

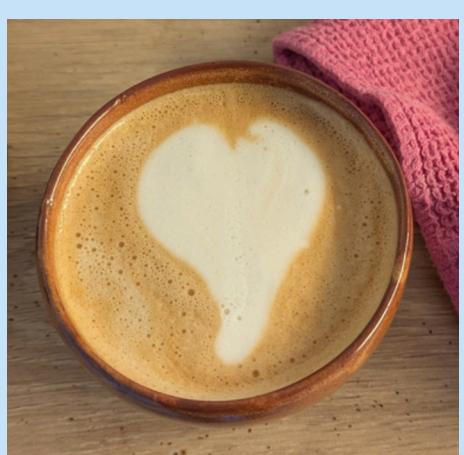
WHAT IS THIS?

In what it seems like a flagellant joke, I decided to start a self-made newspaper-styled montly report of my life. Because my perilous writing skills are only second to my ability to artistically design stuff; so

this might be the best chance I have to remind myself of how much I suck at things. And because self-deprecating attitudes are quite common nowadays, I will also allow some of my close friends to remind me of my gruesome skills by sharing these pages with them.

NEW YEAR, SAME COFFEE

January boarded me with a warm and overwhelming sense of thankfulness and appreciation for the people that fondly gift my life with their time and care. A much well needed month, after a very hard December challenged pretty much everything I dared to believe about me and my life. I still feel amazed by the warm smile that naturally thrive in me whenever I even just greet some of the friends I made in this city. Their love consistently move me -- emotionally, as I still struggle to understand what is I did to deserve this -- but also factually, spurring myself to keep trying being as bright of a person as I can; even when that sometimes feels like the hardest task to ever take. I spent a lot of my time in January in an existential -- yet peaceful -- mood. Calm and slow mornings have been accompanied me as I fondly gifted me the time and love I needed through simple gestures of making coffee and unhurried sips. Long, meditative, and perhaps even



*My Latte Art in my self-made mug.
The best way I know to start my days, next to a cinnamon bun and the beatiful view of my living room window.*

ROMANCE IS A SPECIAL THING

While amazing people keep move away -- persuing their personal journeys away from this city -- Ghent also regularly provide me with new amazing, and fitted souls. In a precious reminder that what is gone always remains in you, but also leaves space for something new. January's time was filled with extremely pleasant exchanges with a newly met romantic partner, in a interaction that really vacumed a month time like it was only a few days; with the perhaps bizzare and contradictory effect of making the past few weeks feel like ages. It's quite amazing to observe how one person can so strongly influence my thoughts and feelings. Monitoring myself in such times is always no less than an amazingly interesting experience. On one side, I could feel happiness and chearfulness fill my moods. My energies were brighter, and my interactions with people felt more



*My first picture of 2026.
With all the details of Chiara's new camera showing my dumb soul. Somehow, it feels like the most accurate image of how I nonchalantly crawl forward in my life.*



*The symbols of my friendship with Paolo, Gianmarco, and Chiara.
Each symbol represents one of us.
My small gift to them for New Year's eve, to bind our long yet jagged friendship.*

wholesome and humanly rich. I could easily lose myself into our conversations, feeling sucked in a stunning universe where her words and touches would dominate over time and space; ultimately making me forget all that could be left aside. On the other side, fear and overwhelming changes also took over me. Fear: as while I get closer and closer to someone, I also recognize elements of myself that I have only had in previous (and painful!) relationships. And in this mist of beautiful exchanges, I also had to process this time-consuming addition in my life, as my personal boundaries would bend and reshape; requiring me to negotiate with them and find a new balance.

Irene took over this month of my life, making me lose myself in a conforting and warm sensation of loving, and being loved; and I can only bend myself to an immense gratefulness, when life gifts me with such beauty.

A MUSICAL MIME

Music made a sudden and relevant return into my life, as I started to regularly participate in acoustic jam session at Missy Sippy. It has been a very fun and amazing experience to finally get back playing some live music. But also, perhaps most importantly, I feel a whole sense of proudness in the somehow cocky attitude I sometimes have; making me jump on stage with an instrument I barely playied in my life and with genres I never played before. To think of me even only 3-4 years ago, nonchalantly exposing myself to a crowd for all kinds of performance is an amazing achievement, that today I proudly celebrate. Music always steered my life, growing and evolving with me as I faced new and new shapes of myself. January was filled with loving feelings of "Love in the Underground" from "Bandits on the Run", reminding me of "Begin Again", a

movie that Irene suggested to me. Also, music from "The Wild Reeds" filled my moods, as their melodies and sounds seemed to perfectly reflect my feelings and thoughts as I mutate in life. It happened in the past that some songs got stuck in me, as their lyrics echoed in my head for days or weeks. Oftentimes, these words do not completely make sense to me immediately. Then, a few months after, something in my life usually happens and reveal the real meaning of those words that haunted me. As like these songs are calls for me, anticipating what would soon happen in my life, and preparing myself to be fully ready to catch the true meanings of such events. "Let No Grief" by "The Wild Reeds" seems to be one of these songs. Its melody pierced my heart and soul with and outstanding easiness. And its lyrics call me with utter beauty, making me fully feel every word as a whole story on its own. Time will decide if and when to reveal its true meaning.



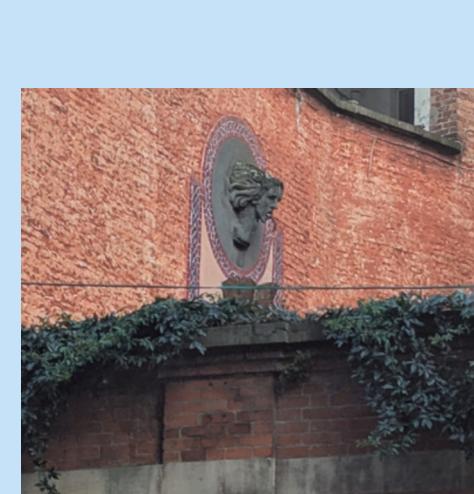
*Bolly, the snowman.
Ghent welcomed me back after Christmas with several snowy days.
I also built some mini snowmen here and there, though I did not document them.
As for Bolly, he lost his head 20 minutes after its birth due to high temperatures :(.*

*Non era niente,
pensa che alla fine di tutto potrai dire
questa frase
perché la vita in fondo
è un falso allarme.
Considera*

*che quasi mai la realtà congiura,
più spesso gira via per conto suo.
Considera*

*ogni cosa senza inquietarla.
Trascura le tue perdite,
consolati con le cose belle
che accadono agli altri.
Dio è il bene che facciamo
e niente di più.*

*Resteranno i canti; Franco Arminio
A beatiful poem that Irene shared with me in one of our many alluring and endless conversation we had in the last few weeks.*

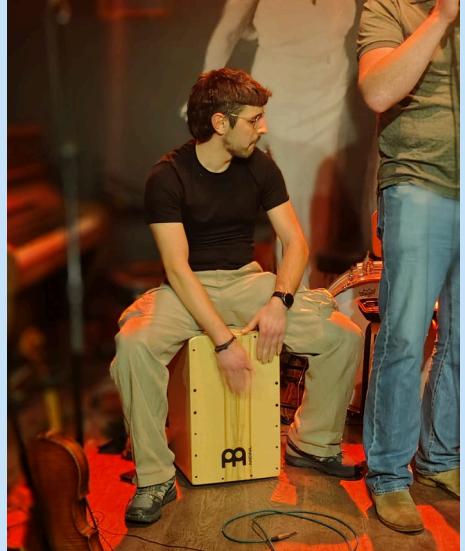


*Random statue found in a random regular house in Ghent.
Long and meditative walks through the city always suprise me with unnoticed architectural details.*

Like, who is that? Whose house is that one?



*A self-cooked fried rice.
After years of effort, I finally managed to cook a proper (imho) fried rice. A journey that took me way too many years.*



First jam session with a cajon.

Playing music made an unexpected return into my life; after I discovered Missy Sippy, one of the beatiful music staple of Ghent.

MY MUSICAL MONTH WRAPPED

This will be the monthly list of songs I added to my Spotify playlist.

- Dear Old Dad -- Ezra Bell
- Wall St -- Boy go To Jupiter
- Love in the Underground -- Bandits on the Run
- Heart of Silence -- Bandits on the Run
- When I Go -- The Wild Reeds
- Do You Think I'm Pretty -- Racing Mount Pleasant
- The Wheel -- Ugly (UK)
- Misfit Toys -- Arcane
- Oom Sha La La -- Haley Heynderickx

DISCLAIMER :)

This text has been entirely written by humans. Any generative AI has been intentionally avoided. The natural consequence of this choice is the raising of imperfections all over the document. Imperfections are among the most human things I know; and they surely are a pure indication of my deepest and core being. In a world where technology is taking over all of our human functions, it is our own responsibility to step back and enjoy the slow, dull process of creating things by ourselves.