**POETRY OF MAX DINIZ CRUZEIRO**

|  |
| --- |
| **Oscar**The window, mirror of the soul I peekWoman whose performance awakens the ballerinaWhere the music can not be heard becomes thoughtBecause the sound bounces my listening as notchI carry my mind mirrored in the grooveThe eyes of God window to my gaze magnetizerMy applause for your brightness translates into my deliFor my thoughts are able to browse beyond the horizonWhose limit is beyond my scoreSteps of a bird to soften the roadThe coloring with their feathers the dashed substituteA symbol that turns my thoughts to symbolizeAt these times heaven exists star portionsAnd each one wish my lightImpression that it stands in the unconscious as a hearIn view of a moonlit a Hawaiian lei.The manufacture in a structure all dynamicAffectation of myself in a window: GreekA carving in stone curves and spheres in geometric ballWhere this is not the akrasiaSince water is continuously on the veinThing staged fondly and loved. \*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* |
| **Rock of the rocks**Peacemaker man's minds,eyes of a transformative spiritdevours the blade of dark knowledgereasoning turn thy countenance boy in a virtuous manobscene 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 - disruptionLLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEEEELLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEEEELLL IIII VVV VVV EEELLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEELLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEELLL IIII VVV VVV EEELLLLLLLLLLLL IIII VVV VVV EEEEEEEEEE LLLLLLLLLLLL IIII VVV EEEEEEEEEE |
| **Atticus**A bow launches The arrowtitanium a Strong hearttarget of an Infinite memoryinscription: literature Of knowledgecenturies of Infinite melodyultimatum victory visualization Of triumphStructure of Divine perfectionEssence to channel The ecstasylyricism of a Lovely lifeinspiration For lovejewelry to sow in Being temperanceamazing love child Of destiny.humility of one who knows how To listenBeauty: Rare a Happy songexpectation for a Better worldhorizon Unrivaled joyreason for True friends.  ^-----------------------------^ ^ ^-----------------------^ ^ ^ T E M P L E A T T I C U S ^ ^/\/\/\/\/\/^---------------^ /\/\/\/\/\/ ^ ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| #### #### #### #### |
| **Desire**If the need, anxiety is generateddiscomfort or displeasurecan not be stronger than his beingso that pulsionfind rest in pleasurethat 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 CruzeiroLenderBook CompanyHow 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 tantThe bridge is the things things things The the things thingsThe the things thingsThe the things thingsThe 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 wI 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 outSong of the Universeto 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 predictabilitythat 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 chartsDo 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 upwardwill 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!crazyhollowThe concrete Brasilia're cracking.riftcatchestwo men in autowhich is now das automuleno morein slumhas foot pedestrianmanholeand walking dead.nakedthe statue in the streetfilth of powersclumsyarise in the mind dopinga minstrelfallacyof people to talk too muchas "much"were Chineseone fifth of the world'speople like usto survive the madnesscontinue readingwithout realizingthe time walksand the distancescroll through the Eyeeager to see what will giveromanceFor Juliet had Romeobut Romeo had no Julietat the endSo was Dramathat embarrassmentwithout conceptionthe candle flamethat does not fadefools crythe crazy laughof the plotwolves howlto the moonand the crazy howlto the moonSo crazy are wolves?Or wolves are crazy?The dichotomy arisesof chaos.Because the crazy laughare so happyIf you cry,lamentby ableboys timeor ladies of the inconsistency.now we areDasDas autothe dichotomybetween the plural the singular.Or singular to the plurality.the languageDas languageDeutsche: Der Deutsche.Madness!Am: Ich bin. |
| **Cycle**The eagle launches flight and beyond the mountaintrout runs along the river and across the oceanboth to return to their nests.The eagle is huntingwhile the trout a dreamerThe 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 tieMakes himself poor, black, white, yellowishEverytime 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 roadOne observes, ... the other waiting reactionA reminder, ... a sigh on the other sideYou outlines a word, ... I do not let you express your loveMaybe the pursuit of an illusion ... Perhaps the illusion of a questBoth in one hopeJust be happy! @>----}-- The important thing is to love --{---->@ |
| **Your Name**My breath is short for you MillyAs my eyes exude for you Yannick...I will not flee MollyIn order to achieve the desires of IreneFor loads in your face time RethaBrilliantly as RobertSo that the color does not come out of thee OrabelAnd I see their faces in the morning Raelyn...And take what is really important IdonyCalm of nature as Serena...And marvel at its beauty YolandaGo beyond thrilled with the universe OdaPower conferred on it by Ula...I admire Maybelle,And the essence I glorify Yieshah....Place purity of soul thou LinnetThe LORD be with you OraIn the fortress of ValarieAnd 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 LoveLove 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 seaThe shadows speak.When a broken heart finds no reasonThe shadows speak.In the streets, crossings and connectionsThe shadows speak.In the body that dances, walks, runs and standsThe shadows speak.On the moon, the stars and the skyThe shadows speak.About physics, chemistry and biologyThe shadows speak.In constant renewalThe shadows speakUnder the creeping life and love bubblyThe shadows speak.In the wisdom of the thing madeThe shadows speak.In the consciousness of the creatorThe shadows speak.Not in death,which is the gateway to the integration of the entireBut in death,on the body that is matterthat it makes the shadows his place in space. |
| **Call for Eternity**I compare you to the sunthat guides me in difficult moments of lifethe folly of running in the rainand wet, and fall in the mud, and soaking the clothes, ...You are my eyes nowI am part of youat this momentYou have no comparison with anyonebecause you are a seed that sprouteda life that is not extinguishedin memory of infinityI compare you to the starsbecause they are infinite as grains of sandI want you to also print on meso I can be a bit of you tooBecause you have no comparisonanyone who has seen one day.All the foolishnessLet me run in the rain? |
| **Mother Nature**At dawn the flame shinesthe dew drops from the leavesdampening the floorthe seeds sproutunder the sun that shinesmakes the sea charm with its wavesWhere are the birds?song for a happy dayWhere are the flowers?joy to the eyessoon comes the nightdelirium for loversWolf Howl to acclaimthe formation of dewto a new daysunrise. |
| **Elo**When I looked into your eyesfor the first timeI saw a couple of clouds,two swansand a garden in color.You then closed your eyes, ...Desperation took hold of my heart ...Acceptance?My palms sweated,My body frozeand my senses became airborne.That's when I saw your eyes openan emotion took over meI became a child, adolescent and illuminatedMy eyes turned firesmy hands were complements of your armsAcceptance!My lips were your lips.My life became hiswhen we said "yes"till death do us part. |
| **Seeking the Sun**His voice is the same voicewhen I hear youI taste a song of timeWhy do not you listen to me?Why?Return to mein the form of a birdI listen to your voicein time, in space, at infinity ..his voice, my voice ..Just to tell youI love you, ...I love you, ...I love you, ...back to me!The memory will bring youto me from another dimensiondo, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, ...I will find the musical noteto bring you back to meI'll build a spaceshipto get you on Marsa potent submarineto plumb the depths of the oceanand rescue his soulJust to tell youI 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. |