

Título original em inglês:
Essence On Time Frames

Título em português:
Momentos de Essência

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ARGUMENTO

ESSENCE on TIME FRAMES

- In the development of things in time, is it plastic? I never depend on anyone. Quite and simple.
Because you stay without a way out and I fight from freedom and some of us say that his will never end. I think so. Patience... One rib, one story... one, two, three, four... one story, one essence.
- It is easy to die, but living and do more than thinking it is not difficult... And stand on your ideals and take decisions? And all this for free? Not on bubble smoking a joint and suddenly think you are on Himalays and 20000 indians coming to save you when they know better than me what is fragancy. The rules, things *tere* (partidas) that were almost broken. The *apogium* (*Apogeu*) that will never end our force and that will never give us all the force. The listening, the madness, the plastic and deepest freedom... everyday, everynight. I rather see who are offering me.. or us to the objective on us is fight from freedom, when freedom is our natural essence. Surrender. We know, we wont fail. Our deepest Love is hidden, our freedom is our essence and our own decisions. Humble and prouder way. And leave the rest with us because I know that is true.
- Feel some kind of blessing. *Ecstasy* (do grego original: *Alma, fora de si*), were some things began. Stars, plaisure, thoughts, man, soul and mind. Feels good, show what is brought to the World. Yes, the form I live is fighting, not reacting. I compreend, not on *stimulus* (*Estimulos*). It is my Essence. See your self in a mirror and dance. Simply look into it and dance. See you, me, you, us.
- Black city on golden paths, black dress on a golden city. I rather my way to dress, my own dress. The deepest Essence in Time, in my time in my Life. On deepest freedom. My Essence... *Adamah* (do Hebraico original: Homem) you.
- Golden books, golden words, golden thoughts, golden works. Lets talk about freedom and

virtual fields. Virtual fields. Virtual. Real. Reality. Life. Freedom to know how to deal with florescentes, freedom from plastic dreams and unfary falling pinks and rebrake to do more on Gold and more facing reality. I've eard that the World is going on this direction with pandas, leopards, diamond, 20000 leguas bellow the sea, moby dicks and killer wales, sharks and still goes on because my essence is freedom, taxis, bodies and souls, colors and microphones, eyes, ribs, legs, nipples and hips. Red hair like fire, thoughts, cars, ecos, lighth... and this go on. *Rebelius* or obediente with the revolution of the great impalas with his hands on his *pheithos* (*do grego Peithos la: Obediência*), roses and trees. Stars. No matter what I go on this direction and I dont follow lignes. Look like dope. This will never end. Blue and red, red on blue. Fuck it. A cigar gives me pleasure. That dance, always and ever. Never felt such a intensity of freedom. Of me. Of, of... like *ecstasy*. Pure *ecstasy*, pure love. Sitting in a taxi with words in my head, the fire and the extreme caution consumes me. The lignes that shine the power of the rain say that even if there is a glass between us does not mean that we are not together, like a cigar in my lips, besides the rain, us and a taxi. Does my thoughts have owners? Or is it just passing thoughts in my mind and some of them in florescente colors. Original things? We know, the dark city that never ends. I know what I am doing. Do you? Roses and trees, everyone of us. Our objective, just like the Big Great Eye (o Sol) I dont move way from my path. Is freedom tricky? Is *ecstasy* tricky? Just like I said, selfish enough. It may resume to a simple phrase: the method of production is not low. It is no dope, it is just not our essence, otherwise I may decide what even what may happen if I dont stand for freedom and for my righths. Even with a glass with rain drops between, I see on a reflected way to figth for freedom and for my own name. Yes, my name. Stupid, I have a name. Naturally. Yeah, Instaed of putting my eyes down I rise my head with pride, proud enough to talk and walk, whatever my Place is... in a taxi, like a ent working. Black and white, Ligth and Darkness, Good and Bad. A society... society, virtual society clouds, virtual clouds... virtual coulds, broadcasting, broadcasting mental state of mind. Virtual or reality... the frontiers, regions, cities, countries, continents, the World, the Earth and nothing... Nothing but Stars, a milion of lighth years old.

- And about our objectives? Who and why try(ed) to stop us? Fuck it. Alone. Is it buying to much from me? Of me? For you? And me? Selfish enough, paid enough, humble enough. What a fuck do you know about humility and pride anyway? If all the people were like that, the vertigos in time and in contra time like the cigar that I am smoking makes me wonder about the measures of the World... no, on the World... no, The World.
- The World goes on, not the Drakul and his gypsyes, the armies of the Queen who fall in the Sea, and they are still alive, the french republicans with their histerical pupies and priests on the 6 cartier, *germanyah* (*Alemanha*) with her motors and Spain between his Kings till the mexican borders, the brasilian girl who walks undress and india with her barman films, like the italian legs and troaths who stand perenes wihtout *megalomanius* (*Megalomanos*) sunny dreams whitouth pointed fingers crushing the Earth trying to do hillards in the midle of nowere and iran doesn't crush were ice is so ruff that he doesnt care about others and see the great alexandria, the motherfucker wars in Africa or the ribs for sale in Marrocos... Ribs or Stars? 24 four or millions.
- Double. Surrender you should. The Reason, the Sin, the Midle, the Freedom on Essence. Our Essence.

Gold. Pure gold. Gold, silver, rubis and esmeraldas. Diamonds in the middle of Giants and Time on Essence. Like people on a running horse and people on frames and frames on people.

Shall we touch the 12 frames horse? Frames, people, more and more till we arrive in places that you never seen before. Never did, never will. The white and the black. *Histryah (Histeria)* or *Euphoryah (Euforia)*. You have a choise. Not always but you have. You should. Life and Death. Live like a cat walking in the midle of the nighth, through Life... and Death. Nowone knows... otherwise you wont be seing this. Not me, not you. In a misterious way you came to me.

In all our heart and soul, true Love, true Stories, true Winds, true Wings, true Guitars, true keys, true Hands, true Art, true Power, true Gold, before Silence, true Freedom, deepest Freedom, true Words, true Hair, true Fire, true Human Beings, true Paths, true Steps in Life, true Rocks, true Perene (fortes) Hands, true Cars, true Taxis and Drivers, true Roses, true Friends, true Friendship, true Arms, true Giants, through Time, true Stories, true Joy, true Plaisure and this will never end, the World will never end. The equality, the disparicy of values on a society built by our own hands. We born with it and we shall not stop in time, we are no machines focus on you. Compreend yourself and turn into others. Find your Place, Find your Things, Find your Freedom, Surrender, Respect, Smoke a Cigar, Smoke a Joint, Have Sex, Have Fun, Have Money, Have a Dog, Focus on Reality, Focus on Darkness and Ligth, Good or Bad, but dont interfere with ME and I dont interfere with YOU. Can you change the past? SURRENDER... YOU SHOULD. OUR FREEDOM, OUR WILL, OUR LIVES, OUR LIVES, OUR LOVE. STAND. EVERY DAY. EVERY NIGTH.

- Did I chose you to learn with me? Did I show you blue or black? So fuck of and learn. By yourself. Like I did. Think. Learn. Brake. Rebrake. And think in original things. Nice and easy. Ligth and Darkness. I feed who I want to feed. Sweet and pure. That is my *peythos*. My hips, my niples. Say it... once a crime, always a crime, like once a criminal always a criminal. Even on the gods name. SURRENDER... YOU SHOULD.

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