

A STORY LIKE A POEM

It was then. Then when I thought of St Mary. St Mary the Montmartre and it came up to me. The story of her. Of Mariam, the most innocent blessed girl who was cursed and then blessed by God. Jesus forgave her for what she was told were her sins. But still, she was on the spot.

I like to walk in the streets. Streets of Nicosia, the streets of Paris, London and San Francisco in the past. I feel I always have to light a candle, in remembrance to those I loved and they are forgiven. When I think I heard somebody praying to Allah, it came up to me to visit Mecca as a tourist and bring all religions together, all nationalities and cultures together and I am not the first one. I'm the last. It's the whole idea of bringing nationalities and cultures together and then the whole planet will feel blessed. Blessed by God. Because God's eye follows you everywhere and the spacemen undertake my thoughts when I stepped. And it was all footprints and then when I lost my footprints, it was then when God carried me all the way. And it came up to me to think of the emperor and paint the emperor of China. And then it was all about Buddhism and I was about to, when I heard my financial was not good and I had. I had to work on it because I still had to build my empire. The whole empire all over again...

Explanations of the Paintings

C'est la mer. La mer rocheux et bleue. Toute bleue. C'est l'impressionism du ciel bleu qui refilete dans l'eau de la mer. Comme l. oiseaux neuf et bleue. Connais-tu les danseurs bleue du Degas?

C'est la fille.

La fille d. Aphrodite. La saurier rouge... Toute rouge... Elle a vollee dans une cubage de l'air.

C'l'interpretation du cavernes aux Lasceaux... Comme une combat sans sang avec des taureaux noir.

C'est la couleur des fleurs dans la vase. Comme le dessin de Claude Monet. Et le chromosome est jaune dans la cellule nuclei et les genes est tombee au dessous la table... C'est la fille mélange et blonde.

Admirez comme l'idololatre de la nature...