

*Gerardo D'Orrico*

## What changes



Letter from the book:

**“It’s Already Us In Ten Minutes”**

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Extinct there, to where a thought of reaching said, but it should be that it was the wrong point, already finished. The place shouldn't necessarily be a point to end up with places to miss. Evaluate what reality was or the problems we have around; they will always be there, like a catastrophe from two millennia ago. Those who constantly lose, those who will certainly already be accomplished, people live in poor misery.

What will they have to say then, it continues even more decomposed... or Alice, you're not there, you don't exist. Convenient products and fearful businesses of our low or other high countries. By the way, what do you want to continue to do first. Where it stops, I wouldn't know, but for sure it will be lost there at the bottom on that side, near the bar or the favorite spot. Instead, the law is there where you always go, um, useful as well as many unemployed people basically in their jobs, too free. If for this modern present, mechanics built on yesterday in

writing to the judiciary, on posters, in the municipality, the news is not really or completely like that. A mistake is to lose what already exists to see something else. An education is needed on what you will see afterwards; it will be the school that they still don't give, another world all well covered with a truck tarp, like those that should beat us with sticks... even graphics are prohibited in this place that is not you, but a concentration camp. Continuously complaints until the point where it ends, while you know or don't know what or why we're going, we move forward as you see, there are others. I'm tired, it's not even time to write to you: here those abuse and so they say to exist or to stay.

A product will never be perfect, but a white line for her, like good and a rule only if spread in common, becomes as if you turn off. Necessary communication for what the act or the real form was, a thought that is not expressed: it has been said all

the same with your participation. Look what life goes by me on this side, you on that side, them, the others, the television, the affairs like that. Millions of people, all for us... already the explosive quantity, not the quality, what it meant to have or to live. Engineering the bell everyone to their places, we start again. Note: the bell is fine, the peals are not. Today's notes for when you don't speak, how much and why already too much, too many people speak and who for you, for me or for others, about what and for what. The eyes that watch us, objects thrown or that sacred culture doesn't take hold. Hear the noise of a plane or have you already seen too many transformations, look at life that goes by me on this side and you on that side. Peace is Easter, do you like smoking, talking; I've already had three little glasses of wine! Basically, there is a lot of work to be done and who lives with an evil or who criticizes a good doesn't exist, a thought and also what you see, well but according to justice, then, in its form, in its

colors, what today may seem like a dream and instead truly another world.

We start living where ingestion or intake is free. So, here many arts are a bit difficult, better the days spent thinking or walking on the streets. Zero evils, they are to start by breathing it, our time, not assuming wrong practices. You will see the world slip away like a wall collapsing down. The line is you, but here it was forbidden. Full of serious mistakes, blows with force to the head and body to continue in a not straight, Christian way or against our peace. Time will be the key included in what you can say. There is no presentation of those who have words, but of problems. If you want, you find many on the street, like yours, mine or if at home they deny the good these artificial powerful, who are actually elected... it seems to me as if we were never born, rather it must be us only a success or a anew what was today. A good becomes a particular nature, not a concentrate

on the object vilified. Or, at a certain point, only a public affair like the matter of being inverted or the blame of... where it goes, it exists without evil.

It was May when it happened, people decide the future and the past, death for you, for me I don't know what to say, who kills the present is here even if it hasn't told us anything, and those who speak elsewhere only speak falsehoods. The usual evils without the phone spend the day that everyone wanted, to raise that title that was different for everyone. Turn on the radio, the rest of the schedule is already history. Not many words are needed, but the "why" is already destroyed all our future with all our problems. Good morning, the air is not art. All the success that has already happened, here it will be.

I am the absence, the void, the domestic tortures, the absence of State or laws. Yours or mine, what will be right to say: and where were you? We don't want to understand what was necessary or who speaks deep

down in the soul, how many pains then to not remain alone. You see, the truth will have already passed, how hard it is to write while everything is already old or the law still cannot be kept at home for us, or for that obstacle that makes us beautiful after understanding and overcoming it. I hope that in your reading you will always want to put something of yours, so the roots or how long that river that doesn't want and will not stop. Maybe you didn't understand me, I don't want to kill it; it's already dead.

Do you want to know your school descent came to find me, I don't like doing everything myself, but a wound hurts. It needs to be closed, even or especially alone, as sometimes you have to absolve yourself from practices for a day from the invented Sun... actually, a few moments or minutes are enough for a simple total resolution while you don't know who you're talking to, or what's forbidden to say, to kiss, or better to overcome. Only taboos, boredom, or

deficiency, that's what they bring here: to err where error does not exist, but for heaven's sake, why is everything hidden, so today reveals our topic that outrages us, um, the experience or everyone has preferred to continue.

A charge one day, that of... and you know it always depends on who speaks, the time, the era you live in, your State, democracy with its installed laws, losses, the non-knowledge that passes through the brain and then down into the street or on television, plus that strange affair also associated with total resolution. Curiously, we are the total. How much confusion even today when waking up, keeping oneself intact becomes the practice because yesterday you were, um, since then there has been a memorable silence for ten years, to say the least, or others, the friends were silex, torpedo brand, weapon used to shut down your house.



Humans come out of evil, that from the verb to evacuate always. I know people close to you or me so around us who were warriors once, now here there's the problem of hunger but even this will be a past event, one is always looking for a private place to breathe freely and whoever wants to take us all the Nation.

Listen to some music or rest at a certain time you do before. Transform that the world has changed, now we are there we always move forward to a new, sometimes different. Just a point disappears if you want that insult to be cleaned up, in the sense of washing with detergent. Today's happy concern, an email is a gutter. Where the sea ends, the land begins but if this is our common or if the nations are two, it is known only with the laws of the State. Geometry, architecture tell us how who speaks to be evil, or the absurd cadastral division of houses then where the State ends I begin is worse.

Ok, then our friend smells like the idea of where we live but it's already all true. The carabinieri are up, what do you think! Good morning, which side do you want to continue. Physically see your eye why don't we talk about it, what happened to you in the afternoon, where is your arrest status, look for the law arrest status equals report or complaint on legal articles that force you to stop, there's no one up here on my second floor.

The void becomes our true continental threat, it's not from here yet it will be here, more generally the problem of being human. What do you want to continue if the city is empty, and to say it even to you a problem always returns, even who told you or, to whom you made it clear... it's too much a void, the minute words cannot be said, only a few moments from Sin City. False fascists, no story of the Holocaust, you can feel that the silence is sulfuric.

How much peace, how much dying today, how much duty cannot be and, other problems.

Who steals, who loots, there must also be an error: the State is not there, it will continue tomorrow. The slogans, two points: a shot and the fresh air, a new atmosphere, new colors already, you're welcome. The dead who die without a state, without guilt. The shot or the blame of arrest, who wants where he goes cannot, if the limit were understood, the threshold plus twelve or thirteen other things... see you tomorrow which is always another day.

An existence continues on roads that are not stained with personal crimes, even where we didn't expect to go, fresh, scented by free thought, where I don't tell you who you cannot say the name, cannot, where today ends. This is a war that continues in peace, words that cut us to command us not to speak. It follows a law on what has been falsified or, what is stronger. Where has the good gone, the good does

not end, even if we don't know where we are going, because we have fog in our heads. Today's topic will always be today that has not been, continue without cuts or without blood, what you are afraid of will have already happened, they made it happen, normal as a thing you didn't expect.

Fresh air... we are all tired, a perfect revolutionary ideal... upsetting is not an abstract but a qualified to repeat, exploit the work of evil like a wrong software, to avoid in the discourse of our actions. Misery will never be enough, of already who identifies you calls you for their responsibility, tell him what's missing outside of nothing there is nothing, out of where they are installing there is only the void.



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