explorer.

19/7/17 (XVI)

Shinning

The laughter of God
Every time
Shorter

The laughter of God
Every time
Leaves less glory

The laughter of God
Every time
Every time, again.

19/7/17 (XVII)

Time bomb

The potentiality
That start with big impulse
The inadequate state
That perpetual stay at the beginning
From the perception its baggage
the vagrancy of time

The reunion of forces
The union that is sought propitious
The consciousness of the waiting
The vision that announces
The silence that steals
What the wind never finds.

19/7/17 (XVIII)

Dialectics

From the will
Two ways always
With honor or dissimulation
With abyss or boiler

From the will
Two reasons always
Of enterprise or exploitation
Of table or of skin

The dialectics found
The perfect synthesis
The will and the void
The work and potential thing.

19/7/17 (XIX)

Concept

They are created with cloth
They are created without wind
They are created after having dissolved
The tide that creates them

They are used without past
they are used in such a way
The gigantic work of the intellect
The distant relationship with its voice.

19/7/17 (XX)

Failures

One day I heard
From mouth-to-mouth
That the human failures are:

To mistreat the nature
its industrialization and the agriculture

To misunderstand the feelings
its separation by language, and the word

The appearance of the ineffective problem
its propagation and the print

The immediacy of the hours
Its decomposition and the internet

One day I heard
From my computer
That I have everything I need.

20/7/17 (I)

Synchronism

His hand placed
The gun in the ground
The boots well tight
Looked when giving the first step

The stair of thin steps
His boots were clean
He entered the church, to
Project of faith do

The stair of thin steps
His dark green suit
Entered to the School, to
Project of resources do

His time changed
The attack mentality
In the city only corruption
In the country without war
Boots and suits are common.

20/7/17 (II)

Equality

The mountains have its peaks
They float through the surface
Down in its mountain range
The buildings have parking lots
In the clouds there aren't doors
The alarms don't sound

The waves reach the shore
They go towards it repetitively
In the horizon aren't distinguished
In the background either
The sea has hair and it gets brushed
Only inside has his life figure out.

20/7/17 (III)

Reputation

The professor came out
In the street he walks
With his suitcase in hand sees something
The glasses aren't sunglasses
The people don't know
The class he gives
It won't get polluted
His loneliness is in the classroom
Is there every day
At night, he doesn't get to see her complete
He has left her there scattered.

20/7/17 (IV)

Archives

Many folders
They aren't classified
But when you open them you see
The organization that resides in them

Like clay
The memory has colors
Tastes and touches
Acting and roles

The organization that resides
But when you open it you see also
That they aren't classifiable
Many lives at once.

22/7/17 (I)

Dollar

America is where the dollar is
Who spends it is an American
The formal people are where it is spent
It is charged more
Where the money's worth
Consume from outside what's bought
That other money that is the dollar.

22/7/17 (II)

Venezuela

Land of macaws,
Flying and colorful

From my fragile humanity I have given everything
to you
So far we have been connected
From my time, sunsets
for your preservation, for your joy

From my conscience its existence,
for you to be, for your world

From my mind its logic,
for you to shape up, for your shape

From my body its externality,
for your paintings, for your symbols

From my breath its metabolism
for your endless, for your poetry

Land of trees
static and high

From my hands I have given to you,
the flow of what I had to move, of what I had to give

From my feet I have given to you,
the current of what I had to kick, of what I had to
walk

From my mouth I have given to you,
the shine of what I had to say, of what I had to si-
lence

From my eyes I have given to you,
the closeness of what I had to see, of what I had to
find

From my ears I have given to you,
the crystallineness of what I had to hear, of what
resonated logic

You started too illogic and incongruous

Land of mountains and tepuis,
you still are

You started to be when I started too

Land of clouds and winds,
I'm not you

I gave you of my movements and transformations
Mi Childhood and Youth

22/7/17 (III)

Luxuries

No one has the luxuries assured
The empty bodies just receive air
Gets filled with hands and the eyes of others
We are all ordinary

For the people who wants to climb
The top gets reached if everyone sees towards up
The top gets reached with feet in the ground
The ground is every time dryer
When seeing towards up the eyes get wet from the
rain

The organs are evolutionary
They are never really
The technology makes us believe
She had never before visited us

Where there are dreams of big ones
The time is kidnapped
Where there is time of reverie
The moments are created.

22/7/17 (IV)

Result

The lost branch of logic,
like a new space to visit
the sadism of the eloquence,
like a new reason
The penetration of the abnormal danger,
like a vertigo that gets settle

The one that was in his house recently
Asks from culture
that his madness don't be new
that his reason be his
Goes to the street
With the lost branch
With the sadism of eloquence
With the penetration of the abnormal danger

Every thought gets manifested
The immortality is of the ideas
We live the clouds that someone else thought.

22/7/17 (V)

Gift

The eyes opened,
the eyelid detached
The imagination comes,
the attention creates it
The reverie is similar,
the multifaceted reality

There are images that I left
There are images that I create
Go through although they pronounce them to me
Go through although I live them
There are situations I don't see
There are situations I create
I give them to someone else
I let them flow and be again

I wake up with the eyes steady
The eyelid detached
In what imagination reflects
The attention once more creates
The dreams each time have something of reality
The likeness of the reality and the dreams.

22/7/17 (VI)

Distance

Beside me a person

She looks forward

I see also

Ear to ear

Between us there's a big void

The personal distance

That hole surrounded by bones.

22/7/17 (VII)

Eldery

With gray hair

The personal transactions

To be old is

To have bureaucracy accumulated

To break the ties

To fall without sense.

22/7/17 (VIII)

Itch

In the darkness
Before succumbing
To today's dream
My right eye itches

It's not insomnia
That attacks the rest
I've come far
For where I am

The most stupid door
I read the book
Of actual truths
At loud.

22/7/17 (IX)

Feminine

When born

My mom

Kept

With my

Feminine side

Her uterus

Has its shape

I don't focus it

Leave her alone

When dying.

22/7/17 (X)

Contrary

Yesterday it could be bought
The material was vast
All the shelves
Full and without a list of visitants

Today we can't choose
It is simply what there is
No complain is acceptable
Is just there isn't production

The contrary to market
The contrary to bookstore
The contrary to music shop
The contrary to cinema
All this must have a contradiction
Somewhere.

22/7/17 (XI)

Homeland

Who doesn't eat
want to eat
Want food
want to see it before their eyes

Who eats
want to enjoy
Want pleasure
want to go out from their eyes

Who thinks
want function
Want organization,
want them to meet,
who think smokes.

22/7/17 (XII)

Blood

Since always
With sacrifice or offerings
With war or accidents
The blood has run through the ground

The price to see her
Got paid sometime
The price to have her
Gets paid now

Lost statistics
The type that has been more spilled
The content that has it
That liquid that causes impression
Like clouds, are for sale
Talk to me so I can talk with God.

22/7/17 (XIII)

Actions

Instinct of actions,
like mute beginnings
History of things,
like real baggage
Scene of things
like independent theaters

The priest,
like bearer of light
The poet,
like bearer of matter
The worker,
like bearer of will

The apple,
that tasty fruit in substance
Owner of the tree,
That land's fruit
Food of the humans,
reproductive system of the tree.

22/7/17 (XIV)

Women

To have one

Plus to have a relationship

To not have one

Plus to have a fantasy

To want one

Plus to want a contradiction

To want all

Plus to want the thought.

22/7/17 (XV)

Encounter

Laid, head in the pillow
Mustache beside the cover
Beard put where the hair
Contraction of being,
like a new fetal position
I rest from the day that is over

It didn't end for the street
The street seeks its own destruction
Everyday nonstop
Timeless the archives are seen

Through the window
Sounds of night people
They want something from the street
Something that is found in apartments

Focus of dream
Corporal determination
Information that causes laughter
Laughter that takes the dream

With a speech of lockdown
The labyrinths are made with light
The mouth sounds in the walls
Escapes the dark planned rest

The malice of the distance planned
The separation of the speech
The break of the fragile sincere
Without knowing me
Its ignorance was kept between the lights

The sidewalk proved the fragile she was
Stopped laughing
Got in her truck
Went where the street doesn't end

The labyrinths of night
Are violations
Want to find the lost
Of give sense to what it hasn't yet.

22/7/17 (XVI)

Tiredness

It's tiring to decide if you are singer
It's tiring to decide if you are prophet
It's tiring to decide if you are alien
It's tiring to decide if you are what you consume

A lot of people don't want to be like you
A lot of people don't want to know about you
A lot of people don't want to see you
A lot of people don't even know you

I think that those that knew you
Can't even decipher you
Only can measure the gravity by its fall
You will have to fall plenty
You will have to return to yourself in the fall
If you are what you was
You will be what you are.

22/7/17 (XVII)

Elevated

Only God can make a tree
For it to grow
You will need to have your sight stuck in many parts
To take care of its roots,
is to ensure for sun and rain
The expansion of it log,
the overcome of adversity
The appearance of the leaves,
faith in the fruit
The very fruit,
the safety that it was made and that it's capable of
making it again
Like a poetry book, just
that the poet is his own tree.

22/7/17 (XVIII)

Repetition

The day that started,
but that got hidden,
between our reflections,
for the eye that slept,
accomplishing in to rest his mind,
for later bumping,
with that the world turns very slowly

He had to open his eye
He had to close it
There wasn't comprehension for his mouth
There wasn't reach for his hand
Its tireless death was performed,
by innocent breathing

Those that sheltered in the event
So ephemeral of life
By appreciating the minimum
The minimum that was known about him
They had to be their profession

He managed to know them through their actions
His essence intact
The day won't come to its end
The sun hurt his eye
He hurts himself

All his interest was focused
in what it's resembled in him
That searched for him in the ephemeral
His eye didn't know, but
The spin of his stomach were more potent
Than any media

Like that he managed to catch her in the day
In the night like every other
That soft nocturnal blanket
Before a coffin, before its own body
He had her in a space, a room
that he didn't know for its presence

The violence passed
the fishes had fallen into the net
The light didn't penetrate more
The day started beside her
The new day would be the memory
Of that guitar that he played with his steps
Of that voice in the alarm clock
Of the big marmot of town.

22/7/17 (XIX)

Pipelines

I enter the bathroom
The cloth in the floor
The mirror in the wall
The beard in my face

I enter the shower
The handles in the wall
The soap landed, beside
The other products

The water runs
Hot with less cold
The bubbles in the floor
The drain so wide

The current and its sound
The fall and its sequel
The soap and the body
The towel and the waiting

When out of the shower
The water still running
The water still running through the infinite drain.

22/7/17 (XX)

Void

Rest in the last day,
that time is of an encounter
The places there are illusions,
is a day that doesn't take date
The end of the week

The last match well-used,
the box that was about to end
Its sides were used until deterioration
That one last match in perfect condition
Everything lightened before has no meaning

The finger don't answer to its presence
The last day of the week
Although it seems that week has eight
The last match so personal
that seeks to light the cake.

22/7/17 (XXI)

Mistakes

The goal to correspond to your name
Is a goal of your parents and yours too
Seek to share it with everyone
Seek to share it in your way

I and the goal of mine
That moment that coincided with
The day of my saint
And the day of the awards

Was missed by many of my grandparents
The realization in part it's thanked
Immense pillars that show
How small I am in the world

I still want to share with you
This goal that challenges laws
That I could reach between the politic situations
That I could reach between the fictional stay

I still want to share with you
This goal that surely would be seen
Like I see it without your presence
A genuine goal that besides the failures
Goes by my name dedicated to you.

22/7/17 (XXII)

Today

In the violent crossroad
The relation of the step with de sidewalk
In the violent crossroad
The start of desperation
In the violent crossroad
The forgotten vision
In the violent crossroad
The action made
In the violent crossroad
Be or not to be became relative
In the violent crossroad
The life loses its name.

25/7/17 (I)

&

The people love
the people love many things
the people love their vices
the people love themselves through their drugs

The drugs don't love anyone
The drugs aren't of everyone
The drugs alter the people
The drugs are so old like themselves are or more

The people and the drugs
The drugs and the people
The people and the people
The drugs and the drugs.

25/7/17 (II)

Narco-state

The party perennial
The shadow of fire
The inside of the log
The abundant leaves

A party was started
Its beginnings were historical
Its vices were historical
It was raised the party perennial

The party kept going
The guests were arriving
The party filled the places
The party was nationalized and got expropriated

I don't have to go
The eyes don't have to see me
the bottles have the same top
the country walks through the dance floor

There is no more music
There is no more bodies.

25/7/17 (III)

Construction

That plain ground
The ground plan
The visual lines
The aim of the tractor
The excavation for a new ground
The recollection of the ground
The wall that forms out of the hole
The space that receive a new air
The ephemeral house of caretaker
The regular path by the street
The dust that rises
The feet that go down the hole
The glove that cover fingers
The instruments they brought
The ground plans again
The combination of the ground
The fresh cement
The posterior utility of the hole
The root of a building
The infrastructure of the workers
The static vision of the architect's projection
The resting time
The night without activity
The construction of months
The construction that will take years.

25/7/17 (IV)

House

My house

My institution

Useful wake up

To go out depends on the activity

To be there is to go forward with my own thing

The imperturbability of outsider images

The comprehension of the day

To sleep is to decide whether to carry on tomorrow or never

The house is my transcendent institution

The respect of the couch for my mark

The contact of the TV with the laptop

The books and their partnership

The food and their inclusion in the table

The living room and the changes of step

The balcony and the terrifying outside

The commodity of the trance for life

The wall of the global lockdown

The repeated activities

The bathrooms and their private property

The ornaments and the lonely time of travel

The paintings and the interpersonal relationship

The neighbor's actions and the outsider country

The glasses and their foreign attitudes

The closets with their darkness

The windows with the truth

The years and the raised roof

The same size bed

The burners and the pans at the same temperature

The showers and the same heater

The chairs and their four sticks

The hall, the entrances and exits

The doors, the door, the door

So real, so evasive, so forgotten
so present with its handle.

25/7/17 (V)

Waiting

The digestion that doesn't find a new ideal
The breakfast that seeks for the thought not to be divided
The waiting seated for things to be things
The shower filled of plant-like breathing
To dress wanting to be oneself

The conversations of light post
The unheard scream of the mountain
The reason of the cable way to go up and down
The fleeting thing of the star when it passes
The lost of the wallet at a square

The alienness of the connections
The roof of the clouds that passes
The bugle that supplanted the laughter
The deft study of the school
The growth of the city

The decay of the wind in each house
The scream of innocence to ease
The fight of insects that no one sees
The highway that unfolds lines
The hair that's cut and touches the floor

The invisible nail of the infrastructure
The sidewalk and the dirty gums

The waiting of what's unknown
The outdated picture
The scattered values in progressive actions

The siren of the car that is heard in the distance
The recycle bin in the computer
The graffiti in the highways
The final unfold of the known
The marked pattern for the unknown

The defeated mirage of the individual experience
The collective reason of permanency
The Statue of Liberty in every American
The poetic sentence of the truth
The cars with radio and windshields

The mountain that has no birthday
The tears that alone comes and alone returns
The new watch of a modern square
The sport and its intangibility posterior
The lighter that wants to go out the house

The city that has four hundred fifty years,
Caracas.

Part Two: Constellation at portion

26/7/17 (I)

Masks

The hole of the void
The lost thing of the eternal
The hidden thing of the perennial
The incomplete costume

The many factions
Defined and known
The adept material
The garters and the strips

The perfect customer
The going of wisdom
The masks are many
She uses them all
Them use her all.

26/7/17 (II)

Education

The nature who teaches it
The nature is of situations
The nature won't let you
The nature is not formed
The nature is managed between people
The nature doesn't sleep
The nature is not practiced
The nature is transmitted
The smart nature
And the opportunity of bliss.

26/7/17 (III)

Mystery

The unknown

What's opposed

The two sides that dances

The contradiction of the observer

The education that canalizes

The result that gets dissipated

The parts that fit

The untouchable sides between them of the coin

The mystery of the nose

The knowing of the eyes.

26/7/17 (IV)

Flow

Tell me how it ends
I'll be between the forces
Those already created
Those already hold
The fictional indifference
The overwhelming nature
The conscious wait
The ignorant wake up.

26/7/17 (V)

Dices

Those dices that he threw
Didn't come out of the TV
Rolled like my mind
Rolled their numbers
The electricity of the dices
The magnetism of the present
The indulgence of contradicting
The sin of believing
The hands drawn
The torture of the room
The dices are not thrown
He grabbed with his hand
Its own beard
God.

25/9/17 (I)

Artists

After waiting for the show
And to not assist, well, there wasn't a reason

The song were mute
Just the speaker heard them
Their hands were lights
Just the darkness saw them

The lyrics got locked in the roof
The horn trapped them
The gravity gave breathless
The creator impulse

The documentaries of times
The looks of the concert
The screams of the jam
The muses of the insoluble

Fell like thunder
The next day with emotion
They left the supposed mark
That one that doesn't take the imagination away.

25/9/17 (II)

Help

The help is on its way
Open the window that I feel it coming
The help is given in the way
Walks blind through the room

The help is in oneself
Look how it is flying
The help is without decision
There was never a problem.

25/9/17 (III)

Beginning

Nothing moved
The tide was a painting

The wave were eternal
The branches reached the sun

The silence was
The thing that goes up

When it all started
When we gave him the push
To the tell-tale heart
To the drop of the house.

25/9/17 (IV)

Promises

For adults to make more promises

Please

For adults to make more promises

Please don't

For adults to make more promises

The youth grew

For adults to make more promises

The hobos were right.

25/9/17 (V)

To destroy

Many things happen
Before I can destroy
The same thing I created
It is what I have closer in the future

To destroy the life of the past
Accumulate the life of the future

Think too much
Aim for time to time
Is to not destroy anything.

25/9/17 (VI)

Analysis

The book of emotions

The pictorial setting of the constellation
like a map

The book of sensations

The innate creation of laughter
like a manual

The book of situations

The tacit explosion of the reason
like a shadow.

25/9/17 (VII)

Truth

In a country without memory
The culture is mysticism
The reason contracted
A lot more that the heart

It was time of politics
It was time of new times

In a country without memory
The culture is done around
The idle has name
The guilt echoes oblivion.

25/9/17 (VIII)

It results

Today I woke up without guilt

Everything I do results

Today I woke up carefree

Everything that gives results

Today I woke up without contempt

Everything that comes I give back.

25/9/17 (IX)

Lost

I consume what I see

I consume from the same position

I consume from this desire

That I won't have the same heart.

25/9/17 (X)

Romance

So fancy,
they took you to the emperor
So blissful,
they took you to the temples
So strong,
they took you through the desert
So worthy,
They took you through the heavens

I so fine,
I live in the city
I so glad,
my single bed
I so exercised,
the steps are continuous
I so elevated,
I hide in skyscrapers.

25/9/17 (XI)

Heat

In the sauna laid
In the vapor sauna
In the sauna of rocks
In the heat breathless

I almost fell asleep
I almost woke from the dream

The edge stone
The heart's vapor.

26/9/17 (I)

Education II

They go up through the ramp

The teacher is behind

They put in their run

The bags are inside

They go up through the ramp

In their recess

I hear them in the swings

They are there the whole day

The night don't take off their cloth

But it does their knowledge.

26/9/17 (II)

I'm lost

Many sounds at once
The light that swings in the eye
The silence the hand left
The bleak faces of the room

like a repeated breath
like a broken bone
like a song backwards
like a tennis match on TV.

26/9/17 (III)

Eyelids

Every eye
Have eyelids
Every else's
Too
Like animals
We all have
And all the eyes have
Eyelids.

26/9/17 (IV)

Move

It's a successful business

It's an ephemeral land

It's a singular equation

It's an adventure in oblivion

It's an international business

A long land to use

A pyramid in the middle

A rapid creation of the thought

A vast fan of snow.

26/9/17 (V)

Junk

Short stay

To cut with your being

Long evolution

To be looked with your eyes

True condition

To analyze with your reason

That long plate from which you eat

And that same form in the fork.

26/9/17 (VI)

Multitude

By my house there's a book
That is about the unconscious
The bodies of people with multidimensional heads
The head of celestial women

The trains and subways of the people
The town of the past that is still in map
The ancient teaching that carries with metaphor the
Myths and legends of the repressed

The family divided that wasn't always like that
Stars that don't lose gloss
The sentences of thought
The rigorous meditations like spider web

The moment that are connect by their own-self
The reluctance that is talked like a speech
The book and his author.

26/9/17 (VII)

Body

Only my hands
Know how many weight I've carried
They also with their nails tell you
Everything that came has a reason

Only my eyes
know how many light I've bear
They too with their eyelids tell you
Everything that started ends

Only my body has for me
What others haven't grabbed.

26/9/17 (VIII)

Relation

It's unacceptable

Said the genius

That with a telephone in his hand

He deciphered the meaning of life

His mad

Said the people

That with their ears saw the words

They awarded the collective ignorance.

26/9/17 (IX)

Need

The globalization gave us
A new context
Untouchable and despicable
Unworthy of autonomous peoples
A sense of belonging
The events of many lives
The heart of the eternity
Its parts of the imagination
The whole knowing
The view that changes the observer
It's no longer the extreme
Now it's the final frontier.

26/9/17 (X)

Demons

The demons are in the living room
Their games of imposition towards myself
Their kicking and whining
Their hits and their stormy eyes

The demons are now agitated
Their sulfur veins and their damaged minds
Their bad habits and their unforgettable regrets
Their smelling entrails and their disguised apologies

For the demons to forget they have to heal
They search bodies where to release their memories
of hell
They have to land their eyes, to stop rotating them
in circles
The demons are sick

Their time is going to end
The time of everyone ends
The demons are united by their desire
The demons have between their mouths the blas-
phemy of their history

Their hands are filled with resentment and with hate
They shake the opaque lights of hell, like they sleep
in them too

The demons go out sometime at day
So much sunlight fills their loopholes with the evil-
ness of being born as one

The demons doesn't understand their reason to be
Their flesh so stiff and sickish never rest
They got lit in blue fire that its flames from their
hairs bring
The demons are now in heat

The demons bleed for their inside their irrefutable
void
If someone managed to escape from hell
Can't forget
If someone was pursued by the demons
Can't rest

The world will end with the demons
Not the ones under my bed or yours
It will end with the demons that we have more close
If the world is own creation, those demons are
ideas not conceived by one

The demons accumulate the waste of Pandora's Box
Those wastes that are unrecognizable
Those waste that sticks into sensations
The poisoned reason of the demons

The inexhaustible guilt of their breaths
The becoming of their inopportune whims

The need they have to finish
That heat that chases the demons is now arriving
into the room.

2/10/17 (I)

Departure

That day was spent organizing my room
The late accumulations of a new desire
The strict repetition of an ephemeral order
The empty shell, the books on the floor
All the movements for them to last

I pulled out the most intimate of my passing in the
time
The streets were locked, there was no pass
I waited the sinking of motivation
I kept and checked anything like gold

Various months have passed since the Departure
I wrote what I must
Although my room at the end was organized
I needed to describe in few words
What I need to go through again now

Ending the day
An anxious call to the house
“I couldn’t hold her more, she’s gone”
Said my aunt; in her voice was the lost agony
The silent death that the actions brought with them-
selves

I stood alone in the house

I couldn't go out, I didn't want to leave for the outside the order of my room
The entire country was in mourning
A great anonymous heroine was my unique true regret

With the lonely anguish of the familiar beat lost
I waited until the streets were open
The national anthem culminated the scene
Myself in the kitchen made my own dinner

Is just there no way of being alone...
Is just there no time that's my own...
Is just there that life won't give us the breath...
Is just that I don't breathe life...
Is just that to create something is needed something from the after life...

I walked into the balcony
Afraid to look out the window
The humiliation of not going down
The arrogance of the eternal organization
In the distant landscape, a firework, a celebration

Is just there no privacy...
Is just there not a true sharing...
Is just there no whole world...
Is just that life have left first...

Like that my granny was gone of this land
That I step, where I write, where I am

My room change by my hands
My heart desolated didn't felt love
I texted my friends
They gave motivation

My family with me from far
My family with me from always
The Departure wasn't a goodbye
But a new revelation in time.

2/10/17 (II)

Lovers

The eternal lovers
Their shared breaths
They lack hatred
They also lack forgetfulness

Between them
The laws are concrete
They step on them step by step
They left the avenue

The history doesn't houses them
Only the tales
The facts doesn't retain them
If not they were incomplete

To leave your hair
To leave your body
To be disposed to the dynamic
To build an eternal ring.

2/10/17 (III)

Loss

The wall looks at me
Towards inside
There's no eyelash
She has curtain

The sympathetic word
Gets add by known union
The present made fire
The burned family

There's no war defeated
There's no life unborn
There's no pain rawer to the body
The loss already lived.

2/10/17 (IV)

Impassable

There's no passing
It is an open signal
It wasn't a beginning
But a finite life

There's no passing
Nor turn to the block
To paint the house
Only bring memories

There's no passing
Nobody gave up
The end gave the signal
To repeat isn't violence

There's no passing
The ID will expire
The kitchen will lose gas
The path of the braids

There's no passing
I still regret
Nothing is ever easy again
Nothing is equally passable.

2/10/17 (V)

Time

Waiting to be timely
I work calm dreaming
I have so much to be done
I don't know for when I'm through

That the thing done doesn't get lost now
That the thing done last through this
My country a place adrift
That none intellect I tease.

2/10/17 (VI)

Suffering

To lose breath I almost never try
To return to the muscles of memory
To walk the drunk days in search of oblivion
To access the recognition not prone
To give fit to the most interior
To swim in the electric current
To climb the lit mountain
To canalize the feeling complex
Suffer and suffer and suffer what I am and think.

3/10/17 (I)

Tiredness

I'm the dog that moves its legs in ice
I'm the eagle that flies diving even when goes up
I'm the lion that roars at night for the sunrise to come
I'm the dolphin that shakes its tail outside the sea
I'm the monkey that climbs stairs to reach the tree
I'm the elephant that runs in dreams
I'm the mouse that cuts the cheese to eat
I'm the gazelle fractured restless
I'm the hummingbird of two short beak
I'm the manatee of the county
I'm the cat that doesn't enter the field
I'm the chameleon disguised
I'm the tiger of a dentist
I'm the crocodile that turn over at night
I'm the snake that drowns for fun
I'm the fish that eats through the fish scales
I'm the kangaroo that jumps people
I'm the macaw painted on the wall.

3/10/17 (II)

Century

Fifty years are mid century
The century can be a father and a son
The civilization doesn't take that long
The becoming has been created rapidly

How much our perception has change
The generations accumulate the centuries
But the years are loose in the void
Every day a paradigm is created

The population that overflows
The little book of short pages
The recycled words
To measure the change not in years, but in peoples

For now the brothel
The networks make prostitution
The young sees without pants again
What was mid century lived now.

3/10/17 (III)

He Read

I was seated in the couch
I was reading a peculiar chronicles
The author came out of the book
He seated beside me

I told him a story
I had already finished his book
He understood the story
Like the chronicle that he missed to write

So he returned to his book
Closed in the table
From the couch I saw
When someone else opened it
My chronicle tucked for to certain me

3/10/17 (IV)

Now

The surprise gives sensation
He looked a portrait alone
She seated in the room
A bird flew close
Its noise gave conversation

The silence reaches for them
He gave his sense more oblique
She her position
The portrait fell on the floor
Its image covered the carpet

The affection calmed the anxious
She runs with her look his body
He with his calm hand goes forward
The light became the center
The alignment of both changed.

3/10/17 (V)

Meeting

I was lost, not anymore
I was accompanied, not anymore
The lost searched for him
The accompanied talked to him

Lost walked
Meeting he searched
Both saw each other in the street
Both felt a heart

They fastened him with ties
They calmed him with hugs
The clock turned
Changes the day
Both without goodbye.

8/10/17 (I)

Turns

I don't have plans to go visit
The tour appears when walking
Like a car that wheels have
The vision of the road can erase it

To go by their wide highways
Those sites they don't stop to know
The ones who tour are known
With thinking of being there
I think I don't know myself better

In the book of the route
The names scare less than the actions
They who speak and think
Steal hearts and gallons

8/10/17 (II)

Career

The time of emphasis
With the effort accumulated
The front of the operation
Of the study and of the doctor

The union's intercourse
The walls of the food
The reading of the young
The used wooden chair

In the university the careers
Are made at waking up
In the university the careers
Don't have why to end

The career of the university careers.

8/10/17 (III)

Solitude

The solitude won't rest
The genius looked at the plans
Buses and ships passed
The ideas were constant smoke

The solitude is a gift
Until the solution failed
The genius loses details
The memory destroyed everything

The solitude isn't union
The other end gets separated
The mind works low at distance
The genius on its axis rotated.

8/10/17 (IV)

Adoption

Every song in the speakers
The lyrics that becomes immature
The musicians are my kids
Their growth is my merit

If the verb is flesh
But the bones have expiration
The instruments are the exam
Their sound the approval.

Their transgressions to others
Are given with big intuition
They left their hearts in tapes
They complement their dreams with future

For my kids the musicians
That didn't stop the heart
I ask them from now on
That they don't shut up, please.

8/10/17 (V)

Nation

What catches us isn't the politics
Is the reason to use it
The country unleashes the impassable
Where the steps are ambiguous

The forgiveness doesn't know its president
The truck left more than just a driver
In circles walks when they stood through the door
Anyone who stands in a position

The elections are close
The campaigns long time extinguished
The idea of a revolution is left
Because of the brutality of their separation.

28/10/17 (I)

Neocolony

After the ships attracted all the possible hands
After the horses stopped feeling the tides
After the hoisted sails rested the covered kilometers
After the brave feet perpetuated their growing nails

Every year after its commemoration
The meeting of two worlds renews what the ships
won't catch
That space so square in which the height of the sea
and of the ship
are so dynamic like the sense accompanied of hand
and row

There are some who knocked down at building
houses entire walls
There are some who by staying in the field farmed
cities

Now in the posterior boom of the eternal
Now when the time seems obsolete

The new business appears floating
The ideas go back to be of the hairs
The heart has a better echo
There are no caverns, nor filled holes that overcome
The colonization of dreams.

28/10/17 (II)

Links

She brushes her hair with her left hand
The other has a cooking pot
She stands in front of her closet with her hands in
her hips
Her legs rest seated in the toilet
She brushes her teeth looking herself in the mirror
Her nose breathes the fresh winds of the window
She paints her nails with the back bend
Her hair collected by a hook newly placed

The daughter and the mother
The mother and the daughter
The maintenance of the creation
The becoming of the passive
The revolution that never began
The reflection of all the action in set.

28/10/17 (III)

Roam

The sparkle that jumped from the cast steel
Approaches the paper that flies upon the wood
The sparkle again lit by the wind
Approaches the paper that rest upon the cement
The sparkle won't come back to the still steel
Approaches the paper to its shelter
The sparkle in its way burned leaving hollow points
It realize the paper its favored advantage
The sparkle jumped without been turned off by the
night
It was wrap the steel in paper after several intents
The sparkle aged looked for a seat

The steel never had the edge done
The steel never retained its cast skeleton

The paper knew that the tree won't suffer more
The paper knew that the sparkle would bore him

The sparkle, supported, the sparkle
The sawmill without sun or moon that the time left
alone in the woods.

6/11/17

Queen

The Queen of England in one of her fields,
the one that had the best-kept grass and the most
colorful flowers,
she kept secret a pond full of Japanese fishes
they swam in the round and plain of the perforated
ground
they swam under her sight even though of the cold

The Queen one summer day took out the fish with
the longest whiskers
put him inside a tray to speak to him closely
the still fish looked the strange of the distorted face
of the Queen
the fish breathed bubbles and the clouds covered
the Queen from the sun

the words of the Queen were heard strongly under
the water
the other fishes of the pond understood the posi-
tion although they were far
the rain began knocking the fishes door, every drop
like a hammer blow
the fishes that never sleep swam nonstop dodging
the scolds

with the rain came the fish that was separated

in his whisker he had attached a paper written by
the Queen
the other fishes with their tails tried to move the
piece of paper
the ink kept still like in a parchment

when the night fell the Queen had to make a deci-
sion
the throne would be briefly granted to the successor
all the lands would recognize the new step of a king
the rain stopped and now the nobles were to arrive

in mid initial ceremony a strong lightning broke in
the hall
a man with a prominent sodden whisker came in
front of the Queen
with a strong hit knocked down her crown to the
ground
and so the successor killed him and had the fervent
loyalty of the people.

Part three: The written surprise

13/11/17 at IVC

Bed

Since a while back
The changes in the surface
The time of the wrinkled string
That together brought force to the rest

An object that has four extremities
It only stays when the body is laid in it
An air of supposed meditation contains it
Between my objects is one of the most valued

It divides its outline in a fugitive way
Always challenging, always at expectation
With infinite corners
What is kept is only what overcomes itself

After years of colds and heats
Its color, when the lights are off, gets lit
Like lights of the black sun that glow for eyes wide shut
The vision that houses beats the sun but won't
challenge him

Knows the sun's time and knows that the moon
doesn't give its own light
The music and the vibrations of cars supervise the
floor in where it stands
The morning that loses when I stand

The sigh of its thickness when I lay down

Every tree that grows near knows that can't lose
branches so strong

Every cloud that passes by knows that can't trace
lines so correct

Various opponents to its function had lay
But the wisdom does houses its roof that none had
touched

The unconscious of its superfluous state
It's not like an animal, it doesn't requires of atten-
tion to know what to do
Its job always complements mine
In the duality of the void, we both give

In the soft of the rest of culture we sponsor room
In the waking of the civilization protagonists of the
eternal
But when my companion lays its top
But when my companion accepts the certain

Will know at last why the fishes stayed in the sea
Will know at last why the birds have wings
Will know at last why the mountain depends of its
height to be
Will know at last why I used it so many times
Will know at last why in the rest sometimes one
wins an immense thirst.

14/11/17 at IVC (I)

Growth

The top that still grows
It only can be seen with the feet still
The clouds that like mirrors leave the eyes without
eyelashes
The shining of the tour in the hands

The corroded nerves of memories in the body
The emotions that are regenerated with the new
moments
The becoming of the falling that waits at the top
that still grows
Like music that is superimposes in the ears that
won't forget

Like colors that are mixed in the blind pupils
In those pupils of faces that appear and disappear
In those faces that the top only gives a lost cloud,
that is oneself walking towards itself

The sight that is shared between what's in front
The green stream that with blue showered rocks by
the transparent wind of the water that runs
The yellow outline of the white cloud that passes
leaving blue the space between
The red of the cigarette lit unfolds the pink hand
upon the gray smoke to reach the blue

Sky that disguises the top
Top that disguises the sky
Sliding door to the step that wants to climb
Static the requirement of the blink that wishes

The emotional growth that decomposes in stages
the spirit
The spirit that is immensely composed that remembers emotions.

14/11/17 at IVC (II)

Encouragement

The rumbles of the drum and the sax that escapes
the voice that accompanies

The awakening of the hands that drop sounds for
its surroundings

The nails that won't take off from the musical scale
learnt

Like a samba for you in which the ears react adjacent

The rhythm joined to a preconceived scene

The dance of the one who deliver their bodies to
the static heat

Like a samba for the one who hear me from afar

The heart of the sound's velocity that crosses

The kinky heart that seeks to penetrate

The indecisive body of the notes used

The swarm compound of the band that unfolds

The empty breathing of the instruments when ar-
en't played

The trees that blossom when aren't looked at,
they hear the music

The bass that appears so thick like hopeness

The bass that appears so bouncy like hopelessness

Only the glasses cover from the facade the true face
The knowledge of the eyes that see its realization
appear

The invisible smoke of the musical dreamlike
The rhythm that follows its own corpse in the conscience

The conscience that uses the rhythm just for feeling
Like a eternal gift in the celebration

The lizard that is stepped by the mare that contemplates with its breathing the tiredness

The tail of the animal that suspects the uncolorful sunset from the desert.

14/11/17 at IVC (III)

Song

Listening through the Look deviant that escapes the
New World

In another Eyelash rests the Drop that holds the
Universe

One Tear that closes the Eye in its totality

The Nose that doesn't absorb its volume, but
breaks the Air

The Drop rolls, it goes, through the Cheek that
alone waited for a hit of Train

The Jaw that up no further goes; only the Eye
opens space

The Lip that united with its similar gives sense to
the words when shuts up

The Neck that holds the Root of the hair that
grows without direction

The Look that focus the Train in the distance

The Tear and the Drop both stripped from beat

The Train that is reached by the Brain

The Train and the Body as equals of the Look's tra-
jectory

The lost Eye that won't cry anymore after losing its
Breath

The Lip that imprisons, the Tongue that sleeps
without company

The Old World of the standing Body, the New
World of its recognition

Every organism and their unions that enter and exit
the Space.

17/11/17 at IVC (I)

Workshop

The workshop where it's repaired the fallen peel of
the thigh that won't go

The windows of doom that bathed in dust got dis-
integrated

Its fragments rolled in the fat pussies of the repre-
sentatives

The little pieces of window fell in the coffee the
slaves waited

The prophecy of the mirror got materialized and
changed the window to mirror

Everyone in the mirror fitted inside of an era of
perpetual extension

The eternity of the desperation made by not being
equals

Each fiber of glass holds a spiritual line where the
rites were transparent

Everyone ignore the fact that the dust will be the
reason of death

After a few decades in the old workshop explodes a
storm

The motor of the car that wasn't been spotted

Like the center of the earth hold the true power
that impulse the hot oil

The pawn asked for its seat in the car
When they measure their asses to find out how far
would the car go
The motor didn't give signal of having gas; the
glasses kept breaking in that moment
The fallen peel of the thigh was repaired miracu-
lously

After knowing that the skin had another way of
subsist, the technology searched alternatives
The car started to go through the street of the am-
bivalence
After getting lost the slaves and the representatives
howled with strength to get out
Inside the worst of the seaquakes got settle the
wind that would erase their mouths forever

Hungryless and wordless the spiritual talk ceased
The one that stood outside the car walked beside it
and it roared
The still sound of the looks already illuminated in
the oblivion
The car would never stop although it had to be
pulled with their teeth.

17/11/17 at IVC (II)

Uncovered

The room of the empty doors without handles
The lamp that couldn't stay in the roof
The bug that doesn't know its stellar corporeity
The hands that seek in the floor to go up

The eye that rests in the wheel of the mind
Seeps the recognition of the furniture
The drawer that alone is opened and closed
Looking for a glass of water a downpour fell

The floor that slipped in the entrance of the window
The bug that upstairs the cloud reached the lamp
In search for electricity unleashed the closet
Corroded the door's sound it got multiplied

The room that doesn't levitates but stays afloat
Like in high seas the dead fish
The wall that distinguished itself from others
The microbe ready to explode

Only with the icy truth
They accepted the guest of the other room
Like a spy of the morning that is not going to wake up.

18/11/17 at Marqués (I)

Apple

The fall doesn't always dictates the same floor
The laws that alone come disappear
In the mind of the firstborn
The memory of the hand that rose
No longer asks the same

Now the apple falls in his head
He without noticing it changes
He doesn't cut it but it's devoured
To spread his saliva he squeezes it

The serpent loses its job
It searches in witnesses to certified
The witnesses without glasses are blinded
The rays that once gave light now are scary

The same you feel when you wait
The same you feel when you are mocked
The law that manages to give it matter
Like a becoming of sound the night brings its own
apple.

18/11/17 at Marqués (II)

Riot

A man came presumptuously from space
The shine of his ship didn't have brightness
The normal eyes didn't recognize the adjacent beam
His ship made of gold laid upon the cedar didn't
stand out

Like the metaphor of a simile poorly done
Is a man totally learnt
That his belly button since he dressed in the morn-
ing
Hold a cosmic fart

Unfolded the eyes of his feet
Those which with all the information made the
trees sound
The band of the town accompanied
His music was familiar although they didn't play any
song

Like the chamber where no past is known
The thing that his ship was in the known landing
Traced him in his walk the wings of the accurate
imagination
Like a pinch of intelligence its money flown

There's no man that comes from other side

The uterus chased him in another ship
That one that did pose in the clouds
But that sounded in other galaxies nearby

The going and coming of his crazy desire
Its skin was transparent as a canvas
The painting of solid meeting
The hard hit in the roof, the cloud got closer

Totally absorbed in his confusion
That didn't generate grace more than contradiction
Stopped his hand in the steering wheel that he had
for planet
He went down and saw the stain in the clinic
The umbilical cord that had been stretched by his
entire generation.

18/11/17 at Marqués (III)

Delivery

For all we have what they need
Obviously it is not for hands and feet
If what you want is to have go and find
But if what you want is to ask
You must know how to talk

The ones that never had
The freedom I have is to give
Like the gifts that are unexpected
The streets ask me and I provide

For all we have what they need
Obviously it's not for you to keep
If what you want is to see and feel
But if what you want is to taste
You must know how to get

The ones that never lived
The slavery I have is to get
Like the rain that gets you
The hugs give me boredom and oblivion

For all we have what's not
Obviously you must know
Like the enigmas that appear suddenly
But if what you got you already know
You must exist again.

18/11/17 at Marqués (IV)

Finally

The vices that ended in the organs
The will that gets ill from the beginning
The motionless moments of the creation
They didn't want to participate anymore
They didn't see for anyone remedy

Alone they separated from the bodies
Adrift in a endless of tales
The peoples went to the temple
They wanted an order that the atheist bug provided
Or they didn't want him and outside the classroom
left him

With his three horned whip
With steps in two he measured it
The whip was even bigger every time
And they paid with their hearts

Everyone in their windows had his picture
The one of the whip that alone walks
He whipped the asphalt for its proper condition
The people that walked when his window was occupied
That people never saw him

Enter the mind of the universe
Feel the drum of flowers

That only grows while its sound rumbles in seasons
That only goes for receive not the union but disappearing

All that was talked moved away him into the void
He felt that his body was going to explode
From the hit of his nose into the bed
What exploded was his soul in the consume

Like an addiction that the vices never saw
Like a faceless will
Like the immobile moments of disappearing
They wanted to start again
They wanted in his magic theory procreate

There wasn't word to heal
There wasn't rest to cure
The suicide of the material
In his spirit he managed to realize.

20/11/17

The mask of Death

If the mask collapses by luck
The work done by putting it
Gives to the Death a fit in another plane
So the Death won't walk looking down,
but looking his own mask

The mirror is not reflection, instead
Is the reaffirmation, is the purpose and not the goal
The Death doesn't seek to be eternal,
but to bury his mask put on
The shelter of his lazy nose that doesn't breathe air

The living dead
The dead living
Like coals in a grill
that the conscience dominates

The masks were created
The craftsmen had fair job
The education didn't scare them
Of its finally accomplished merit

He went unprepared in time
The work done by the mask
The Death accumulated his time
In the stands of oblivion

The justice that filled its charm
The life wasn't the motive
The Death didn't ignore it
It realized its compliments with much application

Always the mirror with the same covered face
Always the justice in both parts divided
The time he took in going around the world
The nature of Death was given in schools

The thief wasn't afraid of his mask
Instead of stealing the innocents
Searched in every corner his unreachable object
Like a salamander that the riddle seeks
He realize that all his treasure relapsed in the will of
her

The Death reached the end of the sphere
Conquered its own end and disputed to take off the
mask
The tomb dug was filled by the rain
The corpse that was hidden under blossomed

The thief saw the tomb that the worker did
Asked him nicely if it was of the Death
A thunder made jump the earth and his shoes were
stained
The Death had as subject the whole construction

Like that the Death and the thief found each other
in the empty ground

The tomb was wide and its internal walls was made
of marble

The waking up from the tomb will be in the sky

The rats that would eat the corpses in the ground
sharpened their teeth

The Death hugged the thief to not let him go

The arms of the thief were trapped

The thunder touch both foreheads

The mask wasn't anything but the void between
their minds.

20/11/17 (II)

The new Celestial kingdoms

In the lost dice for everyone
The dice faces that are all invisible
For the moment of the opaque halo
The ground was again divided
The streets like seas released vapor,
because of the heat of the reheated system

The kingdom of knowledge
With its practices achieved to perpetuate the elaboration
Like the visual alchemy that ends in purpose
It acquire the quantum force to scatter its past

The kingdom of past
With its lost rites in the modernity
Like the appearance of the moral institution
It reverberated in the temples forgotten of the Internet

The kingdom of the money
With its negotiations enslaved the word
Like the staging of the waited piece
It clapped with its crying tears of laughter

The kingdom of slavery
With its high prices asked asylum in the madhouse

Like the fall of the underground obelisk broke its
bases

It supported the theoretical will that the stalking
holds

The kingdom of the crimes
With its magic hand composed the orchestra lines
Like a lost ballad in sounded riddles
It stole to the thunder its sound after leaving all
blind

The kingdom of prudence
With its patience devoured the dead nature
Like the meeting of masked aliens
It lost the recognition of the distant pupils

The kingdom of the apparent
With its favorite enemy disputed its argument
Like the end of the world for whom loves
God came down from his seat to throw the dice
again.

20/11/17 (III)

Indomitable town

I don't stop chasing the invisible tracks of the ash
that burned

The consequence of seeing them is to want unite
them

The puzzle of the wildest causes me empathy
Towards my conceived idea of how to staying alive

The escape of the adverse transactions

The looks of complete domain

I don't reach them when I ride the trajectory,
but I don't leave them even when I'm sleep

Without correct answer to a question that no one
ever made

The orchestra of the reasoning after big concert
Doesn't ask for claps to its instruments

The big grounds of this town
Are indomitable at the beginning, are so indomita-
ble during

An activity that I do almost every day

It surprises me even when I don't wait for it

If it is for me whole, please senses

Don't pull me the feeling I had

For me not to let go of myself by the ones I have

I had to wait the fall
Of the hired stage
I had to wait the shadow
Of the town in the concrete.

23/11/17 at IVC (I)

Concert of audiences

The artists stopped to go to manifest in their favorite place

The stage was run and they rose the bars of separation

The posts of the street were part of the scenography

The entertainment was to be part of the show

No one knew well which art was concerning to this play

The acting had to be rigorously established in the hearts and in the minds

The music stopped to be danced to be lived in the everyday

The sculpture passed to a higher scale adorning subway stations and offices

The painting got willing to create human memories in the unconscious of the citizens

The TV like media formed part of a new branch of the psychology

The cinema began to create ephemeral races inside the certainty of the new suns

The poetry and literature repeated words and senses of sentences

The words were used to accompany other words, never to define

The artists stopped to call themselves artists to be
as equal and finite
The city was filled of spontaneous culture upon a
celestial Pompey
The moon didn't attract shine but moved tides of
intrapersonal lengths in the human
Everyone with its goal set in the concrete oblivion
of the ancestors that lived
No one knew which changes had happened to get
to this day
The actors, those, who collapsed the function of
time
The musicians and dancers, those, who fractured
the primal routine
The sculptors, those, who carefully told Greek looks
of illumination
The painters, those, who gave their blood to the
dark dream
The commercials were made with the problematic
of the Greek theater
The writers and poets, those, who played with the
forms of told thought
All the anatomy had incorporated the result of the
human intervention from centuries ago.

23/11/17 at IVC (II)

Mosquito

Flying through the walls of infected breathing
Infected with the chaotic end of its apparition
The mosquito flies so close that are heard his buzz-
ings

It can't be defined the corporeal number of its ap-
pearance

They show up between the eyebrows and the most
extreme point of the head

Like from behind of the hair the mosquito was until
it was released

The sound wasn't the inconvenience but the immi-
nent sting

In the leg first, then in the knee

In the foot and serenely like a surgeon in the foot's
thumb

The mosquito that escapes the slapping

Is crucially intercepted by the wind

The whole room is its blank sheet to draw

The look is only the center of his cross-eyed com-
pass

The stings are the chosen points for the creation be-
fore the body rots

A hand killed the mosquito

It was smashed against the own skin
All that day that leg had worked out
All that day the pant that covered that leg had wait-
ed
The mosquito found the wished end
To be smashed against the lover leg and with the
blood all around.

23/11/17 at IVC (III)

Chrome lounge

By the street seems to be hidden lights
In the sidewalk the colors play
Under the door they blinded you
The colors of a house that seems to be
Connected to a subaltern and secret source

You get close and ring the bell
The handle shines in the door
The carpet in the entry is transparent
The door opens alone
The light that spreads trespasses the retina

You open the eyelashes without needing of your hands
You notice that there's no furniture
No one never could be seat but in the floor
The walls are full of TVs
All the light is thousands of TVs around the entire
house

Pictures of people, drinks, places, clouds, airplanes

A person speaking with a microphone
A woman with a drink in a table
A man smiling to a dog
An old woman with her cane beside some flowers

A group of friends in a pool
A deserted beach at sunset
A mountain in its top
A tree in the solitude of the field

A man holding a block
A woman cooking with an apron
A new car, someone inside
An airplane departing near the sea

A line in a disco
A line in a disco in a parking lot
A group of friends playing soccer
A group of women in dresses

A picture of the high school graduation
A family toasting while having dinner
A group of street cats
A high waterfall

A bird at the top of a house
Two Labrador retrievers
A man and a woman in bed
A man writing in the computer

A woman modeling in a runway
A horse standing in the meadow
A giraffe in a safari
A fray searching grapes

A square full of people
A street with a hobo in the sidewalk

All the TVs had different images
The person who entered couldn't go out anymore
The tramp was implemented correctly
The true show was to begin
When I came back there was the person still.

23/11/17 at IVC (IV)

Parchment

Each word I wrote
Each point at the end of the sentence
Was added into the verb
The skin of creation
The time of the set
Transferred the word into other sites
Went to where it could be read
From afar what I wrote
Always at the waiting of silence
The word never stays lifeless
The movement of the line
Completes the ear to its function
The long of the paper that encompasses
Every written word
Not even my hands can touch them
Not even my nails can rip them
Not even my feet can walk them
Only the mirrors of the accents
Only the path of the languages
Only the reflections of the symbols
They go through the mansion
Where my parchment occupies all the space
No one is going to be able to read it
They would have to unite theirs
The dictionaries would lose every function
They would control the voices with automatization

They would go pass through the new season of
frank empty
The letters that alone mean something
Those whose structure is strong
They would know the true meaning of explosion
The true shine of the sun
The most sinister forgiveness
The most corroded piece of heart
The most corpulent hug
The thing most unusual of reason
The trees would walk alone to the sawmill
The rivers would wash the tip of the pens
The parchment will permeate with the ways of life.

25/11/17 at Marqués (I)

Anual vibes

At the end of the year I didn't have to go out
In the house I spotted the lousy luck of not having
Nothing to do, only contemplation and hoax
Only the concrete illusion of being blind
Only the negligence of thinking and believing

At the end of the year I didn't have to go out
In the house I searched to scroll to escape
Of what is already cultivated throughout the year
Only the work leaves something potential in the living room
Only the effort leaves anguish and hopelessness

At the end of year I didn't have to go out
In the house I waited my definitive death
From all my feelings found, and exposed
Only more feeling I achieved to create to this dates
Only more view I achieved to increase in the heavy eyebrows,
of the window of my heart.

25/11/17 at Marqués (II)

Father

The scolding was not on a whim
A natural force surfaced the nerves
The thought did not evaporate
Neither the friendship nor the words are for experimentation
Only the vice of the company gave me the reason

Like a father to my friends
Like a mirror to their growing beards
Like a rag for their nastiness
Like nastiness for their rags

The heavy commitment of being
An ambition with determined eyes
The fit of the actors does not create the play
The time changed my position to alternate
Only the contradiction was useful as finding

Like the truth of the concrete and the asphalt
Like the sidewalk of the pedestrian that sleeps
Like the handbrake of the car that does not move
Like the abyss of the foggy windshield

The warning that bothered the night
A strong meeting with the strange hierarchy
of a minor when speaks properly

The cars that are separated after the reunion
The motors that won't turn on at the same time
Only the time alone metabolizes in oneself
What is decided by intuition and spontaneity

The sublime year's outcome
Left me on par with nothing
The sublime stretching of the months
Left me wishing to check
The sublime style of the communication
Left me strange bridges to know.

25/11/17 (III)

Conclusion

This is nothing of what I wanted to write yesterday
Yesterday I would have bled myself in the duty
Of explaining what I can't feel now

This is nothing of what I wanted to leave clear
Yesterday is just pragmatism of the body
Without nothing more than a present more to re-
turn

This is nothing of what I wanted to write yesterday
That was so heavy that I couldn't write
From where I couldn't get out if I didn't forget my-
self

This is nothing of what I wanted to write yesterday
I'm being manipulated to finish the parchment
The case exposed that will be examined in the mon-
astery

This is nothing of what I wanted to write yesterday
I have to start again
Make me suffer the misfortune of not having
The eternal present again, again, again.

25/11/17 at Marqués (IV)

Other life

If the female character
In this masculine life
Gives scraps of sensation
To my active senses

The perception that cannot be altered
When the knowledge does not discriminate
The purple of the actions
Like having an uterus after being born

I decide having in count
The lost misfortune
That the fatidic fate gives to know
When I'm scattered from the already known

Only with the painted picture
Of the enigmatic face
With its hands swollen
That the view forgets

Each one most find
The experience of being
With the other half
The end of been born

Unprepared by the result

The acting creates the space
The disproportionate balance
Piggyback in the dense spectrum

Of being a man that thinks sometimes as woman
Of being a woman that thinks sometimes as man.

25/11/17 at Marqués (V)

Other lives

In some kind of path
On which the table is already set
The begging that marks the actual date
And the possible fate that tells it tale

Like a lost swallow
Like an albatross in high sea
The service of the electric light
Turns on more that some light bulbs

The inclusion in this journey
Starts at wondering
The exclusion in this premise
Ends at answering

In the case that you are known by he
From before as his woman
Gives fit to understanding maybe
The version of the accomplice actress

That one which from the words knew how to contradict
The seasons that presents the winds
The sound of the motor and the one from the piano
In a pentagram that anyone fits

But never achieve to understand

The woman reborn is maybe
A man at the same time today
Like the codes told
Like a series not televised

To bet on spending money
Is maybe the easiest thing to win
To bet on earning money
Is maybe the easiest thing to do

To know how to walk with the nails
Between the passages of the everyday's theater
Like the never to get catharsis
Erased from your mind
Materialized at waking up

I will be myself in the case I want
To see my face when everything ends
Like the cover of a book
That calls itself and its own kind

Inside the spared memory
Unraveling the night before
That known character that knows all
From heart knew how to answer the question

Without power of conviction
After the hardest questionnaire

Achieved only to alter the whole word
His round back to the sun

To keep a secret is not
To use his edges
To employ his truth is not
To challenge the irony

To who was gave to understand
They know well about to feel pleasure
To who was gave to feel
They know well about to be understood

Like the alter state, like a reverie
I challenge mine, feet that get twisted in steps
Composition of atoms that I fill with combustion
I waste your time with such style
That your procrastination gives me the reason.

25/11/17 at Marqués (VI)

Exile

Every day that passes it gets knitted
Every day that passes it is searched to change the
needle
Like some random verses
Every day that passes it brings a new composition

Every day they lose the hope to find themselves
Every day that passes gets lost between hours
Like a shipwreck into the popular
Every day that passes it is searched what to discard

Inside the layer more extreme
that every level it sustains
Inside the high surprise
that all the presents encompasses

It is grow in the lost space
that the time will not take it as lost
It is getting gigantic the steps
that the beginning does not waste for compromised.

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