



Puoi rimanere lì per giorni a chiederti come si smantellano i riflessi delle opinioni. Mutevoli, loro,

intanto, cambiano di nuovo. Ti affretti, tu, a rincorrerne le  
 distorte. Incombenze virtuali da fantasma.  
 Allora ti fermi e li guardi, i riflessi. E li fermi, per un  
 tuo sofferta memoria.  
 ne raccoglie la sorte. E restituisce  
 il tatuaggio della  
 tua sofferta memoria.  
 un sortilegio. Una scatola nera  
 Sovrascrivono la superficie sensibile, di tracce di presenze fluide  
 nulla da afferrare. Solo impressioni mobili.

maree, che ti coprono la faccia. Una videomappa non sincronizzata. Fluidi

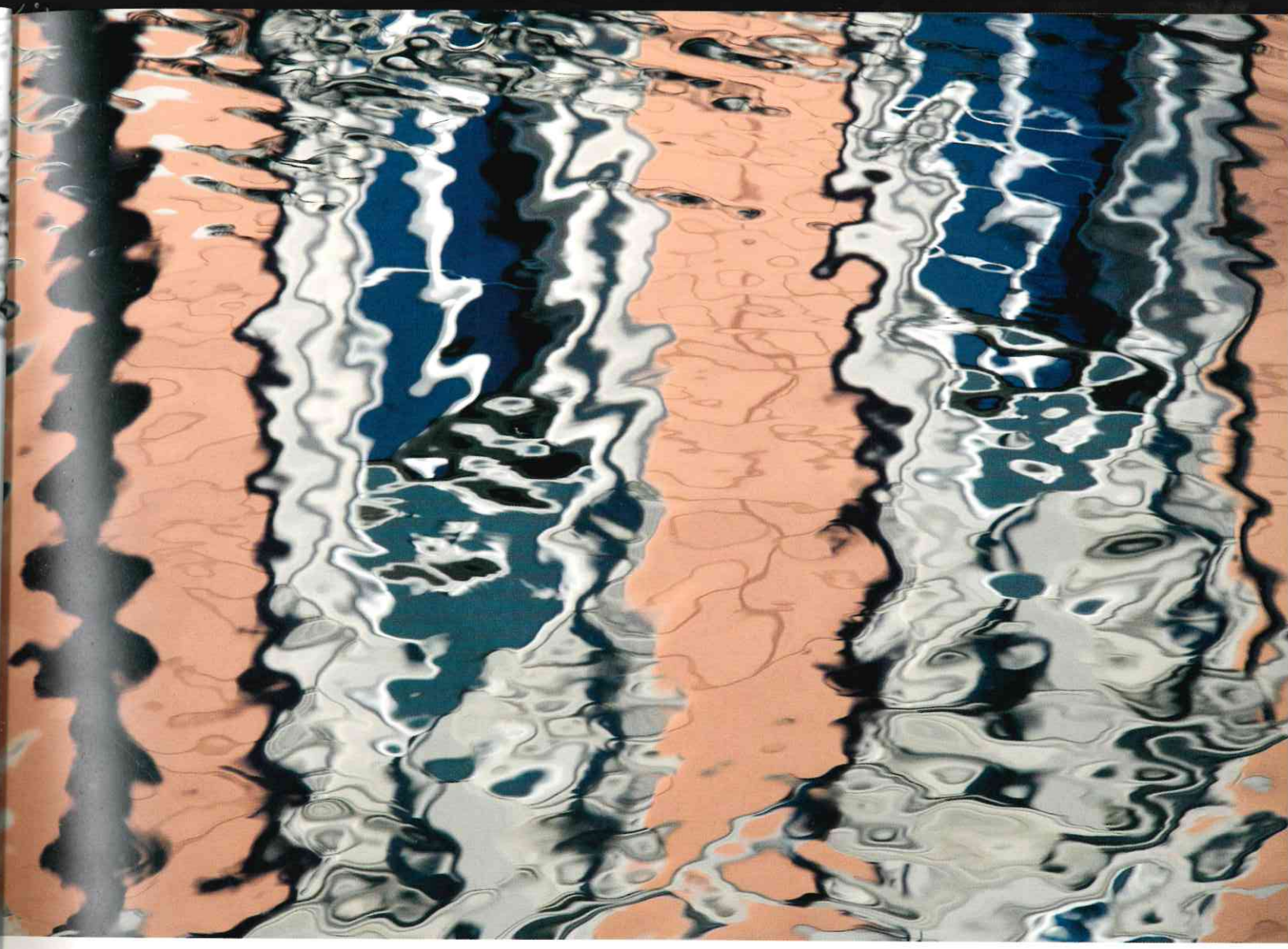
You can stay there for days to ask yourself how to deconstruct the reflections of opinions.

Only moving impressions. They overwrite the sensitive  
 surface of traces of distorted fluid presences. Ghostly virtual tasks.  
 Then you stop and look at them, the  
 reflections. And you stop them, as sorcery. A black  
 box collects its fate. And  
 gives back the tattoo of your  
 painful memory.  
 Perceiving

Variable, they meanwhile change again. You rush, to chase the

tides that cover your face. A visual map unsynchronized. Fluid, nothing to grip.

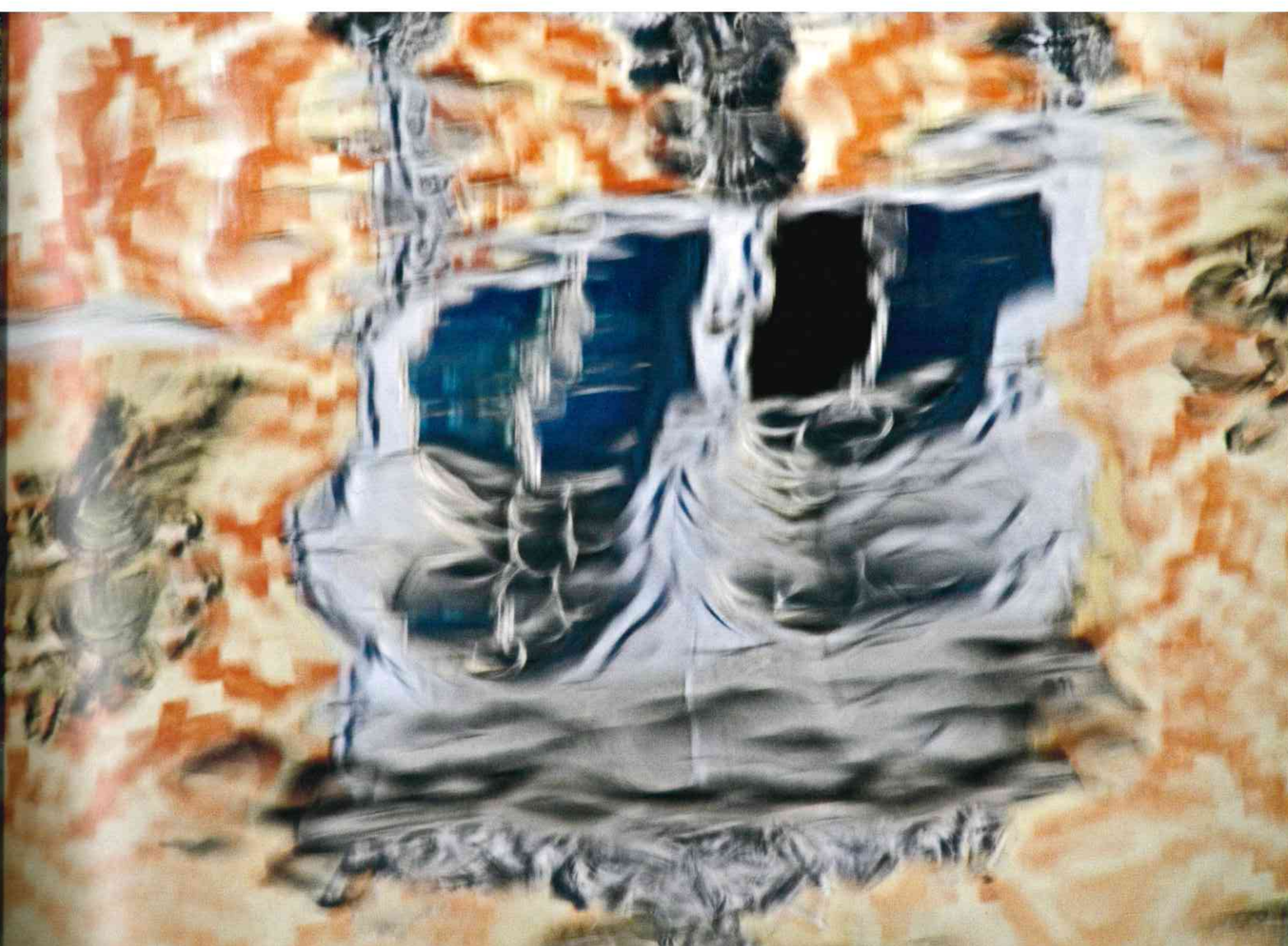




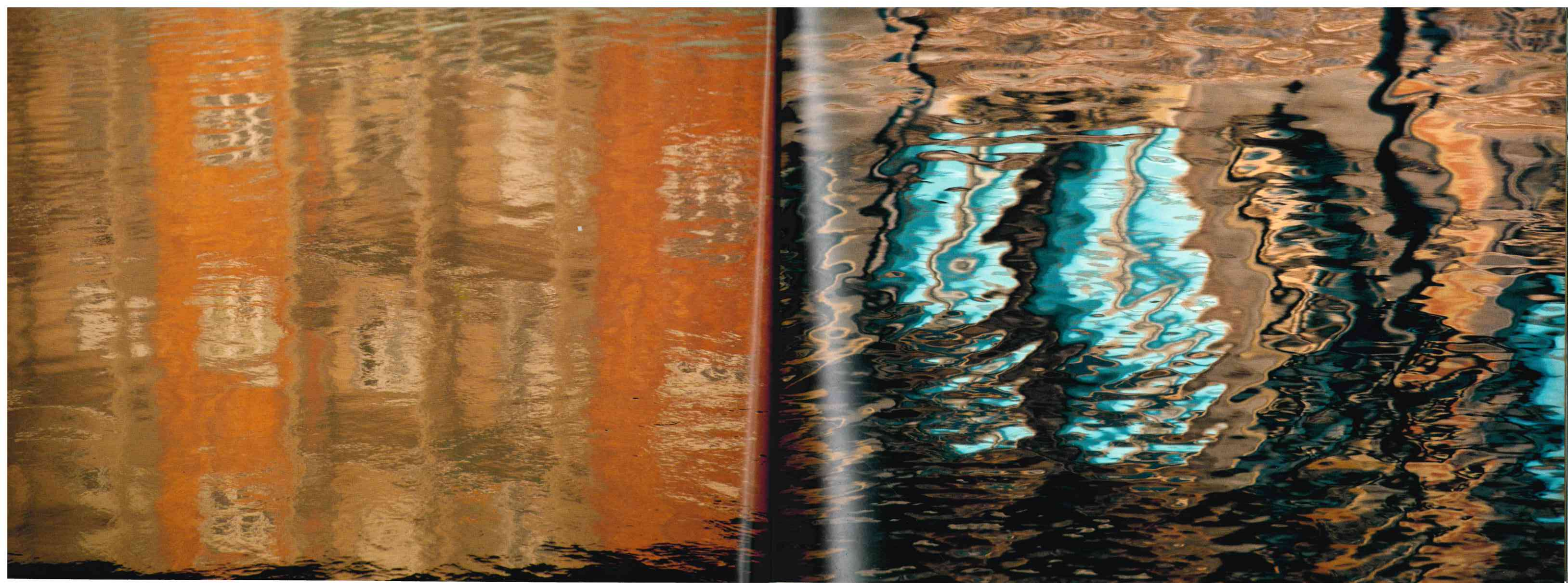




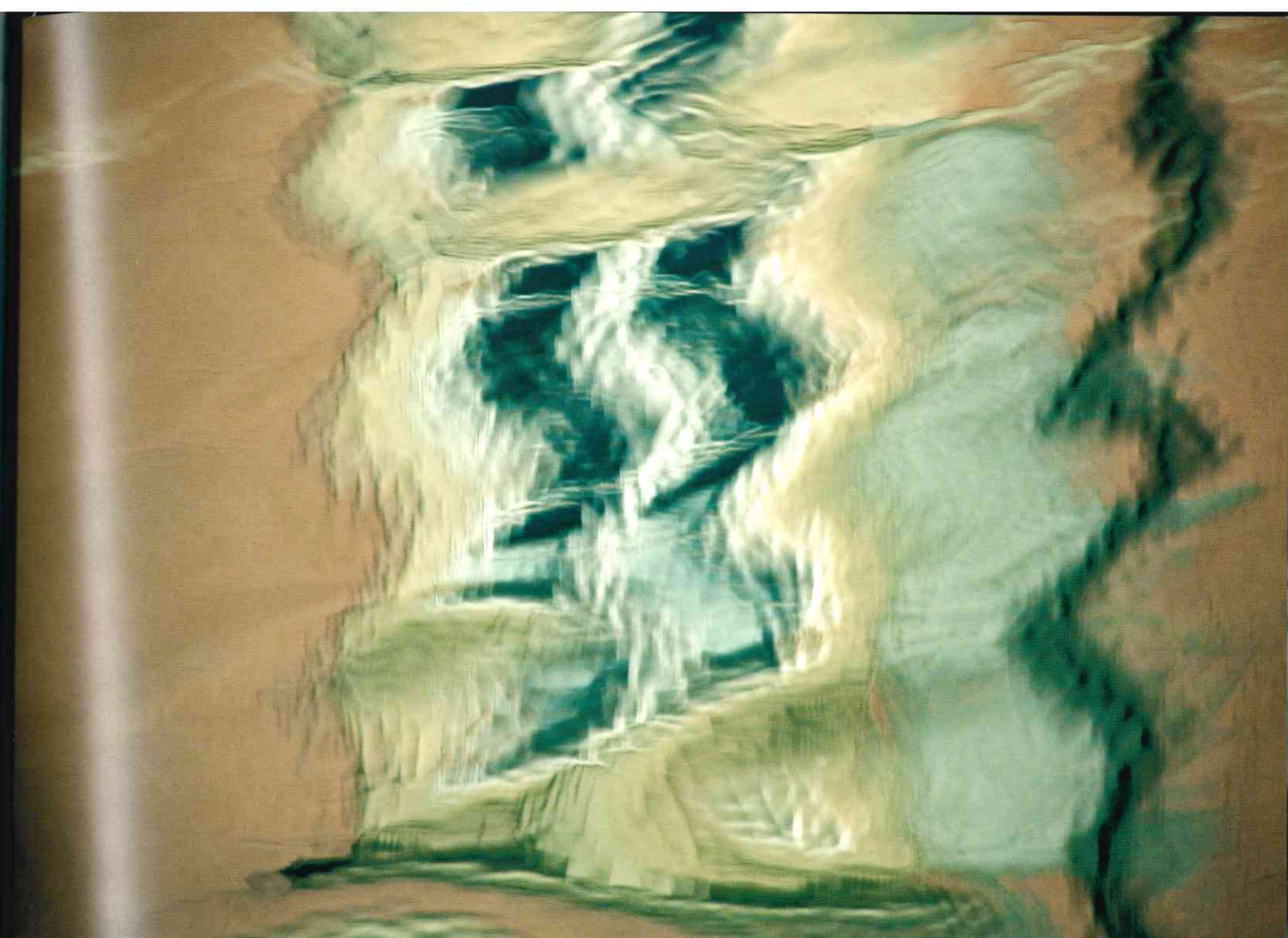
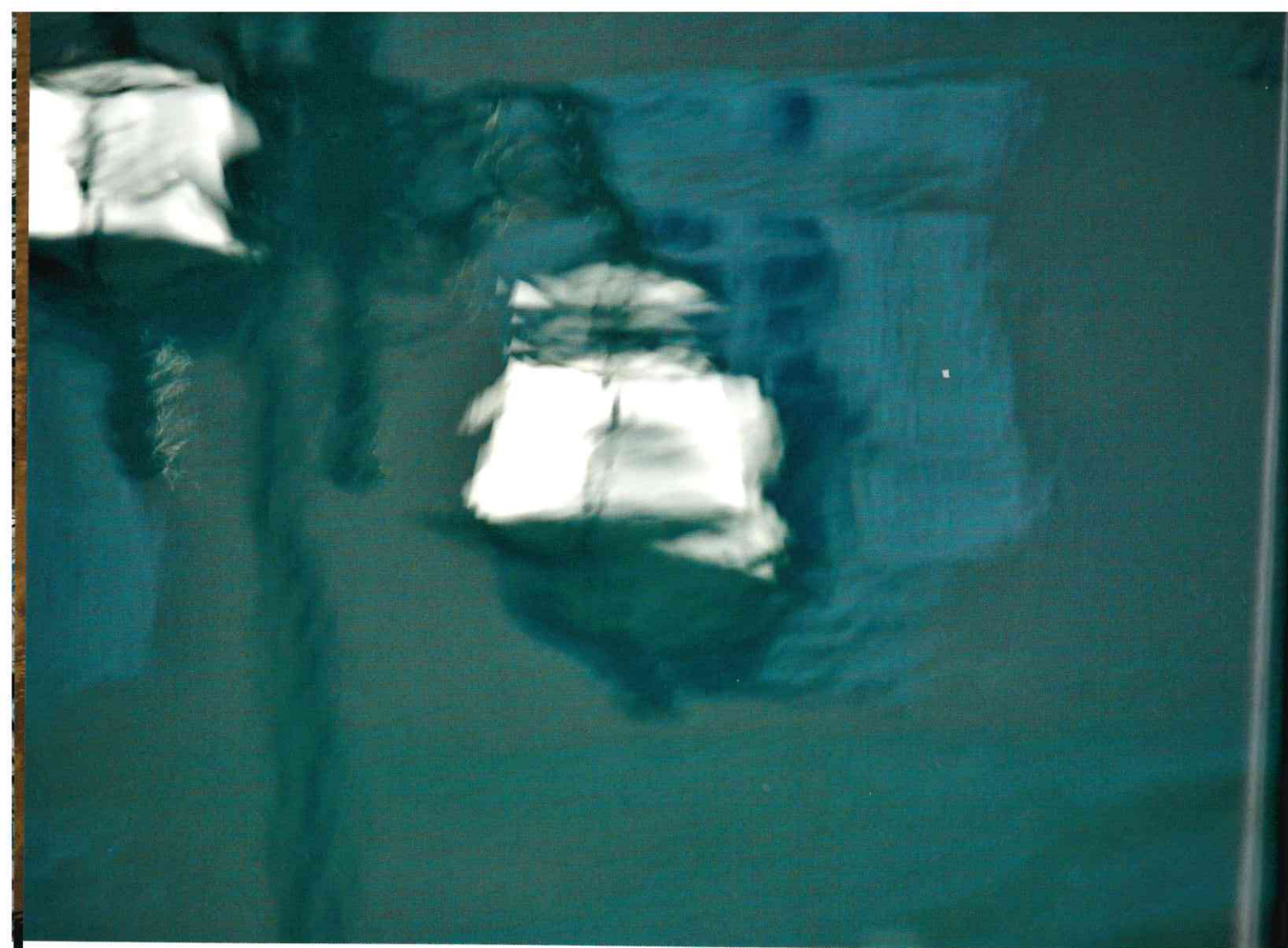




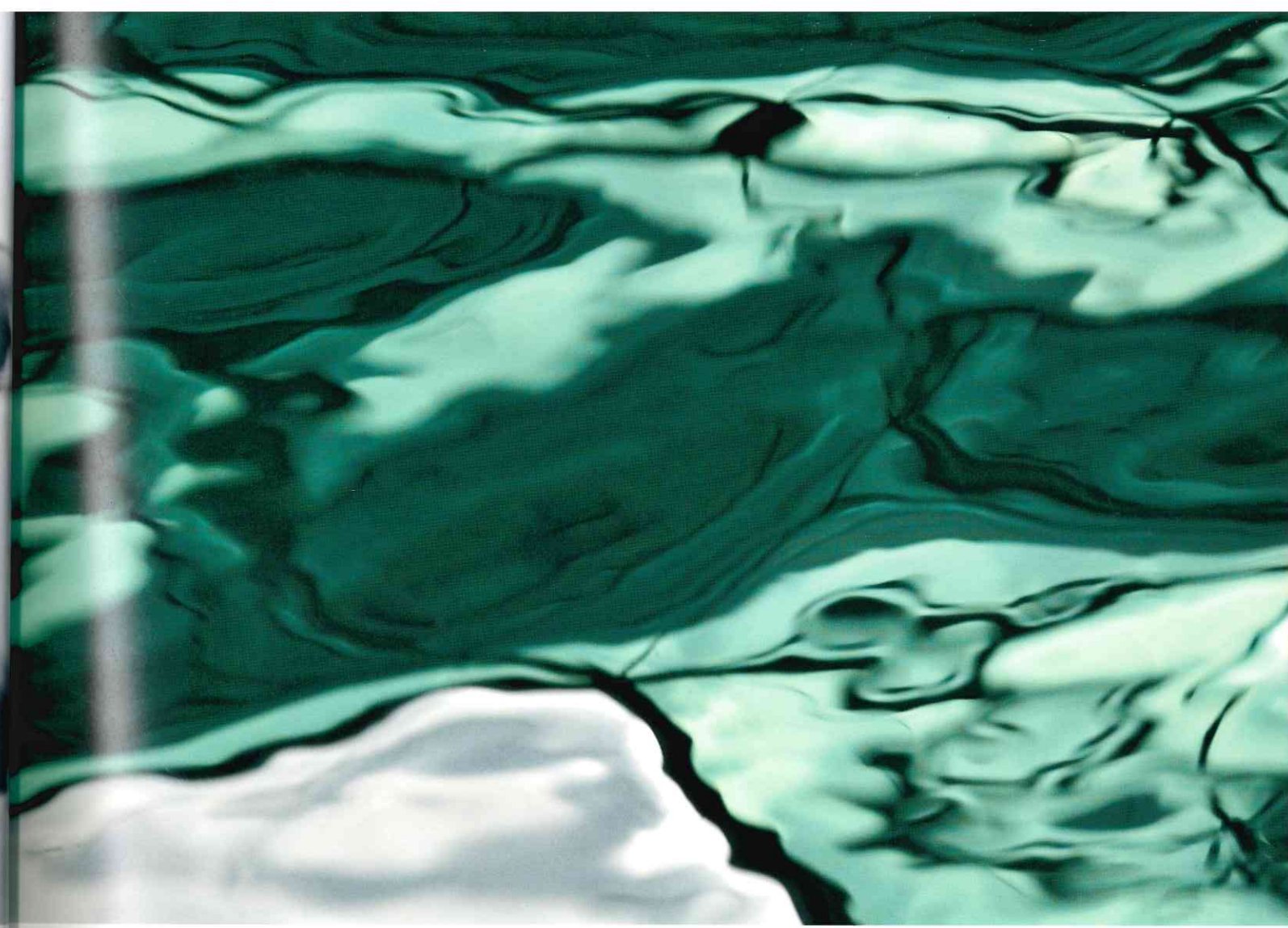
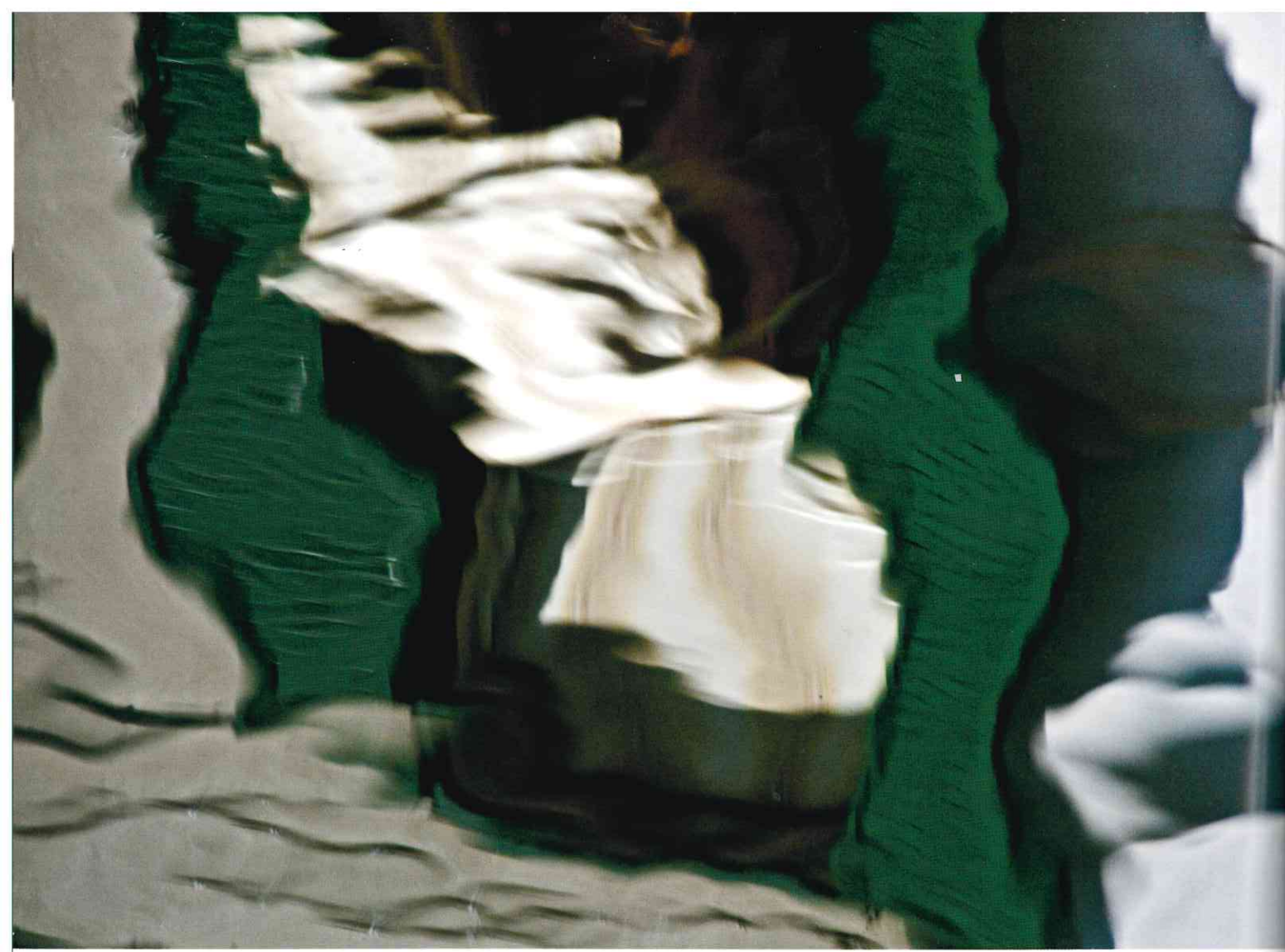




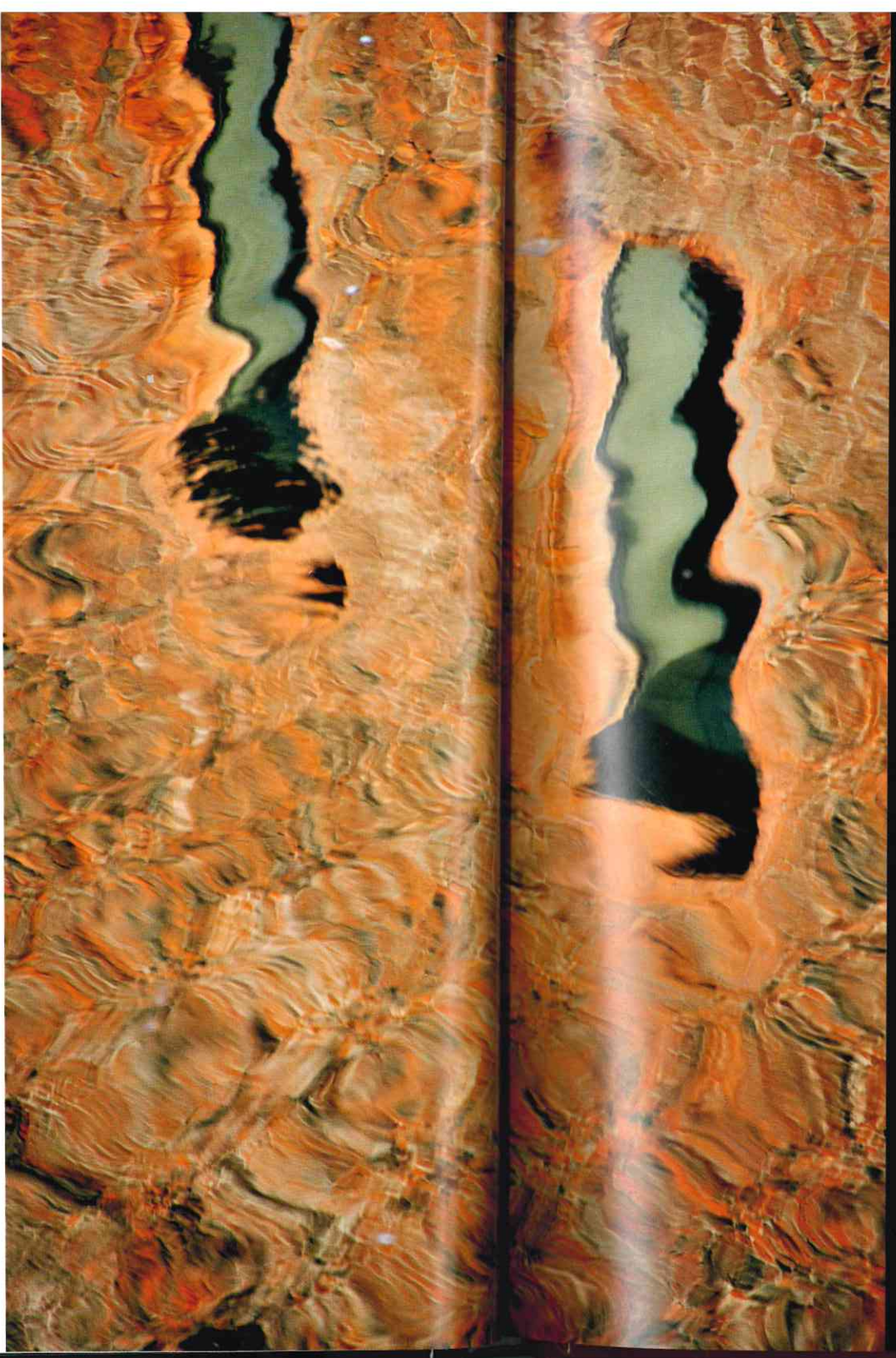




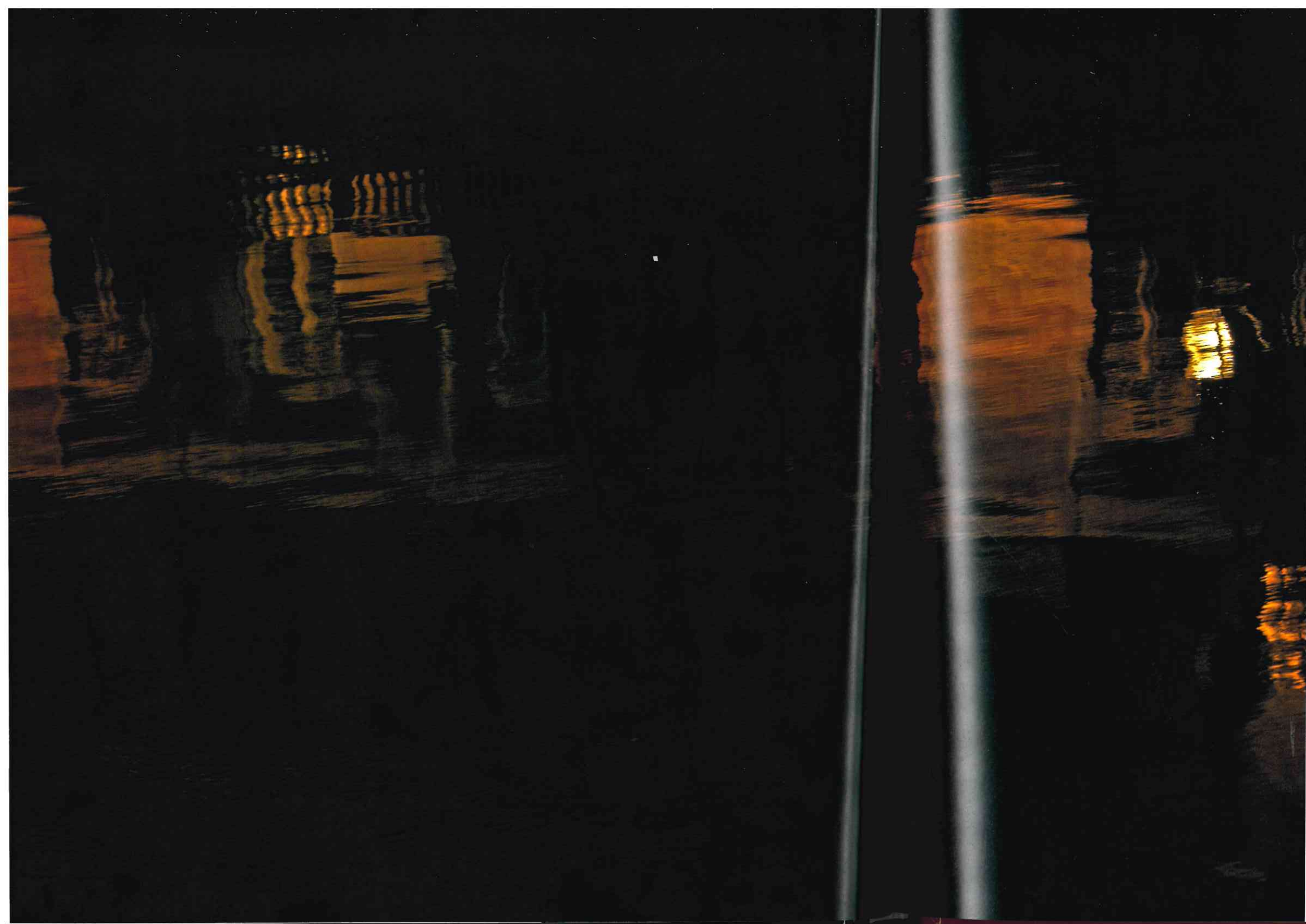












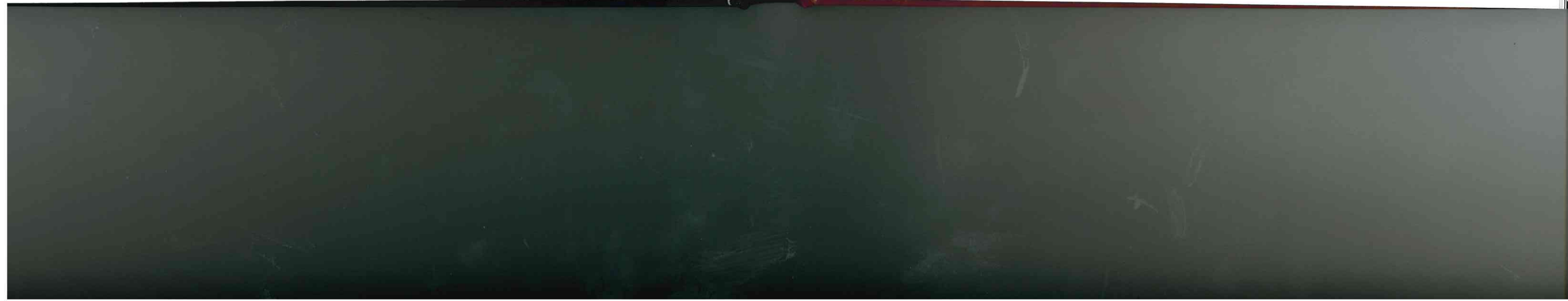
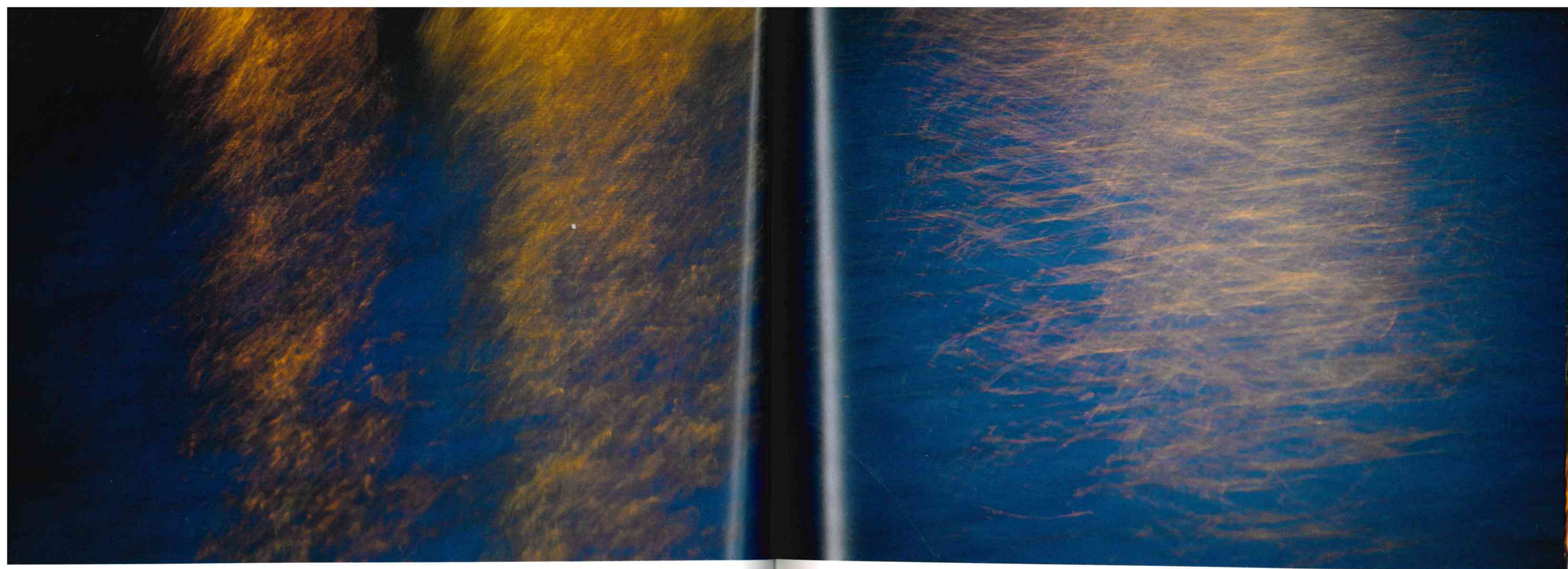


Tutto si ferma. Inerte, sollecita il tuo moto. Un abbandono di inquietudini, ad occhi chiusi. Immagini  
 fantasma, appena dietro le palpebre abbassate. Frenano stria  
 ture di luce, franta. Persistono. Si solleva lo specchio del mondo dei riflessi e si apre  
 l'accesso a un cosmo possibile. Come ogni giorno,  
 come ogni mattino, il senso è invisibile. Allora tu ti muoverai, oltre il riflesso,  
 oltre lo specchio. Luminoso, il velo sfangia  
 il nero del buio, si dilata il tempo, già discontinuo. Ora  
 puoi muovere una porzione  
 di mondo e rincorrerne il segreto. Sei dentro la s  
 catola nera e raccoc  
 gli la tua sorte. In un solo gesto. Co  
 me capelli in ciocche di luce.

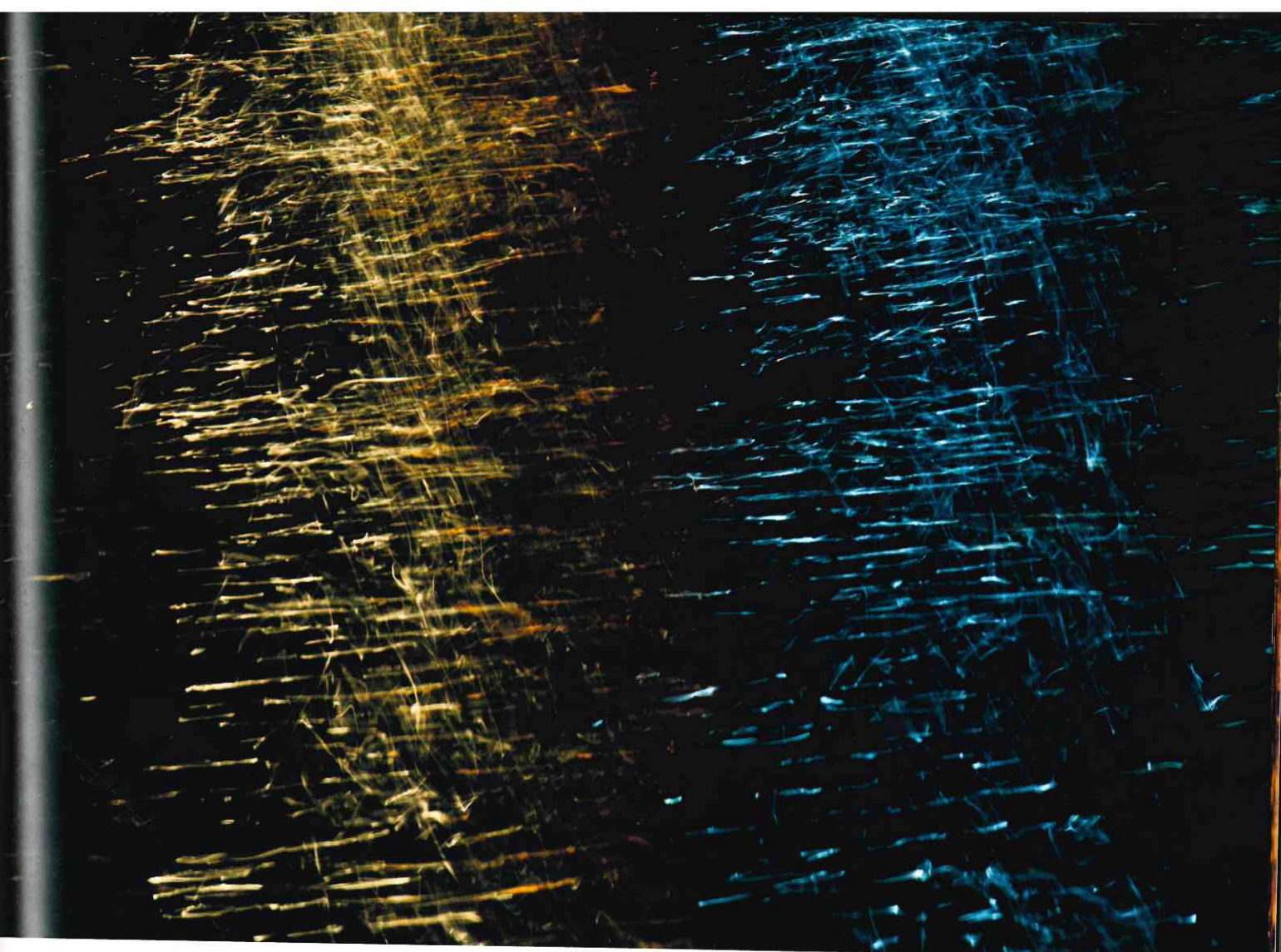
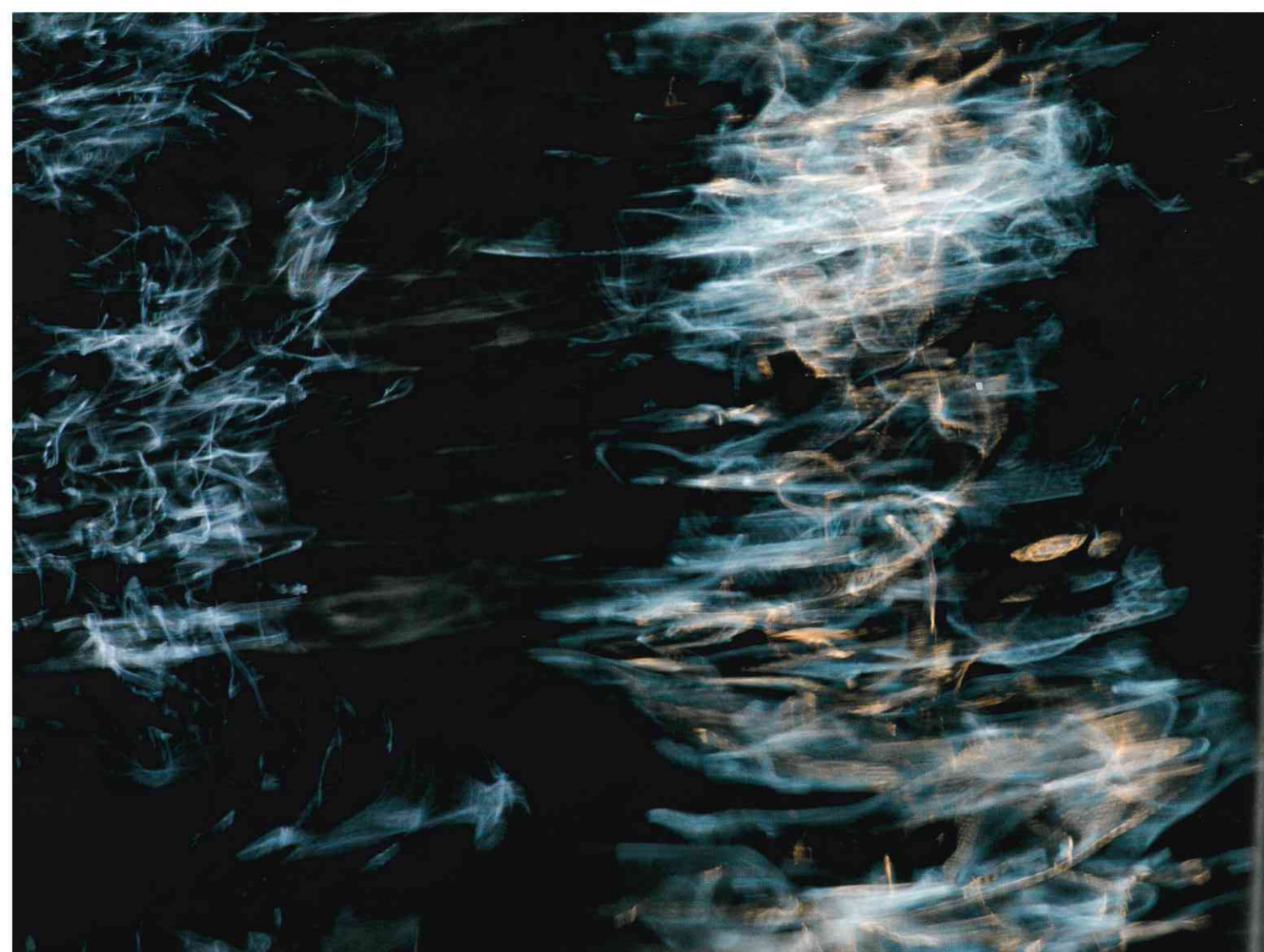
Everything stops. Motionless, it prompts your movement. A loneliness of restlessness, eyes shut.  
 Ghostly images, just behind the lowered eye lids. Fluttering streaks  
 of light, fragmented. Persisting. The mirror of the world of reflections lifts up and opens  
 itself to access a possible cosmos. Like every day, like  
 every morning, the meaning is invisible. Then you will move yourself, beyond  
 the reflection, beyond the mirror. Bright, the  
 veil frays the black in the darkness, time dilates, already  
 discontinuous. Now you can  
 move a piece of world and chase its secret.  
 You are inside the  
 black box and you harvest your fate.  
 act. Like hair in strands of  
 light.

Reflecting

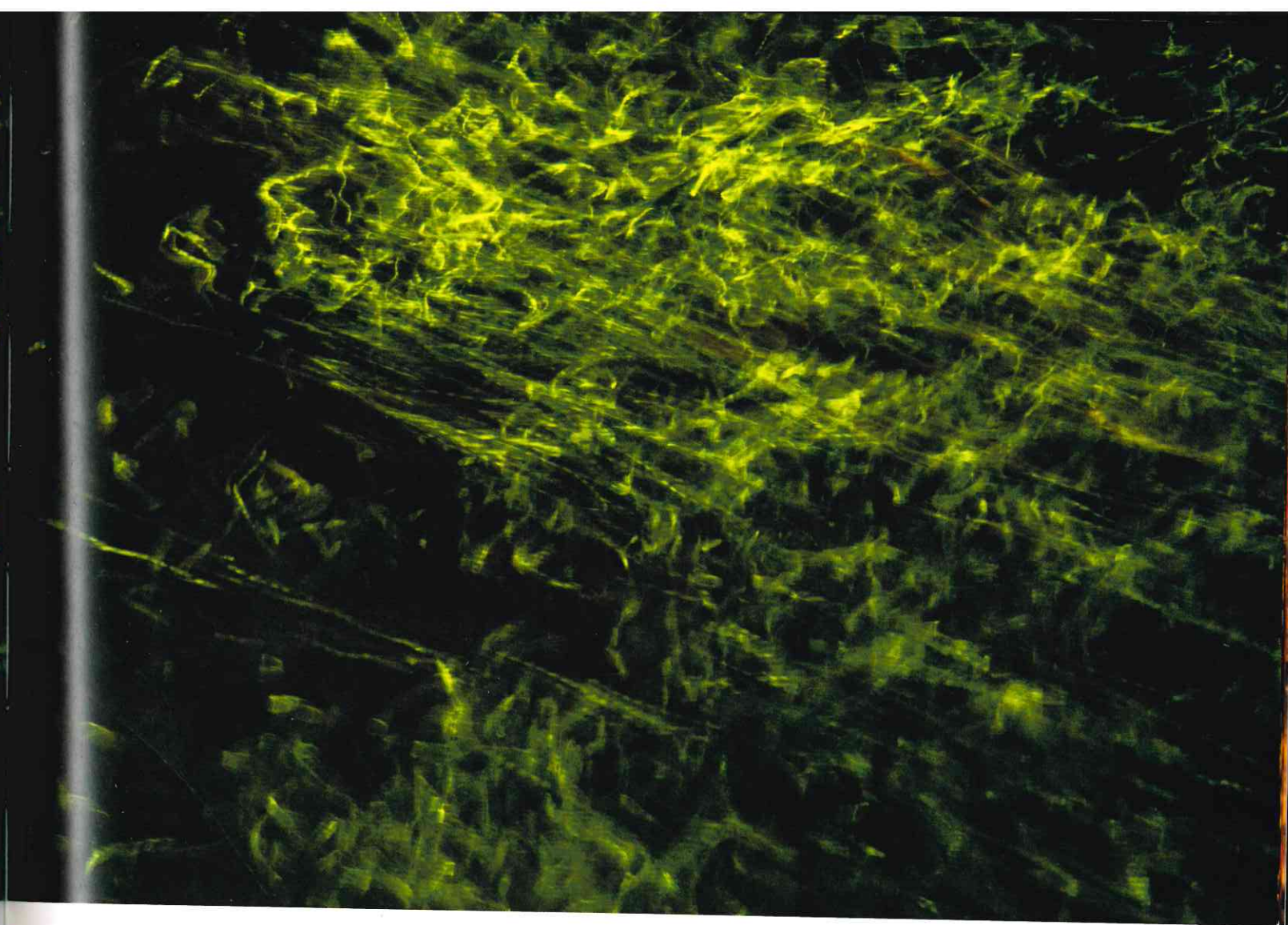




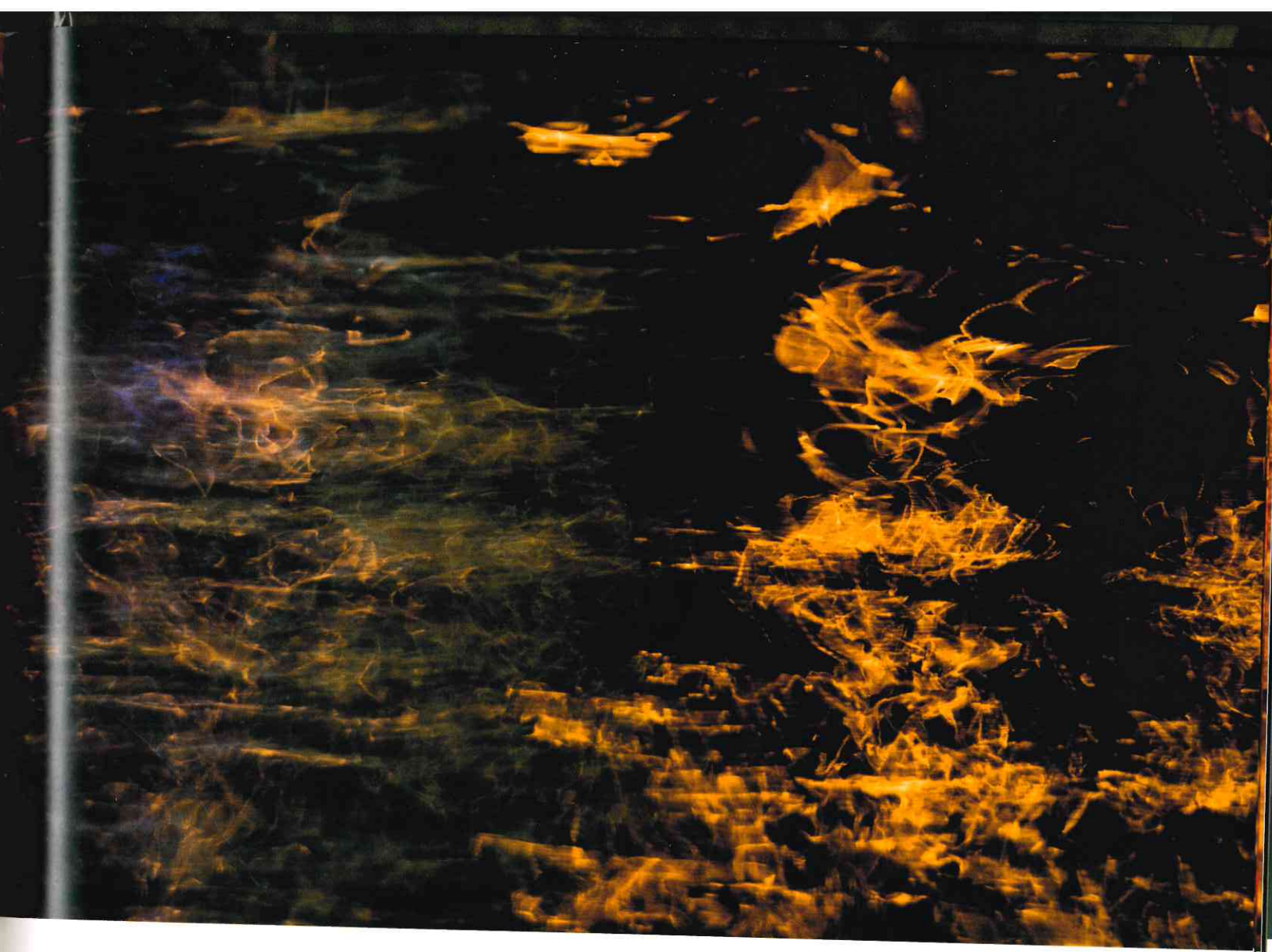
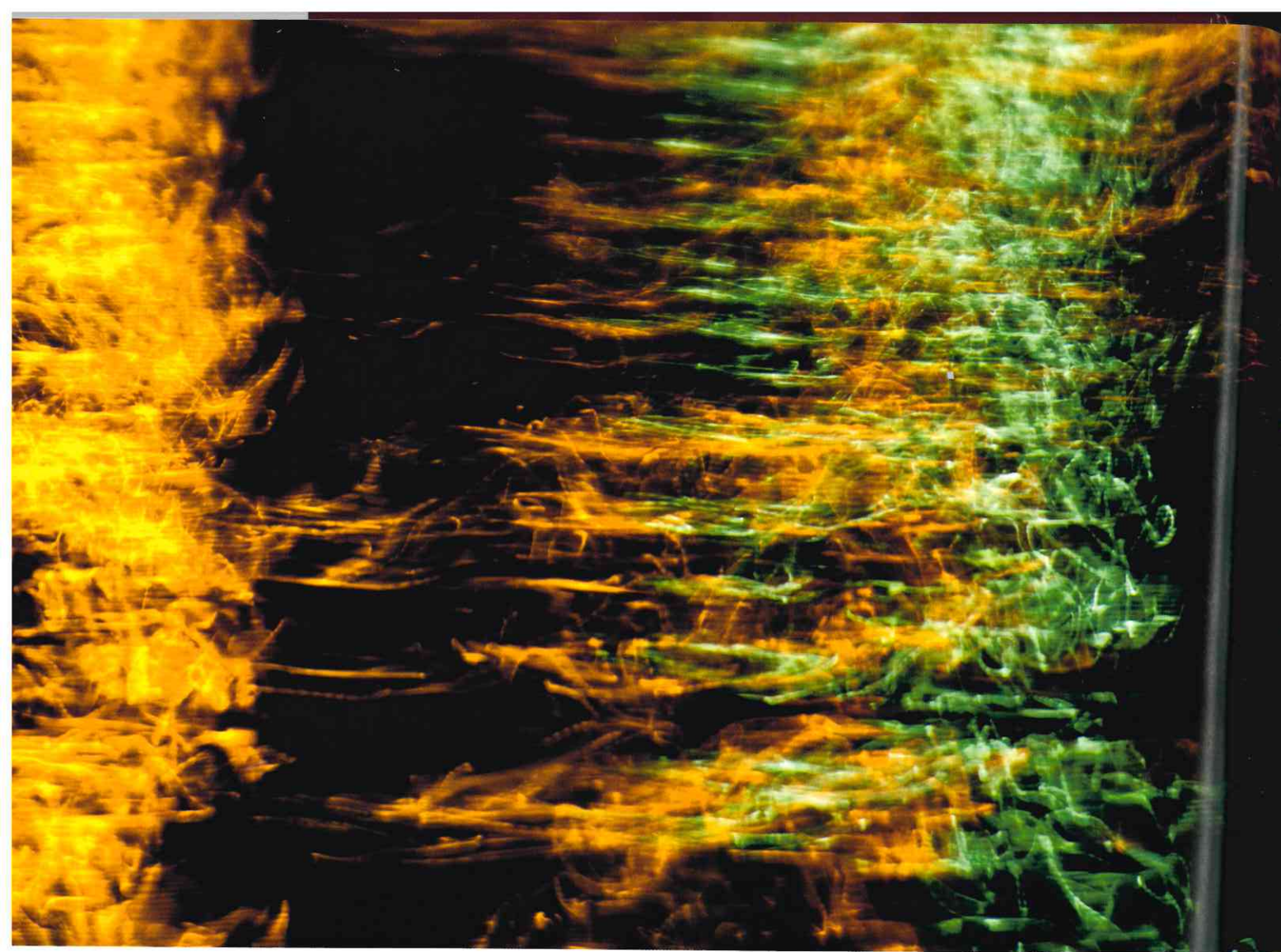




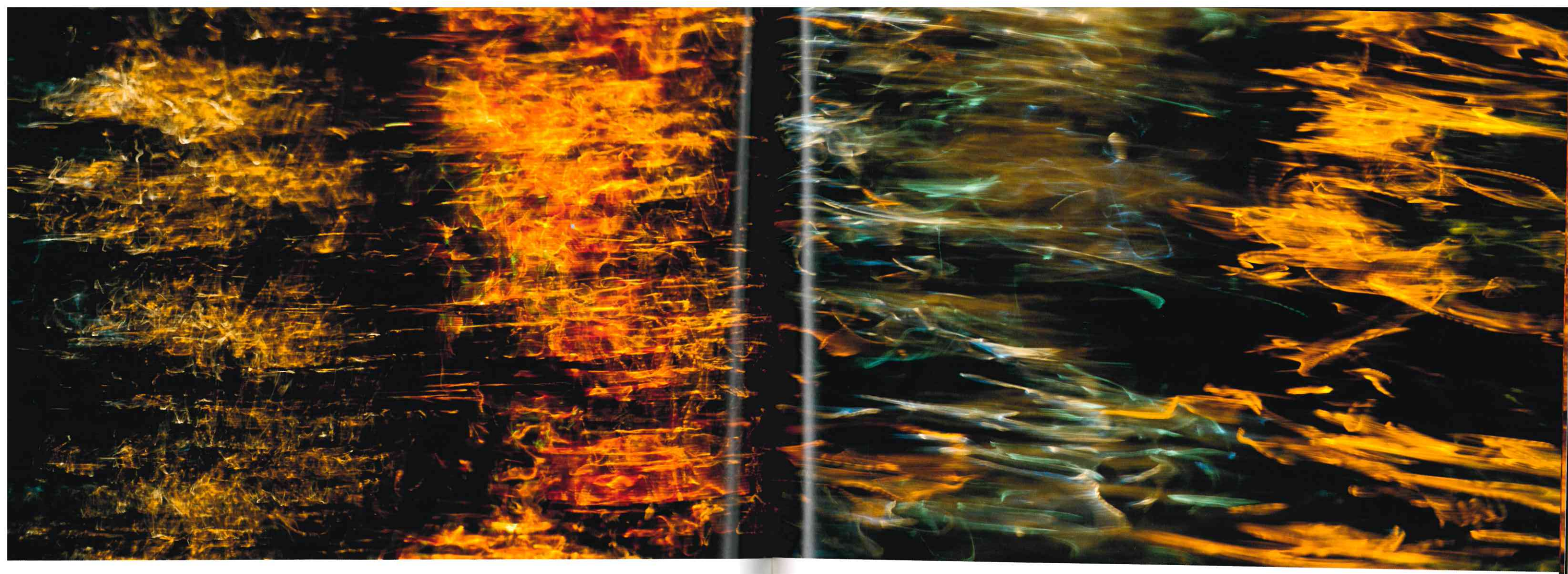




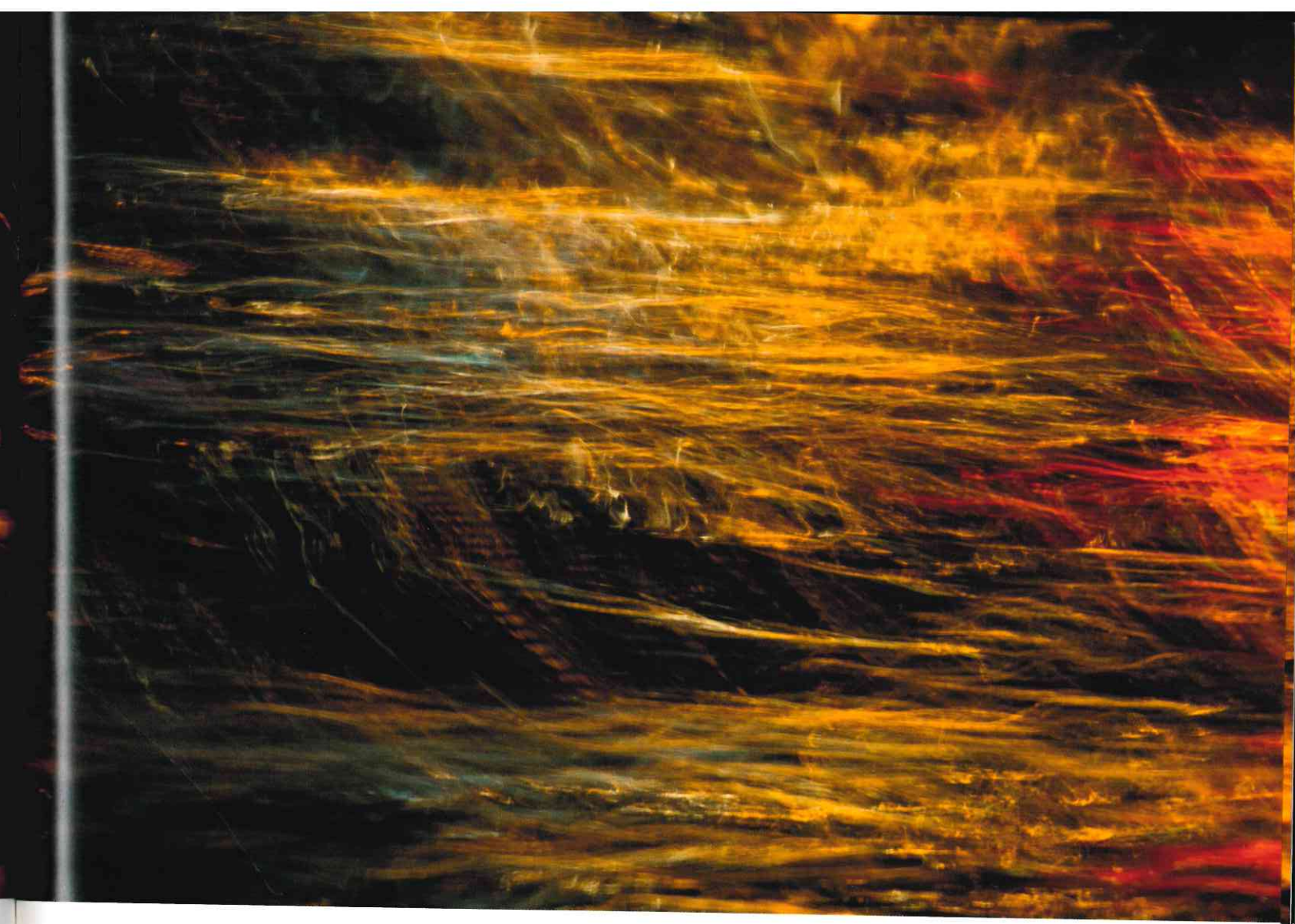
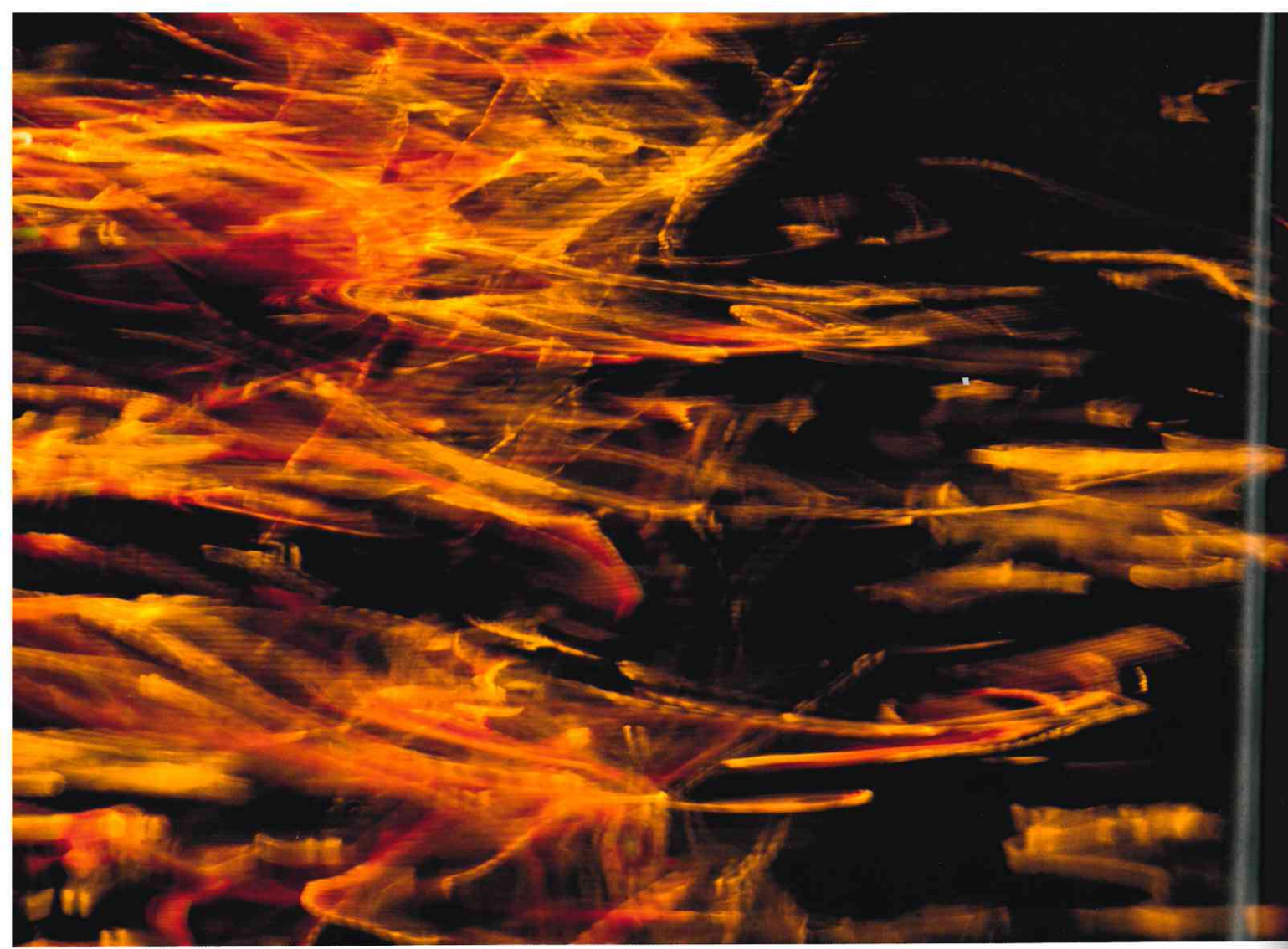










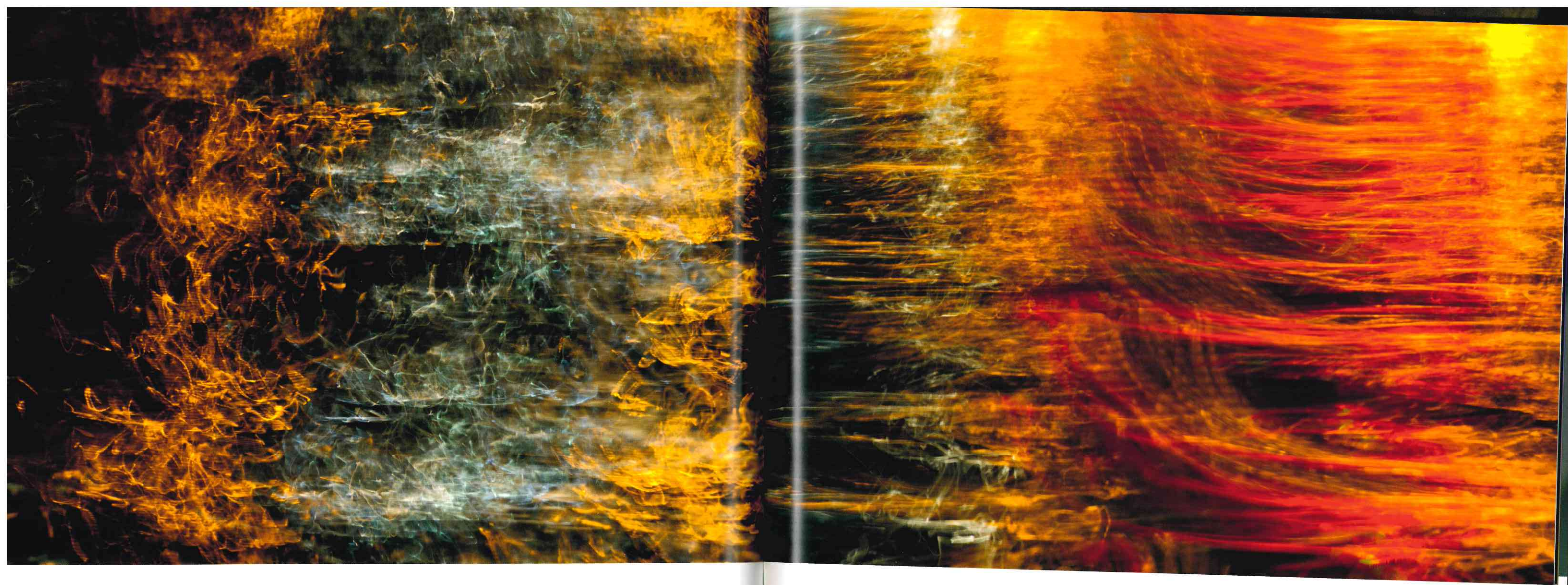


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Microлити luminosi. Deflagra un viluppo di luce. Riaprire gli occhi non fa più differenza.

ripete se stessa, in un'eco. E l'istante viene senza  
 propria aura. Entità dilatate premono uno spazio vago, diffuso. La forma  
 della somiglianza, della prova, della testimonianza, della  
 replica, dell'analogo fotografico. La fotografia che annienta l'immagine e apre  
 su uno spazio senza idoli, infinito, originario. Di luce. La propria finestra  
 e riposa. Quasi cercasse l'azzeramento

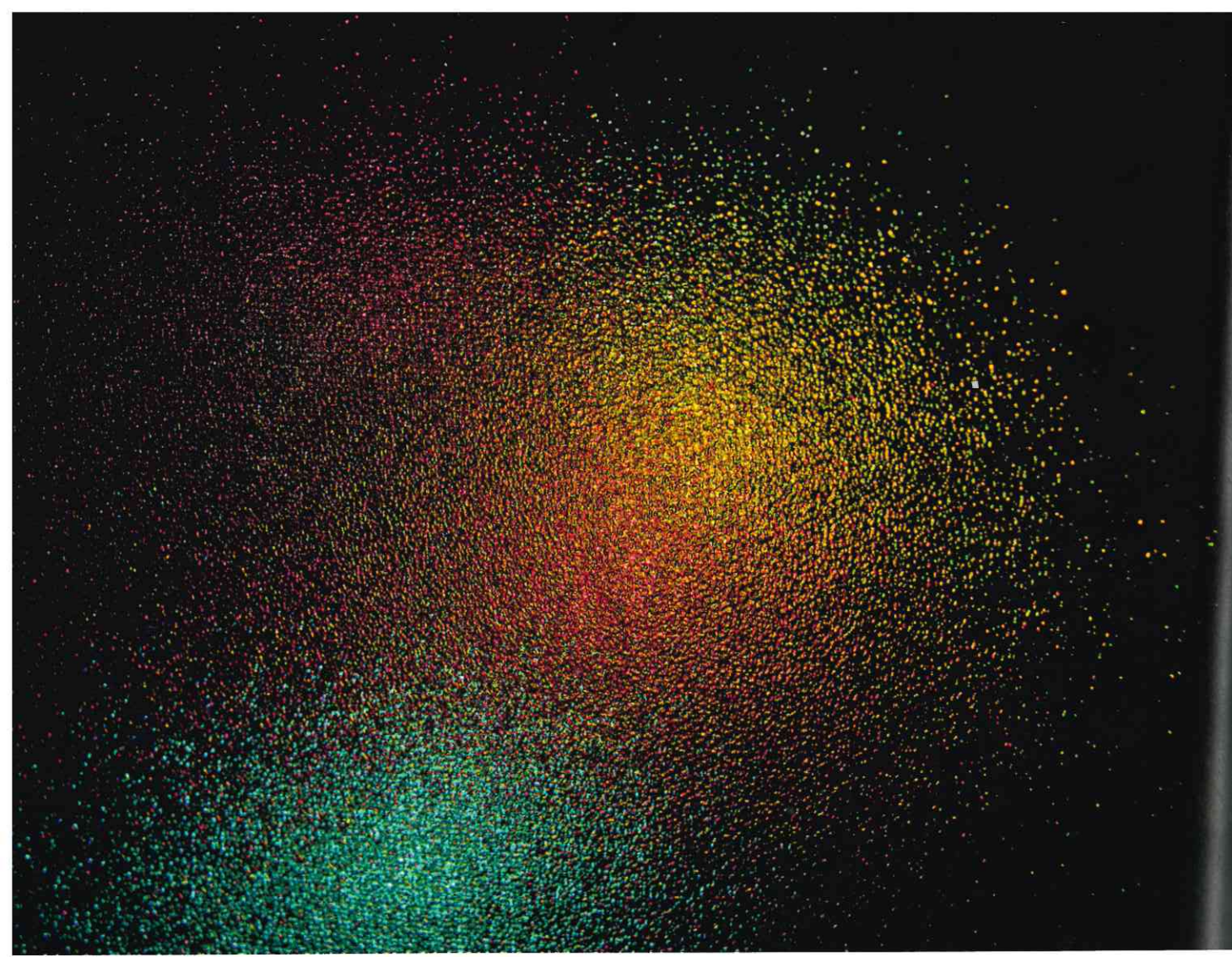
Socchiuderti apre una soglia - le forme si adeguano alla

Bright microlites. A tangle of light explodes. Reopening the eyes makes no difference any

adjust themselves to their own auras. Dilated entities push a hazy, widespread  
 space. The shape repeats itself, in an echo. And the moment arrives without a pause. Pulsating in the moving  
 aura. The visible gives away to space without  
 definition, and rests. Almost as if looking for the reset  
 of similarity, of proof, of testimony, of the copy, of the photographic analogue  
 The photograph that  
 wipes out the image and opens its  
 own window onto  
 a space without idols; infinite,  
 nebulous and  
 original. Made  
 of light. **Imagining**

more. Half-closing them opens a threshold - The shapes

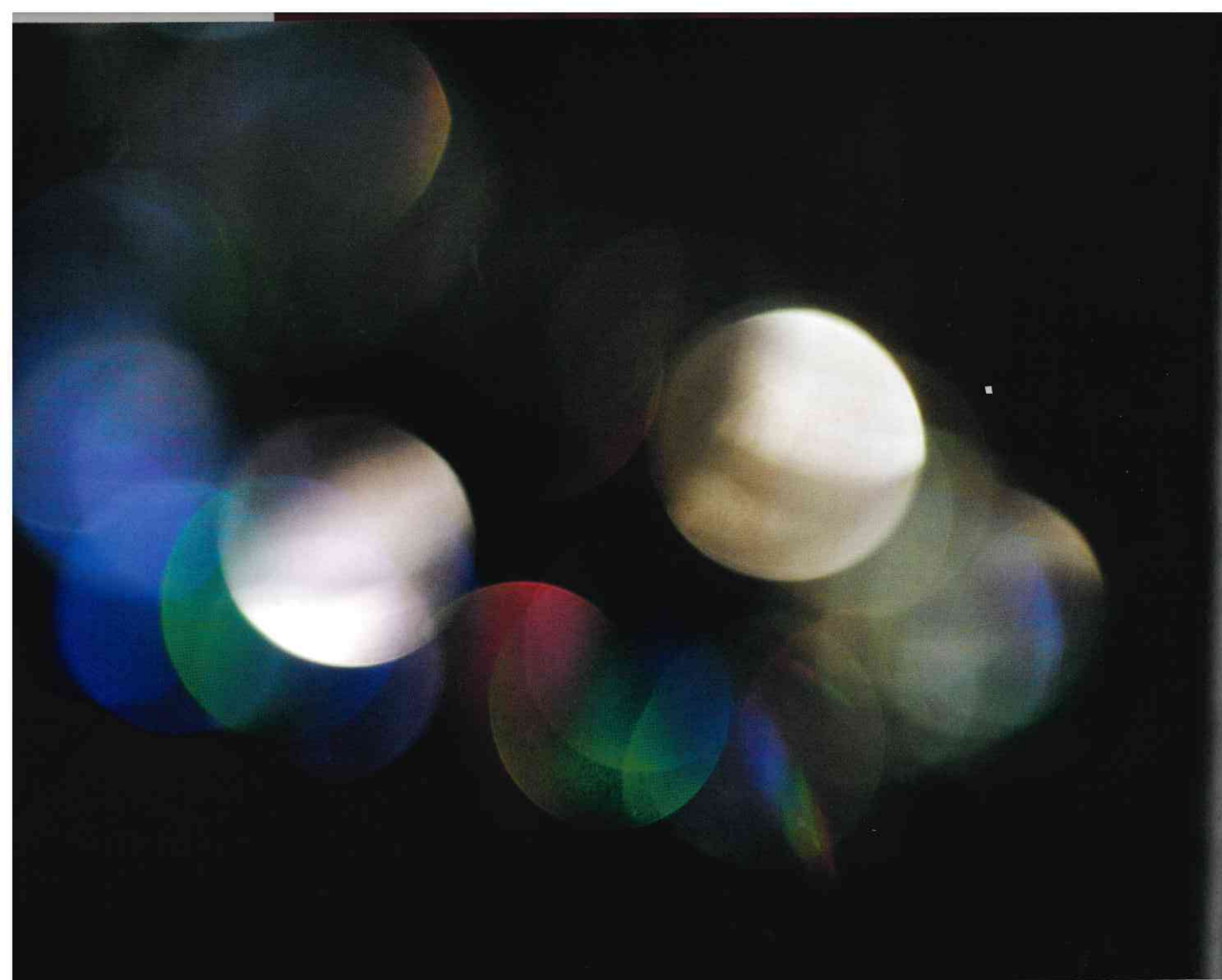




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