

Nothing is perfect but for the time it last

Dogma is a state of comfort

In the attempt of becoming absolute masters we have turned into total slaves

You ought to cut short but you should not!

Openness is just another way to derive a new and more tight closeness

And the bigger the community the more limited will be the capacity of the smaller members and more exponential that of the bigger ones

The historical heroification of a country comes with its economic prosperity

A modern improvement is at least that now man can choose, if not his life, his own death

I can renounce to a bible but not to a God

At every new technology abuses of its potential will follow until humans learn themselves how to contain them

I love the snow and the technical fire one ought to maintain in order to endure it

No matter what, the template ought to come first

Moderns wars are just the replacement of the decaying factor which artificiality neglects

The best way to really respect something we Love is to leave it and stop running over it with our modern pace

And also the philanthropic project, as any other societal ambition, turns into yet another self imposed human catastrophe whose dwellers are ironically those who have renounced to any such ambition

The real multiculturalist is the one moving from one cultural block to another

Learn to judge a pair of shoes for its teeth and not for its face

And when there is no more utopia it is time to go backward

And throughout our way to death we strive to return to our childhood

The poetry breaking free from the dogma of the previous generation becomes the dogma of the new generation

And when crisis sets in the branches one retreats back to the roots

And even what appear worse has better sides and vice-versa

And vanity people who deals with high theory know nothing about the low

And we come to a place with our good energy and leave with bad energy unless we are able to

bypass its society

It was so fast to come up and it is being so slow to go down

And enrichment is the premises to much impoverishment

And every process gets interesting when one get started into it

And it is modernity at the origins of our human collapse

And is the innere universe our last resource to be exploitable?

And there are the most who saturates and just a few who leaves potential for the future to come

And any attempt to poetry should either be completely barricaded or completely let go to the progress that threatens it

And what we did not want to change has changed and what we wanted to change has not

And at least the plants won't betray you

And there are no possible insurances to cover the effects of our passion

Modernity is like a big hospital without exit