

*To my wife and my children.  
Every time I see them  
my soul rushes to hug them  
before I do.*

Angelos Michalopoulos

I AM THE CHILD OF MY SOUL

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**1. Falling in love with those secrets  
that my mind is keeping from me  
(In the next room I eavesdrop as my heart  
is negotiating over its borders)**

And I, to learn how to properly celebrate my victories  
that continue to demand from my ego  
to organize grandiose parades for them,  
decide to lose the part of my content  
which was always in love with its own guilt  
just outside the limits of my weakness.  
Unfazed it keeps on dancing,  
freed from its more insatiable desires,  
and from its well fed fears.

It is those desires of mine that have managed to memorize  
the operating instructions of my conscience.  
They stand together up high on those peaks in my brain  
that only my most renegade doubts can survive  
and drink to my health granting me whenever they feel like it  
a quick taste from the part of my past  
which refused to look like any other  
before it became memorable.

Leaving me alone to entertain my horror,  
I cut the sound of my laughter in two  
and take the most optimistic half  
to put in front of the face of my least ambitious doubt.  
Trying to understand why the secrets of my self-confidence  
refuse to talk to my hesitations,  
I divide the crying of the biggest "no" I ever said into three parts.  
I held on as tightly as I could with one hand on its biggest part,  
and with the other I grabbed all that I ended up hating inside me  
because I never found the courage to say no to.  
With the pockets of the third part,  
the part of my time which is undefended against my own attacks,  
bulging with all the love left over from the colorful hatred  
that my agonies of tomorrow keep inside them  
I temporarily said goodbye to those steep downhills of my life  
that continue to admire me.

I now live on the edge of those emotions  
which never tried really hard to look within them  
to find the tremendous honesty that their own strength has.  
A day does not go by that I don't hold as tightly as I can in my hands  
the always ready for war key  
that will manage to strip my timidity off my thoughts.

I am guilty. I polluted the sea of night with those thoughts of mine  
that don't want to betray the minimal logic they represent  
and the greatest passion they pretend to be resisting.  
The much loved scarlet square drop  
that has lived in my mind for five years now  
suddenly froze in its tracks  
fearing the sound made by the more belligerent footsteps  
of those secrets that are afraid of the light  
much more than they are afraid of the truth.



I donned the first abyss I found that looked me in the eyes  
and accompanied by my non-negotiable handshake  
tried with all the kindness I had left in me  
to embrace the soil inside which each morning  
the dawn gives birth to the first light of my optimism.  
Looking in the eyes the faint light constantly emitted by my own body,  
I discovered that the smile of my own sweat  
which I've been seeking for so many years to acquire  
is already part of me.

The elder teardrop just spoke for the first time in years to the young ones.  
My sanity urgently requests to become once again  
the unabashed pickpocket of my day,  
and my loneliness the avaricious ambassador of my night.

My passion, this sweet night watchman of my soul,  
decided at last to go to sleep.  
I won't need it anymore today.  
In the ashtray of my logic I'll try to fit  
the part of my soul that was always afraid of me.  
In the ashtray of winter I'll try to fit everything  
the summer asked me to help it learn how to forget.

And at the end of the day,  
there among the bright rags I have been wearing for days now  
and the obscure trophies of the first kiss  
ever given to me by my personal luck,  
I'll try to fit whichever victories still want to keep me company.  
It's the time when a person makes the tough decision  
to start negotiating with the part of his courage he can't clearly see.  
Languidly looking at the third part which I intentionally didn't pick up  
I come face to face with the sensual pleasure of my hesitations.  
I think it's time I realized how comfortably entrenched I live  
in the half-broken routine of their agony.

My life has become an endless traffic jam of emotions  
which are desperately looking to find a police officer  
to help them sort themselves out.  
I feel like I continuously hear the green colored sound my logic's pocket makes  
wandering alone through the rooms of my body  
like the burly, sarcastic train ticket inspector  
who's glad when he manages to catch the young stowaway.

For some strange reason,  
the older I get the more I fall in love  
with a soul's agony to enjoy its pride  
before the counterfeit tomorrow snatches it away from her and fouls it.  
It seems that my next asymmetric step, without warning me,  
has already been walking for months now  
towards the place where my reality has already decided to settle forever.

Seeing my personal life  
resting where I usually sit after work  
leisurely leafing through an album of photos my routine shot today,  
I decided to never again wear  
the solitude of decimated comprehension  
just so at the end of each day I can paint any hopes I still have  
on those huge outside walls that guard my soul,  
those walls that the sun knows it will never be able to penetrate.

I'll learn from scratch how to let my enthusiasm take over my life.  
I'll teach my hopes how to claim their lost time  
from those hopes I still have not managed to teach myself how to hope.  
I'll learn to celebrate the delightful anarchy of the pathos  
my soul will never stop giving birth to.  
I'll become the sculptor of my luck  
to avoid being the mediocre lover of its misfortune.

**2. I prefer to be in love with my soul  
than married to my logic  
(How does it feel to live a life imprisoned in your own safety?)**

I hated every darkness that ever came to ask for my opinion.  
I loved every darkness that ever came to apologize to me.

All through the night an effigy of yourself painted  
disintegrating shapes on the sandy seashores of my soul.  
Shapes that wanted to soak up as much pain as they could  
before attempting to store their joy  
to my memory's fearless storage cabinets.  
When they were finished they called me over  
to see what they had created.  
I bowed my head, lowered my gaze towards them  
and saw my hope peeling herself away from my forehead  
and dash with animal abandon to hug my own future.  
It's these images that convince me  
that as wedded to my logic as I may be  
the proof of a soul's strength lies in her least important truth.

What an amazing feeling it is when I'm able even for a short while  
to hold in my hands the endless amount of freedom my soul has in her!  
I feel as if my life is suddenly filled with seagulls flying  
in the absolute freedom their lives possess.  
They scrape the austere canyons of my reason,  
defying the enormous dark masses of my sorrow,  
as if urging them to come and fly with them  
in a celestial chase of joy.

Unfazed, I let my soul decide all on her own  
where she wants to place my next step into the future,  
the next step of my feet in my body,  
the next step of my life on the road her expectations just finished carving.  
This is the striking image of a mind that sits alone at a table  
admiring its soul happily dancing right in front of it,  
unburdened by any problem that might be surrounding her just then.  
The dance pours all the affection it has inside it  
onto the shadow of the hope my body has  
of finally learning how to respond to the queries of its enthusiasm.

I took the enchanting hope drawn from these moments  
and set her on my unguarded shoulders  
which were still struggling to shake off  
the questions that refused to detach themselves  
from the soil of the logic that bore them.  
With that hope in hand I went to a magic seashore  
where truth loses each midnight the virginity of her objectivity.

Unlike my mind's doubts,  
I never learned how to swallow the questions of my heart.  
I now feel that deliverance  
flows solely through the long and narrow corridors of my authenticity.  
This must be why I violently shove left and right  
the lies that lurk in my life's irresolute periphery  
so as to persuade them to confide to me  
their own version of my future.



The invisible darkness hidden in all I saw but couldn't feel  
passed between me and my unspoken words,  
barely touching the body of a soul that's slowly sinking  
in her inability to lose every trace of objectivity she has left.  
I feel like the fairytales of my life  
found a way to age faster than me.

I clothed my stained doubts  
with an attitude of prepaid confidence  
and started grappling with the despair  
of being certain about what I am not  
but not about what I don't want to become.

I smashed through the huge rigid gate of reason  
and threw myself into the castle where for years now  
herself has been living in seclusion  
so as to carve onto the soul of her vast sunlit courtyard  
the first perfect circle I was able to paint since I was ten years old.  
In the clatter of endless joy  
all the enthusiasm I still have left in me was instantly redeemed.  
The poor thing has been begging me for days now to embrace it  
before I let my logic ask the first question.

3. **How many darknesses did you have to pay your abyss today  
to keep its mouth shut ?  
(Yesterday at midnight I rediscovered the imprisoned in my past  
glances of the darkness that once loved me)**

From them the soil of my guilt  
learned to hide so well its hesitations  
in the warped images of those people  
I once wished I could have learned how to love.  
I'm so glad that, as much as I struggle,  
I can't grab with my greedy hands  
the light of the previous tomorrow,  
to settle the debts left to me  
by the miserable loans I got from the disappointment brought on  
by my past's wounded clarity.

There are moments when I'm so scared  
of the wild, unbalanced look of the day that just ended  
it makes the earth around me stop breathing.  
The last time my ego attempted to purchase false hopes  
from the pawnshop owned by my profound fears  
it realized that not everything in life is for sale,  
because when trying to buy fake enjoyment  
you end up selling once and for all  
the only transaction you always wanted to make with yourself.

It was this capricious deal  
that abandoned me in the middle of my logic's square  
with all the hundreds of my arguments staring at it speechless.  
There it stayed for hours, alone, in its anthropomorphic symmetry  
striving as fast as it could to rid the whispering of my heart of its own fears,  
regardless if by breaching the boundaries of tomorrow  
it forced me to use up the last ounce of gunpowder  
contained in a conscience that never hesitated whenever she felt like it  
to blow up her own shadow into a thousand pieces.

Every day since then the part of my boredom  
that always lived in a lesser sunshine  
has been trying to buy me from my own self-confidence.  
The invalidity of the fears I yet don't know how to fear  
is attempting to uncover any hesitation it finds sleeping inside me.  
The exhilaration of power is already applauding its next victim,  
while I remain in the company of the unsmiling questions I still hesitate to ask  
trying to understand from which part of my truth  
I just borrowed the very sad apology I am about to use.

When I stop crying  
I will hopefully realize that I still haven't learned how to laugh.  
In every dawn that overcomes its misgivings  
I see the night, which acts as my life's keyhole,  
already serving my dreams to my doubts for breakfast.  
The fog of errors that for years has been chasing me,  
eventually passed me by and I, waiting for the past to reach me,  
took a step back to delay entering my future.



I leaned over the table that was kind enough to keep me company  
and saw a tearful drop sitting and crying  
on the most muted of its four corners.  
I looked at it closely and saw reflected inside it  
the image of my self-confidence,  
in the back of which that recycled guilt of mine  
has stored since my youth its hard-work ethic.  
A monochrome self-confidence,  
proud of not having more than one color,  
that seeks each morning to make the mirror I look into  
believe in the haze she keeps on serving up to it with my permission.

My shadow has long been living inside that mirror,  
and I in the excrement of the image  
which for my sake I'm letting it create.  
Every morning I anxiously rush to be in time  
to believe in my merits  
before my flaws have time to enchant the day  
with the new magic tricks they just learned.  
It's their scream the headless motives I host in my head  
know so well how to exploit  
while rushing to occupy the hill where all my failures live  
before I have time to defend it  
from what I always dreamed to accomplish.

They want to draw me in to attack along with them  
but I sit comfortably among my hesitations,  
unwilling to participate in the various promises  
made at various times to my heart  
by the part of my passion  
that dreams only dreams with a tin start and a golden ending.

Around her wanders restlessly a wounded ego  
which just started digging with a silken spade  
its own grave which for years now it has glimpsed  
while occasionally peeking at my dreams.  
It has also brought with it a marble plaque  
that reads in proud blue and red letters:  
"Mistakes love their guilt."  
While it keeps digging night falls  
and as it gets darker life appears larger than it actually is.

4. **The consciences gathered to watch  
how the wallets of logic devour the beliefs of their owners  
(The biggest fires are not started by people, but by consciences)**

Since early morning the sins of the horizon  
have not stopped directly threatening my embrace.  
I know that every time I talk to myself  
I bargain with the invisible  
but how else would I communicate with my deciduous optimism  
that's trying in vain to find a way to get back inside me  
in order to embrace the portion of my passion that's not mine?

I sense my enthusiasm going crosseyed  
faced with the negativity of silence  
which even now refuses to betray the darkneses that still believe in her.  
I stand alone, riddled with inexplicable sentimental holes,  
equally primed to abandon the contempt for my soul's strength  
or thrust myself in to the confirmation of my ego's inability  
to offer my future all that I desire.

Vengeance has forgotten how to sign  
my monologues at the end of each day  
and I have ended up longing for all that I haven't achieved  
before I wish for all that I didn't have time to even realize that I must have.  
I surrender to the discretionary power of the unforeseen  
to shape the relationships between my emotions and myself.

Trying to fit into as much affection as I have left over  
from the soul that I daily use  
I saw my deepest emotion weeping all alone  
behind the door of the version of my life  
that lives opposite mine.  
I mustered my courage, walked to its doorstep  
and after knocking felt the pulses of my heart  
trying to learn how to reveal without offending me  
the truth that only they can see.

I felt my soul dancing  
without feeling the need to force my body to move.  
I immediately began as quickly as I could  
to dismantle my most cherished hope  
in order to find the spare parts  
that will start by themselves building from scratch  
the image my new reality recently fell in love with.

The harmony of my life froze momentarily in the moment's infinity.  
The copy that my past made of itself  
immediately set fire to its next minute.  
Disarming what I fear  
I was left alone with what I fear even more.  
The sleepy wallets of a logic that wants to profiteer from the power she has  
feel ready once again  
to fertilize the disobedient embraces,  
while all those times I refused to submit to the fate of my courage  
start dancing just a few feet away with my most demanding imperfections  
that wish above all to spend the night  
drinking with the truth they just fell in love with.



As I was standing there two old ladies came over  
and asked me to help them across to their next-door life.  
They were the details of my life  
that decided after many years to get reacquainted with my doubts.  
When I was done, I felt the taste of the storm inside me start to stutter,  
I felt the strength of my courage asking me  
to let it change its own address.

My heart's pace rejoiced so much  
as soon as it managed to ridicule my melancholy.  
When I finally learned how to fear infinity  
I was able to believe in my own insignificance.  
It's impressive how denial attracts fear away from the truth.  
I grabbed the defeats of my life  
and started kissing them one by one on the mouth  
while I listened to my dreams recounting their own dreams.

**5. Listening to my heart's whisper  
I discovered the myriad sounds a white page knows  
how to hide within it  
(How do you translate your teardrop into words  
that know how to suffer as much as it does?)**

In between promises and hopes  
lives a day from my past that tries with all available means  
to delay meeting all that I am forcing it to believe in.

Some times I feel that my past thinks it has a future of its own,  
less intoxicated by my overweight triumphs,  
less wounded by the petty rules  
which demand that their own light be turned on each morning  
so it can see in which spot inside me  
it must place its next step.  
To be able to continue believing in my own breath  
I embedded myself into my hopes,  
while mustering all the artistry I possess  
in convincing my soul to feel less desperate than me.

The finish line can no longer borrow  
even a little sweaty hope from the starting mark.  
It keeps them all in its bag as if afraid to waste them  
since it's no longer sure it can reproduce them.

I feel that I live a life confined to the armchair given to me by my anti-hopes,  
those heroines of my precious sorrow,  
those adept pickpockets of emotions  
that no longer know how to protect themselves from their misfortune  
which they so easily beget.

Disregarding whether the reality of the next moment  
manages to catch me making love with the misery of the previous one,  
I carry on having parallel relationships  
with the two distinctly different versions of tomorrow.  
I play daily with them allowing my most recent soul  
to be constantly entangled with the hues of a life  
that still hasn't determined which colors it doesn't like.

I'm planning a tomorrow that won't be afraid  
to search for those ruins of yesterday  
that refuse to live inside me anymore,  
a tomorrow that won't be afraid  
to toss all my personal life it has no use for  
into the trash of my cardboard charm.  
I hopefully won't forget to place in it  
more darkness than my truth wants  
and less light than my lies fear I need.



My personal night demands a bigger part  
in the show put on by that crimson light that lives illegally within her.  
I'm still looking for a way to learn to resist  
the feeling of security I get from anything bright I see before me.  
I'm still searching for a way to convince myself  
to give darkness another chance  
to show me how much danger it really hides inside it, even inside me.  
I must let the sunbeam free  
to interpret anyway it wants the darkneses  
it sees every time it looks at me  
without forcing it to come into contact  
with the power of the purposely misspelling grey  
contained by my cold-hearted mediocrity  
which still won't allow anyone else but me to touch her.

I battled my armor and lost.  
I battled the unsmiling paintbrush  
with which my desperation wants to paint my day and lost.  
Disappointed, I started walking  
towards the place where my passion is daily born  
constantly covering my tracks  
so that my logic can't find me.

The answers my personal freedom demand of me  
came and sat next to me  
to help me feel the music of the lock that will open  
when I render myself strong enough to refuse the free offers  
I get daily from the memory of my malice.

I finally managed to throw off me the tentacles of my grey pessimism  
which for days have been trying to engulf the limits of my soul,  
and was left alone gawking at all that I don't want to remember  
arguing before my very eyes with all that I must forget.  
Blissfully I laid next to everything that wants to shine inside me  
and all that wished to remain obscure.

6. **One day I hope to meet the prisoner I hide inside me  
(Have you noticed that every time the white tries to improve itself,  
it ends up looking more black?)**

Moments ago the sunset began to advise me  
on how it wants me to feel.  
I breath in from the righteous air around me  
the garrulous emotional demands I have  
between the absolute certainty I felt when my day started  
and the humility in which the twilight  
insists on dressing me within the next few minutes.  
I really hope that I'll be able to meet up with the flood  
that springs from those nonnegotiable feelings of guilt  
which earlier came to blows with my indifference.

My life's burly, stainless questions,  
having kept me company all day,  
finally decided they had enough and abruptly left.  
And I, despite the exhaustion of my previous logic,  
carefully start to decorate the stunning silver flower  
which found the courage to stand alone in the middle of my doubts,  
a flower whose petals are all the invaluable ruins of my sanity  
which I came to possess today.

The lead dancer ego came determined  
to negotiate until the end with my self-control,  
while I am more ready than ever to cash in my commercial value  
at the exchange of the lesser pleasure.  
My soul is ready to embrace  
only those parts of my body that I underestimate,  
believing that they are not as useful to me as others.  
Just a quick sorrow later the sunset passes languidly before me  
and starts talking with the shattered in a thousand pieces  
incorruptible light of my heart  
that once again was unable to comprehend  
why my failure to understand what my life is asking me today  
doesn't shock me anymore.

Lying down on the enormous white canvas  
that knows how to borrow all the colors  
the sun doesn't need anymore,  
I touch the happiest moment I can find  
relaxing on the outskirts of my life.  
That crafty devil seeks to thrust its body  
between the two lovers of my logic  
and the two arsonists of my heart  
who've been ready for days now to violate  
all that she considers self-evident.

The racing beat of the sterilized heart  
senses that the time has come to rush to her limits  
to meet the dazzling reward of the one question  
that refuses to negotiate its surrender to reason.  
Unable to feel what she wanted me to feel  
I rose from the inseminated by the sun canvas  
and pinned myself on the lapel of the deafening contradiction  
born by any of my emotions I could easily touch at that moment.



For some time now I've stopped keeping my distance  
from the hopes whose expiration date has passed.  
I ceaselessly disdain their bankrupt secrets  
ultimately managing to convince my time  
that it owes its truth solely to its own ruins that live inside me,  
not to me.

Inside the mind that's managed to defeat its own authenticity  
lives a gold-dust covered narrator of anorexic hopes.  
Striking a conversation with its charming ambiguity  
I notice at the exact place where I had been lying on the edge of the canvas  
my originality dancing an incredibly joyous tango  
with the darkest question it ever had.

Out the middle of a kind of sunset  
that I am only once in a while able to see  
I detect eager orange porters popping up  
who painstakingly carry those precious illusions of mine  
I can't afford to lose.  
They come at a fast pace towards me  
to write off all that I already owe to the upcoming daybreak.

Before the sky manages to put in its pocket  
the last exhausted sunbeam at the end of the day,  
I anxiously rush to embrace my logic's yawning  
before it has time to disable the backup generator of my emotions.  
By imprisoning my time  
in the questions of the apathy I continue so much to adore  
I managed once again to charm my despair  
convincing it to keep me company for a bit longer.

**7. By offering dreams the bait takes lives  
(My loneliness is not as unique as I think)**

Leaving my selfishness alone  
to try to understand the ingenious anarchy  
in which my change of luck operates,  
my logic got drunk near the empty bed  
on which the next day sleeps alone.  
I really like to watch her sleep,  
I really like to watch the way emotions  
know so well how to swiftly imprison any half-moon they see  
in the opulence of their own ambiguity.

In the faint light of dawn  
I see the crumbs of my life still nailed to the questions  
my true potential had asked last night.  
It's early and they still trust the originality of the dream  
that carries as few versions of itself as it can  
in its mental suitcase.  
Meanwhile my brain hasn't stopped all night  
chasing after my malice with its deodorant in hand  
trying to somewhat neutralize the indelible scent she emits.

The defeated movements of an optimism that betrayed its own laughter  
continue to applaud those emotions which are absent from its celebration,  
while the totally unarmed morality goes to great pains  
to demystify before her guests  
the passion they only now discovered  
that the poorly lit spots of my heart possess.

So I donned the touch of the hastily improvised humaneness I have not yet spent  
and flung my arm around time  
to go visit together early at daybreak  
those agonies of mine that still like to remain anonymous.  
While my thoughts have already started composing their first questions  
using only adulterated materials,  
the details of my life nervously hasten to conceal any lie they find  
so that they can't have to identify it.  
The echo of a conscience trying in vain  
to grab hold of any sluggish sensitivity left to me  
urges my loneliness to embrace me  
so she can feel her shortcomings  
before she becomes aware of her uniqueness.

Am I really ready to listen to the summary of my life so far?  
I doubt it because the natural proportions of my dreams  
are not yet ready to host their vanity  
in my mind's bogged down originality.

For hours now they've been sweet-talking the clatter of my myth,  
as I did too so it won't let me realize  
even briefly the wasteful intelligence  
bestowed on my happiness by the copy of the invisible smile  
with which I continue to dress up of my day.  
So I intend to steal the self-confidence  
of my next to last melancholy,  
to render myself able to scatter in the inhospitable space around me  
the hundreds of prefabricated footsteps  
crafted with such care by my own scream.



I sat alone and began to carve  
the appalling shape of the guilt I feel  
on the most inhospitable parts of my lips,  
those parts which I am still forbidden by my sorrow to visit.  
I want to eventually trust my kiss again.  
Will I be able to?  
I want to once again be able to trust the survival gear I have at my disposal.  
Not to save myself, but to feel even for a brief moment  
my life's true value.

The steps of my apathy applaud the mist they feel  
and I try to find out how far do the eyes inside my eyes can see.  
My mistakes dressed up as unsmiling lifejackets  
and came to help my panic regain its lost optimism.  
My embrace's locked betrayal  
doesn't want to roar with laughter anymore before the lonely coin  
which for hours now the bloodied cover page of my image  
has been offering it to make it lose its enthusiasm.

The time has come for the store display to reconcile  
with the merchandize it wants to sell.  
The time has come for the interpretation of my mistakes  
to kiss the next minute on the mouth.  
I no longer wish to watch my stupidity vindicating the silence  
that wants so much to keep on living next to me.  
The unarmed sadness has finally found its way  
and is already sitting in front of my last monumental mistake  
ordering it to stop directing the plastic applause  
it extracts from the depths of my most personal night.

I'm so tired of dreaming for others.  
Today I think the sun will rise twice,  
though not even once will it be for me.

**8. The man who fell behind his own future  
(When the last tears you will shed  
are manufactured by your joy)**

By finding the courage to grab your future by the hand  
you canceled all the debts your favorite misery owed you.  
She persuaded you after many years to send her bill to your life's trash  
but you received no response from them.

You always had the impression that if you didn't owe anything to the past  
your future would look at you less suspiciously.  
You always thought that by surgically removing the shadows from yesterday  
tomorrow would find you more attractive,  
possibly seeking to spend more time with you.

These days you spend a lot of time with the intersections  
your hope encounters daily walking alone throughout your life.  
The air you breath ceased being transparent long ago  
but you continue to negotiate almost every day with your couch  
about the intellectual property rights of your shared boredom,  
afraid to acknowledge that besides the clarity of your courage  
what you miss most is the absence.

Whatever idea comes to your mind is instantly ready  
to sell its own future to your most insidious qualms  
before letting itself free to love  
the touch of the strength you're still fighting tooth and nail  
to convince not to leave your body.  
Trying to figure out the vast quantity of rage  
that runs through your blood,  
you came upon a crimson man  
who had caught his most favorite dream and was hitting it on the head  
with a huge black and white, utterly disillusioned wooden beam.

This scene pounced on you and tore from your soul its youth,  
grabbed from her every storm that still hasn't experienced its joy,  
snatched any hope that has yet to feel  
the vengeance of a less agreeable tomorrow.  
The most compassionate clouds in the sky  
rushed in to hide you from your own hopes  
so they wouldn't be able to meet you one last time  
before entering the next day without you.

You surrendered to the truth you just captured.  
You surrendered to a lesser world,  
a world that'll never apologize to its true dimensions.  
The revenge of the soundproof tears  
that never managed to flow out of your body  
came to deliver to your defenseless eyes  
the gold it had miraculously managed to put into a bottle,  
the one it had promised you that night  
when you wouldn't stop crying  
even when you had no more tears in you.



You sense that the earth below you is starting to count one by one  
the small secret parts of your identity  
which you personally chose to abuse  
before you learned how to cry on their shoulder.  
The whisper of the least violated serenity you ever felt  
refuses to give you another chance to touch it.  
Wrapped in the inhuman award  
your magnificent misery just gave you  
you see thousands of rusted seconds of your life  
falling like a torrential, sad rain  
on the rich sheen of your skin,  
falling furiously as if to lash you,  
to punish your body for what it did to its time.

You sat emotionless, completely unaffected  
by this temporal demonstration of the immense power time has over you  
and as the minutes passed you were gradually attracted  
more and more by the covered by that corroded dust  
glories of your past that your babbling indecisions keep on offering you.  
You want to rush to find a way to hide the doubts,  
which won't stop running a few feet behind you,  
in the typos that your logic is willing to make,  
but you can't.  
You no longer trust even the thoughts of your very own footsteps.

With the broom your ego gave you on your sixteenth birthday  
you try to sweep off the floor  
any of your old embraces that found the courage to lie to their future.  
You try to cover any tracks of tomorrow  
that didn't have time yet to fall in love  
with all the "maybes" lurking around your shadow,  
which as time passes, becomes ever brighter, ever distant.  
Shortly before logic is forced to start crying  
she spits in the face of all those questions  
she's forced to ask her future answers.

**9. Am I myself's favorite slave?  
(In the things I've done I discovered who I am)**

My heart's mechanic came to visit yesterday  
and told me that I have to replace my hopes  
because their expiration date had passed.  
So I swapped the two questions  
that were waiting for me for hours at the corner of my intelligence  
with a reluctant drinking spree.

That night I stayed awake doggedly asking the full moon  
all those questions that always wanted  
to fall in love with my most moderate doubt.  
The poor thing, having patiently answered all of them,  
exhausted went to sleep two hours before the end of its shift.

At the dawn that somehow feels that is moving more tentatively than in other days  
the stars left their silence with the sun  
for safekeeping until the next evening.  
I was left alone, perfecting the only magic trick I know how to do  
with the help of the optimism that lives inside my stupidity.

Holding in my fingers the five tears  
that left the biggest wound I ever had on my life's skin  
I kissed on the mouth all that ever feared me  
and kicked in the face all that I ever feared.

The rain lay down on the driest branches of the old tree  
and began to sing with the strangest, husky voice she found inside her  
a velvety hymn dedicated to my worn-out wounds  
which lying down drank its song like a sensual lullaby  
before they succeeded in forgetting their worries and fell asleep.

I went out in the rain wearing my usual excuses  
lent to me by the least hard-working part of my mind  
and started anxiously to measure with steps dipped in their uncertainty  
to find out how much my dimensions have shrunk.  
At that moment I felt that every step of mine  
was vainly trying to patronize any self-control  
I have allowed to survive in the embrace of my flaws.

Having for years been in love with the awkwardness of my own hesitations,  
always trying to balance between the different aspirations  
of the steps donated to me by the profiteering tomorrow,  
I finally found the fortitude to raise my head  
in order to see a set of footprints,  
each different in color from the other,  
but all joined by a rope borne by one of those courageous thoughts  
that I am still really proud of.  
They awaited me for hours radiating a blinding light  
whose glow the wet concrete below my feet could barely endure.



They slid and landed right in front of me  
urging me to step on them not with my feet  
but with the weight of tomorrow's hope I carry in my soul.  
I immediately ran to escape the agony  
my next step was already feeling.  
My body grabbed the steering wheel from my logic,  
resolutely took off my shoes  
and applied my bare sole on the impression of the first footprint.  
It matched my own perfectly.

I felt the concrete beneath me boiling.  
A beautiful, sweet warmth started with eerie moves  
to pierce even the most mistrustful parts of my body.  
The earth momentarily communicated with my heart  
and she started reading it with great anticipation.

After a few seconds I started seeing highlights of my life  
which my logic didn't have time to edit.  
Highlights liberated from those steel rules  
that time has been imposing on me  
since that shapeless day a long time ago  
when I first realized how much power it has over me.  
Under the magical spell of the moment  
my life started translating itself to me.

Every footprint contained a different period of hers.  
With each step I stumbled upon the truths  
which I myself had sent to exile because they couldn't cooperate with the lies  
that at that very moment my vanity was forcing me to worship.  
Talking to my footsteps I realized who I probably was  
and certainly who I never wanted to become.  
I donned the sweat of my hope  
and waded into the deep green muddy waters  
which my past wouldn't stop buying for me.

**10. I can no longer negotiate with your heart  
because I can no longer bear to plunder  
what I am afraid to hurt  
(Your heart is digging to find  
what it doesn't want to bury)**

I attacked to avoid loving.  
I hugged to avoid wrecking.  
I set myself free to avoid enslaving.  
I closed my eyes to avoid betraying.

The pirate of conscience just now returned  
the booty to the lie that bore it  
and I became the failed astronomer of my triumphs  
thinking that every time I raised my head towards the sky  
I could experience them again.  
I became the whisperer of the unashamedly naked embrace  
who's still looking among the parked consciences  
he sees sunning themselves half-buried in their apathy  
to find the dimensions of the mental boxing ring he wants to compete in.

Between the impenetrable layers of my soul  
that refuse to talk to each other  
I learned to hide the clouds most fractured by their own strength,  
the clouds that, each time they pass overhead,  
throw at me from up high yet another cheque  
written in the past by my private sorrow.

Afraid to look up anymore  
I turned on the wonderful drilling rig  
given to me on my name day by my generous ego  
and started opening holes in me  
to find out where I have buried my most private stars.  
As soon as my conscience realized what's going to happen  
she put her life jacket on and leapt into the void  
that for days has been training its voraciousness.

Free falling in between my own emotions  
I felt yellow cracks spreading manically all over my insides,  
triumphant crevices from within which  
emerged thousands of microscopic illegal immigrants of my conscience.  
Each one as soon as his head popped up from my skin  
began to scream a word with all his strength.  
Words which I would never want to hear  
someone use to describe me,  
the junk-words I inherited  
from the side of myself I always hated.



To cope with the intensity of the moment  
my pseudo-triumphs rush  
to take their contraceptive pills in time.  
My ego is drowning in the headlines  
which it hectically keeps on rewriting  
so it can fit into its latest doubts.  
The geography of a conscience that can't demarcate its boundaries  
is trying with harried movements to cover up the nakedness of the question  
forcefully posed by my most demanding downhill,  
that sorceress that lurks at the edges of my every day  
always ready to bewitch any emotion  
that wants to believe, even for a second, in its steepness.  
There I became one with any feature of my life  
that finally respects my defeats  
more than any of my most self-luminous triumphs.

Noontime brought with it all the screams it was keeping in its wallet  
and I slowly started to get drunk sipping in that careless blue glass  
the part of my logic that for some time now has stopped resisting me.  
An entire lifetime I've fought against my ambiguity to avoid understanding it,  
and when at last I found out how real I was,  
I had already forgotten what I was looking for.

**11. I paint my routine with a smile  
given to me by a minute that wants  
to drink to the health of its own life  
(Counting the colors of tomorrow, I finally got lost)**

I would like to paint my day using the force of a life  
which feels that each of her hours  
doesn't owe anything to the next.  
How I wish I too could also feel this strength,  
to feel that my life is now, right this minute, right this hour,  
it pays and is paid solely with an ephemeral coin  
that instantly redeems its value or loses it forever,  
and it is not like a pathetic, colorless cheque  
waiting to be cashed at anytime  
by the miserable banker hidden inside every minute of my future  
awaiting its turn to enjoy me.

I live a life whose insides I devour daily  
borrowing the glow of every minute  
to spend it on the next one.  
They taught me that I can keep on living  
by owing for everything I have, even my time.  
But how do I keep on borrowing  
using a collateral of which I don't know how much I still have left?

I know how much weight, material possessions,  
debt, kindness and wickedness I own at any time  
but I don't know how much time I have left.  
And I continue using it up as if I have unlimited amounts at my disposal.  
I live my life as if I have thousands of time credit cards in my wallet  
believing that I can use them any time I want  
to make sure that I am able to provide my good times with their next smile.

No hour of my life can lend  
or borrow anything from the next one.  
The defeat of time though has never learned how to despair.  
The next minute won't intervene to rescue me  
from the demolition of the previous one.  
Each minute exists for itself, arm in arm with its purpose,  
pretending as they keep on meeting each other  
it doesn't recognize the one that came before and the one that comes after.

Tomorrow refuses to embrace yesterday's misfortune.  
The chaos of time knows well how to protect its symmetry.  
It frequently incriminates my every day to avoid seeing its image  
on the mirror of its own suffering.  
That devil time really loves, while it is staring me intensely in the eyes,  
to watch me struggling to convince my reflection  
not to disappear inside it.

It's impressive how often  
I sit right next to my time and I'm bored.  
I ignore it waiting for its next visitor to come  
hopping it'll make me feel better than the previous one.  
I forget that time doesn't come into my life to entertain me  
but simply to give me a chance to enjoy it.  
And I, steeped in the indifference of my arrogance,  
waste it reckoning that if this minute or this hour doesn't manage to please me  
I still have the next one and the one after that.

I converse with my time to be able to feel  
the gaze of my life that's staring me in the eyes.  
I want to learn how to love the stillness of the day  
in order understand its own agony.  
I want to love the reflection of time on the lake of my life  
which from the moment I was born  
learned well how to conceal the elusiveness of its size.

The furious rain of tomorrow learned while it was still young  
to love the back doors of my soul,  
using them only whenever it wants to enter my life.  
When I stumble on its gaze  
I feel that I stumble on my own tears  
because when I love my hatred,  
I immediately succeed in hating the next moment of my life.

**12. I went emotionally bankrupt without owing anyone  
(The night I went to sleep  
next to my least intelligent melancholy)**

I no longer represent my deceit,  
I am just trying to learn how to represent those emotions of mine  
which still prefer to be honest.  
Living for months locked up in the bootleg narrative of my hope  
I let the adrenaline, that avoids realizing  
the disproportionately large role it plays in my life,  
stage tomorrow anyway it wishes.

As the useless time of my life knows so well  
how to protect my problems from their future,  
I too ask the huge stainless eagle  
that flies defiantly whenever he feels like it inside me  
to stop dragging behind him  
the stowaway clouds of my deceit.

My heart's trash sees that eagle  
and decides to leap into her own emptiness  
in order to cut the sky he flies in into ten pieces  
and give me the five weakest ones  
so I can throw them out of my life  
and let them become the most skilled beggars  
my conscience ever had.

So I went into self-exile to that favorite cape of my day  
where my hopes usually go to give birth to their offspring.  
To clear my mind I turned on the radio hoping to touch  
any of the stray feelings I let live next to me  
and upon hearing the first melody  
sensed that each song sought to recount to me  
one-by-one my most glorious defeats.

Nowadays I can clearly see those unbalanced words of mine  
which are doing everything they can  
to avoid learning how to walk through my silences.  
They are trying so hard to pull from the depths of my most carnivorous darkness  
the skinny rope of my remaining logic  
hoping they can balance on it even for a moment.  
The radio program breaks for commercials  
and I hear the host's voice calling me by name and asking me:  
"Mr. so-and-so, how would you like your defeats served?"

My deceit started stripping before my very eyes  
with slow sensuous movements  
till the two of us were left alone in the room,  
she stark naked and I roughly wrapped  
in the repetitive cries of my own excuses.  
Eavesdropping behind the closed door,  
the eldest of my guilts was waiting patiently on her knees.



I thrust my nails into the uncertainty I am feeling,  
I thrust the night into my heart's right to defend herself.  
My selfishness quickly found the dirtiest shirt  
and brought it to my deceit to wear,  
hopping it'll be in time to trip up the lie  
which smugly waited behind my mouth's curtain  
to come out and dance.  
It rushes to be in time before the half-sleeping tears of mine  
dry out on the skin of the moon  
which for the moment I managed to convince  
to stay a bit longer in the sky and keep me company.

And I, ready to become the lover  
of the fairytale that rushes just after it has just ended  
to explain the sly fib it just told,  
carefully dove into my conscience  
and grabbed as much truth as I could from its serenity.  
Its astonishing how a conscience can dangle for so long  
from its unsigned need for truth.

The poorly lit by the floodlights of my hope image,  
this washed out middleman of my ego,  
still waits to be paid by my future for its services.  
Mortgaging my logic's thirst to my incompetence  
which, having suggested that I become the tamer of my personal freedom,  
convinced me to hover, without being able to hold on to anything,  
between the pretexts for being miserable  
and the reasons for being happy.

Unrestrained by any of my usual limitations,  
the vulnerable solutions now improvise  
on the edge of the fateful question  
that reality is demanding to ask me for some time now.  
Illusion came eagerly along with its mournful questions  
to help me answer her and I, without realizing it,  
became the amusing delivery man of my omnivorous lie  
which demands to devour everything around me except me.

I undressed the enthusiasm of what I feel  
till I could clearly see the cry  
of any crystal-clear unselfishness I have left  
trying anxiously to dress as quickly as she could  
the minimally cheerful expression  
that barely survives on the edge of my eyes  
before the gravity of what I feel sees it naked.

Seeing my disciplined lies  
struggling to suppress their silence,  
my illusions start dancing with their birth dates  
and I with the owner of my life's manual.

Please, help me respond to the question  
my pessimism so insistently asks me:  
"How can I learn to reconstruct my personal sunshine?"

**13. I wrote something for you on the back side  
of the questions I just asked you.  
Did you see it?  
(And yet most hearts like to live wedged between  
what they love and what they they're afraid to love even more)**

I sank my hands into the seashore of my soul  
and found what I was hoping I would never lose.  
There on its most timid, even frightened at times shores  
the sea is searching for a way to lose in its transparent darkness  
any dream of mine that's in a hurry to rip out the hubris from inside me  
without me becoming aware of it.

The half-drowned dates of our love  
sail between the glittering remains  
of an emotional greed that just came of age.  
Our acquittal for all that we would do anything to lay our hands on  
still lives jammed between my least exhausted darkness  
and your most extrovert loneliness.

At that point we were immobilized  
by the reluctance of the pain that lives in our thoughts  
to let our consciences be orphaned.  
While we felt the headless flame of our arrogance  
rush wildly over the two colorless bodies,  
we were becoming, with the passing of each minute, more incapable  
of deciding whether to finally attack the cover page of the wickedness  
that's been hounding us for days.  
What wouldn't we give to have the courage  
to let our malice hurt as much as we do  
each time we see on the faces of the people we love  
the pain she had caused!

The silken self-confidence of a relationship  
which doesn't know how to love what it fears  
is lying sprawled out on the pillows  
given to us daily by the change in direction  
of the wind that gives birth to our biggest doubts.

The unpolished authentication of our shared beliefs,  
those we began to form on the first day our souls lay together,  
spit in the face of the dyslectic interpreter used by our common arrogance  
which even today refuses to entrust us  
with the velvety bait it uses to catch its victims.

On top of our lives' half-ruined contradictions  
we built the decisions which from the time they were born  
were convinced they had to betray us.  
Where the gaze of the love  
of two souls that wish to bond themselves together  
until they become something more than a dream  
and less than a nightmare  
was reprimanded by the black and white reality of their lives,  
the shadow of the two bodies  
which never hesitate to belong to their lie  
can bloom no more.



We never stopped longing for all that we did not manage to experience  
without understanding why we didn't enjoy it,  
continuing to this day to intimidate our errors  
hoping to convince them to embrace all that is right.

Each day we watch our malice get older,  
become more sluggish, less intelligent  
and hope that the time has finally come for it to become sterile,  
no longer able to produce its deplorable offspring,  
thus preventing the compromised dead ends  
which apathy paints daily on our foreheads  
from becoming every midnight the architects of tomorrow.

Our footsteps are trying in vain to borrow  
a little pride from what we believed in  
hoping they will manage to convince our thoughts  
to rise from the gilded sofa of doubt  
where they've been resting for days.  
The mitigating factor of the apathy that our common future is feeling  
is the level of our emotional greed  
which, since it demands more while offering less,  
is trying to grab any hope that passes before it  
to force it to surrender even a little of its courage.

The impeccably-dressed motives fall to pieces  
when faced with the glares their own sorrows aim at them.  
The ramshackle emotions are acquitted  
in front of the self-rescinding promises  
which our brilliant lies keep on making.  
The well-trained apologies are ready to become once again  
the mistresses of two consciences that never learned  
how to love what they have spawned.

Tonight the insignificant is hosting its own future.  
Tonight the rage of the two still has not found a way to teach the logic of one  
how to forgive the truth that lives inside the soul of the other.

#### 14. "For sale used time by the hour" (Fighting to snatch my truth from the hands of your mind)

In the middle of the deserted beach  
you recite one by one your most important fears  
against the strong wind that's sweeping away your body  
but not your almost weightless soul  
which today is determined to not be afraid to love any mistake she might make.  
Like the attendance officer at school  
you call out your weaknesses as if wanting to show them  
that you too know how to be afraid,  
you too know how to hurt.

You started with those weaknesses you know how to hide best,  
the ones that were always less intelligent.  
As you keep scattering them right and left  
in the wind that's looking at you perplexed,  
your soul takes the baton from your memory  
and starts touching any new shortcomings of yours  
she can lay her hands on.  
Especially those that spring from the depths of your existence  
and rush panicky to the light  
like the trapped miner who after many hours reaches the surface  
thirsting to overcome the violated air  
he was forced to breathe down there.

The victory of silence is painful.  
Your ego did manage for long to hide her deep down,  
wanting to keep her away so her truth can't hurt it.  
It's impressive how good it has become  
at selling the time that belongs to you  
just to ensure the safety of its own shadow.

You always believed that your life's encounters with truth  
worked like revolving doors:  
when your life entered, the truth had already departed.  
The various kinds of silences you conceal inside you though  
are all so much more loyal to each other than they are to you.  
You did everything in your power to grab out of each silence  
these musical notes which were lent to you briefly by your most cheerful hope  
while at the same time trying to shove my ego as far away as you could  
before it could manage to snatch the truth from your hands.

The soul's gateway wept when it realized its importance.  
Before it, your complacency crossed paths with the desire  
to push your shadow to enter into your next sorrow before you  
and smiling awkwardly continued on its way  
to sign its new contract with your dreams.



Tomorrow has already started negotiating with your most obscure desires  
while you continue to besiege the atrophied cyclical of your own hope  
hoping to hide inside it just in time  
before your pessimism has time to find you.  
You worry that the various versions of your deadlocked ego  
that for some time now have been whispering to each other  
will decide to self-destruct  
before they fall in love with the carnivorous waves of your mistakes  
which are waiting in front of your brain  
demanding after so many years that you let them back in.

The mask that you bought to hide from your eyes the next hour  
starts spinning with blinding speed  
around the insolence of the coin  
that never learned to forgive before it starts selling itself.  
Your bulletproof handshake  
for the first time loses the protection from its own self.  
Its wounds insist on wanting to conquer  
the highest peaks of the deepest abyss  
you so cleverly have hidden inside you.

You feel as if your own thoughts are trying to seduce you.  
You don't understand that time is the one  
that has the power to force many of your dreams to start smiling at you,  
in order to convince you to take tomorrow more seriously.  
You began with quick movements  
to empty over the cloudless sky of your heart  
all your faint whispers that for so long you've kept imprisoned within you.  
It's these whispers that chose to betray hope  
thinking that maybe this way you'll manage to tear down  
the ungrateful walls that exist between your own thoughts,  
the ones that know so well how to substitute  
the generosity of an uninterpreted silence  
with the lie of an illiterate smile.

You hope that you might have just enough time  
to buy out the rest of your misgivings from the future  
to enable yourself to understand the sole secret  
of those multicolored moments hidden inside  
the precious stillness of each successive tomorrow  
which for so many years you wouldn't allow  
to come out of their bodies and start confessing their sins.

**15. The couch never makes mistakes |  
The immobility of an error  
(How I learned to love the greed  
of that magnificent zero that lives inside me)**

My laziness today woke up again  
a quarter of an hour before my mistakes.  
With my eyes not fully open yet  
I find myself in the arms of my beloved zero  
indifferently observing sweaty people  
who wander here and there, constantly making mistakes.

The couch is ready to engulf in its gelded pillows  
the greed that my body's estrangement from the rest of me  
has amazingly managed to find a way to help it escape.  
Soon it will attempt to disarm those emotions of mine  
which my dream has hidden in the most secret point of my existence,  
those emotions that will allow me to see it  
only when I manage to look the essence of my life in the eyes.

At the roots of a soul that wants to dare  
joy takes its pencil and starts drawing the day that's coming.  
I'm almost certain that I can't make a mistake if I make no decisions.  
I get so stressed that each time I get up  
from the couch where I sit along with the comfort my greed provides me  
I unknowingly enter the arena  
in which mistakes lie in wait at every corner  
to attack what I perceive to be my success.

Crafty ole man time though doesn't want to haul  
his always eager eraser each morning to work  
and I, sitting in the footsteps of my self confidence,  
start welcoming one by one the mistakes I make in my life.  
They're necessary, they're the ones that keep me grounded in my own truth,  
embraced tightly with my true potential.  
They're the ones that like so much to uncover my weaknesses,  
offering me a never-ending operating manual on my own self.

My mistakes, often by attacking the wrong impression I have about myself  
bring me back abruptly, sometimes even violently to my value,  
not the one I see reflected in the bright credulous eyes that admire me,  
the one I see sunning herself on the glittering mirror of victory,  
but the one that dares to go to sleep every night right next to me  
so we can sit and tell each other  
about all the parts of our bodies that cannot stop hurting.  
It's they that treat my opponents to the crumbs of my heart  
at the moment when their thunderstorm unseals the twilight  
that lives right next to the well  
where every dusk I go to draw  
the last drops of my soul's remaining strength.

