

INTERMISSION

P1 This is not a garden

P2 It is a fragment of infinity, a willingness to exist staged with pain. Via Crucis of an unmeathed existence.

P1 You are seeing the landscape from within; so you only see his guts.

P2 I see infinity through the fragment: in the leaf is the forest.

P1 (looking between the visillos) Green arteries!

P2 Day after day I stumble upon the same wall: breathing.

P1 Compulsory life?

P2 The author is the main scenario, inevitably.

P1 And the work is born of our essence and existence.

P2 There is only rest when the stage is empty.

P1 Vacuum is the place to lean.

P2 (Silence)

P2 In silence and loneliness we are licensed not to exist, and those moments are so scarce and delicious...

P1 Voluntary withdrawal...

P2 The "conscious self" is a social enterprise...

P1 A thousand fires consume the works of the philanthropist.

P2 Nothing illuminates or heats the fire of the misanthrope.

P2 In Gemini the secret is on fire.

P1 Inside there must be light, out there calm.

P2 The calm of contemplation.

P1 Contemplating the shapes of the earth I set moments of the world.

P2 The place.

P1 In sleep you learn how to set the time.

P2 Time and place, fleeting exaltation!

P1 Here I stop already perplexed. Who helps me move on?

P2 It is the action that makes time and place exist.

P1 I'm willing to jump in.

P2 You need to say it three times.

P1 Go ahead!

P2 Mystery is great.

P1 Not big is green.

P2 With such a disposition you can take a chance, let it be in good time.

P1 Are you going to make me talk?.

P2 What else could I do? Remember: "Damn the deception that surrounds yourself the spirit...!"

P1 (entering the scene) "Damn the deception of appearance that harasses our senses!. Cursed what in dreams is hypocritically indicated in us with illusions of glory and enduring fame!. Damn the hope. Damn faith, and damn all patience!"

P2 (turning my head) I understand. If I don't forget myself, there won't be the slightest rest.

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