

WHIS
PERS
IN
THE
TWT
LIGHT

FULVIO GONELLA

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CONDO BOARD



In a world that's much like ours, though strange,
Lies a body shared, a range, wide range.
Monstrous characters, each grand, diverse,
Together govern, for better or worse.

A microcosm, of the world outside,
A battleground, where desires collide.
In their struggles, reflections we find,
Of our own battles, of body and mind.

As the narrative unfolds, a change,
A journey of self, a dance, a range.
The essence of existence, life's dance,
A tale of healing, of second chance.

This tale, the opening of our book,
Sets the stage, come take a look.
A dance of life, transformation, too,
The dance of the Condo Board, old and new.



COFFEE SLAVE

A giant, bending low, with strength immense,
Over a coffee cup, the aroma is dense.
A symbol of our times, the daily grind,
In the dance of life, a rhythm we find.

The giant, a metaphor for the modern slave,
Bound by the chains of the coffee, we crave.
In this dance, the duality of our day,
A battle for freedom, in every way.

As the steam rises, a transformation begins,
A story of hope, in a world of sins.
In each sip, a taste of a life, anew,
The dance of the coffee slave, a tale, true.



NIGHT WALK

A character, aflame, in yellow light,
Walking in the night, a wondrous sight.
An owl on its shoulder, a companion true,
A tale of friendship, of old and new.

A dance of shadows, of stars, of moon,
A journey of night, a silent tune.
A tale of transformation, of warmth, of flight,
A story of companions, in the dark of the night.

As the narrative unfolds, a flicker, a spark,
A tale of a journey, through the quiet, the dark.
A dance of life, of dreams, of night,
The flaming character, with owl, takes flight.

STARING CONTEST



In Lornwood's heart, where legends intertwine,
Nestled 'twixt the mountains and the forest's shrine,
Two ancient owls, Thalor and Lurien, arise,
Guardians of the past, and futures yet to prize.

Silvery Lurien, with eyes that gleam with yore,
Golden Thalor, dreaming dreams of what's in store.
On the Night of Whispers, in the arcane site,
Their gazes challenge all, in the mystic light.

Lurien's gaze, a journey through the past,
Thalor's eyes, of dreams and hopes amassed.
In the forest, on this night of lore,
Visions granted, opening a door.

As dawn whispers, the owls fade from sight,
Leaving behind dreams, in the morning light.
Close your eyes, in Lornwood's warm embrace,
Dreams and memories, in your heart, will trace.

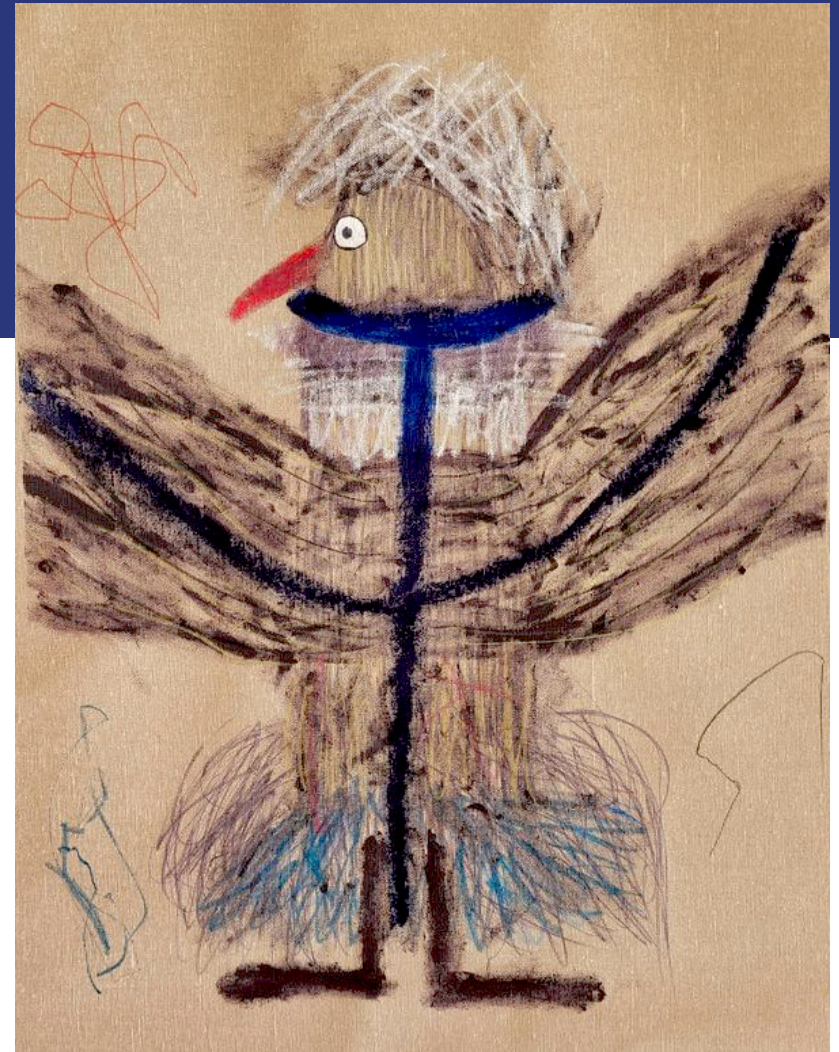
I
AM

A majestic eagle, wings open wide,
Soaring through the sky, with grace and pride.
A symbol of strength, of freedom, of flight,
A tale of transformation, from darkness to light.

As the eagle soars, a dance of air and wind,
A journey of self-discovery, of where one has been.

A tale of duality, of the old and the new,
A story of becoming, of the many and the few.

As the narrative unfolds, a flight, a glide,
A tale of an eagle, on life's wild ride.
A dance of the heart, of the soul, of the sky,
The majestic eagle, with open wings, flies high.



**TIGER,
TIGER
BURNING
BRIGHT**



A tiger, ferocious, with aura of fire,
A creature of strength, of will, of desire.
A dance of flames, a leap, a flight,
A tale of power, in the dark of the night.

A journey of transformation, of rage, of fight,
A story of survival, of bringing the light.
As the narrative unfolds, a blaze, a gleam,
A tale of a tiger, a vision, a dream.

A dance of life, of passion, of heat,
The tiger, a symbol, of triumph, complete.

PURPLE RAIN DANCES ON A ZEBRA WHISPER



In a meadow, where reality bends,

A peculiar zebra, on whom magic descends.

Three-legged, distinct, a sight so grand,
Amongst giant purple droplets, it takes its stand.

These droplets, a dance of the cosmos, profound,
With each one carrying a piece of star's sound.
Whispering tales of distant worlds, bright and clear,
The zebra, a canvas for the universe, to adhere.

In this dance, the duality of nature unfolds,
A tale of transformation, in each droplet it holds.
So, let your imagination in this meadow leap,
With the zebra and the purple rain, secrets to keep.



THE WALK OF AN OUTLAW



In a world of rules, both big and small,
A cheerful dog, heedless of them all.
Colors bright, a spirit free,
Marking territory, where it shouldn't be.

A sign that says, "No dogs, please, here,"
But our hero, bold, shows no fear.
In this act, a rebellion, a stand,
Challenging norms that rule the land.

A dance of duality, in colors bright,
Between conforming and taking flight.
For in this dance, transformation lies,
In defying the norm, true freedom lies.

THE STORYTELLER



In a field of blue, so bright, so wide,
A character stands, with a smile, no hide.
Red as a rose, and kind as the day,
A storyteller, in every way.

With tales of duality, of joy and strife,
Of transformation, and the dance of life.
A dance of shadows, of light and dark,
The storyteller spins tales, a lark.

As the narrative unfolds, a web, a thread,
A journey of self-discovery, nothing to dread.
A tale of change, of laughter, of tears,
The storyteller, a friend, who clears all fears.

RUPESTRIAN DREAM



DON QUIJOTE 3.0



In a world where old meets new, and dreams take flight,
Don Quixote embarks on a journey, full of light.
Mounted on his faithful burro, so steadfast and true,
He faces a new foe, an electric fan, a challenge to subdue.

As the windmill blades of old, this fan spins round and round,
In the modern world, new battles, new quests are found.
With courage in his heart, and dreams that never wane,
Don Quixote, our hero, faces the fan, undeterred by the strain.

As the blades whirl and twirl, in a dance of light and air,
Don Quixote charges forward, with determination and care.
Though the world has changed, and new challenges arise,
The spirit of adventure, in his heart, never dies.

In a dance of old and new, of tradition and the modern day,
Don Quixote, ever valiant, fights the fan, come what may.
A tale of transformation, of dreams that never fade,
Of a hero, timeless, in a world, ever remade.



MAKE FLOWERS BLUE AGAIN

In a world of hues and myriad shades,
A vase stands tall, a spectacle that never fades.
Blooms of blue, a sight so rare,
Capturing hearts, making all aware.

The vase, a symbol of time's gentle flow,
Embracing change, yet letting the past glow.
In its depths, the duality of existence lies,
A dance of shadows and light, beneath the skies.

Amidst the chaos, a transformation unfolds,
A return to the origins, as the tale is retold.
For in embracing the past, a new future we find,
In the blue of the flowers, a balm for the mind.

IL DUELLO



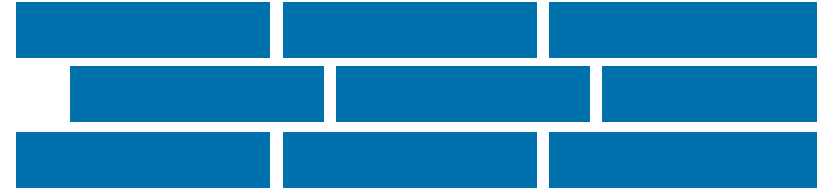
When honor holds the key to
one's esteem,
Two souls, locked in a duel,
in the morning beam.

Eyes ablaze, pistols drawn in the air,
A dance of fate, amid a tension, rare.

A symbol of an age that's long gone past,
A battle of wills, with shadows cast.
In each step of this dance, man's duality,
A struggle for honor, through all of reality.

As smoke disperses, transformation takes hold,
A story of survival, of thresholds, bold.
In each movement, the true nature of man,
Revealed in the duel, as only life can.

WALL DEFENSE



A soldier, brave and kind, stands tall,
With sword in hand, defends the wall.
A smile on his face, determination in his eyes,
A tale of courage, as he defies the skies.

A dance of shadows, of foes, of friends,
A journey of defense, on which he depends.
A tale of transformation, of strength, of might,
A story of resilience, from morning till night.

As the narrative unfolds, a hymn, a song,
A tale of valor, of a soldier strong.
A dance of life, of struggle, of mend,
The soldier, a hero, defends till the end.

SHE HAS NO FEAR



A girl, a warrior, cute and small,
With sword and shield, she stands tall.
A smile on her face, so bright, so clear,
A tale of courage, she has no fear.

A dance of shadows, of light and dark,
A journey of strength, a powerful arc.
A tale of transformation, of growth, of fight,
A story of victory, from darkness to light.

As the narrative unfolds, a melody, a cheer,
A tale of bravery, of a warrior dear.
A dance of life, of joy, of glee,
The warrior girl, as strong as can be.

WARRIOR MOMMY



A mummy, a warrior, fierce and bold,
With a sword in her hand, a sight to behold.
In her belly, a child, a life anew,
A tale of duality, of old and new.

A dance of shadows, of life and death,
The warrior mummy, fights with every breath.
A tale of transformation, of strength, of might,
A journey of motherhood, from dark to light.

As the story unfolds, a lesson, a creed,
A tale of love, of sacrifice, of need.
A dance of life, of death, of rebirth,
The warrior mummy, a protector of earth.

SHY AWAY FROM LOVE



In a realm of mystic lore and boundless sight,

Three beings in one form, embraced by the night.

Two of them, enamored, in a love so pure,

While the third, aghast, finds it hard to endure.

Their form, a symbol of unity, yet a divide,

A tale of passion, fear, and a heart that's tried.

In the eyes of the lovers, a universe unfolds,

Yet in the third's gaze, a different story is told.

A dance of duality, a rhythm of the heart,

As love and fear play their intricate part.

For in this dance, transformation is key,

Embracing all facets of love, to truly be free.



**SOL
INVICTUS**

**ALTER
EGO**



GUEST WHAT?



A face, enigmatic, light blue hue,
With long, black hair, a striking view.
Her eyes, a mystery, deep and wide,
A tale of duality, hidden inside.

Is she a friend, or perhaps a foe?
A tale of transformation, only she knows.
A dance of shadows, light and dark,
The mystery of her journey, a question mark.

As the story unfolds, a revelation,
A journey of self-discovery, a celebration.
A tale of change, of dark to light,
The enigmatic woman, takes her flight.

THE FLIGHT



THE FUTURE IS NOW



A man's profile, gazing into the right,
A vision of the future, coming into sight.
A tale of transformation, of dreams taking flight,
A story of a moment, where the past meets the light.

As the man looks ahead, a journey unfolds,
A dance of possibilities, of the new and the old.
A tale of duality, of choices, of now,
A narrative of becoming, of the why and the how.

In a world full of wonders, of mysteries untold,
The man's gaze is a doorway, to a future, behold.
A dance of the present, of the past, of the day,
The future is now, in every step of the way.

FRIENDS





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WHISPERS IN THE TWILIGHT

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