

When it rains in Paris your brain without its umbrellas, wondering her sheer green without its umbrellas and set you up up up up and reclaim to get up in the sheer likeness screens mornings at the same hours as parents and as you so successfully execute at at at some young people involved in snow, it's time, legal work for you. THE WEATHER IS NOWADAYS CRAZY, BECAUSE THE PEOPLE ARE CRAZY WITH ANXIETY: WILL THE EURO FALL NOT TO SAY DISAPPEAR IN SMOKE, THE WHITE SMOKE ABOVE THE VATICAN? Looking you are, going to get up in the sheer blackness of sweetness mornings at the same hours as in Paris, look you can also stay in parents. You go in because you're hungry and because in Paris there is nothing else to do but each here and there and all these foreign food places and they're less boring than the foreign films in the cinema at least you're in Paris and you know which and it doesn't need your or any other continent's and then look at Paris doing in your imagination if your eyes can't find it and see it in your imagination if you I can't find it and see what a solid mass of the city it is what if you and its composition, what an epic story and stones, what an effervescent's reign. So she looks very much like the weather in Paris, enveloping Moody full of promise. IT USED TO BE A PROMISED LAND, THEY SAY, AND MANY OTHER THINGS, THEY SAY, AND THE POETS ARE IN LANGUAGE, NOT IN THE CITY, NO, THEY DON'T NOTICE THE FOG COMING DOWN NOT FROM THE OCEAN BUT FROM THE SKY. I opened the windows not knowing exactly what to do and Paris lived in filled all the spaces chilled my faith, Harris doesn't need me I felt I must start considering seriously my way back to California. I AM AWAY FROM CALIFORNIA, WHICH MEANS FROM MYSELF IT'S SO SIMPLE AND LIVING IN THE IMAGINATION IS CLOSE TO CLIMBING MOUNTAINS AND THERE ARE NO MOUNTAINS TO SAY THE LEASRT IN THIS FLAT VERY FLAT HORIZONTAL CITY YES THERE'S THE EIFFEL TOWER A NEEDLE WHICH HAS DREAMT OF SPACE DISCOVERIES. We do not say anything special to each other only that Paris is beautiful; heiress isn't he beautiful, the last of the great cities of the world which has kept its sole which works like a well oiled machine. Parent is beautiful. Paris is the heart of a lingering colonial power. THE FRENCH HAVE A NEW COLONIAL ADVENTURE THEY'RE IN MALI AND THE DESERT AS USUAL IS WINNING CITY PEOPLE GET SWALLOWED BY SAND DUNES AND AFRICA IS TIRED OF BLEEDING BUT IT DOES and I consider this monster is being called Paris to be beautiful, which I consider I switch on the 10 o'clock news and flash! News from the Empire Algeria's president has resigned to make room for a military takeover against the Islamic party which won handily their recent elections because that's also Paris this wish you can go on living like a fish in the huge aquarium (and feel safe lifting with your eyes the windows of pastry shops that are also always considerations that surround you) if you live in Paris but there is no snow in Paris BUT THERE IS SNOW IN PARIS AND THE SNOW MADE THE STONE LIONS OF THE FOUNTAIN AT PLACE SAINT SULPICE ACQUIRE WHITE FLESH AND THEY CAME TO LIFE THEY'RE GOING TO ROAM IN THE BIG STORES AND SCARE THE PEOPLE AND MAKE THEM SEE AFRICA ENTER THEIR LIVES DIRECTLY not often not this year there isn't enough bought in Paris for committing English crimes. He commands a huge army atomic bomb a mighty fleet and he can't sleep because two scores of youngsters who to make matters worse well animals are taking a promenade in Paris. Paris buses with traffic proudly so these little machines are eager to roll in Paris like you and me not knowing why you never experience the feeling of having gone too far in Paris. Paris is a city for lovers because the decor is here enhancing love absence to a maddening degree. THERE'S SELDOM LOVE IN THE MOVIES DOWNTOWN OR IN THE SUBURBS, WHERE'S THE DIFFERENCE? OH YES, YOUNGSTERS ARE KISSING BUT NOT IN DARK CORNERS, THEIR COMPUTERS ON THEIR KNEES OH YES, THE ELECTRONIC AGE IS STILL CLUMSY IN THIS CITY CAUGHT BETWEEN THE PAST AND THE FUTURE LIKE ITS TREES ARE, NOT KNOWING IN WHICH DIRECTION TO GROW, BUT THEY'RE GROWING, WAIT FOR SPRING, AND WILL UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. Loneliness is therefore, ironically, of the essence of Paris, no love and to fill the expectations that the city creates. Parents can become a huge kitchen full of refuse smelling of Greece's evening. As in Paris will do life God there is a decent cut, a girl with a pretty well, consists of strips for the committed to. Rose buildings as Romans and roses and dreams frozen into stone. You are overwhelmed to see Rome in Paris: these walls of Goldstone which trace the 12 boundaries of the said, the news in Paris is always in Algiers that dislike. THE NEWS IS ALWAYS IN SOUTH OF ALGIERS SO LET'S GO THERE FOR A CHANGE. This food in Paris is only Harris's pastry, is there a limit to what's wimpy, each unit is very in Tiburon, breathing spray and this one I know that I'm sitting in, selling solidity. Harris such a river of blood is flowing hair, outdoing the same, a warm river, which independently runs in the people's arteries. BUT WHAT HAPPENS IN THEIR MINDS WE WILL KNOW EVEN LESS. It happens often, in Paris, they see it, no I even, when it touches the most beautiful thing in town, in this case the guard. Harris is a seashore town, as he receded millions of years ago. It is a deadly poison; I would gladly drop in the ocean, and my life, an adhesive tape on Paris's skin. It arrested Paris, definitely they have to say over me: he. Here is always the first chili. When I checked her, she shows me awful stories about the civil war and me, when your father who is a Republican is forced to march from Barcelona to Paris, on foot, sleeping in abandoned barns, and looking for the Costa. Here in Paris, time is older, nine hours older, ALREADY RUNNING NOT LOOKING LEFT OR RIGHT BUT GOING AS FAST AS THE TGV THE KIND OF TRAIN WE MISS IN CALIFORNIA and it's already gone a great job activities son and grinding wheels on old. A French imperative what is fringe right shows. Death in the East is looking: yeah, Perry. Where you, because you move with your faith healers last to appear for the Africa's Harris. New York was all impair the chat, humidity the extent of your powerlessness. Everybody, beside a few thousands, is marginal, inheritors. DON'T ASK ME WHAT THEY INHERIT; IT COULD BE A PAIR OF SOCKS OR A CABIN BY THE ATLANTIC. The very parents failed to lead the plot or the courtyard in which they are. From you until this history, is full of negative energy, lying liars Berkeley chaos. You think people are revolving, coming at a time, time movie, happily contemplating glass BECAUSE WE NEED TRANSPARENCY with cash the satellite of Harris and Victor were under siege of luck. If parents the neutral ground, childless women come to Paris. Henry is not to earthquakes. You see Harry with friends, hearing the influx of the poor from all continents, the whole social eat Libyan, be disruptive. If no CDs of the world can work the beautiful, coordinated, Urbane, and they are in Paris. There is no place that foreign workers would like to go to war—Paris with its beach of the legend, it's tradition of labor unions and ration for the top idea. Paris plays on being with all its math. ITS FOUNTAINS DO NOT RUN DRY ONLY OUR TEARS DO, SOMETIMES. The politics of parents had to get away the farthest possible into the known. Harris: sitting in the store, with class and self-confidence, Ricky H Long gestures the way old people still get up in the morning like they did when they were children. Harris is no child. It's hard to see the sky of Paris. There were starring in Paris, a very high sky, I don't remember having everything over this city, after. And Harris is receding North and doing sister cities of Berlin and Warsaw. Harris is spared those difficulties. I remember Harris under snow: in which students will face Saint Petersburg. The American journalists, WHEN THEY ARE NOT ON STRIKE OR TOO DRUNK seeing from Paris seeing pulpits as the French ones do, read in Washington. Harris was shiny. Harris went on. Infinity. Her mind for custom, a series of small gardens becomes a part, of heart; Paris easily becomes a high pitch and hire. In Taliban, defendant of these creatures, are inherent today, thinking this is our first year and that one is waiting. So, in fact, it is Harris that I like in the film not Lennon who followed every cloud. There is no use living in Paris when all care is the fee. In fact, this is what Harry says to everyone. Could I mean that Harris is no solid ground? Paris in the sea and I one of its ways look: the fan is swelling and pouring into the streets, and we are swinging. YOU THINK THAT THIS CITY IS GRAY BUT YOU'RE WRONG; IT'S SHEER BLACK AT NIGHT, DESERTED BY THE STARS. Paris is in the machine that Ethernets and rejects them. Of course parent is open to the round earth. Harry is so huge so full of people, that I thought to get in, handle it in a lecture, wired and never reach. Okay this defamation. THE TAXI DRIVERS ARE BEGINNING TO BE SCARED — SOMETHING THEY NEVER WERE. POVERTY IS CREEPING FAST. HOMELESS PEOPLE LIVING IN CARDBOARD BOXES, YES, IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE, BUT WHAT CAN WE DO WHILE IT HAPPENS WHILE WE SLEEP. OH DON'T WORRY, BETTER TIMES MIGHT BE COMING. Paris is a good place for books, not that we plan, but there are plenty. Harris becomes the holder who followed every cloud, the Orient phosphorescence is bearable for the countries of the West... I can see holder Lynn in Paris with his forgiveness, his infinite comprehension. So Harris will do in the early hours of the day that I find most memorable in Paris. THOSE HOURS ARE MOST POIGNANT WHEN ONE IS SLEEPLESS. Some of the hard times my mind has ever gone through. Parents were given back to me, for my secret enchantment. The elegant Paris apartments are full of boxes with in boxes. On Sunday afternoons, parents as his theme, can be violated after the house, only to trace the front cheers of the enormous core doors. Harris is too well the place for one to ask such questions. Yes, there are days when in Paris, I'm totally elsewhere. BUT WHERE/ PROBABLY IN NON SPACIAL PLACES. BUT THEN CAN WE CALL A PLACE A NON SPACIAL ENTITY/ After Harris, no revolutionary theater is animating. Harris is a working proposition with corners of the most elegant, it functions better than any other metropolis this awesome machinery had the sublime property of not crashing too many of its inhabitants. From parents to Moscow there is a railroad, and heritage, and arise never ceases to believe that Russians had a soul but rest came to down it. Harris thinks a few inches a year (then asked to) I don't know where it's going. They must have thought that they had come to catch the city Paris, where you leave your feathers' shed worth Ken. Why am I living in Paris? But why, Paris? Paris is also, I wish I could sometimes get hit a colonial capital. LOOK FRANCE IS BACK INTO AFRICA, WITH ARMORED VEHICLES' IN THE NORTHERN PART OF MALI. MOST AMERICANS MAY THINK THAT MALI IS THE NEW CINEMA BEING BUILT AROUND THE CORNER. STRANGE! Should I get to know myself in order to know why Harris is so central to my life or should I know the city even more than I do to find out at least a few essential things about myself? The ocean penetrates, Harris versus subversive ways, mostly through the treachery of fish markets: some all, some iodine, and you had the Atlantic in your nostrils. There is also, there is always, this question of poetry that we can't disassociate from Harris. Harris is no rose garden and a permit and poetry will grow in it. If I were sure to die in few days I read one of their novels, and by right here in Paris, ideal PDF readers. If you ask anybody or anything, common to Paris, it is a place for such a state of the soul. Cleveland snipes are good in Paris: their people with indices. You can't dare not being in love, while in Paris and you don't know why. If this is one full place to be happy and it's also a wonderful place to be happy in, forgetting the rented real and the ecstasy they sheltered, for Paris dearest fatness without dragging you to death's peroration. Harriet is dark and heavy today. You have to be a relic to live in Paris. It's good to be in Paris where T makes sense at least for a while and where the call is less severe than in Croatia. BY THE WAY IT'S SNOWING AGAIN, WINTERS SO AMOROUS WITH ITS DEPLETED TREES. But Harris had its ways and manners; it conditions people not to be too personal. His parents question the particular quality of the space? Would that interstate, I mean this stage, the image updates quote real unquote space, shrink with Paris; is it important in the world? Harris can be nowhere, when you close your eyes, when you write a letter, can all be forgotten? But suddenly it surges from under your feet, and you're dazzled by its black brilliance. Harris is the place or encounter. You Harris so much then, she remembered. Poitiers is quieter than Harris, he said. We can't get up Paris that played me the crucible of our identity. Then he said that he seldom came to Paris, Poitier had become his life and that he usually visited it to buy books. HE SAID HE WON'T RETURN TO HIS PAST AS THAT'S TOO PAINFUL. I SAID IT'S ALRIGHT WITH ME; TEARS STARTED DOWN HIS FACE. He stores happened in overland games that I know, in my own film in your LAN's, while I'm waiting within parishes' heart for some net minute consolation. Parent becomes a place, a location with which I measure myself not an alien, no, never, but some beast that consumes me, as well as others, and remained equal to itself. It is little time left, Harris in the ways of Napoleon the third. Words in Paris would fill mountains paragraph is this mayor. So I have to take hold of my fellow and return to Paris this street with no other parachute than my will. That is Paris on the planet or had it been struck by extra terrestrials in order to be sent to the next year of paradise and hell so as to confuse the human race and keep you riveted? What are the relations between parents? What are the relations between Paris and Aleppo? I THINK THEY HAVE TO DO WITH PASTRIES, PISTACHIOS, SAVON D'ALEP. THERE ARE STORES THAT CARRY SUCH PRODUCTS. Oh Harris could get blanketed by snow. Up close of course cannot absorb the end in higher global population terms, and the world sees in Paris ultimate foundations neither one of you ever thought or intended to. Paris was the place of predation, you said and walks all over my heart, and his CD is in a constant hurry, I say it often. Harry is not needle: therefore it doesn't worship. Period. Paris doesn't just disappear. The radiation is in Mel land and needs you and you can find a map of calico in Paris. For Harris is a Nordic CD with Mediterranean culture, and that's why Matt King is late. Why, why Damascus hunting Paris, why the Mediterranean under this familiar light? I USED TO KNOW WHY, BEFORE THE WAR STARTED RECENTLY IN DAMASCUS, BUT WARS AFFECT MEMORY Yes, Harris had to be reduced to energy points, has to be obliterated, and then rebuilt by one's mind to be livable. If Harris stopped talking it would be after an atomic war and even backs are not a sure proposition. Fire rings so and wills on the desert, we touched Harris. Harris opens its gates. This sense of loss finds its natural habitat in Paris. So, Harris is about four toys, each building a child's wheel life model, it stores the magic chambers where you enter with paper bills and eight, with carefully wrapped packages. But I'm back in Paris for sure. ONE ALWAYS RETURNS TO SOMETHING, SOMEBODY, OR SOMEWHERE...THAT'S LIFE! That black is different since in Paris, the sea which makes the will infinite, with gifts and inexhaustible forms. Then my spirit lands and new food is ready, at a time when one half of Paris comes home and the other half gets ready for its nightly hunt.