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Real justifications

Letter taken from:
Say It Yourself
Diary



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July to say, 02.07.2011

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

Look how much those false fascists were not joking, those objects in the clear, they wanted to be

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

An open summary does not exist, people are in the memory of what it is, you see only ants and those who will die of diseases, pests and atomic bombs. People die together at the end of the world, which

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

It was Easter Day when I woke up, what I missed I did not know, when the colour of youth passes, better her than 'the day of celebration. Shocking this society that turns around, doesn't know who's talking, they may be worms but they pay, because

they are fish. Among us was the law, the countless units, and then you do not understand what you want, what we are doing here, what everyone appreciated. In a while the Sun will fall, and there is nothing to understand where your personal memory has gone, where the money and friendships are, this was our state, our good in these few lines spoke to us for all our needs with the taxes we pay. Let's declare the truth, no one manifests the truth understand me you know it! To affirm even with the body is as difficult as trivial, that's why it is a common war what is on the bedside table this morning.

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

thousand nine hundred and seventy, because it is also wrong to write then, we speak badly because it cuts us a bad. God will forgive us, we'll feel further away.

Bye G.