

## **Of Ignorance**

I miss the time of ignorance: being completely full of myself. In this intimidating truth, I copulate with the abyss of my own vulnerability, disarmed by the presence of an absent embrace: ancient shortage of skin contact. The memory reverberates me, alienated to the happiness of emotions which speak nonstop, hoping to fill the holes of a sad language with pulsing ideologic falseness.

In this coming and going of endless faces and uncountable deaths, there is an arbitrary distance between my gaze and the floor, what allows me to listen the wind passing through a summer that transpires eternity – beyond the blowing autumn, in the unbearable presence of what hasn't been future yet.