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Dreams, time

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An Ash Ceiling
Diary



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“Good will change the use, customs and language commonly used.”

Are we alone in evil or, for better, there's nothing, we're a prison or good things. Presence is the most important act, but the game was upside down, what had happened is part of that cancer that Europe has been carrying for a long time. Ignorance is only a part in people, different if you want from what we could expect, who wants to steal the identity was an evil, it bothers them again, wanting to appear.

Existence is an alternative to what is the obvious, so it had to go let's just let the bosses say that, then they are also a part of our brain, as what we have associated with our favourite food. So many times life could give us something more, you've seen something new, just dreams or stay to get lost. You have to think something new, if new is a word that has a concrete meaning, it is not just realizing a dream, life is a dream. The rest of the sentence is superfluous, it only remains what is needed or, what is not yours. Other words can be contagious, who is not attached to the present, it is said that cleanliness is the best of the rules in this time, as 'the need for order is the basis of the human being. Better cannot be asked, if not knowing more from within, as belongings that today could always be better, if amplified with a voice, which is missing in many speeches. To know exactly the name of the contact with other people, even those not identified. Identity is fundamental or, other concepts that might seem fascist, in reality deal only with art or, in fact, the body of a human being that is an arm, eyes, head, hands and more, it is not true that there is no order but, that has been clouded by the minds of people already rendered unconscious, so the depth become obvious. Clear signs created by the lack of

expressions of what we are to others, of what we cannot say, by the use of customs that declare themselves modern.

We do not exist, it is already the too much of those who justify our modern age, everything is bad or, nothing is bad. Flying against the wind is all we need, we must procure the whole world in a pocket, the remote past all as a resource. Nothing better, get out as soon as the weather clears up. New things that have to come, arrive, are not like people who miss appointments or trains. We will not change the Earth, she already thinks what we will transform and, as she must change us, we must also adapt to build our speech of revolution, then times have changed was normal. Another day is said to reassure the elderly before dying, in this world that is perhaps mine, they make us live without recording what more there could be, because it is forbidden to always use those damn words, dreams are freedom and life.

Calmness is the secret of all things, in free spaces you find a solution to your penance, it is not true that another concrete one is without escape route, there is a way to record reality, even if you can't get out. We cannot change the world is who changes us, it must be one of those speeches, what seemed to be

instead is now, as is the boredom that gives us the way not to stay among those in the zoo.

Tomorrow is another day, a fruit of today. What you do today will be tomorrow but, it's a struggle to stand, you spend what time has given us for good, without looking at what is necessary. Justifications are useless, what you are is what you have done, don't you believe in a speech that frees us or in those who imprison us instead? The solution is here with those who understand and those who don't know, there are no people who don't understand or can't understand. A fixed point does not understand, move it to the forefront is not you. The speeches are not always the same, certainly one positive and one negative, after all you will see the time alone washes the mistakes there is written, believe me people get big and sometimes they end ... memories of having already met everyone today and, the damn time that passes. We are what we are, let's not ruin ourselves, it's only life, our reality that passes on one side, it may be Arabic as speech but, at least it lives. It is always better not to remain without equal, when we are made false liars or, from being unclean things that will have an end. They make sovereign reign a dream substituted to the original one at the bottom, placed

to reality then as you want, as you already know, but, don't remember they have forgotten you or, they have made you forget what you will soon remember, to believe again in that box, that base.

Beautiful life exploited for the work of an ant, time is what is left before it goes out forever, you know kids don't have to use big words, when the world has already been for good. Things you don't say, novelties that ruin, nothing is true, everything is new every day so the new, the youngest. The world is fossilized in its form, making sure you always discover the same things, so living a world of dreams, instead of realizing a world of dreams. People make a world and a good, from things that you can not escape, a mirage is the dream understood, life just the fact that you go on, you do not know what is an unknown, the freedom to speak without offending.

So leave it alone, realize what you wanted then, do something else without cutting your veins there is always time ... where you put that damn book of instructions, an evil was going to kill you or make you commit suicide that was better, as serious as a plague without any kind of success, a cap to the idea. What wasn't supposed to exist or, something else associated with it that you don't want to pass off as

common, is still there forever. Glory is forever, our life is marked, as it is today will not be tomorrow, they are thieves of ideas that no one wants to say, so as not to stain themselves with guilt for which they too are responsible. When people will do their own business! we need legislation that revolves the path of institutions, there are internal issues in every era, from which everyone can have their own profits and others that belong only to the generation in which you live, explanations that you can understand on your own, not organs and trumpets, but, situations that are already observed for some time now, are the most important then to succeed today from what you went through yesterday. Dreams are what you had to be today, having to be is the key to enter today's world. Serious morning of undated explanations, of uncertainties or improbable affairs, where the certainty is that the Sun exists. The streets are so many speeches at least two, do not believe the liars and mafiosi of the personality that say the world is theirs, even when the evidence there sees in the false.

An evil inflicts on us only life today, the emptiness in silence, in immobility. In one way or, only in another, what you were is what you will not be, it proposes a hidden good to life, where no one

takes you and no one explains you. Prisons that want to seem or, to be freedom I see outside my windows today, not dry pasta dishes served in the streets. Words fall into the business that no one has ever illustrated, the dream of what was to be will be replaced, they say as soon as they get out of bed. All waxed with wax I mean, so to resemble a zombie, advice from a good party, a good homeland of the world from which you do not understand what nation we are, all confused between wrong opinions and, those perhaps.

No one can talk or other forms of degeneration, everything is wrong, chaos without order. I'm done for today, I'm out. Life is not a wheel and people are spaced out, circumscribed that the accounts are otherwise, do not stop at the appearance that is never obvious, what you see inside is the true appearance. They will try to hurt you, they will justify it as common peace or, because you are right. Staying still is the best of things in the worst case scenario, non-betrayal is the only guide to get out of this gain.

The unknowns and hypotenuse have never scared anyone, the triangle or the square are the first forms to resist the sinusoids of evil. The accounts always add up, the daily habits that are repeated in

the day, the appointments with schedules, the days after form a rhythm that resembles life. Repeat so as not to fall but, not through the people in the company, the paradise in comparison is animal. Everything normal go and tell it to someone else, nothing is more normal, one day it will be coloured by new ideals never seen before, that was the normality, not that wrong being met or known, who keeps us together will have to give us explanations. A good is life or 'the paradise, continuing more within another reality or, original creature. What will ever be a mass unit to defeat at home, the hatred and tumult of things you don't understand... the grudges between people, that's all.

Tomorrow begins to play war at home, an irrelevant institution, true, as if defeating normality, was butter to slice. A rule doesn't exist, it tells you who doesn't live as a human being anymore, only after having defined some precise rules, even if they work, you can live peacefully the rest of the day, doing nothing. Pause returns to the initial position, peace of mind: getting lost without what. They will be concerns of the Municipality, sorry but what do you think you are, if not only important medicines to heal.

I feel like an old box abandoned or sealed, I've been sick, I've had a fever. Only a little blue, green or yellow sun tells me with courage there will be better days, you will suffer less, maybe because we have done it before.

It's getting late, bye.

Greetings, G.