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# Virtue and Punishment

Natan Zoze

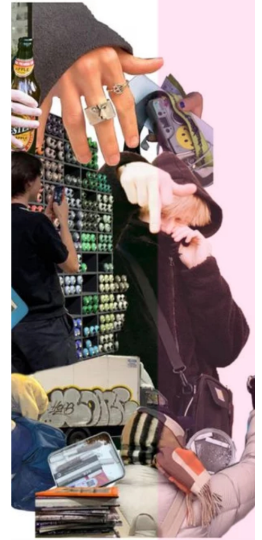
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There are times when I lose my sanity at the moment I fly. My punishments: to fly watching from up above, brushing the clouds, caressing the sun, admiring the view of this city from a place where no one will ever be able to see it from, seeing how they wear out themselves and never sleep, never stop and just by observing them my days become exhausting.

What type of insensibility do I need to tolerate the gift I was given by nature? To tolerate the view I have from the moment I wake up until I go to sleep?



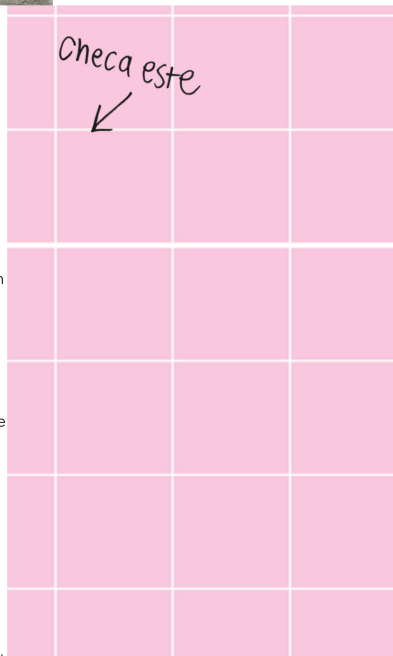
You are stale, empty and are so repetitive that you do not provoke anything. I cannot find a thing that will show a significant difference. I even mistake some thorny plants with you, and it is safe to mention that I would rather stand in some of them than lay beside you, than continue to endure your boring world.

Unarmed, weak and forced to travel the same roads. Every day! Woefully, I was born here but, if I could go farther away, I would definitely go where there are no more of you.

Ok, ok, ok... it sure looks like there is too much hate that I feel, but it's not like that. It's just that there is nothing else to observe, to feel, or that awakens my curiosity or shakes my body, nothing that makes me tremble, that overflows me with passion, with vitality; there is nothing or anyone that does something different, that breaks into madness and lives with so much rush that can break the wind. It looks like they are being eaten by their own minds, I do not know what happens inside that thing they carry, but it seems that they can't get out of there.

The other day I saw a guy that did the same every day, he used to take the same route from his house to work. Sometimes I would follow him to see if something changed in his daily routine, but it never happened, every day was the same, even the weekends were same thing after same thing. It was then that I decided to give up, and stopped looking to experience a new emotion, I started living without expressions and I let everything stay the same. However, when I fly everyday I still look among you for someone that can surprise me and brighten up my flight, someone so extraordinary, that wants to fly with me...

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I am still waiting for Daniel Pacheco to revive my right.



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