

Wisi mattis leo suscipit nec amet, nisl fermentum tempor ac a, augue in eleifend in venenatis, cras sit id in vestibulum felis in, sed ligula.

Compusate. To think that you are when you were is a past.
To live in the present time is to allow you to breathe,
inhaling naturally through your nose and out through your
mouth. Would you believe that living a yesterday was
almost gone till it met today.

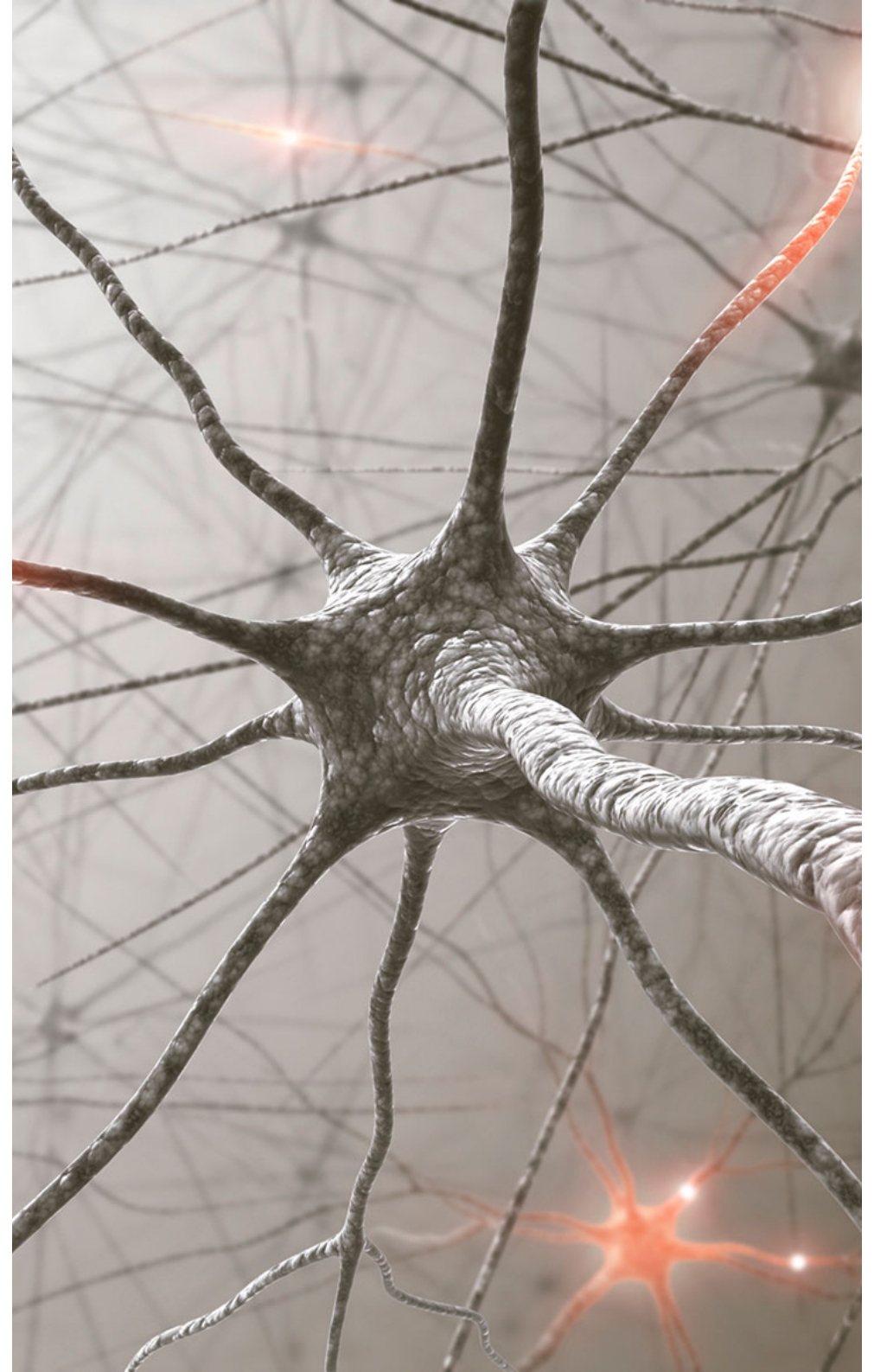
The Present time - an anarchy of solidarity - do we sit
together in a might of pleasure.

CELL BY CELL WE BUILD A BODY OF PLEASURE OF WORK OF LEISURE.

Do we sit to sip tea and coffee and watch a whistle of the kettle blow. What is the nature of keeping. Does the destiny of death blow a horn of inside to the woes that we see to live by. Starting the day with an alarm and ending it in drowning in a bed of tired eyes and remorse.

Shake yourself to a new day the present time. A beginning of your stature - I'm a living entity. I belong to a family to friends, to work that I part take in and a solidarity to social order that we abide to in our routines of every day lifestyle.

Does dunking a doughnut or a biscuit in tea be the pleasure of a bitesize? Shallow minds and shallow ways doesn't allow you to perceive your favourite biscuit and your break of the day your damning tea that you have been waiting for all day.



Today is a castaway

GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE

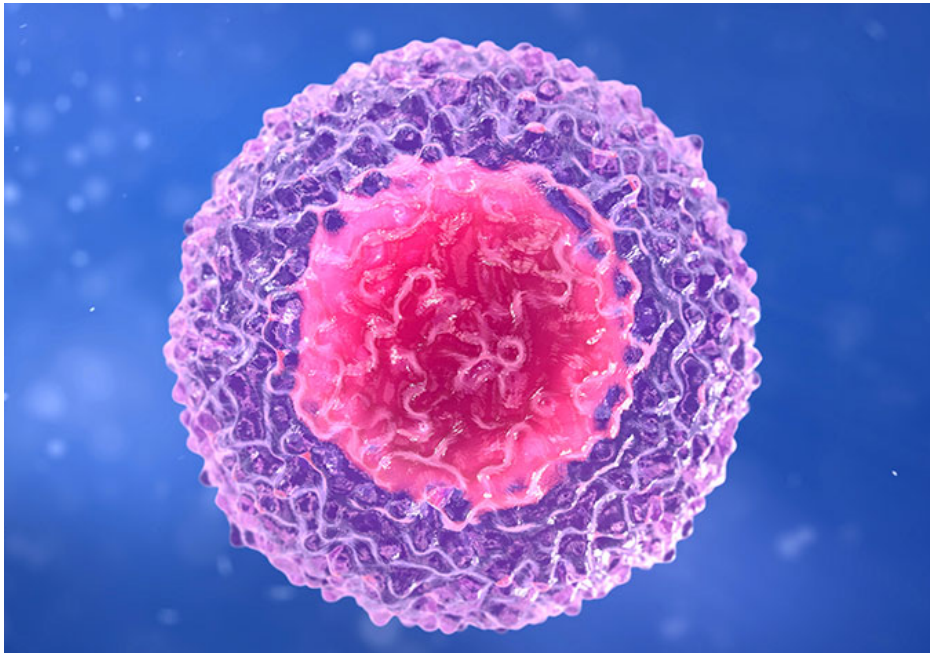
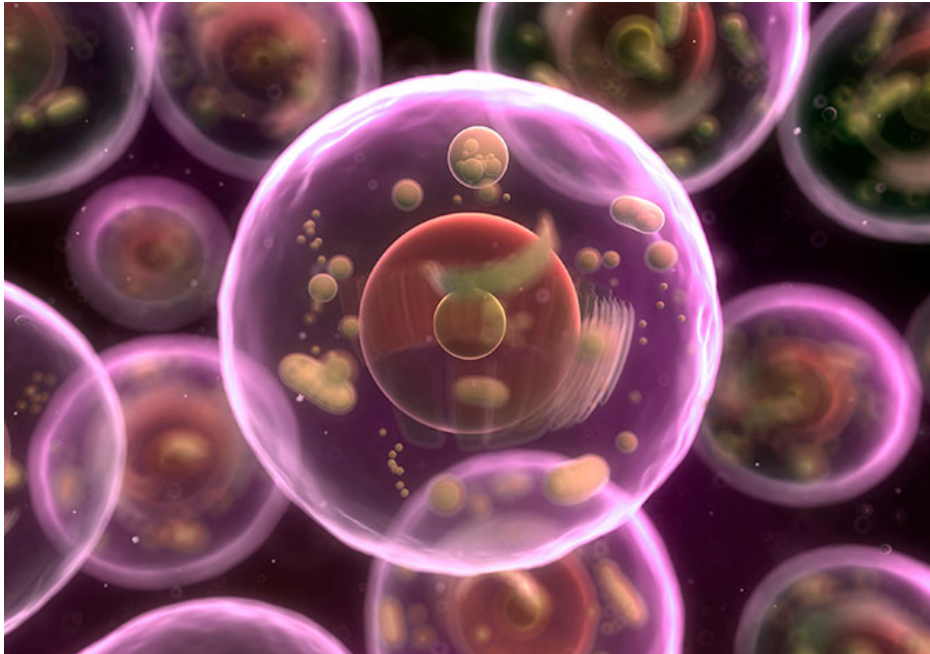
- Do you need remind yourself that your humane that a machine wouldn't put up with all that it would just run out of battery
- The everyday understanding of you that I can only be good as what I make myself as
- Paint yourself in pain and pleasure requires you to be happy without a concept of leisure

It wasn't long ago that we sat together, a tv alltogether. Do we sit and worship the screen in harmony of leisure the mass communication has now turned to individual screen of idonscrataniy. Face book , whatsapp, and general texting and transverse links with family and friends. The viewing of pleasure in a mass of a family seems a pastaway.

Lotherium de velsa. Mass communication versus the individual viewing of contours of nature.

Its quite natural to want to sit inferno of your mobile like the ye of the tiger feel fixed on a an anecdote of communication. A poisonoius serpent would know that it is focus of mine is it? A present being of time, I I spoke to you, or I rang you, or I texted you. Not such as have we spent time gathering together our selves to do activities , or reading each others assignments or picking books from shelves.

A behaviour that is stagnate from the reality of hamane nature. To organise yourselves to plan yourselves to arrange and then to communicate in pleasure. Seems painful as is a leisureful way to tryanny. Do we desire to live together when we have our wanders ways of communication, "catch you later".



Sitting quietly in the torso of your thoughts you feel like a minesaw. A miracle - no mobil, no tv, no car.

Sit relax and close your eyes.

Feel the waters edge of society as passing by as a pleasure permits you.

Calm and still. No rush of cars or of traffic or of family bounderies. There younger sitting amongst a bag of nerves. Calm as the wind but the tides coming in to collect your thoughts and anguishes of the day. Unfulfilled matters deadlines that are not met, collectives that are not risen to you. As it collects it fades out of he ocean going out to sea again. Did I really catch A WHALE. It was something on my mind for a long time.

Indocrastic ways feeling nostalgic about whether you do thinks the perfect way of your expected norms that you portray.

An innocence that meets the mind. I think and I am isn't really the pleasure of your ways it sings to your withered ways , do I estrange to making adjustments slight alterations to myself that I am wholesome but benighted to that way of living or understanding.

If we live to like out tomorrow without setting it in our ways. Shall I drink a sober or to a drunkard ways that it sickens the breath that it brushes in to you.

Live to the last moment. Do you see the light when you fade away in darkness of tired ways and withered days.
Long awaiting paces of peace

Feel free to send in your feelings and experiences of life that are time consuming and bewildered amazement.