

Nossos heróis nunca
foram amados.

Nossas heroínas
eram bailarinas.

A.S.Sacramento

2026

TODOS OS DIREITOS RESERVADOS.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

NOSSAS HEROÍNAS ERAM BAILARINAS

Todas as vezes que eu olho para o céu eu não acho apenas ele bonito. Eu me transformo nele.

A minha mente ou consciência é preenchida totalmente pelas luzes do céu. Não resta nenhuma sombra dentro de mim ou lugar onde possa me esconder.

Todas as vezes que eu mergulho no oceano eu me torno cada uma das suas infinitas ondas.

Eu sou o céu.

Eu sou o oceano.

Eu não observo a beleza da natureza.

Eu sou a própria beleza da natureza.

Existiria coisa mais doce do que olhar nos olhos de uma mulher?

Nos olhos dela há a profundidade da minha alma. No corpo dela há montanhas e florestas. Na alma dela há todo o céu, as estrelas e o oceano.

Eu queria ser algo que faz parte da boca dela. Talvez a linguagem, os sons ou a cor vermelha. Eu queria ser algo sempre perto da pele dela. Como os feixes de luz do sol ou da lua.

Todas as vezes que olho para ela posso dizer que todas as coisas do mundo desaparecem e somente ela ocupa e preenche totalmente a minha alma, consciência e existência.

Todas as vezes que olho nos olhos dela é como se estivesse lendo a história de toda a humanidade ou da natureza.

Todas as vezes que abraço ela é como se estivesse mais próximo de todas as estrelas e galáxias.

Apenas um beijo é o suficiente para compreender todos os deuses, toda a natureza e todas as histórias.

Somos opostos. Ela é o céu e eu sou o oceano. Mas sempre que o corpo de um está quente o outro pode esfriar ou refrescar com sua brisa.

Eu não sei dizer o que entre nós está mais próximo. Se são nossos corpos ou nossas imaginações.

Meus sentimentos diminuem a distância e as diferenças entre as coisas.

Se a natureza não fosse generosa porque deixaria o mesmo sol brilhar tanto para ela que tem uma beleza infinita, maior que todas as estrelas e galáxias, quanto para alguém tão simples quanto eu?

Somente a beleza do céu poderia me curar.

Somente a beleza do céu pela manhã poderia preencher totalmente a minha alma.

Todas as vezes que eu olho para o azul do céu me sinto como se fosse o próprio céu ou as nuvens.

Não importa que a cachoeira exista somente no lado de dentro ou de fora. Nossos desejos, vontades e intenções permanecem as mesmas.

Todas as vezes que mergulho no oceano me sinto como se fosse as próprias ondas, a cachoeira ou chuva.

Quando olho nos olhos dela tenho a mesma experiência de ler um livro ou escutar uma música, talvez a mais bela de todas.

O que ela faz é tão puro.

O que ele faz é tão puro.

Que parece o céu tocando o oceano.

O que ela faz parece algo tão sublime

O que ele faz parece algo tão sublime.

Que parece uma floresta delicadamente incendiada por faíscas mais delicadas e sublimes ainda.

Sou igual a cada feixe de luz do sol.

Sou igual a cada gota da chuva.

Sou igual a cada onda do oceano infinito.

Todas as vezes que eu olho para o céu e vejo apenas uma estrela solitária eu me pergunto quantas coisas terríveis e maravilhosas podem existir em um ser humano mas ninguém é capaz de ver ou enxergar.

Eu sou a escuridão do céu.

Todas as vezes que vejo ela dançar é como se eu estivesse dançando.

Eu sou a bailarina. Eu sou o espelho.

nossas heroínas eram bailarinas. Elas nunca lutaram uma guerra. Mas, afinal de contas, o que há de mais nobre em lutar uma guerra do que dançar?

Eu me transformo em tudo aquilo que eu olho. Se eu olho para a bailarina eu me torno a bailarina. Se eu olho para o céu eu me torno o céu. Se eu olho para o oceano eu me torno o oceano. E não há nenhuma outra coisa que possa ocupar a minha alma, mente ou consciência.

A minha alma, consciência ou mente é igual ao céu.

Dentro da minha alma, consciência ou pensamentos não há outra coisa senão as luzes do céu.

Nesses singelos instantes não há nenhuma sombra dentro de mim. Nada que possa se esconder.

Quem conseguir olhar para o céu é notar sua beleza também está olhando para o fundo da minha alma.

Todas as vezes que olho a borboleta é como se pudesse voar.

Porque saber dançar não poderia ser algo tão nobre quanto lutar? Porque estrear no palco não poderia ser algo mais glorioso do que vencer uma guerra? Porque nossos heróis precisam ser assassinos ao invés de bailarinas?

A manhã foi feita para ser contemplada. Não há dinheiro no mundo que pague ficar apenas olhando o céu e a luz durante o dia. Isso me cura mais do que qualquer remédio ou psicológico. Isso me dá um sentido e propósito que nunca encontrei na vida.

É engraçado e interessante o quanto ela me lembra o céu ou o sol. O quanto ela é parecida com o céu ou o sol. O sol aquece sem pedir permissão. O céu amplia as coisas com seu horizonte infinito.

No cabelo e olhos dela existem alguns feixes do sol. No corpo dela existem montanhas e riachos. Na alma dela existem estrelas e galáxias. E na boca dela o céu e o oceano.

Não existe nada dentro da minha mente ou consciência. Somente as luzes do céu é as ondas do oceano.

Nesses momentos singelos não há nenhuma sombra dentro de mim. Não há nada que possa se esconder.

Quantas coisas maravilhosas ou terríveis um ser humano pode ter mas ninguém ser capaz de sentir ou enxergar?

Todas as vezes que eu olho para o céu eu não acho apenas que ele é bonito. Eu me transformo nele. É como se eu fosse o céu.

Todas as vezes que eu mergulho no oceano eu não sinto apenas que oceano é bonito, mas eu me transformo em cada uma de suas infinitas ondas.

Todas as vezes que eu olho para estrelas eu me pergunto quantas coisas maravilhosas e terríveis podem existir em um ser humano mas ninguém ser capaz de enxergar ou levar em consideração...

Todas as vezes que vejo ela dançar é como... se fosse eu.

Não tenho nenhum ídolo ou inspiração. O meu único ídolo é inspiração é a beleza da natureza.

Só consegue me entender ou compreender quem ama a natureza mais do qualquer outra coisa.

Todas as vezes que na minha consciência ou alma estiverem apenas as ondas do mar ou o céu poderei dizer alcancei certa felicidade ou certeza de dizer quem eu realmente sou ou quero ser. Eu não quero ser aquilo que eles querem que eu seja.

Eu sou apenas um reflexo da natureza. Eu quero ser apenas um espelho da natureza.

Como é possível mergulhar tão profunda e belamente no mais absoluto deserto onde nunca houve água?

Como é possível amar demasiadamente mesmo na mais profunda solidão? E sentir um alegre mesmo sem ter ou ser nada?

Como é possível nunca se sentir solitário? Mesmo vivendo a vida inteira no mais absoluto deserto.

Como é possível dormir tão bem como se estivesse nas nuvens? Ainda que a própria casa seja apenas todo o deserto e o oceano.

E como é possível aprender tantas coisas onde não há nenhuma palavra mas apenas o silêncio?

E como palavras tão doces podem ser ditas se a linguagem apenas acaricia a realidade?

A única maneira de ver a realidade é através dos sonhos.

Por que eu preciso fazer esforço e buscar por algo que sempre existiu dentro de mim?

Não quero que minha mente ou consciência seja uma farsa ou palavra criada pelos homens. Quero que seja uma extensão da própria natureza.

Quem sou eu? Quem eu sou? Eu sou o oceano. Eu sou o céu. Sou os feixes de luz do sol. Que tanto podem cegar quanto despertar. E para mim não há nenhuma resposta mais verdadeira ou que me agrada mais do que essas.

Como alguém que não é nada e não tem nada pode sentir uma infinita paz e harmonia por um efêmero instante.

E se todas as mentes que já existiram nesse mundo foram infinitas igual a minha? E se cada borboleta que já existiu fosse capaz enxergar cores que eu não consigo? E se em cada onda sempre houvesse uma beleza infinita?

Se alguém conseguisse entrar na minha mente ou consciência iria encontrar apenas as luzes do céu e as ondas do oceano.

No final do labirinto se volta para o início.

NOSSOS HERÓIS NUNCA FORAM AMADOS

O sentido da vida é a solidão.

Eu vou morrer virgem.

Eu me pergunto se não existe nada no corpo dela pelo qual eu poderia me apaixonar? O coração solitário dela. As sombras entre a mente e a consciência dela. Cada fresta no corpo dela que tem a mesma cor e beleza da noite em sua mais profunda escuridão.

O silêncio. O silêncio dela ora é a coisa que mais poderia me traumatizar, humilhar e me incomodar nesse mundo. E ora é a coisa mais sublime e bonita que poderia existir.

Não quero a cura ou a solução. É possível amar ou se apaixonar pela solidão? Querer beijar e abraçar apenas o esquecimento?

Eles me humilham e perseguem por causa da minha virgindade. Mas não levam em consideração meu caráter, boa vontade ou fé.

Será que existe algo neles mais repugnante do que alguém que nunca será amado?

Não há como eles interromperem a minha trajetória. Porque ela nunca começou.

Não há como eles me derrubarem. Porque eu nunca estive de pé.

É possível pessoas opostas terem a mesma ação? É possível que pessoas com as intenções totalmente opostas acabam tendo as mesmas ações e atitudes?

Tudo o que eu queria era ser notado por alguma mulher. Mas isso parece mais difícil do que encontrar ouro ou uma carteira cheia de dinheiro na rua. Talvez seja mais fácil o mundo acabar.

Eu julgava ela como um criminoso. Agora considero ela apenas como a doce irmã que nunca tive. Eu julgava ela como uma prostituta. Agora a considero como um anjo. Quase uma santa.

Tudo o que eu precisava era apenas de um abraço. E qualquer coisa além disso é uma mentira que não fui eu que inventei.

Eu acreditei na maior mentira já inventada na história da humanidade. Na de que bastaria ser caráter e boa vontade para ser amado.

É possível sentir um vasto prazer na imaginação e quase nenhum na pele?

Quem mais julga é quem mais proíbe o amor. Quem mais critica é quem menos faz para

A minha virgindade é maior do que a minha humanidade. A minha virgindade parece maior do que aquilo que me torna humano. Maior que meu caráter ou fé. Para eles a minha virgindade é maior do que qualquer coisa que exista dentro ou fora de mim.

Esse mundo não é para min. A única certeza que eu tenho é que esse mundo não é o meu lugar. Todo o esforço deles é em permanecerem cegos, mas sempre julgam com grande certeza e arrogância. Para eles não tenho nenhuma qualidade. Nada em mim pode ser aproveitado. E tratam isso como se fosse uma verdade absoluta e quase imutável que lhe concede grande prazer e deleite. Um lugar onde nenhuma qualidade é reconhecida ou notada. Mas os julgamentos permanecem sempre sorrateiros e covardes pelo o fato de eu não ser capaz de mudar o caráter de ninguém. Não sei o que causa mais repulsa neles se é a minha aparência, jeito de falar, caráter ou minha energia. Mesmo eles permanecendo sempre em silêncio e calados eu sei e sinto tudo aquilo que eles sentem e pensam sobre mim. Parece quase uma unanimidade. Não há ninguém para tirar a sensação de estar sempre vulnerável. Diante deles pouco ou nada posso fazer embora sempre digam que a culpa é minha, somente e totalmente minha. Um lugar onde se é julgado pela visão distorcida dos demais ao invés por aquilo que se é. Minha única esperança é um dia voltar para o lugar do qual nunca deveria ter saído. Um lugar onde não há injustiças ou falsidades. O único lado bom dessa história é que poderia ter sido pior. Mas ela vai passar tão rápido quanto um sonho ou apenas um feixe de luz cruzando o céu.

Eu gosto de quem é de fora. De quem discorda deles.

Eu gosto de quem nunca existiu. De quem nunca foi notado ou valorizado nesse lugar.

Quanto menos eles me conhecem mais certeza tem sobre quem eu sou.

Se dentro de mim não existir nada o que eles poderiam humilhar?

Se dentro de mim não existir nada onde eles poderiam apoiar seus pés moles?

Às vezes os loucos são mais úteis do que os normais.

Às vezes os loucos têm mais caráter do que os normais.

Não é a minha intenção chocar ou incomodar ninguém. Mas apenas dizer a verdade e a realidade. Pelo menos a minha verdade e a minha realidade.

O meu único desejo é estar sempre à margem de qualquer coisa que eles possam falar. Se eles falam que “todos os homens são iguais” então eu me recuso a ser considerado um homem e não sou um homem. Até mesmo se eles falarem que “todos são iguais” eu não quero pertencer a essa igualdade e nem fazer parte desse grupo, conjunto ou totalidade. Não quero que nenhuma palavra que saia da boca deles se dirija a mim. Não quero que as palavras deles me toquem ou me acariciem. Se eles olharem para mim ou voltarem seu olhar para mim queria que algo me protegesse me tornando invisível aos olhos deles.

A minha invisibilidade, diante de tais olhos, não é mais o que mais me incomoda, mas se tornou o meu único e singelo desejo.

Onde há luz a escuridão não toca.

Mas é tão bom que uma coisa roce delicadamente na outra e os opostos estejam sempre tão próximos.

Minha curiosidade não é quando serei amado. Mas saber o último verme que rastejará sobre a minha pele sedenta de desejo.

Só não sei se eu sou luz ou escuridão.

Não importa quanta certeza ou fé você tenha no que diz. Sempre existirá alguém com a mesma certeza e convicção, mas dizendo o contrário.

Sempre existirá alguém no mundo que acredita no oposto de tudo aquilo que você acredita, mas com a sua mesma fé, certeza e convicção.

Qual deveria ser minha vingança e ressentimento? Qual é a minha fantasia e o que desejaria fazer com eles? Eu poderia tentar ameaçar eles. Eu poderia tentar humilhar ou dar uma lição de moral. Mas o meu único inimigo é algo que existe dentro da mente deles e impede que a sua boca permaneça sempre torta e seus pés sempre moles. Como se fossem fios e dutos que conduzem os sentimentos e sensações deles. Meus inimigos são esses dutos e não eles. Meus inimigos são os mecanismos e estruturas que existem dentro do cérebro e da mente deles. Que enganam tanto eles quanto a mim mesmo. Afinal de contas não seria aprazível cometer o mesmo erro que eles. Ou seja, de achar que eles não têm nenhuma qualidade apenas porque não enxergam nenhuma minha. De achar que a consciência deles é sempre rígida apenas porque me julgam de maneira rígida ou superficial. De achar que vez ou outra não pode haver algo sagrado e quase sublime mesmo na existência mais bruta e miserável. E aqui surge uma curiosidade quase erótica. Como eles se enxergam? O que vêem diante de um espelho completamente nus? Como é a identidade deles, o eu deles... A identidade e eu deles é para eles algo sólido ou gelatinoso?

O meu inimigo é um muro ou engrenagem que existe somente na mente deles e o quão tolo eu seria por odiar apenas um mecanismo ou algo que age de maneira espontânea. A minha grande vingança seria estender minhas mãos a todos os meus inimigos e maiores desafetos e lhe oferecer a porta que altera a realidade e a mente entrando em um lugar próximo da loucura, do esquecimento e de agonizar. Se o problema é a maneira como eles me enxergam então o que aconteceria se não conseguissem mais me enxergar? Se o problema é a palavra que dizem o que aconteceria se tivessem nascido sem boca ou se todas as palavras e sentimentos se tornassem iguais?

Por mais que o julgamento deles seja algo cruel ou covarde já não é algo que me afeta mais como antes.

O que é o sentimento de vazio? É não conseguir rir e nem chorar. É não ter vontade de se vingar e nem de ser grato. E não ter vontade de viver. E nem de morrer.

Existe coisa mais humana do que se ofender profundamente a ponto de fazer uma guerra sanguinolenta apenas por a verdade ser dita?

Existe algo que o ser humano odeie mais do que a verdade?

Existe algo que incomode o ser humano mais do que a verdade?

A minha única curiosidade não é saber quando serei amado. Mas o último verme que tocará a minha pele tão virgem e delicada.

A nossa única certeza é que não podemos fazer nada.

A nossa única certeza é que não depende apenas de nós.

O meu maior medo não é ser odiado. É não conseguir mais amar nada que exista nesse mundo.

E se milagrosamente uma mão se estendesse, mas eu fosse cego para enxergá-la? E se um milagre acontecesse, mas minha mente ou consciência não conseguisse reconhecê-lo?

Não há nada que eles possam fazer para me derrotar. Porque eu sou aquele que ama o silêncio. Porque eu sou apenas a escuridão que está em todo lugar. Eu sou apenas a própria sombra deles. Eu sou todas as limitações e falta de caráter que eles não tentam esconder ou se envergonhar. Pelo contrário, acham algo bonito e engraçado.

Ninguém pode me derrubar. Não porque sou tudo. Mas porque sou nada.

Os sentimentos dele não tem nenhuma importância. Mas não são tratados com respeito e carinho de quem usa a máscara de bom moço.

Não faz diferença ficar um dia sem fazer nada. Uma semana, um ano. Ou a vida inteira.

É algo em vão todas as batalhas e conflitos. Eu nunca serei amado.

A existência é apenas uma grande humilhação e exploração.

Eles podem ter todos os defeitos do mundo. Mas a sua cama nunca será tão solitária quanto a minha.

Ele pode ir do inferno ao paraíso. Pode ir do deserto até todas as estrelas. Mas nunca será notado por nenhuma mulher.

Ele pode pegar o metro todos os dias cedo. Pode até mesmo ter migalhas de fé ou coragem. Mas nenhuma qualidade dele será notada por elas.

O mundo e a sociedade existem para que os ignorantes estejam sempre com a razão. Suas mentiras e “verdades” são sempre colocados antes de qualquer argumento.

Eu sou a pior pessoa que já existiu no mundo. Mas não desci tão baixo ao ponto de julgar alguém apenas pela sua virgindade ou sexualidade.

Sou visto com maus olhos porque a maioria das mulheres não desejam minha companhia. Mas, sobre elas, nada é perguntado.

É contraditório eles me julgaram por algo que me vai fazer quebrar todas as suas regras.

É contraditório que não exista outra coisa no mundo que eu ame mais do que a solidão.

Se eu sou tão repugnante para eles porque não pode haver algo neles que aos meus olhos também seja repugnante? Talvez mil vezes mais repugnante do que eu ou do que minha solidão.

Não quero estar com a razão ou humilhar ninguém. Quero apenas permanecer cego e ignorante.

A nossa única certeza é que não podemos fazer nada para mudar. Não está em jogo criar máscaras para enganar ninguém. Não está em jogo mudar o próprio caráter por alguém que é totalmente desconhecido. Nossa única certeza é que não há como lutar contra ou resolver a situação. Não está ao nosso alcance ser amado.

Não busco vingança, mas apenas reciprocidade. Se ninguém se importa com a minha solidão, que é o meu maior sofrimento, porque deveria me importar com os deles?

Sou a pior pessoa que já existiu no mundo.

Eles humilham e pisam porque tem boca e palavras. Mas eu me pergunto o que aconteceria se suas bocas se tornassem tão tortas ou moles como um galão de tinta ou poça de lama em movimento. Eu me pergunto o que aconteceria se seus pés se tornassem tão moles quanto as palavras que sustentam sua própria superioridade.

Se tudo o que eu falo não é ouvido ou apenas motivo de ridicularização porque eles acham que eu deveria chorar com a reclamação deles ao invés de sorrir?

A nossa única certeza é que nada podemos fazer. Nada nunca pôde ser feito.

Eles têm todas as certezas do mundo. Eu não tenho nenhuma. Eles têm certeza do que eu sou. Mas nem eu mesmo sei.

Eles sorriem porque ainda existem pedras onde podem pisar. Mas, o que aconteceria se todas as pedras se tornassem moles? Se seus pés simplesmente sumissem ou ficassem doentes? E, finalmente, se já não fossem mais capazes de enxergar nenhuma pedra, nenhum caminho e nem a si mesmos?

A única coisa que eu quero é que aquilo que nos torna iguais nos torne diferentes. E aquilo que nos torna diferentes nos torne iguais.

Os sentimentos e pensamentos negativos permanecem mesmo quando aquilo que se quer já não se quer mais, ou pelo menos, se quer menos. Então ao invés de a vontade, a obsessão ou o pensamento ser conseguir aquilo que não se tem ele se foca nas críticas que se recebeu ou na mera reclamação ao invés da solução.

Eu poderia criticar ela porque ela nunca me amou. Mas, se ela consegue amar alguém ou qualquer coisa que seja, isso já me deixa alegre.

A vida é em si mesma uma grande mentira. E não há nada de nobre em buscar o sentido da vida, o sentido do tempo ou da existência. Na verdade, essas perguntas são tão fúteis e banais como todas as demais. Então parece que o verdadeiro sábio é aquele que não tem nenhuma sabedoria. O verdadeiro poeta é aquele que não aprendeu a falar. E o verdadeiro herói é aquele que nunca foi amado.

Não tenho mais vontade de fazer nada na minha vida. Somente esperar o tempo passar lentamente. Enquanto isso, tento perceber as qualidades dos meus inimigos e oponentes.

Eles não podem me derrubar. Não porque eu sou tudo, mas porque eu não existo. Eu nunca existi.

O que é um ser humano? É um deus que se ofende profundamente por coisas que não lhe afetam em nada. É um deus cheio de fragilidades.

O preço da sobrevivência é caro demais. Todo esforço, sofrimento e sacrifício é pago e recompensado apenas com mais esforço, sofrimento e sacrifício.

Qualquer sacrifício é em vão. Eu nunca serei amado.

Apesar de tudo a vida é algo maravilhoso. Pois se nada se dá nada se recebe.

Existiria coisa mais humana do que odiar a justiça e tudo aquilo que é justo?

Assim como a luz pode roçar a escuridão a minha pele virgem pode triscar a pele dela.

Tudo o que eu precisava era apenas ser notado. Qualquer coisa, além disso, é uma mentira que não fui eu que inventei.

A única parte boa dessa história é que eu não quero mais ser escravo dos sentimentos ruins e negativo deles. A mediocridade, a inveja ou a humilhação...

Não sinto alegria e nem tristeza. Não sinto frustração, raiva, desejo ou admiração. Não sinto nada.

Existe coisa que os idiotas e covardes amam mais do que generalizações?

Toda generalização é como uma arma ou jogo em que não se deixa o oponente reagir ou jogar. Que não aceita a recusa do oponente em jogar seu jogo sujo, desprezível e miserável.

Muitas vezes as pessoas que parecem ser as melhores são as piores. E aquelas que parecem ser as piores são as melhores.

A generalização crie um muro onde todo idiota e covarde pode se esconder. Assim se pode fazer aquilo que eles mais amam que é atacar sem ser atacado, atacar sem chance de defesa ou de revidar. E que deleite ou graça há em se jogar um jogo que se joga sozinho ou não se deixa o adversário jogar? E logo eles interpretam a desistência ou a recusa do adversário de jogar seu jogo nojento e miserável como uma grande vitória que sempre vem acompanhada pelo aplauso dos demais seres repugnantes. O que alimentam eles são aplausos e não a verdade ou o que se é útil fazer. Todas as verdades absolutas e inquestionáveis estão à defesa deles. Não há algo que eles amem mais do que palavras onde possam se esconder. E assim eles querem estar certos e com a razão apenas porque tem o apoio da maioria e o aplauso de quem não vale nada.

Não há algo que os idiotas e covardes amem mais do que verdades absolutas.

Eles não acreditam que eu possa mudar. Seja para melhor ou pior.

Esse jogo para mim perdeu a graça. De revidar uma injustiça com outra maior.

O tempo passou rápido e para mim já não faz mais diferença estar certo ou errado. Não sei se a culpa é do cansaço ou do enfado. Mas o ponto é que deve haver algo de nobre, talvez até mesmo sagrado ou divino, mesmo na superfície ou nas maiores das mediocridades.

Parece ser algo da natureza humana ter medo de enxergar tudo o que há de bom ou de ruim nos outros.

E aqui caímos na mais doce armadilha que é tratar o injusto ou desafeto de maneira desproporcional ou como se eles não tivessem nenhuma qualidade.

E assim eu caí na maior mentira já inventada na história da humanidade. Na de que bastaria ter boa vontade ou intenção para ser amado.

Não quero me relacionar apenas por desespero, pena ou piedade.

A solidão é o caminho tanto para o paraíso quanto para o inferno.

Demorei a vida inteira para chegar no lugar onde gostaria de estar. No lugar onde estou e sempre estive. Cercado apenas pelo silêncio.

Quando todas as luzes e sombras deixarem de existir o que restará nas profundezas da minha alma ou mente?

Não há para onde fugir. Nunca houve. Mesmo na mais profunda solidão ainda há algum desejo. Como uma luz solitária que corta ou cruza a escuridão do céu que nunca nasceu.

Nesse grande dia eu poderia dizer que amo a sua covardia. Não há nada no mundo que eu ame mais do que suas injustiças e mal caráter. Do que seu corpo. E eu amo mais a sua solidão do que o seu corpo.

A vida oscila entre momentos de sofrimento e de vazio.

E no final das contas eu preferia ser humilhado e ofendido pela doce boca deles do que se eles tivessem nascido sem boca. Eu preferia ter causado o sentimento que causei, não importa o quanto tenha sido sublimemente boa ou absurdamente ruim, do que não ter sido visto por nenhum olho ou não ter causado nada.

O meu único desejo seria reconhecer o lado bom que existe em cada um dos meus inimigos. Reconhecer as qualidades dos meus desafetos. E mais do que tudo, reconhecer o desejo de quem nunca me desejou. No final das contas eu não queria pisar ou humilhar ninguém. Não queria sequer estar certo. Eu só queria ser mais humano.

A minha miséria é apenas mais uma entre as inúmeras que existem no mundo.

A nossa única certeza é que para eles já nascemos culpados.

O tédio é o pior sofrimento que existe no mundo? Por isso eles criam tantas guerras e conflitos, pois, para eles, a paz e a tranquilidade são os maiores tormentos que podem existir nesse mundo.

Crenças sem sentido, piadas sem criatividade, comentários picantes e verdades absolutas devem ser criadas para romper a pior coisa do mundo: O silêncio.

Todo sofrimento do mundo parece ser apenas uma forma de esquecer o quanto a existência é algo monstruoso e honrosa em si mesma.

Parece que vale apenas criar ou inventar qualquer coisa... Apenas para não ter que olhar para si mesmo.

De quem é a culpa? É das mulheres, do Estado, dos covardes, dos indiferentes, dos injustos ou totalmente minha? A culpa é da vida em si mesma. Se engana quem pensa que busco uma solução, cura, salvação ou redenção. Eu quero voluntariamente aquilo que parece involuntário. Pelo menos às vezes.

Porque tudo o que eles fazem é se direcionando a alguém ou algum corpo? Talvez tudo seja apenas uma doce metáfora?

Talvez a única coisa que eu pudesse fazer para me curar fosse não julgar ou subestimar ninguém.

O que faz algo parecer uma tragédia ou banal depende do quanto se está próximo ou distante.

Não quero mais subestimar o sofrimento de ninguém.

OUR HEROINES WERE BALLERINAS

Every time I look at the sky I don't just find it beautiful. I become it.

My mind or consciousness is completely filled by the lights of the sky. No shadow remains inside me, nor any place where I might hide.

Every time I dive into the ocean I become each of its infinite waves.

I am the sky.

I am the ocean.

I do not observe the beauty of nature.

I am the beauty of nature itself.

Could there be anything sweeter than looking into a woman's eyes?

In her eyes lies the depth of my soul. In her body there are mountains and forests. In her soul there is the whole sky, the stars, and the ocean.

I wanted to be something that belongs to her mouth. Perhaps language, sounds, or the color red. I wanted to be something always near her skin. Like the beams of sunlight or moonlight.

Every time I look at her I can say that all things in the world disappear and only she occupies and completely fills my soul, consciousness, and existence.

Every time I look into her eyes it is as if I am reading the history of all humanity or of nature.

Every time I embrace her it is as if I am closer to all the stars and galaxies.

One kiss is enough to understand all the gods, all of nature, and all the stories.

We are opposites. She is the sky and I am the ocean. But whenever one's body is warm, the other can cool or refresh it with its breeze.

I cannot tell which is closer between us: our bodies or our imaginations.

My feelings diminish the distance and the differences between things.

If nature were not generous, why would it let the same sun shine both for her, who has infinite beauty greater than all the stars and galaxies, and for someone as simple as me?

Only the beauty of the sky could heal me.

Only the beauty of the sky in the morning could completely fill my soul.

Every time I look at the blue of the sky I feel as if I am the sky itself or the clouds.

Whether the waterfall exists only on the inside or the outside does not matter. Our desires, wills, and intentions remain the same.

Every time I dive into the ocean I feel as if I am the very waves, the waterfall, or the rain.

When I look into her eyes I have the same experience as reading a book or listening to music, perhaps the most beautiful of all.

What she does is so pure.

What he does is so pure.

It is as if the sky were touching the ocean.

What she does seems so sublime.

What he does seems so sublime.

It is as if a forest were delicately set on fire by sparks even more delicate and sublime.

I am equal to each beam of sunlight.

I am equal to each drop of rain.

I am equal to each wave of the infinite ocean.

Every time I look at the sky and see only a lonely star, I ask myself how many terrible and wonderful things can exist in a human being that no one is able to see or perceive.

I am the darkness of the sky.

Every time I see her dance it is as if I am dancing.

I am the ballerina. I am the mirror.

Our heroines were ballerinas. They never fought a war. But, after all, what is nobler about fighting a war than dancing?

I become everything I look at. If I look at the ballerina I become the ballerina. If I look at the sky I become the sky. If I look at the ocean I become the ocean. And there is nothing else that can occupy my soul, mind, or consciousness.

My soul, consciousness, or mind is like the sky.

Inside my soul, consciousness, or thoughts there is nothing but the lights of the sky.

In these simple moments there is no shadow inside me. Nothing that can hide.

Whoever can look at the sky and notice its beauty is also looking into the depths of my soul.

Every time I look at the butterfly it is as if I could fly.

Why couldn't knowing how to dance be as noble as fighting? Why couldn't debuting on stage be more glorious than winning a war? Why must our heroes be murderers instead of ballerinas?

The morning was made to be contemplated. There is no money in the world that can pay for just looking at the sky and the light during the day. This heals me more than any medicine or psychologist. This gives me a meaning and purpose that I never found in life.

It is funny and interesting how much she reminds me of the sky or the sun. How much she resembles the sky or the sun. The sun warms without asking permission. The sky amplifies things with its infinite horizon.

In her hair and eyes there are some beams of the sun. In her body there are mountains and streams. In her soul there are stars and galaxies. And in her mouth, the sky and the ocean.

There is nothing inside my mind or consciousness. Only the lights of the sky and the waves of the ocean.

In these simple moments there is no shadow inside me. There is nothing that can hide.

How many wonderful or terrible things can a human being have that no one is able to feel or see?

Every time I look at the sky I don't just find it beautiful. I become it. It is as if I were the sky.

Every time I dive into the ocean I don't just feel that the ocean is beautiful, but I become each of its infinite waves.

Every time I look at the stars I ask myself how many wonderful and terrible things can exist in a human being that no one is able to see or take into account...

Every time I see her dance it is as if... it were me.

I have no idol or inspiration. My only idol and inspiration is the beauty of nature.

Only those who love nature more than anything else can understand me.

Whenever my consciousness or soul contains only the waves of the sea or the sky, I can say I have reached a certain happiness or certainty of saying who I really am or want to be. I don't want to be what they want me to be.

I am merely a reflection of nature. I want to be only a mirror of nature.

How is it possible to dive so deeply and beautifully into the most absolute desert where there has never been water?

How is it possible to love too much even in the deepest solitude? And to feel joy even without having or being anything?

How is it possible never to feel lonely? Even while living one's whole life in the most absolute desert.

How is it possible to sleep as well as if on clouds, even if one's home is only the entire desert and the ocean?

And how is it possible to learn so many things where there are no words but only silence?

And how can such sweet words be spoken if language only caresses reality?

The only way to see reality is through dreams.

Why do I need to make an effort and search for something that has always existed inside me?

I don't want my mind or consciousness to be a farce or a word created by men. I want it to be an extension of nature itself.

Who am I? Who am I? I am the ocean. I am the sky. I am the beams of sunlight, which can both blind and awaken. And for me, there is no truer answer nor one that pleases me more than these.

How can someone who is nothing and has nothing feel an infinite peace and harmony for a fleeting instant?

And if all the minds that have ever existed in this world were as infinite as mine? And if every butterfly that has ever existed could see colors that I cannot? And if in every wave there were always an infinite beauty?

If someone could enter my mind or consciousness, they would find only the lights of the sky and the waves of the ocean.

At the end of the labyrinth, one returns to the beginning.

OUR HEROES WERE NEVER LOVED

The meaning of life is solitude.

I will die a virgin.

I wonder if there is nothing in her body that I could fall in love with? Her lonely heart. The shadows between her mind and consciousness. Every crack in her body that has the same color and beauty as the night in its deepest darkness.

The silence. Her silence is at times the thing that could most traumatize, humiliate, and bother me in this world. And at other times it is the most sublime and beautiful thing that could exist.

I don't want the cure or the solution. Is it possible to love or fall in love with solitude? To want to kiss and embrace only oblivion?

They humiliate and persecute me because of my virginity. But they do not take into account my character, good will, or faith.

Is there something in them more repugnant than someone who will never be loved?

There is no way for them to interrupt my trajectory. Because it never began.

There is no way for them to knock me down. Because I was never standing.

Is it possible for opposite people to have the same action? Is it possible for people with totally opposite intentions to end up having the same actions and attitudes?

All I wanted was to be noticed by some woman. But that seems harder than finding gold or a wallet full of money on the street. Perhaps it's easier for the world to end.

I judged her as a criminal. Now I consider her only as the sweet sister I never had. I judged her as a prostitute. Now I consider her an angel. Almost a saint.

All I needed was just a hug. And anything beyond that is a lie that I did not invent.

I believed the greatest lie ever told in human history. That it would be enough to have character and good will to be loved.

Is it possible to feel vast pleasure in the imagination and almost none on the skin?

Those who judge the most are those who forbid love the most. Those who criticize the most are those who do the least to...

My virginity is greater than my humanity. My virginity seems greater than what makes me human. Greater than my character or faith. To them, my virginity is greater than anything that exists inside or outside of me.

This world is not for me. The only certainty I have is that this world is not my place. All their effort is to remain blind, yet they always judge with great certainty and arrogance. To them, I have no qualities. Nothing in me can be used. And they treat this as an absolute and almost immutable truth that gives them great pleasure and delight. A place where no quality is recognized or noticed. But judgments remain always sneaky and cowardly because I am unable to change anyone's character. I don't know what repels them more—my appearance, way of speaking, character, or my energy. Even though they remain always silent and quiet, I know and feel everything they feel and think about me. It seems almost unanimous. There is no one to take away the feeling of always being vulnerable. Before them I can do little or nothing, although they always say the fault is mine, only and entirely mine. A place where one is judged by others' distorted vision rather than by what one is. My only hope is one day to return to the place I should never have left. A place where there are no injustices or falsehoods. The only good side of this story is that it could have been worse. But it will pass as quickly as a dream or just a beam of light crossing the sky.

I like those who are outsiders. Those who disagree with them.

I like those who never existed. Those who were never noticed or valued in this place.

The less they know me, the more certain they are about who I am.

If nothing exists inside me, what could they humiliate?

If nothing exists inside me, where could they place their soft feet?

Sometimes the mad are more useful than the normal.

Sometimes the mad have more character than the normal.

It is not my intention to shock or bother anyone. But merely to tell the truth and reality. At least my truth and my reality.

My only desire is to always remain on the margins of anything they might say. If they say "all men are alike," then I refuse to be considered a man and I am not a man. Even if they say "everyone is alike," I do not want to belong to that equality nor be part of this group, set, or totality. I do not want any word that comes out of their mouths to be directed at me. I do not want their words to touch or caress me. If they look at me or turn their gaze toward me, I wish something would protect me by making me invisible to their eyes.

My invisibility before such eyes is no longer what bothers me most; it has become my only and simple desire.

Where there is light, darkness does not touch.

But it is so good when one thing delicately grazes the other and opposites are always so close.

My curiosity is not when I will be loved. But to know the last worm that will crawl over my skin, thirsty with desire.

I just don't know if I am light or darkness.

No matter how much certainty or faith you have in what you say, there will always be someone with the same certainty and conviction saying the opposite.

There will always be someone in the world who believes the opposite of everything you believe, but with your same faith, certainty, and conviction.

What should my revenge and resentment be? What is my fantasy and what would I like to do to them? I could try to threaten them. I could try to humiliate them or teach them a lesson. But my only enemy is something that exists inside their minds and prevents their mouths from always remaining twisted and their feet always soft. As if they were threads and ducts that conduct their feelings and sensations. My enemies are those ducts, not them. My enemies are the mechanisms and structures that exist inside their brain and mind. That deceive both them and myself. After all, it would not be pleasing to commit the same mistake as them. That is, to think they have no qualities just because they see none in me. To think their consciousness is always rigid just because they judge me rigidly or superficially. To think that once in a while there cannot be something sacred and almost sublime even in the most brute and miserable existence. And here arises an almost erotic curiosity. How do they see themselves? What do they see in front of a mirror completely naked? What is their identity, their self... Is their identity and self something solid or gelatinous?

My enemy is a wall or a gear that exists only in their minds, and how foolish I would be to hate merely a mechanism or something that acts spontaneously. My great revenge would be to extend my hands to all my enemies and greatest adversaries and offer them the door that alters reality and the mind, entering a place close to madness, oblivion, and agony. If the problem is the way they see me, then what would happen if they could no longer see me? If the problem is the word they speak, what would happen if they had been born without a mouth, or if all words and feelings became the same?

However cruel or cowardly their judgment may be, it no longer affects me as it once did.

What is the feeling of emptiness? It is being unable to laugh or cry. It is having no desire for revenge nor for gratitude. And no desire to live. Nor to die.

Is there anything more human than being deeply offended to the point of waging a bloody war just because the truth is spoken?

Is there anything that human beings hate more than the truth?

Is there anything that bothers human beings more than the truth?

My only curiosity is not to know when I will be loved. But the last worm that will touch my skin, so virgin and delicate.

Our only certainty is that we can do nothing.

Our only certainty is that it does not depend only on us.

My greatest fear is not being hated. It is no longer being able to love anything that exists in this world.

And if, miraculously, a hand were extended, but I were blind to see it? And if a miracle happened, but my mind or consciousness could not recognize it?

There is nothing they can do to defeat me. Because I am the one who loves silence. Because I am merely the darkness that is everywhere. I am the very shadow of them. I am all the limitations and lack of character that they do not try to hide or be ashamed of. On the contrary, they find it beautiful and funny.

No one can knock me down. Not because I am everything. But because I am nothing.

His feelings have no importance. But they are not treated with the respect and care of one who wears the nice-guy mask.

It makes no difference to go a day without doing anything. A week, a year. Or a whole lifetime.

All battles and conflicts are in vain. I will never be loved.

Existence is merely a great humiliation and exploitation.

They may have all the defects in the world. But their bed will never be as lonely as mine.

He can go from hell to paradise. He can go from the desert to all the stars. But he will never be noticed by any woman.

He can take the subway every day early. He may even have crumbs of faith or courage. But none of his qualities will be noticed by them.

The world and society exist so that the ignorant are always right. Their lies and “truths” are always placed before any argument.

I am the worst person who has ever existed in the world. But I have not stooped so low as to judge someone merely by their virginity or sexuality.

I am seen with suspicion because most women do not desire my company. But nothing is asked about them.

It is contradictory that they judge me for something that will make me break all their rules.

It is contradictory that there is nothing else in the world I love more than solitude.

If I am so repugnant to them, why can't there be something in them that is also repugnant in my eyes? Perhaps a thousand times more repugnant than me or my solitude.

I don't want to be right or humiliate anyone. I just want to remain blind and ignorant.

Our only certainty is that we can do nothing to change. There is no question of creating masks to deceive anyone. There is no question of changing one's character for someone who is totally unknown. Our only certainty is that there is no way to fight against or resolve the situation. Being loved is beyond our reach.

I seek not revenge, but reciprocity. If no one cares about my solitude, which is my greatest suffering, why should I care about theirs?

I am the worst person who has ever existed in the world.

They humiliate and trample because they have mouths and words. But I wonder what would happen if their mouths became as twisted or soft as a gallon of paint or a puddle of mud in motion. I wonder what would happen if their feet became as soft as the words that sustain their own superiority.

If everything I say is not heard or is merely mocked, why do they think I should cry at their complaint instead of smiling?

Our only certainty is that we can do nothing. Nothing could ever be done.

They have all the certainties in the world. I have none. They are certain of what I am. But I don't even know myself.

They smile because there are still stones they can step on. But what would happen if all the stones became soft? If their feet simply disappeared or became ill? And, finally, if they were no longer able to see any stone, any path, or even themselves?

The only thing I want is for what makes us equal to make us different. And what makes us different to make us equal.

Negative feelings and thoughts remain even when what one wants is no longer wanted, or at least wanted less. So instead of the will, obsession, or thought being to obtain what one does

not have, it focuses on the criticism one has received or mere complaining instead of the solution.

I could criticize her because she never loved me. But if she can love someone or anything at all, that already makes me happy.

Life itself is a great lie. And there is nothing noble in seeking the meaning of life, the meaning of time, or of existence. In truth, these questions are as futile and banal as all the others. So it seems that the true sage is the one who has no wisdom. The true poet is the one who never learned to speak. And the true hero is the one who was never loved.

I no longer have the will to do anything in my life. Only to wait for time to pass slowly. Meanwhile, I try to perceive the qualities of my enemies and opponents.

They cannot knock me down. Not because I am everything, but because I do not exist. I never existed.

What is a human being? It is a god who is deeply offended by things that do not affect it at all. It is a god full of fragilities.

The price of survival is too high. Every effort, suffering, and sacrifice is paid and rewarded only with more effort, suffering, and sacrifice.

Every sacrifice is in vain. I will never be loved.

Despite everything, life is something wonderful. For if nothing is given, nothing is received.

Is there anything more human than hating justice and all that is just?

Just as light can graze darkness, my virgin skin can touch her skin.

All I needed was just to be noticed. Anything beyond that is a lie that I did not invent.

The only good part of this story is that I no longer want to be a slave to their bad and negative feelings. Mediocrity, envy, or humiliation...

I feel neither joy nor sadness. I feel no frustration, anger, desire, or admiration. I feel nothing.

Is there anything that idiots and cowards love more than generalizations?

Every generalization is like a weapon or a game in which the opponent is not allowed to react or play. That does not accept the opponent's refusal to play their dirty, despicable, and miserable game.

Often those who seem to be the best are the worst. And those who seem to be the worst are the best.

Generalization creates a wall behind which every idiot and coward can hide. Thus they can do what they love most: attack without being attacked, attack without chance of defense or retaliation. And what delight or fun is there in playing a game that you play alone or where you don't let the opponent play? And then they interpret the opponent's withdrawal or refusal to play their nasty, miserable game as a great victory always accompanied by the applause of other repugnant beings. What feeds them is applause, not truth or what is useful to do. All absolute and unquestionable truths are on their defense. There is nothing they love more than words behind which they can hide. And thus they want to be right and justified simply because they have the support of the majority and the applause of those who are worth nothing.

There is nothing that idiots and cowards love more than absolute truths.

They don't believe I can change. For better or worse.

This game has lost its fun for me. Retaliating one injustice with a greater one.

Time passed quickly, and for me it no longer makes a difference to be right or wrong. I don't know if it's fatigue or ennui. But the point is that there must be something noble, perhaps even sacred or divine, even on the surface or in the greatest mediocrities.

It seems to be part of human nature to be afraid of seeing all that is good or bad in others.

And here we fall into the sweetest trap: treating the unjust or enemy disproportionately or as if they had no qualities at all.

And so I fell into the greatest lie ever told in human history. That it would be enough to have good will or intention to be loved.

I don't want to relate out of desperation, pity, or mercy.

Solitude is the path to both paradise and hell.

It took me my whole life to reach the place where I would like to be. The place where I am and always have been. Surrounded only by silence.

When all lights and shadows cease to exist, what will remain in the depths of my soul or mind?

There is nowhere to flee. There never was. Even in the deepest solitude there is still some desire. Like a lonely light that cuts or crosses the darkness of the sky that was never born.

On this great day I could say that I love your cowardice. There is nothing in the world I love more than your injustices and bad character. Than your body. And I love your solitude more than your body.

Life oscillates between moments of suffering and emptiness.

And in the end, I would rather be humiliated and offended by their sweet mouths than if they had been born without a mouth. I would rather have caused the feeling that I caused, no matter how sublimely good or absurdly bad, than not to have been seen by any eye or to have caused nothing.

My only desire would be to recognize the good side that exists in each of my enemies. To recognize the qualities of my adversaries. And more than anything, to recognize the desire of those who never desired me. In the end, I didn't want to trample or humiliate anyone. I didn't even want to be right. I just wanted to be more human.

My misery is just one among the countless that exist in the world.

Our only certainty is that to them we are born guilty.

Is boredom the worst suffering in the world? That is why they create so many wars and conflicts, because for them peace and tranquility are the greatest torments that can exist in this world.

Meaningless beliefs, uncreative jokes, spicy comments, and absolute truths must be created to break the worst thing in the world: Silence.

All suffering in the world seems to be merely a way to forget how monstrous and honorable existence is in itself.

It seems worth creating or inventing anything... just to avoid having to look at oneself.

Whose fault is it? Is it women's, the State's, cowards', indifferent people's, the unjust's, or totally mine? The fault is life itself. He who thinks I seek a solution, cure, salvation, or redemption is mistaken. I want voluntarily what seems involuntary. At least sometimes.

Why is everything they do directed at someone or some body? Perhaps everything is just a sweet metaphor?

Perhaps the only thing I could do to heal myself would be not to judge or underestimate anyone.

What makes something seem tragic or banal depends on how close or distant one is.

I no longer want to underestimate anyone's suffering.

OUR HEROINES WERE BALLERINAS

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE SKY, I DON'T JUST FIND IT BEAUTIFUL. I TRANSFORM INTO IT. MY MIND OR CONSCIOUSNESS IS COMPLETELY FILLED BY THE LIGHTS OF THE SKY. NO SHADOW REMAINS WITHIN ME, NOR ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN HIDE.

EVERY TIME I DIVE INTO THE OCEAN, I BECOME EACH OF ITS INFINITE WAVES.

I AM THE SKY.

I AM THE OCEAN.

I DO NOT OBSERVE THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

I AM THE BEAUTY OF NATURE ITSELF.

COULD THERE BE ANYTHING SWEETER THAN LOOKING INTO A WOMAN'S EYES? IN HER EYES LIES THE DEPTH OF MY SOUL. IN HER BODY, THERE ARE MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS. IN HER SOUL, THERE IS THE WHOLE SKY, THE STARS, AND THE OCEAN.

I WANTED TO BE SOMETHING THAT IS PART OF HER MOUTH. PERHAPS THE LANGUAGE, THE SOUNDS, OR THE COLOR RED. I WANTED TO BE SOMETHING ALWAYS CLOSE TO HER SKIN. LIKE THE BEAMS OF LIGHT FROM THE SUN OR THE MOON.

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HER, I CAN SAY THAT ALL THINGS IN THE WORLD DISAPPEAR, AND SHE ALONE OCCUPIES AND COMPLETELY FILLS MY SOUL, CONSCIOUSNESS, AND EXISTENCE. EVERY TIME I LOOK INTO HER EYES, IT IS AS IF I AM READING THE HISTORY OF ALL HUMANITY OR OF NATURE. EVERY TIME I EMBRACE HER, IT IS AS IF I AM CLOSER TO ALL THE STARS AND GALAXIES. JUST ONE KISS IS ENOUGH TO COMPREHEND ALL THE GODS, ALL OF NATURE, AND ALL STORIES.

WE ARE OPPOSITES. SHE IS THE SKY AND I AM THE OCEAN. BUT WHENEVER THE BODY OF ONE IS HOT, THE OTHER CAN COOL OR REFRESH IT WITH THEIR BREEZE. I CANNOT SAY WHAT BETWEEN US IS CLOSER: WHETHER IT IS OUR BODIES OR OUR IMAGINATIONS. MY FEELINGS DIMINISH THE DISTANCE AND THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THINGS.

IF NATURE WERE NOT GENEROUS, WHY WOULD IT LET THE SAME SUN SHINE AS MUCH FOR HER—WHO HAS INFINITE BEAUTY, GREATER THAN ALL STARS AND GALAXIES—AS FOR SOMEONE AS SIMPLE AS ME?

ONLY THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY COULD HEAL ME. ONLY THE BEAUTY OF THE MORNING SKY COULD COMPLETELY FILL MY SOUL. EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE BLUE OF THE SKY, I FEEL AS IF I WERE THE SKY ITSELF OR THE CLOUDS. IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THE WATERFALL EXISTS ONLY ON THE INSIDE OR THE OUTSIDE. OUR DESIRES, WILLS, AND INTENTIONS REMAIN THE SAME. EVERY TIME I DIVE INTO THE OCEAN, I FEEL AS IF I WERE THE WAVES THEMSELVES, THE WATERFALL, OR THE RAIN.

WHEN I LOOK INTO HER EYES, I HAVE THE SAME EXPERIENCE AS READING A BOOK OR LISTENING TO MUSIC—PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL.

WHAT SHE DOES IS SO PURE.

WHAT HE DOES IS SO PURE.

THAT IT SEEMS LIKE THE SKY TOUCHING THE OCEAN.

WHAT SHE DOES SEEMS SO SUBLIME.

WHAT HE DOES SEEMS SO SUBLIME.

THAT IT SEEMS LIKE A FOREST DELICATELY SET ON FIRE BY SPARKS EVEN MORE DELICATE AND SUBLIME.

I AM LIKE EACH BEAM OF SUNLIGHT.

I AM LIKE EACH DROP OF RAIN.

I AM LIKE EACH WAVE OF THE INFINITE OCEAN.

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE SKY AND SEE ONLY A SOLITARY STAR, I WONDER HOW MANY TERRIBLE AND WONDERFUL THINGS CAN EXIST IN A HUMAN BEING THAT NO ONE IS ABLE TO SEE OR PERCEIVE.

I AM THE DARKNESS OF THE SKY.

EVERY TIME I SEE HER DANCE, IT IS AS IF I AM DANCING.

I AM THE BALLERINA. I AM THE MIRROR.

OUR HEROINES WERE BALLERINAS. THEY NEVER FOUGHT A WAR. BUT, AFTER ALL, WHAT IS NOBLER IN FIGHTING A WAR THAN IN DANCING?

I TRANSFORM INTO EVERYTHING I LOOK AT. IF I LOOK AT THE BALLERINA, I BECOME THE BALLERINA. IF I LOOK AT THE SKY, I BECOME THE SKY. IF I LOOK AT THE OCEAN, I BECOME THE OCEAN. AND THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN OCCUPY MY SOUL, MIND, OR CONSCIOUSNESS.

MY SOUL, CONSCIOUSNESS, OR MIND IS EQUAL TO THE SKY. INSIDE MY SOUL, CONSCIOUSNESS, OR THOUGHTS, THERE IS NOTHING ELSE BUT THE LIGHTS OF THE SKY. IN THESE SIMPLE MOMENTS, THERE IS NO SHADOW WITHIN ME. NOTHING THAT CAN HIDE. WHOEVER MANAGES TO LOOK AT THE SKY AND NOTICE ITS BEAUTY IS ALSO LOOKING INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL.

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE BUTTERFLY, IT IS AS IF I COULD FLY.

WHY COULDN'T KNOWING HOW TO DANCE BE AS NOBLE AS FIGHTING? WHY COULDN'T DEBUTING ON STAGE BE SOMETHING MORE GLORIOUS THAN WINNING A WAR? WHY MUST OUR HEROES BE ASSASSINS INSTEAD OF BALLERINAS?

THE MORNING WAS MADE TO BE CONTEMPLATED. THERE IS NO MONEY IN THE WORLD THAT CAN PAY FOR JUST LOOKING AT THE SKY AND THE LIGHT DURING THE DAY. THIS HEALS ME MORE THAN ANY MEDICINE OR PSYCHOLOGIST. THIS GIVES ME A SENSE AND PURPOSE I NEVER FOUND IN LIFE.

IT IS FUNNY AND INTERESTING HOW MUCH SHE REMINDS ME OF THE SKY OR THE SUN. HOW SIMILAR SHE IS TO THE SKY OR THE SUN. THE SUN WARMS WITHOUT ASKING PERMISSION. THE SKY EXPANDS THINGS WITH ITS INFINITE HORIZON. IN HER HAIR AND EYES, THERE ARE BEAMS OF THE SUN. IN HER BODY, THERE ARE MOUNTAINS AND STREAMS. IN HER SOUL, THERE ARE STARS AND GALAXIES. AND IN HER MOUTH, THE SKY AND THE OCEAN.

THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE MY MIND OR CONSCIOUSNESS. ONLY THE LIGHTS OF THE SKY AND THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN. IN THESE SIMPLE MOMENTS, THERE IS NO SHADOW WITHIN ME. THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN HIDE. HOW MANY WONDERFUL OR TERRIBLE THINGS CAN A HUMAN BEING HAVE THAT NO ONE IS ABLE TO FEEL OR PERCEIVE?

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE SKY, I DON'T JUST THINK IT'S BEAUTIFUL. I TRANSFORM INTO IT. IT IS AS IF I WERE THE SKY. EVERY TIME I DIVE INTO THE OCEAN, I DON'T JUST FEEL THAT THE OCEAN IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT I TRANSFORM INTO EACH OF ITS INFINITE WAVES. EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE STARS, I WONDER HOW MANY

WONDERFUL AND TERRIBLE THINGS CAN EXIST IN A HUMAN BEING THAT NO ONE IS ABLE TO SEE OR TAKE INTO ACCOUNT...

EVERY TIME I SEE HER DANCE, IT'S LIKE... IT WERE ME.

I HAVE NO IDOL OR INSPIRATION. MY ONLY IDOL AND INSPIRATION IS THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

ONLY THOSE WHO LOVE NATURE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE CAN UNDERSTAND OR COMPREHEND ME.

WHENEVER IN MY CONSCIOUSNESS OR SOUL THERE ARE ONLY THE WAVES OF THE SEA OR THE SKY, I WILL BE ABLE TO SAY I HAVE REACHED A CERTAIN HAPPINESS OR THE CERTAINTY OF SAYING WHO I REALLY AM OR WANT TO BE. I DON'T WANT TO BE WHAT THEY WANT ME TO BE.

I AM JUST A REFLECTION OF NATURE.

I WANT TO BE JUST A MIRROR OF NATURE.

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO DIVE SO DEEPLY AND BEAUTIFULLY INTO THE ABSOLUTE DESERT WHERE THERE HAS NEVER BEEN WATER?

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO LOVE EXCESSIVELY EVEN IN THE DEEPEST SOLITUDE? AND TO FEEL JOY EVEN WITHOUT HAVING OR BEING ANYTHING?

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO NEVER FEEL LONELY? EVEN LIVING A WHOLE LIFE IN THE MOST ABSOLUTE DESERT.

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO SLEEP AS WELL AS IF ONE WERE IN THE CLOUDS? EVEN IF ONE'S OWN HOME IS JUST THE WHOLE DESERT AND THE OCEAN.

AND HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO LEARN SO MANY THINGS WHERE THERE IS NO WORD, BUT ONLY SILENCE?

AND HOW CAN SUCH SWEET WORDS BE SAID IF LANGUAGE ONLY CARESSES REALITY?

THE ONLY WAY TO SEE REALITY IS THROUGH DREAMS.

WHY DO I NEED TO MAKE AN EFFORT AND SEARCH FOR SOMETHING THAT HAS ALWAYS EXISTED WITHIN ME? I DON'T WANT MY MIND OR CONSCIOUSNESS TO BE A FARCE OR A WORD CREATED BY MEN. I WANT IT TO BE AN EXTENSION OF NATURE ITSELF.

WHO AM I? WHO AM I? I AM THE OCEAN. I AM THE SKY. I AM THE BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT. WHICH CAN BOTH BLIND AND AWAKEN. AND FOR ME, THERE IS NO ANSWER MORE TRUE OR THAT PLEASES ME MORE THAN THESE.

HOW CAN SOMEONE WHO IS NOTHING AND HAS NOTHING FEEL AN INFINITE PEACE AND HARMONY FOR AN EPHEMERAL MOMENT?

WHAT IF ALL THE MINDS THAT HAVE EVER EXISTED IN THIS WORLD WERE INFINITE LIKE MINE? WHAT IF EVERY BUTTERFLY THAT EVER EXISTED WERE ABLE TO SEE COLORS THAT I CANNOT? WHAT IF IN EVERY WAVE THERE WAS ALWAYS AN INFINITE BEAUTY?

IF SOMEONE COULD ENTER MY MIND OR CONSCIOUSNESS, THEY WOULD FIND ONLY THE LIGHTS OF THE SKY AND THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

AT THE END OF THE LABYRINTH, ONE RETURNS TO THE BEGINNING.

OUR HEROES WERE NEVER LOVED

THE MEANING OF LIFE IS SOLITUDE.

I WILL DIE A VIRGIN.

I WONDER IF THERE IS NOTHING IN HER BODY THAT I COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH? HER LONELY HEART. THE SHADOWS BETWEEN HER MIND AND HER CONSCIOUSNESS. EACH CREVICE IN HER BODY THAT HAS THE SAME COLOR AND BEAUTY AS THE NIGHT IN ITS DEEPEST DARKNESS.

THE SILENCE. HER SILENCE IS AT ONCE THE THING THAT COULD MOST TRAUMATIZE, HUMILIATE, AND BOTHER ME IN THIS WORLD. AND AT OTHER TIMES, IT IS THE MOST SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL THING THAT COULD EXIST.

I DON'T WANT THE CURE OR THE SOLUTION. IS IT POSSIBLE TO LOVE OR FALL IN LOVE WITH SOLITUDE? TO WANT TO KISS AND EMBRACE ONLY OBLIVION?

THEY HUMILIATE AND PERSECUTE ME BECAUSE OF MY VIRGINITY. BUT THEY DO NOT TAKE INTO ACCOUNT MY CHARACTER, GOOD WILL, OR FAITH.

IS THERE SOMETHING IN THEM MORE DISGUSTING THAN SOMEONE WHO WILL NEVER BE LOVED?

THERE IS NO WAY FOR THEM TO INTERRUPT MY TRAJECTORY. BECAUSE IT NEVER BEGAN.

THERE IS NO WAY FOR THEM TO KNOCK ME DOWN. BECAUSE I WAS NEVER STANDING.

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR OPPOSITE PEOPLE TO HAVE THE SAME ACTION? IS IT POSSIBLE THAT PEOPLE WITH TOTALLY OPPOSITE INTENTIONS END UP HAVING THE SAME ACTIONS AND ATTITUDES?

ALL I WANTED WAS TO BE NOTICED BY SOME WOMAN. BUT THAT SEEMS HARDER THAN FINDING GOLD OR A WALLET FULL OF MONEY ON THE STREET. PERHAPS IT IS EASIER FOR THE WORLD TO END.

I JUDGED HER AS A CRIMINAL. NOW I CONSIDER HER ONLY AS THE SWEET SISTER I NEVER HAD. I JUDGED HER AS A PROSTITUTE. NOW I CONSIDER HER AN ANGEL. ALMOST A SAINT.

ALL I NEEDED WAS JUST A HUG. AND ANYTHING BEYOND THAT IS A LIE THAT I DID NOT INVENT.

I BELIEVED IN THE GREATEST LIE EVER INVENTED IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY: THAT CHARACTER AND GOOD WILL WOULD BE ENOUGH TO BE LOVED.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO FEEL VAST PLEASURE IN THE IMAGINATION AND ALMOST NONE ON THE SKIN?

THE ONE WHO JUDGES MOST IS THE ONE WHO MOST FORBIDS LOVE. THE ONE WHO CRITICIZES MOST IS THE ONE WHO DOES THE LEAST FOR...

MY VIRGINITY IS GREATER THAN MY HUMANITY. MY VIRGINITY SEEMS GREATER THAN WHAT MAKES ME HUMAN. GREATER THAN MY CHARACTER OR FAITH. TO THEM, MY VIRGINITY IS GREATER THAN ANYTHING THAT EXISTS INSIDE OR OUTSIDE OF ME.

THIS WORLD IS NOT FOR ME. THE ONLY CERTAINTY I HAVE IS THAT THIS WORLD IS NOT MY PLACE. ALL THEIR EFFORT IS IN REMAINING BLIND, YET THEY ALWAYS JUDGE WITH GREAT CERTAINTY AND ARROGANCE. TO THEM, I HAVE NO QUALITY. NOTHING IN ME CAN BE USED. AND THEY TREAT THIS AS IF IT WERE AN ABSOLUTE AND ALMOST IMMUTABLE TRUTH THAT GRANTS THEM GREAT PLEASURE AND DELIGHT. A PLACE WHERE NO QUALITY IS RECOGNIZED OR NOTICED. BUT THE JUDGMENTS REMAIN ALWAYS SNEAKY AND COWARDLY BECAUSE OF THE FACT THAT I AM NOT ABLE TO CHANGE ANYONE'S CHARACTER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSES THEM MORE REPULSION: MY APPEARANCE, MY WAY OF SPEAKING, MY

CHARACTER, OR MY ENERGY. EVEN THOUGH THEY ALWAYS REMAIN SILENT AND QUIET, I KNOW AND FEEL EVERYTHING THEY FEEL AND THINK ABOUT ME. IT SEEMS ALMOST A UNANIMITY. THERE IS NO ONE TO TAKE AWAY THE FEELING OF ALWAYS BEING VULNERABLE. BEFORE THEM, I CAN DO LITTLE OR NOTHING, ALTHOUGH THEY ALWAYS SAY IT IS MY FAULT, ONLY AND TOTALLY MY FAULT. A PLACE WHERE ONE IS JUDGED BY THE DISTORTED VISION OF OTHERS INSTEAD OF BY WHAT ONE IS. MY ONLY HOPE IS TO ONE DAY RETURN TO THE PLACE I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT. A PLACE WHERE THERE ARE NO INJUSTICES OR FALSEHOODS. THE ONLY GOOD SIDE OF THIS STORY IS THAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE. BUT IT WILL PASS AS QUICKLY AS A DREAM OR JUST A BEAM OF LIGHT CROSSING THE SKY.

I LIKE THOSE WHO ARE FROM THE OUTSIDE. THOSE WHO DISAGREE WITH THEM.

I LIKE THOSE WHO NEVER EXISTED. THOSE WHO WERE NEVER NOTICED OR VALUED IN THIS PLACE.

THE LESS THEY KNOW ME, THE MORE CERTAIN THEY ARE ABOUT WHO I AM.

IF THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE ME, WHAT COULD THEY HUMILIATE?

IF THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE ME, WHERE COULD THEY REST THEIR SOFT FEET?

SOMETIMES THE MAD ARE MORE USEFUL THAN THE NORMAL ONES.

SOMETIMES THE MAD HAVE MORE CHARACTER THAN THE NORMAL ONES.

IT IS NOT MY INTENTION TO SHOCK OR BOTHER ANYONE. BUT ONLY TO TELL THE TRUTH AND REALITY. AT LEAST MY TRUTH AND MY REALITY.

MY ONLY DESIRE IS TO ALWAYS BE ON THE EDGE OF ANYTHING THEY MIGHT SAY. IF THEY SAY THAT "ALL MEN ARE EQUAL," THEN I REFUSE TO BE CONSIDERED A MAN AND I AM NOT A MAN. EVEN IF THEY SAY THAT "ALL ARE EQUAL," I DO NOT WANT TO BELONG TO THIS EQUALITY NOR BE PART OF THIS GROUP, SET, OR TOTALITY. I DON'T WANT ANY WORD THAT COMES OUT OF THEIR MOUTH TO BE DIRECTED AT ME. I DON'T WANT THEIR WORDS TO TOUCH ME OR CARESS ME. IF THEY LOOK AT ME OR TURN THEIR GAZE TOWARD ME, I WISH SOMETHING WOULD PROTECT ME, MAKING ME INVISIBLE TO THEIR EYES.

MY INVISIBILITY, BEFORE SUCH EYES, IS NO LONGER WHAT BOTHERS ME MOST, BUT HAS BECOME MY ONLY AND SIMPLE DESIRE.

WHERE THERE IS LIGHT, DARKNESS DOES NOT TOUCH.

BUT IT IS SO GOOD THAT ONE THING BRUSHES DELICATELY AGAINST ANOTHER AND OPPOSITES ARE ALWAYS SO CLOSE.

MY CURIOSITY IS NOT WHEN I WILL BE LOVED. BUT TO KNOW THE LAST WORM THAT WILL CRAWL OVER MY SKIN, THIRSTY WITH DESIRE.

I JUST DON'T KNOW IF I AM LIGHT OR DARKNESS.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH CERTAINTY OR FAITH YOU HAVE IN WHAT YOU SAY. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE WITH THE SAME CERTAINTY AND CONVICTION, BUT SAYING THE OPPOSITE. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WHO BELIEVES IN THE OPPOSITE OF EVERYTHING YOU BELIEVE, BUT WITH YOUR SAME FAITH, CERTAINTY, AND CONVICTION.

WHAT SHOULD MY REVENGE AND RESENTMENT BE? WHAT IS MY FANTASY AND WHAT WOULD I WISH TO DO WITH THEM? I COULD TRY TO THREATEN THEM. I COULD TRY TO HUMILIATE OR GIVE A MORAL LESSON. BUT MY ONLY ENEMY IS SOMETHING THAT EXISTS WITHIN THEIR MINDS AND PREVENTS THEIR MOUTHS FROM REMAINING ALWAYS CROOKED AND THEIR FEET ALWAYS SOFT. AS IF THEY WERE WIRES AND DUCTS THAT CONDUCT THEIR FEELINGS AND SENSATIONS. MY ENEMIES ARE THESE DUCTS AND NOT THEM. MY ENEMIES ARE THE MECHANISMS AND STRUCTURES THAT EXIST WITHIN THEIR BRAINS AND MINDS. WHICH DECEIVE BOTH THEM AND MYSELF. AFTER ALL, IT WOULD NOT BE PLEASANT TO COMMIT THE SAME ERROR AS THEY DO. THAT IS, TO THINK THEY HAVE NO QUALITY JUST BECAUSE THEY SEE NONE IN ME. TO THINK THAT THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS IS ALWAYS RIGID JUST BECAUSE THEY JUDGE ME IN A RIGID OR SUPERFICIAL WAY. TO THINK THAT NOW AND THEN THERE CANNOT BE SOMETHING SACRED AND ALMOST SUBLIME EVEN IN THE MOST BRUTAL AND MISERABLE EXISTENCE.

AND HERE ARISES AN ALMOST EROTIC CURIOSITY. HOW DO THEY SEE THEMSELVES? WHAT DO THEY SEE BEFORE A MIRROR, COMPLETELY NAKED? WHAT IS THEIR IDENTITY, THEIR SELF? IS THEIR IDENTITY AND SELF SOMETHING SOLID OR GELATINOUS TO THEM?

MY ENEMY IS A WALL OR A GEAR THAT EXISTS ONLY IN THEIR MINDS, AND HOW FOOLISH I WOULD BE TO HATE ONLY A MECHANISM OR SOMETHING THAT ACTS SPONTANEOUSLY. MY GREAT REVENGE WOULD BE TO EXTEND MY HANDS TO ALL MY ENEMIES AND GREATEST DETRACTORS AND OFFER THEM THE DOOR THAT ALTERS REALITY AND THE MIND, ENTERING A PLACE CLOSE TO MADNESS, OBLIVION, AND AGONY. IF THE PROBLEM IS THE WAY THEY SEE ME, THEN WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY COULD NO LONGER SEE ME? IF THE PROBLEM IS THE WORD THEY SAY, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY HAD BEEN BORN WITHOUT A MOUTH OR IF ALL WORDS AND FEELINGS BECAME EQUAL?

AS MUCH AS THEIR JUDGMENT IS SOMETHING CRUEL OR COWARDLY, IT IS NO LONGER SOMETHING THAT AFFECTS ME AS BEFORE.

WHAT IS THE FEELING OF EMPTINESS? IT IS BEING UNABLE TO LAUGH OR CRY. IT IS HAVING NO DESIRE FOR REVENGE OR TO BE GRATEFUL. IT IS HAVING NO WILL TO LIVE. NOR TO DIE.

IS THERE ANYTHING MORE HUMAN THAN BEING DEEPLY OFFENDED TO THE POINT OF MAKING A BLOODY WAR JUST BECAUSE THE TRUTH WAS TOLD?

IS THERE SOMETHING THAT THE HUMAN BEING HATES MORE THAN THE TRUTH?

IS THERE SOMETHING THAT BOTHERS THE HUMAN BEING MORE THAN THE TRUTH?

MY ONLY CURIOSITY IS NOT KNOWING WHEN I WILL BE LOVED. BUT THE LAST WORM THAT WILL TOUCH MY SKIN, SO VIRGIN AND DELICATE.

OUR ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT WE CAN DO NOTHING.

OUR ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT IT DOES NOT DEPEND ONLY ON US.

MY GREATEST FEAR IS NOT BEING HATED. IT IS NO LONGER BEING ABLE TO LOVE ANYTHING THAT EXISTS IN THIS WORLD.

WHAT IF MIRACULOUSLY A HAND REACHED OUT, BUT I WERE BLIND TO SEE IT? AND WHAT IF A MIRACLE HAPPENED, BUT MY MIND OR CONSCIOUSNESS COULD NOT RECOGNIZE IT?

THERE IS NOTHING THEY CAN DO TO DEFEAT ME. BECAUSE I AM THE ONE WHO LOVES SILENCE. BECAUSE I AM JUST THE DARKNESS THAT IS EVERYWHERE. I AM JUST THEIR OWN SHADOW. I AM ALL THE LIMITATIONS AND LACK OF CHARACTER THEY DO NOT TRY TO HIDE OR BE ASHAMED OF. ON THE CONTRARY, THEY FIND IT SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL AND FUNNY.

NO ONE CAN KNOCK ME DOWN. NOT BECAUSE I AM EVERYTHING. BUT BECAUSE I AM NOTHING.

HIS FEELINGS HAVE NO IMPORTANCE. BUT THEY ARE NOT TREATED WITH RESPECT AND AFFECTION BY THOSE WHO WEAR THE MASK OF A GOOD GUY.

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO SPEND A DAY DOING NOTHING. A WEEK, A YEAR. OR A WHOLE LIFE.

ALL BATTLES AND CONFLICTS ARE IN VAIN. I WILL NEVER BE LOVED.

EXISTENCE IS JUST ONE BIG HUMILIATION AND EXPLOITATION.

THEY MAY HAVE ALL THE FLAWS IN THE WORLD. BUT THEIR BED WILL NEVER BE AS LONELY AS MINE.

HE CAN GO FROM HELL TO PARADISE. HE CAN GO FROM THE DESERT TO ALL THE STARS. BUT HE WILL NEVER BE NOTICED BY ANY WOMAN.

HE CAN TAKE THE SUBWAY EARLY EVERY DAY. HE CAN EVEN HAVE CRUMBS OF FAITH OR COURAGE. BUT NO QUALITY OF HIS WILL BE NOTICED BY THEM.

THE WORLD AND SOCIETY EXIST SO THAT THE IGNORANT ARE ALWAYS RIGHT. THEIR LIES AND "TRUTHS" ARE ALWAYS PLACED BEFORE ANY ARGUMENT.

I AM THE WORST PERSON WHO EVER EXISTED IN THE WORLD. BUT I HAVE NOT DESCENDED SO LOW AS TO JUDGE SOMEONE JUST BY THEIR VIRGINITY OR SEXUALITY.

I AM SEEN WITH BAD EYES BECAUSE MOST WOMEN DO NOT DESIRE MY COMPANY. BUT, ABOUT THEM, NOTHING IS ASKED.

IT IS CONTRADICTORY FOR THEM TO JUDGE ME FOR SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE ME BREAK ALL THEIR RULES.

IT IS CONTRADICTORY THAT THERE IS NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD I LOVE MORE THAN SOLITUDE.

IF I AM SO REPUGNANT TO THEM, WHY CAN'T THERE BE SOMETHING IN THEM THAT IN MY EYES IS ALSO REPUGNANT? PERHAPS A THOUSAND TIMES MORE REPUGNANT THAN I OR THAN MY SOLITUDE.

I DON'T WANT TO BE RIGHT OR HUMILIATE ANYONE. I JUST WANT TO REMAIN BLIND AND IGNORANT.

OUR ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT WE CAN DO NOTHING TO CHANGE. IT IS NOT ABOUT CREATING MASKS TO DECEIVE ANYONE. IT IS NOT ABOUT CHANGING ONE'S OWN CHARACTER FOR SOMEONE WHO IS A TOTAL STRANGER. OUR ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT THERE IS NO WAY TO FIGHT AGAINST OR RESOLVE THE SITUATION. IT IS NOT WITHIN OUR REACH TO BE LOVED.

I DON'T SEEK REVENGE, BUT ONLY RECIPROCITY. IF NO ONE CARES ABOUT MY SOLITUDE, WHICH IS MY GREATEST SUFFERING, WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT THEIRS?

I AM THE WORST PERSON WHO EVER EXISTED IN THE WORLD.

THEY HUMILIATE AND TRAMPLE BECAUSE THEY HAVE MOUTHS AND WORDS. BUT I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEIR MOUTHS BECAME AS CROOKED OR SOFT AS A GALLON OF PAINT OR A MOVING PUDDLE OF MUD. I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEIR FEET BECAME AS SOFT AS THE WORDS THAT SUSTAIN THEIR OWN SUPERIORITY.

IF EVERYTHING I SAY IS NOT HEARD OR IS JUST A REASON FOR RIDICULE, WHY DO THEY THINK I SHOULD CRY WITH THEIR COMPLAINT INSTEAD OF SMILING?

OUR ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT WE CAN DO NOTHING. NOTHING COULD EVER BE DONE.

THEY HAVE ALL THE CERTAINTIES IN THE WORLD. I HAVE NONE. THEY ARE CERTAIN OF WHAT I AM. BUT EVEN I DON'T KNOW.

THEY SMILE BECAUSE THERE ARE STILL STONES WHERE THEY CAN STEP. BUT, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ALL THE STONES BECAME SOFT? IF THEIR FEET SIMPLY DISAPPEARED OR BECAME SICK? AND, FINALLY, IF THEY WERE NO LONGER ABLE TO SEE ANY STONE, ANY PATH, OR EVEN THEMSELVES?

THE ONLY THING I WANT IS THAT WHAT MAKES US EQUAL MAKES US DIFFERENT. AND WHAT MAKES US DIFFERENT MAKES US EQUAL.

NEGATIVE FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS REMAIN EVEN WHEN WHAT ONE WANTS IS NO LONGER WANTED, OR AT LEAST, WANTED LESS. SO INSTEAD OF THE WILL, THE OBSESSION, OR THE THOUGHT BEING ABOUT GETTING WHAT ONE DOESN'T HAVE, IT FOCUSES ON THE CRITICISMS RECEIVED OR ON THE MERE COMPLAINT INSTEAD OF THE SOLUTION.

I COULD CRITICIZE HER BECAUSE SHE NEVER LOVED ME. BUT, IF SHE MANAGES TO LOVE SOMEONE OR ANYTHING AT ALL, THAT ALREADY MAKES ME HAPPY.

LIFE IS IN ITSELF A GREAT LIE. AND THERE IS NOTHING NOBLE IN SEEKING THE MEANING OF LIFE, THE MEANING OF TIME, OR OF EXISTENCE. IN FACT, THESE QUESTIONS ARE AS FUTILE AND BANAL AS ALL THE OTHERS. SO IT SEEMS THAT THE TRUE SAGE IS THE ONE WHO HAS NO WISDOM. THE TRUE POET IS THE ONE WHO HAS NOT LEARNED TO SPEAK. AND THE TRUE HERO IS THE ONE WHO WAS NEVER LOVED.

I NO LONGER HAVE THE WILL TO DO ANYTHING IN MY LIFE. ONLY TO WAIT FOR TIME TO PASS SLOWLY. MEANWHILE, I TRY TO PERCEIVE THE QUALITIES OF MY ENEMIES AND OPPONENTS.

THEY CANNOT KNOCK ME DOWN. NOT BECAUSE I AM EVERYTHING, BUT BECAUSE I DO NOT EXIST. I NEVER EXISTED.

WHAT IS A HUMAN BEING? IT IS A GOD WHO IS DEEPLY OFFENDED BY THINGS THAT DO NOT AFFECT HIM AT ALL. IT IS A GOD FULL OF FRAGILITIES.

THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL IS TOO HIGH. ALL EFFORT, SUFFERING, AND SACRIFICE IS PAID AND REWARDED ONLY WITH MORE EFFORT, SUFFERING, AND SACRIFICE.

ANY SACRIFICE IS IN VAIN. I WILL NEVER BE LOVED.

DESPITE EVERYTHING, LIFE IS SOMETHING WONDERFUL. FOR IF NOTHING IS GIVEN, NOTHING IS RECEIVED.

COULD THERE BE ANYTHING MORE HUMAN THAN HATING JUSTICE AND EVERYTHING THAT IS JUST?

JUST AS LIGHT CAN BRUSH AGAINST DARKNESS, MY VIRGIN SKIN CAN GRAZE HER SKIN.

ALL I NEEDED WAS JUST TO BE NOTICED. ANYTHING BEYOND THAT IS A LIE THAT I DID NOT INVENT.

THE ONLY GOOD PART OF THIS STORY IS THAT I NO LONGER WANT TO BE A SLAVE TO THEIR BAD AND NEGATIVE FEELINGS. MEDIOCRITY, ENVY, OR HUMILIATION...

I FEEL NEITHER JOY NOR SADNESS. I FEEL NO FRUSTRATION, ANGER, DESIRE, OR ADMIRATION. I FEEL NOTHING.

IS THERE ANYTHING THAT IDIOTS AND COWARDS LOVE MORE THAN GENERALIZATIONS?

EVERY GENERALIZATION IS LIKE A WEAPON OR A GAME IN WHICH THE OPPONENT IS NOT ALLOWED TO REACT OR PLAY. WHICH DOES NOT ACCEPT THE OPPONENT'S REFUSAL TO PLAY ITS DIRTY, DESPICABLE, AND MISERABLE GAME.

OFTEN THE PEOPLE WHO SEEM TO BE THE BEST ARE THE WORST. AND THOSE WHO SEEM TO BE THE WORST ARE THE BEST.

GENERALIZATION CREATES A WALL WHERE EVERY IDIOT AND COWARD CAN HIDE. THUS ONE CAN DO WHAT THEY LOVE MOST, WHICH IS TO ATTACK WITHOUT BEING ATTACKED, TO ATTACK WITHOUT A CHANCE OF DEFENSE OR OF FIGHTING BACK. AND WHAT DELIGHT OR GRACE IS THERE IN PLAYING A GAME THAT IS PLAYED ALONE OR WHERE THE OPPONENT IS NOT ALLOWED TO PLAY? AND SOON THEY INTERPRET THE OPPONENT'S WITHDRAWAL OR REFUSAL TO PLAY THEIR DISGUSTING AND MISERABLE GAME AS A GREAT VICTORY THAT IS ALWAYS ACCOMPANIED BY THE APPLAUSE OF OTHER REPUGNANT BEINGS. WHAT FEEDS THEM IS APPLAUSE AND NOT THE TRUTH OR WHAT IS USEFUL TO DO. ALL ABSOLUTE AND UNQUESTIONABLE TRUTHS ARE IN THEIR DEFENSE. THERE IS NOTHING THEY LOVE MORE THAN WORDS WHERE THEY CAN HIDE. AND SO THEY WANT TO BE RIGHT AND HAVE THE REASON JUST BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE SUPPORT OF THE MAJORITY AND THE APPLAUSE OF THOSE WHO ARE WORTH NOTHING.

THERE IS NOTHING THAT IDIOTS AND COWARDS LOVE MORE THAN ABSOLUTE TRUTHS.

THEY DO NOT BELIEVE I CAN CHANGE. WHETHER FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

THIS GAME HAS LOST ITS GRACE FOR ME. TO RETALIATE ONE INJUSTICE WITH A GREATER ONE.

TIME PASSED QUICKLY AND FOR ME IT NO LONGER MAKES A DIFFERENCE TO BE RIGHT OR WRONG. I DON'T KNOW IF THE FAULT LIES WITH TIREDNESS OR BOREDOM. BUT THE POINT IS THAT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING NOBLE, PERHAPS EVEN SACRED OR DIVINE, EVEN ON THE SURFACE OR IN THE GREATEST OF MEDIOCRITIES.

IT SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING OF HUMAN NATURE TO BE AFRAID OF SEEING ALL THAT IS GOOD OR BAD IN OTHERS.

AND HERE WE FALL INTO THE SWEETEST TRAP, WHICH IS TO TREAT THE UNJUST OR THE DETRACTOR IN A DISPROPORTIONATE WAY OR AS IF THEY HAD NO QUALITY.

AND SO I FELL INTO THE GREATEST LIE EVER INVENTED IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY: THAT HAVING GOOD WILL OR INTENTION WOULD BE ENOUGH TO BE LOVED.

I DON'T WANT TO RELATE ONLY OUT OF DESPERATION, PITY, OR MERCY.

SOLITUDE IS THE PATH TO BOTH PARADISE AND HELL.

IT TOOK ME A WHOLE LIFE TO GET TO THE PLACE WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO BE. TO THE PLACE WHERE I AM AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN. SURROUNDED ONLY BY SILENCE.

WHEN ALL LIGHTS AND SHADOWS CEASE TO EXIST, WHAT WILL REMAIN IN THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL OR MIND?

THERE IS NOWHERE TO FLEE. THERE NEVER WAS. EVEN IN THE DEEPEST SOLITUDE, THERE IS STILL SOME DESIRE. LIKE A SOLITARY LIGHT THAT CUTS OR CROSSES THE DARKNESS OF A SKY THAT WAS NEVER BORN.

ON THIS GREAT DAY, I COULD SAY THAT I LOVE YOUR COWARDICE. THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD I LOVE MORE THAN YOUR INJUSTICES AND BAD CHARACTER. THAN YOUR BODY. AND I LOVE YOUR SOLITUDE MORE THAN YOUR BODY.

LIFE OSCILLATES BETWEEN MOMENTS OF SUFFERING AND OF EMPTINESS.

AND IN THE END, I WOULD RATHER BE HUMILIATED AND OFFENDED BY THEIR SWEET MOUTHS THAN IF THEY HAD BEEN BORN WITHOUT A MOUTH. I WOULD RATHER HAVE CAUSED THE FEELING I CAUSED—NO MATTER HOW SUBLIMELY GOOD OR ABSURDLY BAD IT WAS—THAN NOT TO HAVE BEEN SEEN BY ANY EYE OR NOT TO HAVE CAUSED ANYTHING.

MY ONLY DESIRE WOULD BE TO RECOGNIZE THE GOOD SIDE THAT EXISTS IN EACH OF MY ENEMIES. TO RECOGNIZE THE QUALITIES OF MY DETRACTORS. AND MORE THAN ANYTHING, TO RECOGNIZE THE DESIRE OF THOSE WHO NEVER DESIRED ME. IN THE END, I DIDN'T WANT TO TRAMPLE OR HUMILIATE ANYONE. I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO BE RIGHT. I JUST WANTED TO BE MORE HUMAN.

MY MISERY IS JUST ONE MORE AMONG THE COUNTLESS THAT EXIST IN THE WORLD.

OUR ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT FOR THEM, WE WERE BORN GUILTY.

IS BOREDOM THE WORST SUFFERING THAT EXISTS IN THE WORLD? THAT IS WHY THEY CREATE SO MANY WARS AND CONFLICTS, FOR, TO THEM, PEACE AND TRANQUILITY ARE THE GREATEST TORMENTS THAT CAN EXIST IN THIS WORLD.

SENSELESS BELIEFS, JOKES WITHOUT CREATIVITY, SPICY COMMENTS, AND ABSOLUTE TRUTHS MUST BE CREATED TO BREAK THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD: SILENCE.

ALL THE SUFFERING IN THE WORLD SEEMS TO BE JUST A WAY TO FORGET HOW MUCH EXISTENCE IS SOMETHING MONSTROUS AND HONORABLE IN ITSELF.

IT SEEMS WORTH CREATING OR INVENTING ANYTHING... JUST TO NOT HAVE TO LOOK AT ONESELF.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT? IS IT THE WOMEN'S, THE STATE'S, THE COWARDS', THE INDIFFERENT ONES', THE UNJUST ONES', OR TOTALLY MINE? THE FAULT IS LIFE ITSELF. ONE IS MISTAKEN WHO THINKS I SEEK A SOLUTION, CURE, SALVATION, OR REDEMPTION. I VOLUNTARILY WANT WHAT SEEMS INVOLUNTARY. AT LEAST SOMETIMES.

WHY IS EVERYTHING THEY DO DIRECTED AT SOMEONE OR SOME BODY? PERHAPS EVERYTHING IS JUST A SWEET METAPHOR?

PERHAPS THE ONLY THING I COULD DO TO HEAL MYSELF WAS NOT TO JUDGE OR UNDERESTIMATE ANYONE.

WHAT MAKES SOMETHING SEEM LIKE A TRAGEDY OR BANAL DEPENDS ON HOW CLOSE OR DISTANT ONE IS.

I NO LONGER WANT TO UNDERESTIMATE ANYONE'S SUFFERING.