

## The same old story

Inside of his own existence crystal coffin, one is waiting for the dream to come true, time goes by and the music, always the same one, becomes untuned together with the waiting. No alternative is there though and ...time keeps going by.

## Global Life

Global world lives , haunted by a mutual intention to exhibit what they pretend to be in order to belong to cosmopolitan tribes. Same shape flats, same shape faces to impose their look. Led cold lights enlighten algid iron cubes inside and disclose unaware beings assembled by the same illusion of escaping from diversity and solitude through ordinary behaving. Windows as instruments to mind XXI century life fragments.

## Untouchable

Look but do not touch. Discrepancy catches the attention, magnifying the fantasy for who is looking for escapism from a prosaic reality but lacks the bravery to change. The ordinary is reassuring and promises a quantum of lace to the awesome, by constraining the extraordinary in an armoured room to be seen thru a keyhole. Sloth creates the damage.

## Present

Confidence in technological processing leads to the cement cube almightiness. Waking up and realizing, with a sad amazement, that we are drowning in our illusions resin. Arising from the bottom and looking for a way out from our civilization black hole. Inside of the evolution the individualism drainpipe. Feeling the necessity not to stop but keep going, conforming to the pressing and silent rhythm of similar looks yet no one the same. The hand as an extreme help howl launched to global towns foreign fellow citizens.

## Past/Present

Stone graved busts and statues fragments, our common past witnesses, are partially englobed by our contemporaneity cement that averts moving and forces to remain in our present yard without any target.