

*Gerardo D'Orrico*

## The real weight of things



Letter from the book:

**“Say It Yourself”**

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I wanted to meet you again without whims, without fear of the next one, so I already had it in front of my eyes a few days before your birthday, knowing I had bought your gift intact and functioning.

A note: don't think that others have been ruined, but that they will have moved with thought. Society or victory seem converted, thrown there like souvenirs, a questionnaire to come out well from the day that arrives, complicated because what is good is false. They always want us to think that it will take years or months to be, and the man or woman next to you smiles, softly it seems yours, I don't remember, here become the doubts of your good towards your evil.

Always the same boredom... not having agreed, but it won't be our problem. We all seem like soulless objects once a crack has been created in our human body. Those objectivities become people you don't

hear good things about or who they really refer to: adding houses, buildings, greenery, and the rest.

It will be to produce our idea of the world in a software, of which then we should be the individual users, authors, and programmers. The rest, sometimes, you know, the fog won't be a lack of desire, like other things or even hunger. When is that day, I think you know. Surely I see you walking... good afternoon, simple human product, we are always here. They are thieves, there he is passing by, best regards.

The memory of the past illuminates our mind, also to resist better the presence of a plague that wants to surround us. It is not said that fascism remains a robbed state. Look, don't look at what you already have, it's too much perhaps. At the same time, who knows what this artificial air will be like in this region, where will we end up with these dark evenings and shaded days. Will we win the lottery or will we have

debts? The answer to the first one that comes on television.

I think about you every day... do you have something else to say, let's resolve every human on this planet again. They know what today's evil is, so, in the end, a good not very clear. They always remind us of something we know and talk when they can. Now, in a minute, it seems a bit difficult to say all the things that will be today. There is never time for anything here, but look at a clock or relationships with nature outside your arm, you will see in short that it is always necessary to do something. Being alive, you are born in a moment. For what you can breathe, this Christian environment does not seem equalized. They "friends" will be heretics or non-human blasphemers, that's why it will never work, if you want the TV after or a mouse... speak from the right side when you articulate words or spit if you want. Not about me, oblique Italian, but don't laugh. Think

of others' doubts as yours, and if looking in the afternoon in Cosenza, you notice the human garbage present, think of fire.

Our life becomes a necessary calculation but for now incomplete. Anyway, go on, proceed. By the way, what you hear and how others speak. You refresh yourself, eat, and rest. On the topic: the other days of my life, tell me, do you have any suggestions in this world of thieves? Encourage me. You didn't even imagine how much. Now you know? Let's continue the path to the square. Ultimately, or further down, you feel the need to call a lawyer. Here, you're done already. Simple, right... both for what you wanted to believe, but also two or three other reasons, like the beautiful picture of reality.

Come with your glorious age to the same square where I go, lord cubed. What we wanted are the other things of the day. You knew about the silence or who betrayed. You wanted to say it: not here,

from this low and sunny Calabria. So, tell me, who stole the Sun of true light, who owns it? Among us will be the one who killed.

You're not there yet, our goodness. Spring is coming, where will you hide your bug, if it wasn't a cockroach, your boredom, or the rest of the planet that can't say it's in evil and declare that the lights have gone out... whose will be the peace, ultimately? A fellow countryman of yours, treat him well. In writing, he hasn't solved anything for ten years. Ten ages ago, the same sentence, but the law will always be the same. And even in another country, ten years ago, of continuous impediments that wanted to be masters... ultimately they always tell us to always declare the same things.

You manage not to kill your father, your girlfriend instead of your evil. And then I know, suddenly, the darkness. Your eye, my eye. So then slide away, when will you arrive? It won't be just material of good,

maybe the timetable, however, not holding the chair or if you're a woman and sleep on the bus, stop sub-renting a shoulder.

The sea seems bluer and those not good affairs, but desert coils, the false figures that speak further. This calm sea instead is gone through. Laugh, I mean smile. Who knows who will understand, a good today, everyone asks at that time. What they think about evils you don't even have to imagine, but then what was I also a resident that day. How much omertà life worldwide, tell me what you wanted. The cat told me: the office will be on the indicated street, let's squander all the time in this life and don't seize a moment of now, thieves favor the credentials that those are us, not the fake ones. That's how we want it, let's go where we already know. A precise way of doing, our dialogues to make a speech first, are our entire existence.

Hello, earthly inhabitant of today... your next one or of my life. No more depressions, precision is like a stomach. Who deals with our daily questionnaires to see what it's about, what did they want from us? Then everyone silent, still, while there will always be two or three other reasons to act again, who knows knowing that beyond there was still evil or who lives in via Agata, the best enemy will also be of your or my father. Turkish furniture, fried things, words of words. Where did everyone end up, what will the terrified say about Ferrari, the dream of Italians, to silent Italians, good Italians? It seems like an earwax cleaning with the many and how many neuro-humans involved, it becomes a burial of incoming or outgoing organs for today. I know, it will only be my esophagus, for precision and the modest passion suitable for neon light... here are just hasty words at the bar, shining like something you want. You tell me my land, so the afternoon continued, promising a more fragrant spring.



Greetings to the most alive woman at the bottom of the world. You are well found this morning in the sunlight, dearest resident. In that down there, which is the world, in a sick and insulted prospect they will all be rotten our friends. But year zero eleven remains calm, the next one you already know, in a quarter of an hour then everything becomes. When they said the evil had disappeared again, it wasn't you who was killed by the people, but if you don't talk about intruders, you twist and fold... you know where we'll end up or it's already over. Look, there's no time for a never-realized fundamental law, articles of concreteness to which you cannot say no. So they seem equal for all inhabitants, even if in the centuries a software made of gestures, tables of love or matter remains. We live, we eat, and we govern history towards good, beauty, continuing to exist in the sense of not dying. So proceed towards our public acts of non-death, or of life beyond evil.

It will be in a way, but really and for everyone, so that evil remains difficult to recognize in a person just by name, even if it duplicates an idea or wants us all silent for the true strength to survive with small and large humans. It was a fake, but after which neon light, or optimum law? Where do you want to go, if you don't have it, or it's not yours and original, uh, where you are he's also there, tremble ah, ah... you can't continue to say what cannot be sustained, it crawls as if today there is no another day left. A color or gender has already been decided, go see, if you're not a heretic or the worst of another arm, what patience life or being human, what must be done... they detach or get lost in a movie, the world is already out, like the taste of the feast, what time is it. Have a good day friend, stop where there is no death and dust off your conscience.

Let's go to the living room, I have some liquor. Sit on the couch, then, although you have the iPhone,

not even the owner of Apple lives. Try to restrain yourself, it would be good to leave them publicly, they will be harmful in different areas, burnt inactive zombies or just a pole to the cards, an auction, the flesh of bloodless rulers. Press that button and go away, you can't repeat the same questions a hundred times and have only one problem. A note, don't look too much at people's faces while you return home.

Here... before it was Easter Sunday, now it has become all cloudy, between our interrupted communications and if today it will still be the fault of the air but, the seasickness of last week or that of last month, no! You tell me what people claim or what you don't know, plus even the other things no one says or does. What you want to know will be right after a cliff, you live freely only one law, jump the ditch who knows, maybe they always wanted these words. The years run our time too, but also the present organoleptic behaviors today for us humans,

I know, do not seem to be anyone's business and precisely they presented themselves. Okay, let's move on beyond this hell that spends, shines according to many, instead it's our dear zero eleven, make a mark with your little hand and let's go, whoever understood, understood. Our illustrious dear government, we will never be the one who spoke with the movement of the mouth before... it seemed like an easy and fun trick instead it hides, what one would like the other to tell him. For example, now we keep working.

You went overboard, only whims will remain, hmm, it's always a pleasure to rest after work. They seemed odious or envious instead, to say the least the lowest neighborhood on earth, why the desire cannot or does not want to exist, here they resemble what is precisely misunderstood work, if so bad it's not enough you are the cheated one, to the knowledge of the judge I write it: I think you understood that it has

already passed a lot more time, who will be the modern car breakers. Let's go, we'll see how it goes, if from off it's better to raise the wings, if someone maybe stops, dear antihistamines here then what will be the other sense in quiet, gentle passes the day.

It will be a real tool "the parallel" that you didn't have to know, a relationship that facilitates observation on a subject, like today is like yesterday in a world of lost ones, or it will be easy because you look at me, don't you know that I already know. Do you want to make peace with someone it's not personal effects humans, proceed to get home, as always the Sun says good things, you say what you want.

Here's the end, you'll be back anyway.



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