**POETRY OF MAX DINIZ CRUZEIRO**

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| **Oscar**  The window, mirror of the soul I peek  Woman whose performance awakens the ballerina  Where the music can not be heard becomes thought  Because the sound bounces my listening as notch  I carry my mind mirrored in the groove  The eyes of God window to my gaze magnetizer  My applause for your brightness translates into my deli  For my thoughts are able to browse beyond the horizon  Whose limit is beyond my score  Steps of a bird to soften the road  The coloring with their feathers the dashed substitute  A symbol that turns my thoughts to symbolize  At these times heaven exists star portions  And each one wish my light  Impression that it stands in the unconscious as a hear  In view of a moonlit a Hawaiian lei.  The manufacture in a structure all dynamic  Affectation of myself in a window: Greek  A carving in stone curves and spheres in geometric ball  Where this is not the akrasia  Since water is continuously on the vein  Thing staged fondly and loved.  \*\*  \*\*\*\*\*  \*\*  \*\*  \*\*\*\*\*\*  \*\*\*\*\*\*\*  \*\*\*\*\*\*  \*\*\*\*\*  \*\*\*\*  \*\*\*  \*\*\*  \*\*\*  \*\*\*  \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* |
| **Rock of the rocks**  Peacemaker man's minds,  eyes of a transformative spirit  devours the blade of dark knowledge  reasoning turn thy countenance boy in a virtuous man  obscene is my desire of reflection that fell on your skin.  Mariner carries the nau of the transmutation of the unconscious,  about you, the rest of the soul translates into free thought,  reading symbolic sigh of wind capture,  turbulent wine to numb rightly neurons thinker.  iceberg fertilizes exploration of my thought,  no one catalog in itself escapes your glance,  imagination that fuels my life drive.  Bel, is its unexplored essence,  outside angelic melody song,  navigating over his wandering spirit who listens.  arrange my heart of your host know,  love the notion of existence,  dejavu the resumption of libido in perfect harmony,  old hand, put in your hands my life to the foundation of his wisdom. |
| **Stages of Relationship**  approach - perception - somatization - questioning - shock - conflict - attrition - affectation - relativity - trade - union - disruption  LLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEEEE  LLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEEEE  LLL IIII VVV VVV EEE  LLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEE  LLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEE  LLL IIII VVV VVV EEE  LLLLLLLLLLLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEEEE  LLLLLLLLLLLL IIII VVV EEEEEEEEEE |
| **Atticus**  A bow launches The arrow  titanium a Strong heart  target of an Infinite memory  inscription: literature Of knowledge  centuries of Infinite melody  ultimatum victory visualization Of triumph  Structure of Divine perfection  Essence to channel The ecstasy  lyricism of a Lovely life  inspiration For love  jewelry to sow in Being temperance  amazing love child Of destiny.  humility of one who knows how To listen  Beauty: Rare a Happy song  expectation for a Better world  horizon Unrivaled joy  reason for True friends.    ^-----------------------------^  ^ ^-----------------------^ ^  ^ T E M P L E A T T I C U S ^  ^/\/\/\/\/\/^---------------^ /\/\/\/\/\/ ^  ||||| |||||  ||||| |||||  ||||| |||||  ||||| |||||  ||||| |||||  ||||| |||||  #### ####  #### #### |
| **Desire**  If the need, anxiety is generated  discomfort or displeasure  can not be stronger than his being  so that pulsion  find rest in pleasure  that the need has reason to his will.  @  @@@@  @@@@  @@@@@  @@@  @@  \\\///  \|/  ' ||  ' ' ' ||  ' ' ||  || |
| **Tale: Mary Magdalene**  Behold, one day was a woman who was found in possession of many men. Good men, enamored by some other concubines and some married. And in the year 30 BC the law was harsh and severe. And the woman was taken to a prophet who was in the region to be tried and sentenced to stoning.  The wise heard all the witnesses, the men who were involved with this woman claimed they were attracted by its impurity and its spells, the wives of men who lay with Magdalene really wanted it to be stoned.  Then the sage asked: where is the adulteress? And all pointed to the ground, with stones in hand ready for stoning, toward the woman who was in tears. And again the sage asked where the adulteration? And all again pointed to the woman who was on the ground crying.  His tears fell at the feet of the thinker who stopped for a moment and said to the crowd:  "When each of you pledged to love each other as a sign of respect for the Creator at least stopped to reflect on the consequences that the adulteration of thought would lead to their own destruction teaching?  What did this woman beyond just love?  I see in their faces adulterated by the expression of a thought that leads to hatred and seeks the destruction of the next as to what gushes misunderstanding.  Who really had adulterated the divine purpose? One that gave the body a sign of love for others or those who changed their initial purpose in interacting with the creator?  Then so be pronounced the sentence. He who does not have it in your face adulterated the true purpose of love that judge this woman for the crimes that have been allocated to it, ... "  And one by one all left without even a stone was thrown.  Author: Max Diniz Cruzeiro  LenderBook Company  How would the master: "Love one another as I have loved you"; "Love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself" |
| **Raise a bridge**  that unites two junctions  k of  n im  I i por YOU  l tant  The bridge is the things things things  The the things things  The the things things  The the things things  The the things things |
| **The building and the scissors**  I I built my future  c w c w built my future  u i u i built my future  t l t l built my future  l l built my future  ttt ttt built my future  hh hh built my future  h h and built my future  ee built my future  e e built my future  e e e e built my future  eee eee built my future  ee P ee built my future  ee A ee on solid foundations on solid foundations  ee S ee on solid foundations on solid foundations  e T e on solid foundations on solid foundations |
| **The path of Freedom**  \*  \* \*  \*\* \*\*  \*\*\* NEW YORK \*\*\*  \*\* \*\*  \* \*  h e a r ts  y  m  e  d  i  s  n  i  g a r e  n a u  i s o n g o  s t y  o g n o t  t o a t a  t d o w n c e e  n a I l r  a p e l g  w a r y w  I t e o o  h h u h  w |
| **Stars of the New York**  In  the the  week week week  Nine of March two thousand and fifteen  03/09/2015 03/09/2015 03/09/2015  108 108 108 108 108 108  ...New Yorkers...  Will gain a star  Gift Gift |
| **Hit the target**  t  a  r  g XXXXXXXX  e X X L XXX  Hit the target Hit the target Hit the target X L o V E  e X X V XXX  g X X E XXX  r  a  t |
| **Tale: Loaves and Fishes**  We lived in Amman 30 years before Christ. We had a habit of participating in the first solstice spring meeting of traditional Judaic Asaph where we did collect all some food for after a man of the word in brightening up their knowledge and prophetic gift.    With each new solstice were instructed to take increasingly less food with the intention of making a fast to purify the meat. And it happened that this year we had managed to gather only 5 loaves (1kg each bread) and two fish (great size for a family each). The crowd was huge. Altogether it was calculated that somewhere around 4,000 people. It was then that a great teacher of the word this time made us reflect on our own satiety in receiving the word and not share with others.    Can man be absent from his duty? Man can not receive the word and share the teaching? Man can only feed a crowd with these loaves and fishes that they brought? No one knew the answer. No one could see what was behind much wisdom. So the man ordered to divide between all the communion and sharing of offerings.    The murmurs of the master of the word was insane thrived ... Nobody wanted to believe ... until he ordered Amman came a cauldron whose use was for large wedding celebrations.    And upon arriving, ordered them and grate the bread that cooking the fish, and then deposit it in 600 liters of water into the container. Asked that the children entered the lawn and reap herbs. And most were 10 kg of herbs. At the end there was enough food for everyone. The broth was fed while the word understood.    And all rejoiced ... gorged on bonanza, and remained without hunger until the time of departure led everyone back to Amman. |
| **Satellite**  Probe will find out  Song of the Universe  to eternal tie. |
| **A message to the United States**  Soldiers are strong for combat  The fight is always an achievement of the previous day to the next  It should be conquer the soul of freedom  Live is to conquer each step day by day.  Fighting is settling down before the chaos  To conquer all eternity.  Be pure of heart  Oh noble soldier.  For your virtue beyond the time barrier.  Millions of fighters I see every day at sunrise arise.  To build their lives in anonymity.  As stars of perfection of dawn.  Luminaries as the fire consumes ever.  Although some brave not understand you  The true spirit of the fight one day open eyes  who insists stick with hitting you.  We are all birds that roam in our ways  The sun, the breeze, the moonlight, the jasmine, the horizon and the front.  Why do you struggle so much?  To get to the essence of yourself, I suppose.  Of every man, of every brave, every woman  Looks attentive towards the infinite.  All for love.  This rule applies to Soldiers North America. |
| **Post of the Night: The sensory testing**  1) People take samples of the environment and other people all the time.  2) When individuals fit the stimuli of his constituency become sensory validation  machines.  3) People react to validate the stimuli as the emanations of thoughts picked by  human senses were channeling themselves.  4) For this reaction to the sinister look, the unwanted thought expressed by  speech, not liked by gesture, by misunderstood thing ... in response affects the  environment again.  5) And a cycle of disorder settles until individuals are unaware of habitat and  move the harmony channel instead of disorder. |
| **I and God**  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledge  knowledge  I know.ledge  knowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge  Knowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledgeknowledge |
| **Buda**    E R N  T I  E D E SIRA BILI TY  P L E SUA RE Y  H SS  EAR E  T I N Y  I C  N N  D E  E P E N D |
| **Life is a Play**  We got on the scene, in an environment tightly planned. Perhaps it is "person" who at best is a being that has presence , past, present and future. Birth and death. In this grand stage to tell each other everything that our essence was able to settle with time. Leave memories recorded in "person-stage" temporarily welcomed us.  The goals of individuals are diffuse. The mass of individuals is composed of bargains complex individual goals. Beings are grouped by similarity of purpose and they play opposite to print on the "person-peel" his divine assistance.  We are all actors, some cry, others laugh, others cry... and laugh. We spent the drama, the comedy ephemeral at lyricism of survival with and without cause, many psychodrama arise , ...  We ignore terms play opposite to the sweet illusion of achievement, misfortune, to make himself God, heroism, spotless conduct , ... Why ?  To be worthy of what? If you already have everything in the house of the Father. So many players come here to play, to circumvent laws, make war tactics... because in their heavenly abodes is far to the realism of these have only one opportunity, the certainty of a unique existence. What gain in ignoring the obvious? In their homes, or heavenly abodes you already have everything?  Life is a theater piece.... ... act in which you currently stars opposite? In that text, officers await their inclusion to participate in a plot? You are aware that play opposite? His story builds, rebuilds, or destroys itself and/or many others?  Oh heavenly! My text-narrator insinuates that your children come to you for so many inconsequential adventures? Have not you taught the gift of living eternally in your homes?  Know... know... know... to enjoy life... for those who live in the heavenly vaults may be one... but for those who are conscious is eternal. |
| **The effect of predictability**  When man reaches perfection in any area want to chaos.  Why feel hostage to the predictability  that will give a sense of lack of free will of his ideas,  because a full understanding of the law governing an argument-event.  So for the perfect thing, man will put imperfection  to return the imprecise nature of the facts that surround it. |
| **Miley Cyrus**  Miles distant worlds apart  I, when I intoned my song in your reality  Lives, approached in paradise  Excitation of neurons led me to your world.  Yes, now we share the same course, the same system.  ...  Circus, this is what the people need.  Yes, to flow through the foolishness of the message to wake up the world.  Rhyme for me does not exist in the word but in the sense  Unarmed in an insane world  Sacrifice to decode the message that comes from afar. |
| **Statisticianese**  I'll make an average kisses,  Calculate the variances of your attention,  Put you as my mode charts  Do correlation between their libido and my love.  Calculate the distance between the points of infinite pleasure.  Generate moments and find elements of estimation are not tendentious in my love.  I will not treat you as an extreme point,  but as a measure of central tendency.  I will relativize my love for you!  You call point, line, monitoring or metric.  Predicting the good times,  Check trends where our love should go...  And when you equalize the index upward  will be dependent on their whims and independent in my love for you.  'll Generate hypotheses that will be made to make you happy.  Generate a uniform distribution of true feeling for life.  Will be normal as most.  My probability will be sure of corresponded love.  And the whole sample of my desire is the manifestation of all my body for you. |
| **The Prodigal Son**  When a father of five  came home faced  with one in five children of convalescence  which he will pay more attention?  So organizations should be  when in a department or group,  one member is left out  of the production process.  Discard the individual or rescue? |
| **Rooted**  It was once a good and honest worker calculation area.  His life was encode the world on your back in the form of numbers and proportions of these.  When he saw the sun, looking for the angle to calculate its axis,  when he saw another human being quantified his features,  gestures and inferred about their possible reactions.  Poor man, he did not see the horizon as a screen display of Monet,  who did not see the other as an extension of divine knowledge.  So is the mason, electrician, psychologist, engineer,  administrator, businessman, politician, ...  men who are good at what they do, but each in view of the world that surrounds it.  Because it is simpler to be one ... than having multiple views of the same mind. |
| **Madness**  Madness!  crazy  hollow  The concrete Brasilia're cracking.  rift  catches  two men in auto  which is now das auto  mule  no more  in slum  has foot pedestrian  manhole  and walking dead.  naked  the statue in the street  filth of powers  clumsy  arise in the mind doping  a minstrel  fallacy  of people to talk too much  as "much"  were Chinese  one fifth of the world's  people like us  to survive the madness  continue reading  without realizing  the time walks  and the distance  scroll through the Eye  eager to see what will give  romance  For Juliet had Romeo  but Romeo had no Juliet  at the end  So was Drama  that embarrassment  without conception  the candle flame  that does not fade  fools cry  the crazy laugh  of the plot  wolves howl  to the moon  and the crazy howl  to the moon  So crazy are wolves?  Or wolves are crazy?  The dichotomy arises  of chaos.  Because the crazy laugh  are so happy  If you cry,  lament  by able  boys time  or ladies of the inconsistency.  now we are  Das  Das auto  the dichotomy  between the plural the singular.  Or singular to the plurality.  the language  Das language  Deutsche: Der Deutsche.  Madness!  Am: Ich bin. |
| **Cycle**  The eagle launches flight and beyond the mountain  trout runs along the river and across the ocean  both to return to their nests.  The eagle is hunting  while the trout a dreamer  The perception of such different worlds makes life renew. |
| **The social**  Nude printed in the face of that withholds it,  Piece of a person that picks the flesh off the soul all the drunkness.  The man, black suit and tie  Makes himself poor, black, white, yellowish  Everytime that in the face sees the printed nude.  The bright of the same infectum rotten,  In flight sesations of torpifyed feelings.  Lasciviousness, promiscuity, degeneration, …  It is not in the sapiens social state,  But for the printed nude that encloses the society.  Mourning, disdain, misery of the pure carnage…  You think you believe, your body condemns you,…  The cold soil, insects, worms waits for you.  Luxury of torrents currents of insane thoughts,  Garbage of unconscious corpses, zombies that wanders in darkness.  Polite ways, fashion things of illiterate scholars,  Cannibal capitalism of exaggerated consumerism.  Strange life that waits for the illusory escape from the skeptical labyrinth.,  Of the search of a decreasing perception.  Primates that judges being the owner of the universe,  beastly mind that condemns itself and the nature.  Cursed impure man,  Your badness won’t go beyond the time,  Your destiny will be the disdain of the ones who conceived you,  And you a mercenery, the soul the condemns you.  Disgusting creature when disclosed your nude of the vestments that hides you. |
| **Snail**  n a s  e i  v p s e  e i g f  r r . n i  - a l i l  e n d l  a  E t e r n |
| **Here with me**  H  e e e  r r r  e e e  w w w  I i i  t YOU t t  h h h  m m m  e em h t i w e r e H e |
| **Crossroad**  You walk through the fields, ... I run down the road  One observes, ... the other waiting reaction  A reminder, ... a sigh on the other side  You outlines a word, ... I do not let you express your love  Maybe the pursuit of an illusion ... Perhaps the illusion of a quest  Both in one hope  Just be happy!  @>----}-- The important thing is to love --{---->@ |
| **Your Name**  My breath is short for you Milly  As my eyes exude for you Yannick  ...  I will not flee Molly  In order to achieve the desires of Irene  For loads in your face time Retha  Brilliantly as Robert  So that the color does not come out of thee Orabel  And I see their faces in the morning Raelyn  ...  And take what is really important Idony  Calm of nature as Serena  ...  And marvel at its beauty Yolanda  Go beyond thrilled with the universe Oda  Power conferred on it by Ula  ...  I admire Maybelle,  And the essence I glorify Yieshah.  ...  Place purity of soul thou Linnet  The LORD be with you Ora  In the fortress of Valarie  And make life as Eda. |
| **Love**  Love  Love  Love  Love  Love  Love  Love  Love Love Love  Love Love Love  Love Love Love  Love Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  Love Love  LoveLove  Love  Love Love Love  Love Love Love  Love  Love  Love Love Love  Love Love Love  Love  Love  Love Love Love  Love Love Love |
| **The shadows speak**  When this boat adrift at sea  The shadows speak.  When a broken heart finds no reason  The shadows speak.  In the streets, crossings and connections  The shadows speak.  In the body that dances, walks, runs and stands  The shadows speak.  On the moon, the stars and the sky  The shadows speak.  About physics, chemistry and biology  The shadows speak.  In constant renewal  The shadows speak  Under the creeping life and love bubbly  The shadows speak.  In the wisdom of the thing made  The shadows speak.  In the consciousness of the creator  The shadows speak.  Not in death,  which is the gateway to the integration of the entire  But in death,  on the body that is matter  that it makes the shadows his place in space. |
| **Call for Eternity**  I compare you to the sun  that guides me in difficult moments of life  the folly of running in the rain  and wet, and fall in the mud, and soaking the clothes, ...  You are my eyes now  I am part of you  at this moment  You have no comparison with anyone  because you are a seed that sprouted  a life that is not extinguished  in memory of infinity  I compare you to the stars  because they are infinite as grains of sand  I want you to also print on me  so I can be a bit of you too  Because you have no comparison  anyone who has seen one day.  All the foolishness  Let me run in the rain? |
| **Mother Nature**  At dawn the flame shines  the dew drops from the leaves  dampening the floor  the seeds sprout  under the sun that shines  makes the sea charm with its waves  Where are the birds?  song for a happy day  Where are the flowers?  joy to the eyes  soon comes the night  delirium for lovers  Wolf Howl to acclaim  the formation of dew  to a new day  sunrise. |
| **Elo**  When I looked into your eyes  for the first time  I saw a couple of clouds,  two swans  and a garden in color.  You then closed your eyes, ...  Desperation took hold of my heart ...  Acceptance?  My palms sweated,  My body froze  and my senses became airborne.  That's when I saw your eyes open  an emotion took over me  I became a child, adolescent and illuminated  My eyes turned fires  my hands were complements of your arms  Acceptance!  My lips were your lips.  My life became his  when we said "yes"  till death do us part. |
| **Seeking the Sun**  His voice is the same voice  when I hear you  I taste a song of time  Why do not you listen to me?  Why?  Return to me  in the form of a bird  I listen to your voice  in time, in space, at infinity ..  his voice, my voice ..  Just to tell you  I love you, ...  I love you, ...  I love you, ...  back to me!  The memory will bring you  to me from another dimension  do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, ...  I will find the musical note  to bring you back to me  I'll build a spaceship  to get you on Mars  a potent submarine  to plumb the depths of the ocean  and rescue his soul  Just to tell you  I love you. |
| **Legend**  Jasmines are flowers of paradise...  an absolute work of God...  sense of the splendid inheritance...  omniscience of God to his servants...  nutrient for the pure of heart.  Nobody can be absolutely...  album, which sets no time...  The love for resemblance does warm the soul...  harmonic songs echo in the life of love audible noise...  actors are like living shadows...  nugget, voice and feelings of those who want to hear...  igneous flame that all travel...  exercise for the imagination of those who observe...  living is not for everyone - only the strong survive.  Birthdays are acts that comprise only a single contemplation...  equivalent to the jasmine garden of the Lord...  host for the coming...  real, for those who know how to love. |