

Compliances

Over the blank page  
Of this memory

...then life passes me by

With a turning twist

Ringing

A phone wakes me up  
Reminding me of what is there to be done

Innocent papers

And unrewarded orders

Fill this air

Of something we call passion

A blind feeling

Of misguided knowledge

It is where we find the truth

That we stop believing

what is leading

us

To the unmistakable scheme?

The savage with fire eyes

The killer angel

The capitalism of love...

