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Prohibition cypress.

There was a guy who years now, liked to spend time between games and nights out in town. The timing was good for the intellectual and social activities. Friendly air was suspected nothing of the time, was to come, and storms, the years passed his youth had planned for his honor, to continue unabated. Because the tenacity and virtue are not rules to be never leave, because the mirror eyepiece of the past, should see its end at the bottom to top. Friendships like everyone else, in the teenage years, are many and then reduced to a few. Blame the weather, the false, the game, to take the money. To keep from laughing as always, for the many commitments that everyone takes, always laughing while the others spoke, and he understood things that no one did. As we say in our time: a glorious destiny for a burned badly. Ten years as a century, studies and / or love, who knows what will happen to be great. He never went to school, preferring to walk around the city, making new discoveries. As if he had already graduated, around the shops, always and constantly filled with new, always knowing the reality of the next studies, the work, monotonous in its victory, also connecting to the idea of light that he did not like since linked to a premonition fascist. The days in the parks and streets in the open air, clean space to get there was when he was studying in the institute. Sometimes it is just instinct, to remember, the only school to follow, most of the lessons to be very forward, on the other hand you have to press the accelerator with his foot, to proceed. At the end of seven years of study he graduated, life is a carnival, it still wanted an explanation, could not continue with their studies, obscene and over time the fascist era of the modern millennium two thousand.

Because time is here looked to the side, without the poles, the side is the law was, he was not in the palaces of the state. In fact, the collecting, the story had already been told that a gentleman, now dead, but he, and had to continue without his presence. A period of a little 'strange, falsified and arbitrary, so we can not conceive remember, we can not forget the recent past. Who wants to know too much in this century is cut, so he graduated and held for two roads, the studies, but there was no way to change the course of Italian modern history. We see that the gentlemen who spoke both actually had a little 'too early, such as cooking mind, so to get closer to the true story momentarily. Him to another, because you approach it in this day? And life has always continued, uninterrupted existence, and why not change the features continuously. He did his military

service, a truly exciting adventure, then people gradually passed under the bridge, along the river so the water either, as the writer writes in his fables for Christmas.

In trying to remain friends, because the Sun's light takes all kinds in this new millennium two thousand now, renewal, and in the rest of his life it prefers to remain hidden, and perhaps still to be completed in order to finish on this Earth who nominate to be wet winter and parched in summer, who knows for how long.

(*)"The meditative Rose" by Salvador Dali

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