

# THE POETIC LIFE

Life is...

Life is complicated. Every time they ask me why I like computing, I say it only appeals to me, but what really happens is that it's so simple, so predictable, so manipulable.

Life is so deafening. We all talk to ourselves, some call it -----consciousness, I don't need to name it, all I need is not to listen to it. Music has always helped me with that, and I don't know if it's funny or sad for music to help me not listen.

Life is a mask. In some indigenous tribes chamales wear masks in their rituals to praise their gods, these masks try to hide evil in their hearts because, as they are commonly said, the eyes are the window of the soul. Sometimes I'm afraid that the mask I'm wearing will make someone see inside my soul and that what's in there will horrify her.

Life is... Lonely.

In the end we will all die as we were born and live, alone, but I will die broken if I keep going like this.

And this will give way for POETIC DEATH to enter.