

*Gerardo D'Orrico*

## **A man without a timetable**



Letter from the book:

**“Say It Yourself”**

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It was all very simple once: we remembered without the insults we've received lately, the sea was clear. I was a man without a schedule, a bar, a street, a square, I left the house to understand on that day who we were, all I needed was to have a display screen in front of my eyes, to perceive with a software what was being ensured, among other things also a state of submission or whether in Rome they were studying what everything would be for everyone, and how no one can speak because of last week.

It's necessary to chase time if we still want evil, and why am I feeling a little down... do you want a coffee, go to the kitchen, Italian human, because stopping, the energy is gone, or, the price of life was too high again today, uh, too true, or maybe she's already too far away, can't find a thread of wine and we don't exist anymore, as significant details or other matters

that hurt especially when the blows come in the morning.

By now, everyone has left behind their personal process of growth, a job hurts deeper than another same hurt also hurts the father or mother, a relative, a friend, and there would be no need to ask what we do tomorrow, what it means you can't leave yourself.

Better a winter chocolate at the bar, or you who live in the mountains even in the center, who talk only about yourself. Here, the immediate present seems like the death of the next one, let the anticipated political compromise go away, while a past dream remains Friday or Saturday as they were, it is said, but an act in law is always in accordance with the constitution.

Now everyone at home, building their own rifle, the exactitudes of evil will be wrong but corresponding to its qualities, not like in a photo where we laughed at the evening, our wrong righteousness. Here, the

police pass by occasionally, we continue with a cup of warm milk, a social problem flies over us, artificially created inefficiency, and we should cut ourselves on the edge of a whole, what whole but the constitution itself frees us, you know why it's us who do it, I am or you are the liberated one.

Who hasn't understood today even after years, doesn't know what a retrogression is or maybe he is one, maybe later like someone who had already presented himself, but who do you want it to matter to you don't know... lightning and thunder, well, growing up maybe he'll understand that chip is not just a game but a submachine gun attached to a relative hidden from law enforcement.

All miseries and rubble, and we are scraps, why is the world different? Too bad for that dot that approaches from down there, in our entire existence, and then they will do the work of the practice as

promised, you'll see as soon as they move us from the glue stuck to the position where we are or were.

Here in this free space before the next breath even if the rest doesn't exist, we don't have it, we don't understand a letter, a cookie, paper, or stone. Mathematics, philosophy will be steps ahead of us, goodbye, have a good day.

How empty will the world be small or large human being, only of those who have already arrived while the others must remain silent, to whom it is not necessary to know that it is there but only why, so it will seem perhaps we earthly evils, machines doomed to ruin continuing to march.

Walking in a dissonant way, small like small ones but still knowing that we have never grown up, there needs to be an action and they pass today and also other things for them, they go for us or as if they were us... we will not be discredited, our certainties are the worm of our enemy who is himself a worm,

we need to see what has actually been achieved by personal decisions too, on good and evil, materially and socially, if not degradation I tell you, you are free you not who... even in America no one says you grow alone, in a cloned fascism instead of the republic.

Freedom remains now, outside or tomorrow when it wants, on Monday when it presents itself again, today happens our horizon, who was in the center was you, me or the others, and with everything no one says anything, not just rights and duties. Following science, therefore, try again it doesn't seem like the public has arrived yet, quality remains the problem in itself while others do the same job, in the same way will be the law of the nettle.

Now please go, no, come down there, become your subject but who knows doesn't speak, it will be the money order he has to pay soon even as a dead person. The silence of the worm, the Sun rises and

those great entrepreneurs let us know but tomorrow, you know tomorrow maybe we die.

I'm tired but I know for you evil seems like a blasphemy, here the day instead will be what they want to make us forget or how much time has already passed, they chase us alone in jargon a process to the bricks uh, on us our lives, like the usual melancholy, melanin.

There will never be anyone there, we can't even speak we remember, memories reproduce us for how long we pass without speaking, without real discoveries for our dear, sweet and tender hidden existence... this also entails a complex job, the duty to make us forget.

Never again will someone come here, do you believe it? Dear absentee not present easy to the illegal, who doesn't speak? Here no one says anything, so there is a ruinous job of our today on this planet, with or without humans at the base, if I may ask a question:

a job of theft, infanticide or other? A nice discussion, I leave you I'll do something else, but look anyway if something remains at home, like memories... if you don't know what time it is please and for love, what do you want from this great and immense word wanting, and what's spinning in your head you don't want to speak anymore or you don't want to make people speak anymore, there will be a big difference between what is declared and what the world really is.

Now as an afternoon task, humans are found, who they are and what roles they actually assume in the game, in the applied context. Heart of hearts, leave also your written experience, many things have already passed in these times, or have already been canceled, demagnetized, burned, envied, copied. Shall we resume? It will be necessary to know what will really be at the bottom, because that step was so low that no one jumped it, a piece of advice for



everything is true, we lived a time but it was too short. The awakening not to sleep in rejection: there weren't just us, look over there, that passerby. We seem like disorganized objects of a time, we were not alone when we thought we were, it doesn't matter do you want to realize something else this afternoon, maybe before going to jail tonight? A memory of me the skylight, a duplicate of God hidden, for the lighter sentence.



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