

iamvulnerable
so alive
Art is loving Reality

WRITINGS ON THE WALLS OF THE AIR INTAKE COURTYARD

Vulnerable, therefore Alive

Art is Loving Reality



WRITINGS ON THE WALLS OF THE CELLS

(original sentences written by inmates of the former Pontifical Prison of Velletri)

I'm sorry too!

Love me my God, I beg you with all my heart, not just words

When I die, I'll go to heaven because I've lived intensely in the hell of the living

I no longer want to be myself, I want to surrender to something else

Always live, even when someone doesn't want you to

Don't let anyone deprive you of doing what you want

Cuts on the skin aren't an illusion, they don't heal anymore

Me and everything around me are consumed, what sense does life have?

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