The ETERNAL SLEEP OF ashamed CINDERELLA

I tried to help her,
My future self (now) to discover ..
the same, it remains, as the hours are passing...
And she, a wonderful experience, as all of them.

Ecstatic I sit and look,
I could savor the moment.
Maybe another drink of vitality.
I was only her eyes.
So new .... and .... so promising,
Who wouldn’t lose everything for her?
That glimpse of ...
another pointless untouched in everyday life
dark river of words that stated purity.

Shortly after midnight

Because I was just a moment and nothing more.
That's why you'll remember me.
Because my lips will never reunite with yours.

And if you ever remember what these lips said.
Lip, hollow, incomprehensible.
You'll shoot them, each one in fire.

Most deep your heart will remember.
More deeply the mind will forget.
And somewhere far away .. what I was, will be lost.
Mistakes and corrects of this world.
The most common secrets.

DESTRUCTION

Again with words I destroy the moment.
Filled with happiness deaden days.
Again I will play in an empty arena.
The world in my stomach will cram.

It's heavy!
I can not swallow!
Are you serious!
Weaken to digest you!

Life ...

Moments and some empty value.
Waiting at the corner to see her clearly.
Apart from mine, dumb ..
Poems ... without identities, images and stories ..
Reckless, lonely, onethousandplayed masturbates.

Curious .. watching\_ yelling ...
I smell like shit
I know I'll be laughed - by my own laughter -

Resignation

Face with Fail painted.
Sadness, but more resignation.
A huge hug of despair.
Gracious gift from the homeless, who heard all of my problems.

The night, very cold and brisk.. Elusive ...
You took all of my friends ...
And when the sun came up
 I was early bathed in an empty bench.

The humidity had rained everything around me.
Excessive and lost, as always, I went to find ...
A spoonful of something liquid to drown.

The purpose of life.
An escape from myself.
The flight from the loss of my ..
Where is he, my doom?

And I drink my liquor, I drink my doom ...
I drink my problems, my life, the loneliness.
Everything I love and all the hate.
Trying to suffer, but do not suffer.

Having no sense,
I go to nowhere.
And my voice is flooded.

In a game that no longer looks beautiful.
In a trip that has me tired.

The idol

And if I’m an image that you’ll be afraid of...
Spit on me!
If you get bored of my game, do not be sad ...
with Angry words dress me up!
re-Decorate me like a tree.
So that I can look at you, motionless ... so beautiful ...
Being in duplicate.

Experiments..
Crazy things I do with you.
You're here - you're not here / look me straight in the eye!
The number and your time, I steal, illegally…
Speak! Or even stutter ...
Moldy words on the edge of nowhere, I speak.
But somewhere resigned is my resignation.

It can't be

that I A'M still here, forgotten.
What am I supposedly?
Only one person and some furtive thoughts...

*Αs much as I can see from a world that utterly cries...*

*… more lies unfold beyond my eyes..*

His idol stands in a mirror.

It’s like the prior.

But, where he looks?

What he sees?

In what he believes?

He’s crazy, he also have obsessions.

That’s what was told in sessions.

But from where he holds?

Is he brave?

What keeps him and he doesn’t rave?

Pictures seem to him empty, unknown…

But, he’s made them his own.

How far can they guide him?

How far can they take him?

How far???

Until his bathroom…

and through his hole…

… into a whole prison!

His surroundings are a vision,

but never in front of it.