

Little raw notes from my heart.



Artwork by Philippe Nick



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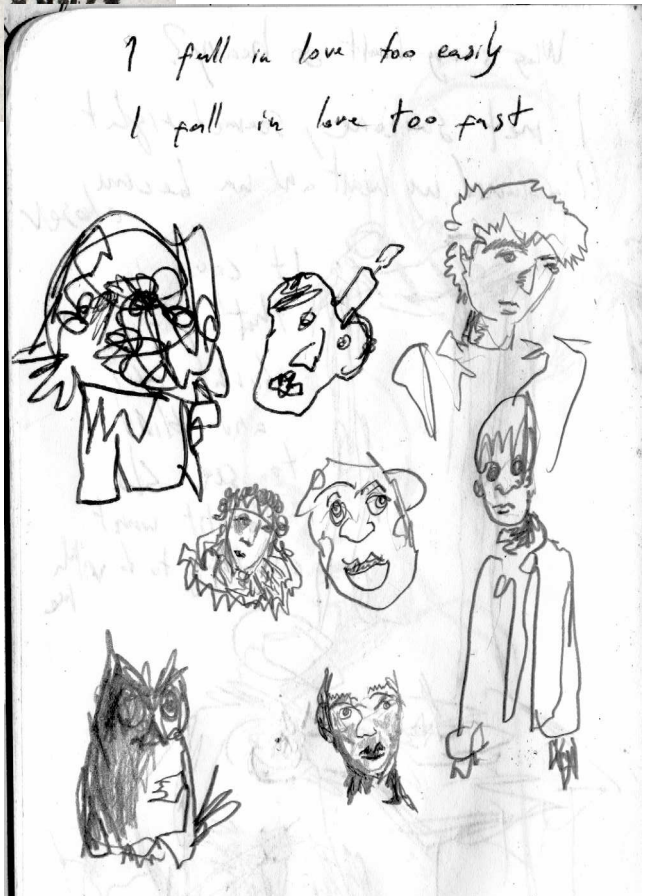
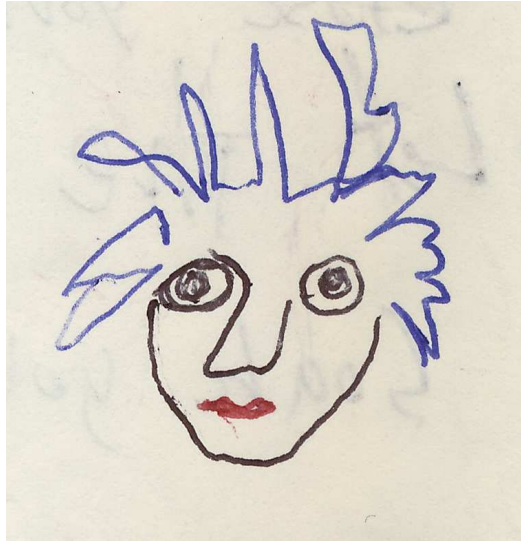


Artwork by Philippe Nick



If you  
can't live  
alone  
You were  
born  
a  
slave







Follow your heart, it  
all you can do,  
it knows the way  
even when it tumbles  
and breaks

There lie our greatest  
lessons in our weaknesses  
that helps us grow  
and become whole

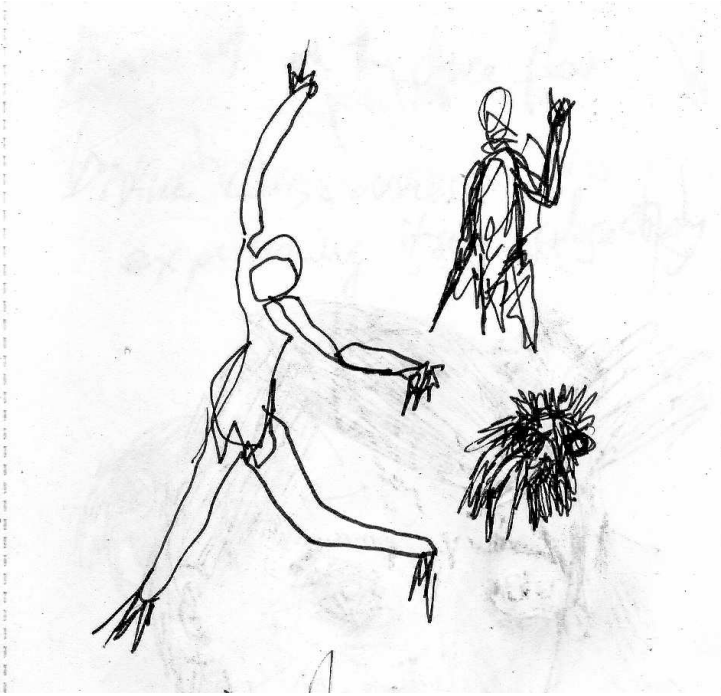
You are enough

**KNOW THE TRUTH**

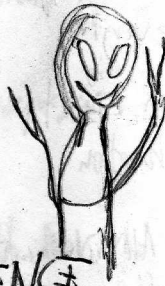
AND be free.

What's your destiny?  
How should I spend the rest  
of my life





A SPIRITUAL  
BEING  
GOING  
THROUGH  
A HUMAN  
EXPERIENCE



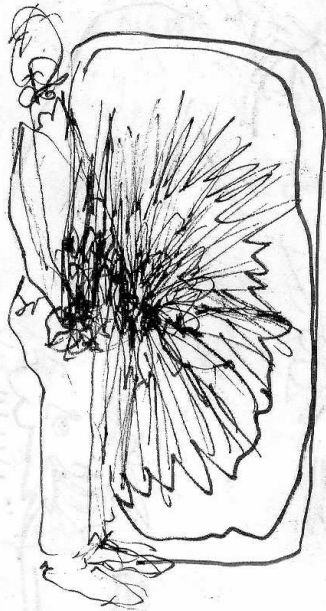
CREATION  
IS MY  
RELIGION

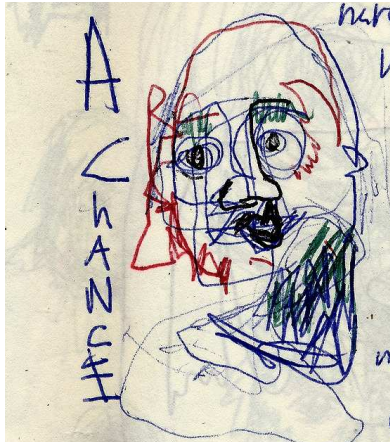
Life's a dream.

— A Fool

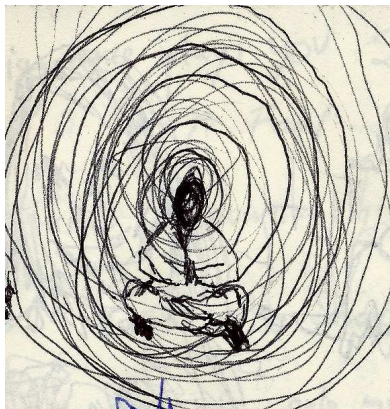


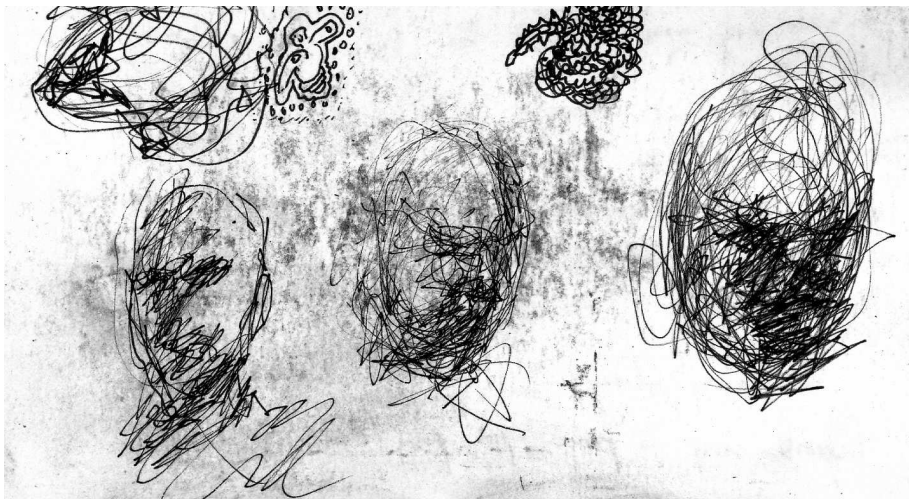
There's no saving the Planet  
everything there is flows through  
the impermanence of time  
What matters are the choices we make  
during this brief moment  
alive.





We write about it in our books,  
we compose songs over it,  
we make movies to try and capture it,  
We are always trying to communicate it.  
Always trying to reach out to others  
before we grasp it within ourselves  
That may be one of our greatest mistakes  
Trying to teach our truths before we live our Truth  
Existence is clarity and emptiness.  
In a world of constant motion and vibration,  
meditate on stillness  
Let the sunshine soak you dry  
You are divine consciousness experiencing itself





Scripts:

When God created life..  
Life had a question  
and God had not the answer  
but he was the answer,  
for to search within  
and realize one's true nature  
The Universe isn't yours but it is You.

Our own misperceptions of who we really are  
leads to every self-created hell in this world.

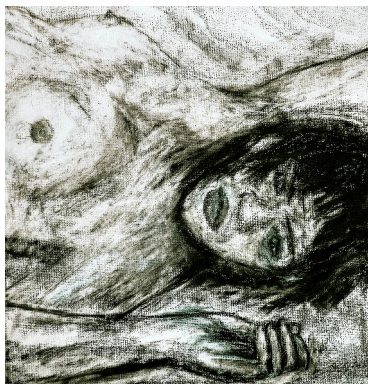
Forgiveness is the key to healing our perceptions  
and remember God and his everlasting love for us.

Only the eyes we use for dreaming truly see.

Eternal tourists of ourselves, there is no landscape but what we are.

We possess nothing, for we don't even possess ourselves.  
We have nothing because we are nothing.

What hand will I reach out, and to what universe?  
The universe isn't mine; it is me







No final

Tudo

Se transforma  
e volta pro cosmos infinito  
sagrado do amor.

The thing about becoming spiritual is realizing you are enough.

What comes is better than what came before,  
and in the end, all will be healed, I promise.

Seek

Truth in your philosophy  
Love in your heart  
Health in your mind  
Wisdom in your body.

## Lovemaking

When two people follow their hearts  
towards each other  
and allow themselves  
to get lost within one another  
While  
bodies and minds  
collide and merge together  
the heavens tremble as they  
become one.



a photograph/*an escape*

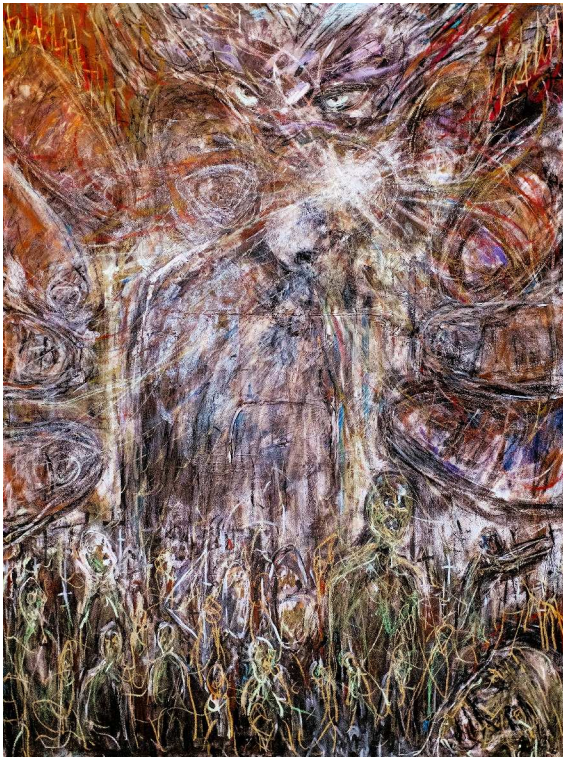
the grand destructive power of time,  
trapped by a snap,  
and all space as if painted by light  
in the blink of an eye.

Memories tickle in the back of our minds,  
longing an ephemeral escape  
from the truth of our lives.

NEVER LOVE  
AN ARTIST

IF YOU

CANT  
HANDLE  
EMOTIONAL  
TROUBLE



The cursed mind of an artist

cursed romantic

artist mind

the fate of an artist

overpowering forces surround me

they try to control and limit our lives,

to define who we are

but we are an explosive creative energy

our infinite source is the spirit

an artist job is to become so truly free

*(absolutely free)*

his mere existence is a rebellious act

to face our inevitable fate and search for truth

mortal souls lost on a physical plane

meaninglessly meandering

fabricating cultures and religions

drifting away from our nature

living constantly distracted in dreams

missing whats right in front of us

*(the part of right now.)*





Do you believe in god?

Voce acredita em deus?

Yes, its evident in our nature

Sim, esta evidente em nossa natureza.

I dont believe in a... im gonna stop myself right there  
whats impossible in a dream.

This whole galaxy is a natural phenomenon,

You cant kill nature,  
it is immortal and infinite  
beyond us and this world  
nature is our God

and we are so blind to see it  
this whole world is your soul

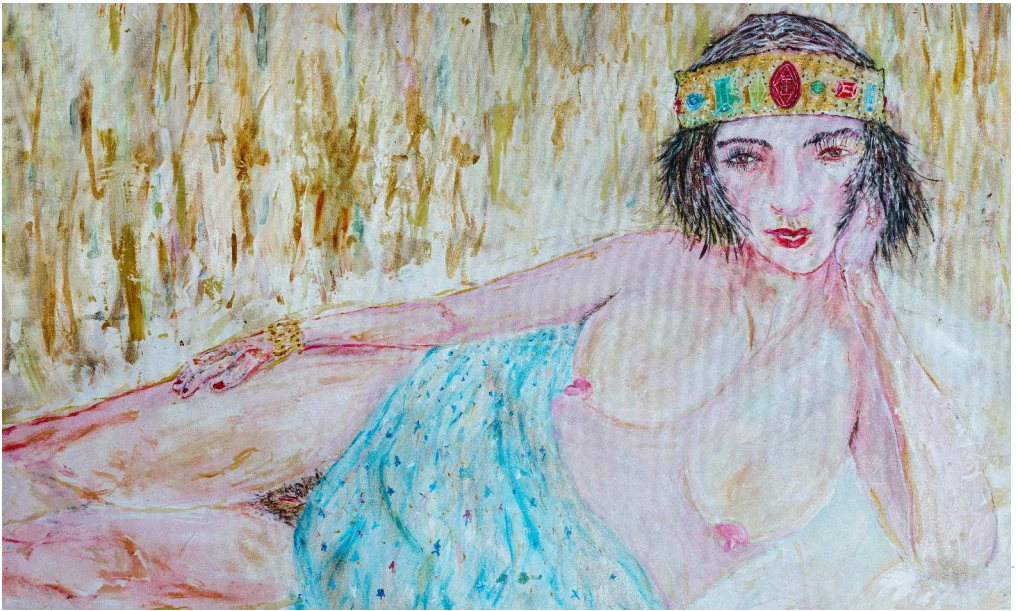
I just finished my last drink  
finished the spliff

It is our impermanence that creates the illusion of meaning  
life is beautiful because we are doomed,

and we long to return to the ephemeral.. ethereal?

dont give me forgiveness,  
i want punishment.

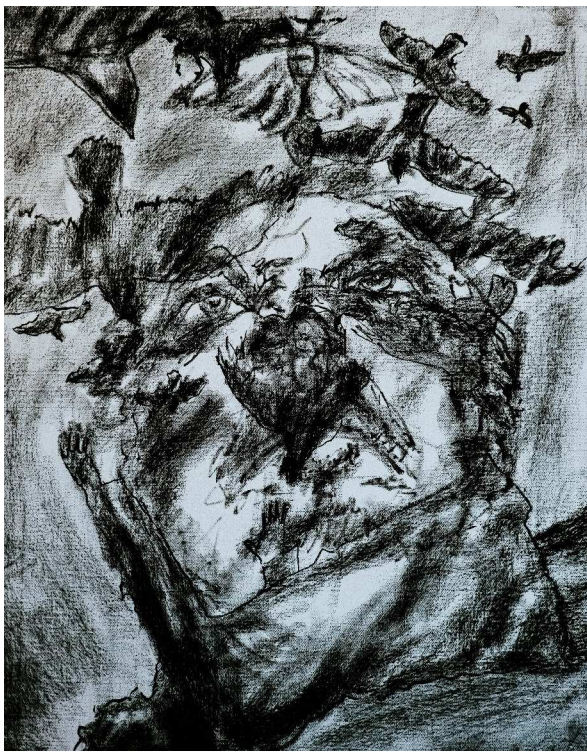
Reality seems only a temporary illusion until we meet our ends.



Its a sad day

when you realize the sanest thing you can say is

"Im completely fucking nuts."



Are you happy?  
(A collage of words with a touch of madness)

Connect deeply or not at all  
and by the end of the night  
tell them all your secrets  
work in a state of mind that approaches prayer  
Be simple, it is what you make it  
When life becomes a complex struggle  
it is almost spiritual to comprehend simplicity  
We search for ourselves in each other  
all we have is our time  
we give each other the living minutes of our lives  
our attention is the rarest and purest form of generosity

Pain, or love, or danger  
make you real again  
learn the meaning of being alone  
the pain of loneliness  
and glory of solitude  
We tell each other stories,  
about who we are,  
why we are here,  
where we come from,  
and what might be possible  
but we can never possibly imagine our destiny  
You don't see the power and poetry of not being perfect?



theres a hidden power within all of us  
the power to give ourselves to life  
to be open to all of it  
beauty and terror

Be what nature intended for you and you will succeed.  
when did we become so conditioned to self denial  
loucura universal, incredible instinct

Sometimes I feel like my life has been  
a mistake, however,  
Im making it an unforgettable one.



Most people aren't living anymore  
they barely exist  
and most artists have nothing to say  
they merely create

Waiting to vanish into some great unknown..

I'm still alive and lost  
wandering on  
in search of something real

but some days

I feel like a rotting corpse

Waiting to ~~just be~~ ~~simply~~ completely forgotten.  
(finally be)

While some write to remember, I write to forget..

My mind has become a torturing prison  
and my only escape is incinerating its thoughts,  
numbing my feelings,

and losing myself in dark silence.

It's important to abstract our minds sometimes,

let go of the definitions

meaning is meaningless to me

This endless search for meaning

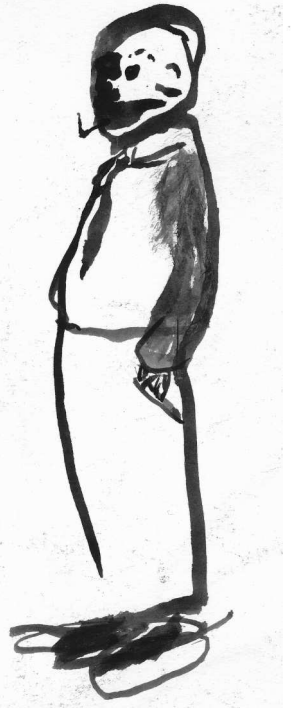
drives our ego into an imaginative world,  
of fairy tale individual souls

Demons are really angels that burn away your false notions of ~~your~~ self.

freeing us from the illusion of ~~ourselves~~ ourselves

The illusion that we were ever separate from God

*God is nature , nature is beauty.*

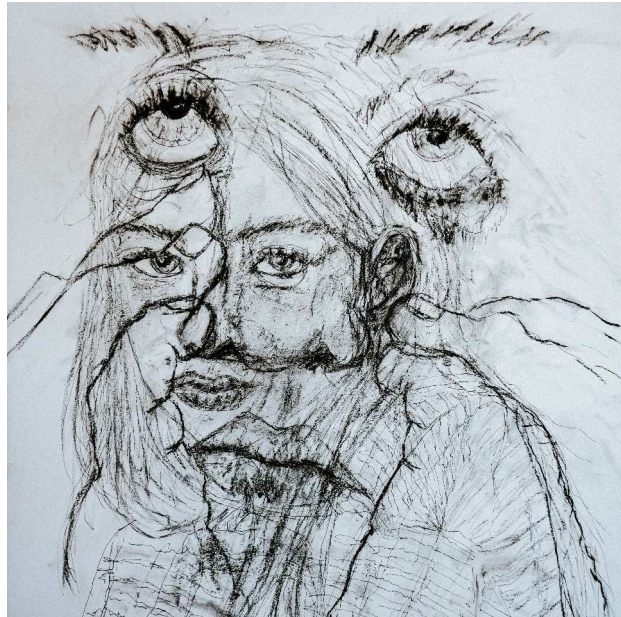
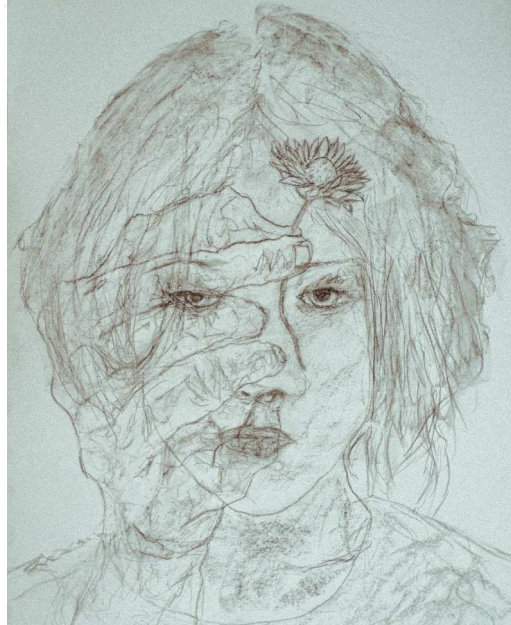


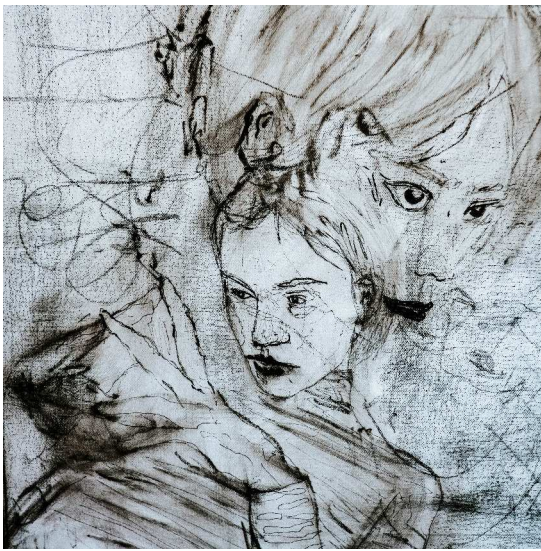


we evolved from flowers

do you ever feel restless overnight  
and time just slows down stretching its hours  
at every beating second  
our sleepless minds meander  
and then I realize Im alone, drinking whiskey, and writing  
out whatever thoughts are caged within this skull  
by the end of the night I should only be sure of one thing..  
(early morning) that ill be drunk,

how cliché.





### Meditation on God?

A human made concept for the incomprehensible manifestation of the Universe

God lives in our own ignorance about who we are.

Our Egos obscure Gods true nature;

In a constant search for meaning,  
fantasizing of an eternal Soul  
without realizing our own God-like essence  
which is present within everything there is..

Its what connects us, not what separates us further for eternity

Time and space by God

a gift of the present moment in a finite experience

God is love, out of love comes time & space

Heres where im trying to get at,

$e=mc^2$ ; matter and energy are interchangeable

In quantum physics we learn about the duality of our nature,  
as we come to understand that physical particles

can also behave as energy waves when unobserved

The very simple act of observation materializes this physical reality

In the experiment, the act of measuring/recording the experiment  
altered the results of the particle/wave behavioural pattern:

basically reinforcing the statement that  
everything is energy

Love is a feeling of deep connection,

its what connects us to truth,

to what is real.

My faith lies therein,

through logic and rational thought we can still come to an  
understanding of our nature and spiritual truth.

Psychedelic drugs unveil the fragility of ~~our~~ reality

they bring down the walls, the definitions constructed by ~~our~~ minds,  
our fabricated illusion of separateness, the ego,  
dissipates unto laughter as we realize our own ignorance..

We can meditate further until we completely lose ourselves  
and there's nothing but the boundless infinite present;

~~is~~ a state of raw awareness

pure conscious energy

the true nature of our being.



feelings write themselves..

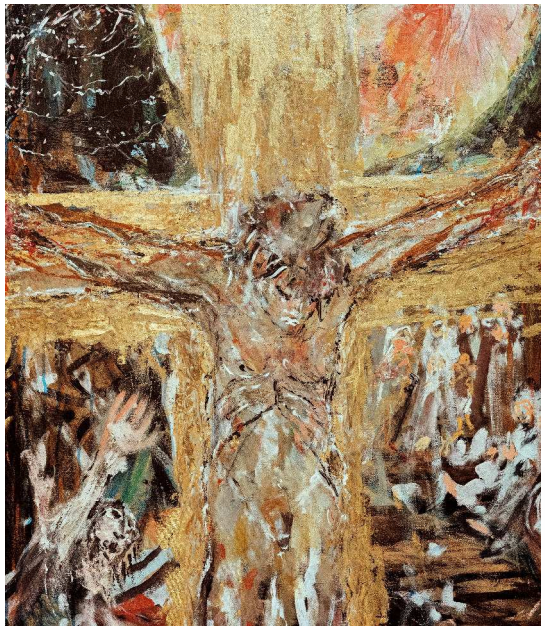
There's no escaping it.

We are prisoners of our emotions,  
confined in our struggling minds  
and broken down by our hearts.  
Death is our only hope,  
although not a very luxurious one,  
our spirits need to be free.

*Love each other until the end.*



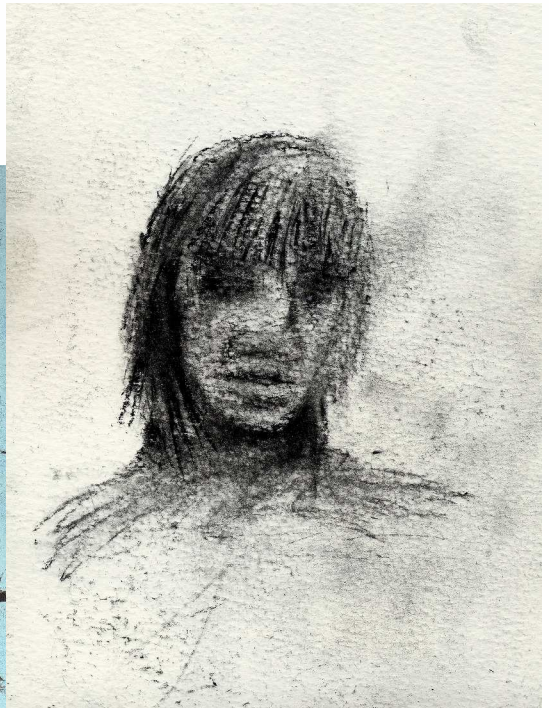
Unknown pleasures..



I need to clear my mind; we don't have much in this life,  
in fact I suspect we have nothing at all.  
All we seem to have is each other for a brief moment,  
then it all goes away..  
So maybe now is the time to love deeply,  
take risks, connect with those around you,  
because nothing else will matter later.  
All that's ever real about us,  
is the love we shared with others.

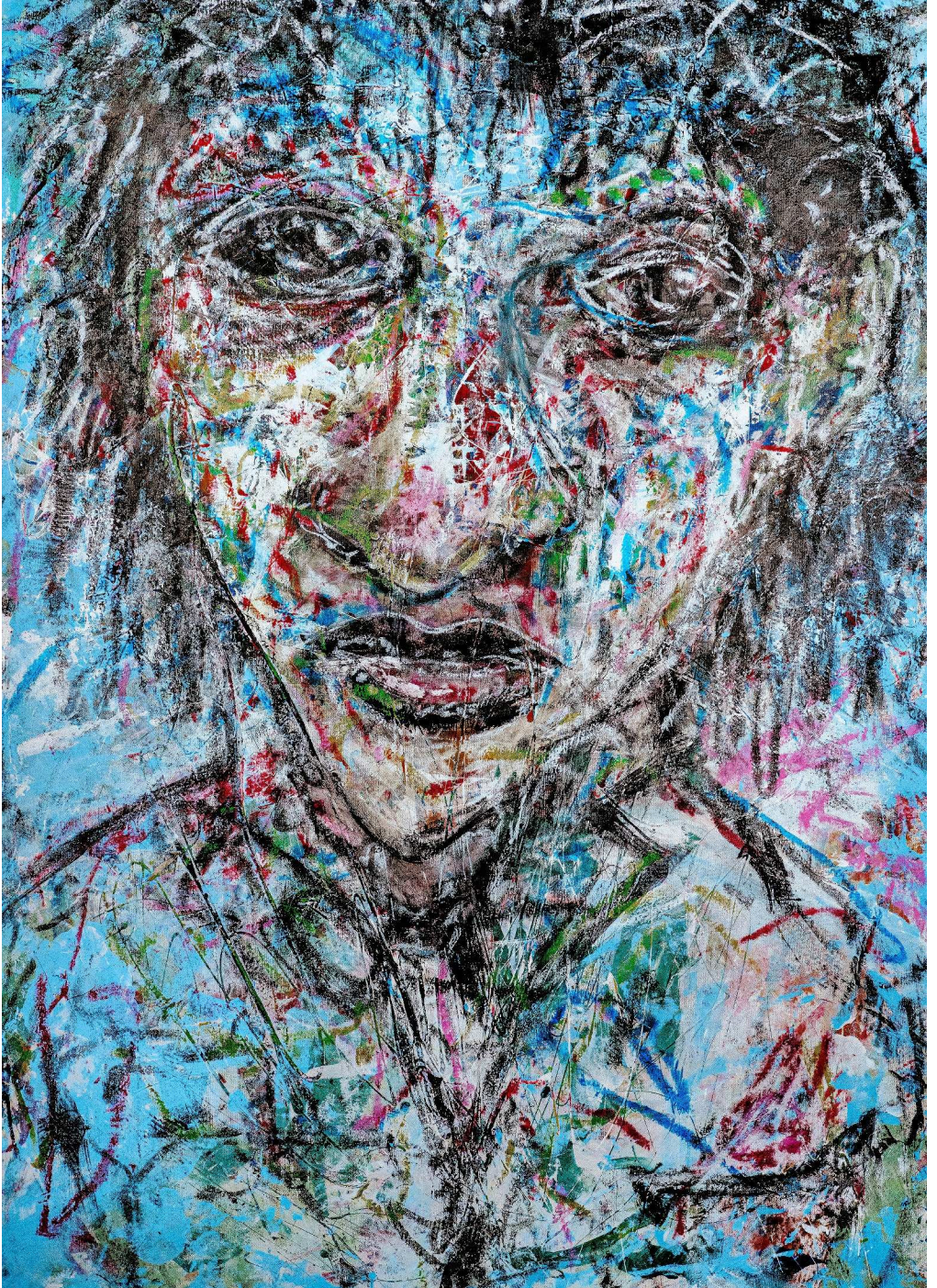
It's important to abstract our thoughts sometimes;

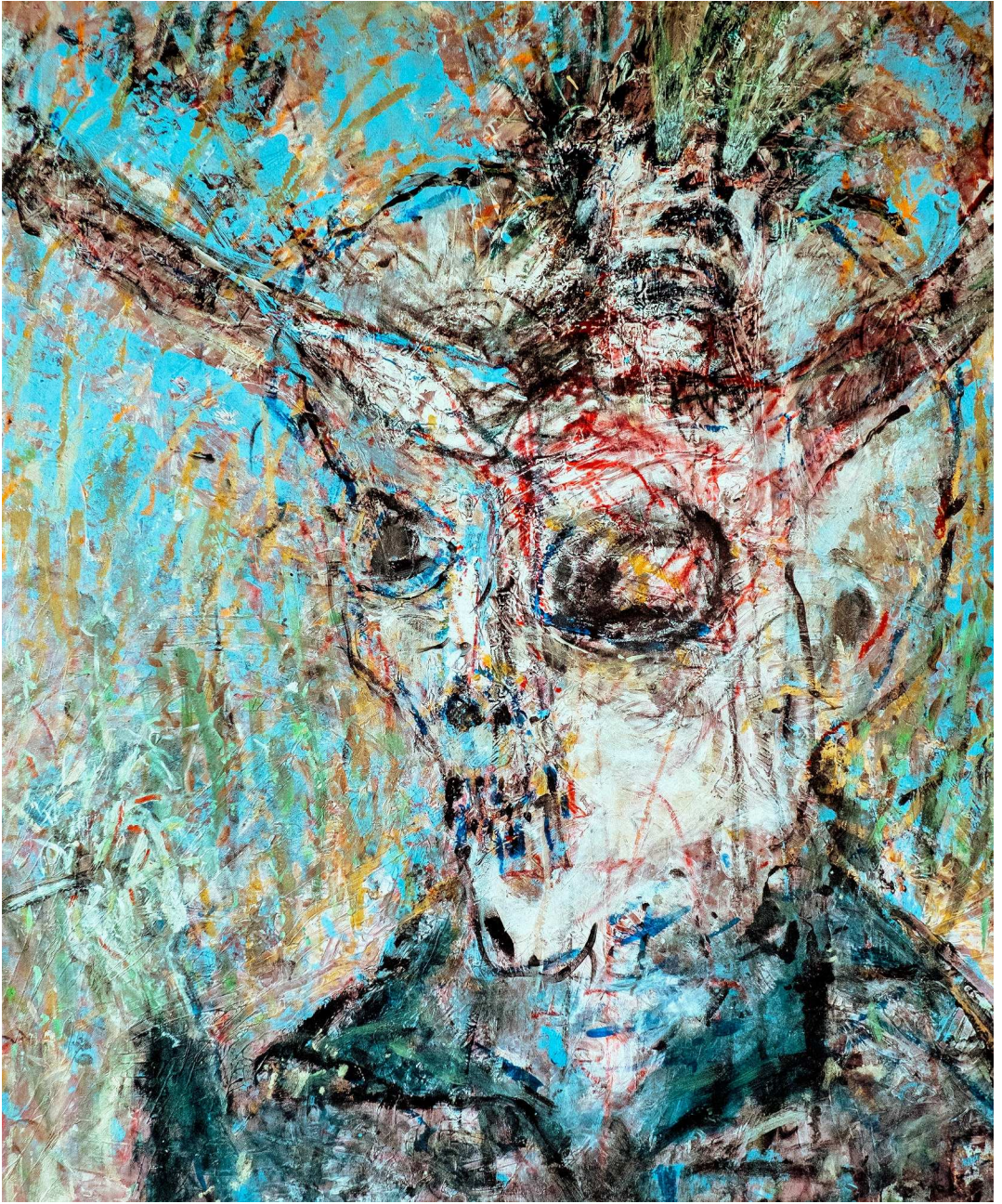
Time is our soul  
Space is our minds  
God is love  
Love is Within  
We are the universe.



























Bleu Fleur

There's something about her  
something that touched my heart  
when she looks at me  
with those diamond oak eyes  
I get lost...  
only to find myself kissing you  
because when we touch  
Our bodies, lips, legs and fingertips,  
timelessly melt away  
Then she smiles  
and the whole World makes sense.

There's no fire greater than two souls aflame.

You know that pinkish  
purple haze of dawn  
right before the Sun  
shows its face  
I want to live there with you  
In a large hammock  
under the sky  
Miles and Coltrane  
play around the World  
and we are keeping each other  
warm.

my lungs filled up with water  
sometimes we get carried away  
will we ever learn  
its not too late.

wasting away in my head, foolish dreams, and tonight youfe still on  
my mind.

time is washing us off

time is our soul

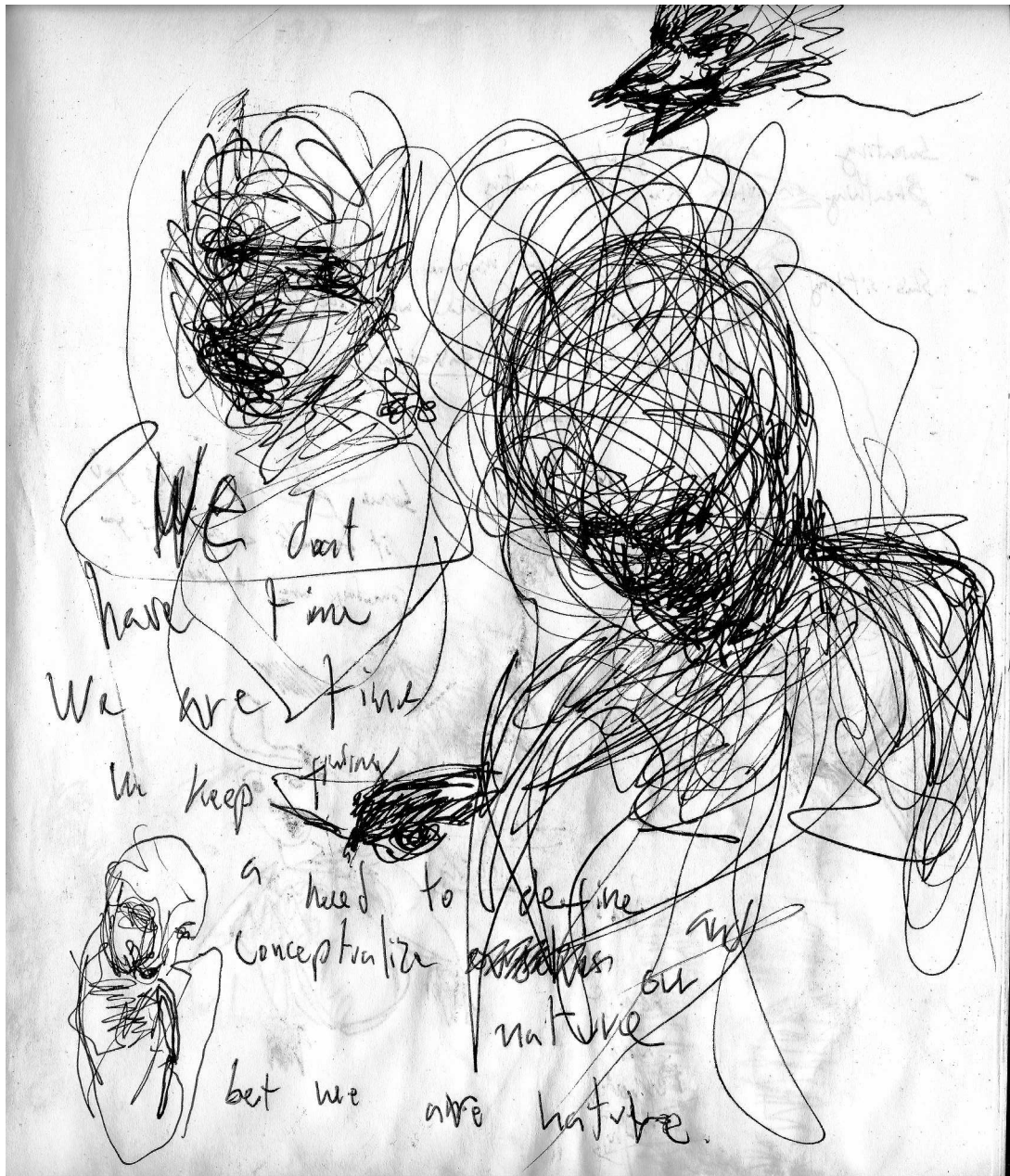
isolation, stranded in a deserted mind, empty of thoughts  
hopes or dreams..  
eventually philosophy leads us to the conclusion  
that life is absurd and meaningless  
to be is to be perceived  
we take an irrational leap of faith  
in order to bring meaning, morality, and value  
to our lives

in meditating on the prison of our reality  
the natural and metaphysical prisons of our minds and emotions  
or the oppressive prisons of our social conditions

to live comfortably numb in a World dominated by vanity and greed  
or to break free from the illusions ingrained in our minds and seek truth.

Manifest yourself, whats impossible in a dream?

What we think we know is real  
is only a construct in our minds



We don't  
have time  
We are fine  
We keep <sup>giving</sup>

need to define  
conceptualize ~~abstract~~ but  
nature  
but we are nature.





I'll probably die  
before they say  
I love you.





Thank you for supporting my art.