

The background is an abstract, textured surface in shades of orange and red, resembling a close-up of a natural material like wood or stone. The texture is uneven and organic, with various tones from deep red to bright orange. The word "VIBRATION" is superimposed in the lower half of the image.

VIBRATION

ACRYLICS&POEMS

mario lópez roldán

Encre de Mer

“Je vous invite a partir avec moi dans cette exploration des vibrations du monde, de la fréquence du coeur au chant des arbres, de la fréquence de la Terre a la musique des étoiles.”

François-Marie Dru (de son livre “Tout est Vibration”)

“You, by being this organism, call into being the whole universe of light and colour...Actually, it is this little funny microbe, this tiny thing crawling in this little planet, who has the ingenuity by nature of this magnificent organic structure to evoke the whole universe out of what would otherwise be mere quanta.”

Alan Watts

Sacred

For the sake of radiance, for the pleasure of play, as if this life was carved in real-time by infinity, an endless & sacred constant flow, reality beyond horizons. I keep a dance close to my foot, suspending silence in blue ascension, my soul, I love my soul, I love its fraternity with the whole universe, I feel the vibration of colours and sounds, and tastes and smells, in this feast. And I love the ocean, the constant rain of birthday presents from the Gods, I love the fusional sensation of life. I live in awe. Grateful, spiritual, perplex. Just that.



With the light

How to explain the burning sun,
the virtual rain, the crazy peace, the
unintended grace, the laughter in line, the
only rhyme, the stone in the flame, the only
name. The Sunday in vain, the wonders of
days and Greece all shining blessing my
flame. Nothing was as wonderful as that.
The happy stone, the melting ice, the well
tuned heart, the sexy sight, the blinding
light, the fright. And not even in the night I
will fight with the light to make the world
what we had come back to life, and we all
did sin one day in silence and we did sin
one day in shame. And still we laugh, at
shine like stars, and still we cry blaming our
lives. And I was less than you, and I was
doubting your name, I was loving that stain,
I was waiting, I was joking. I was stealing. I
was dreaming. So the win is the win and the
loss is the loss, and everything making
sense in bold. For everything we lose
comes back through the other door. And
feelings are judgement and travels are love
and every blue summer will clean all the
rust. And the loss is part of the win. And I
am so happy within. The rest is gratitude
and swim.



Silky

There is a temperate breeze,
an unthinkable flight
a mercury jungle a genetic right
that grabs you from the inside like
an imponderable fight
it is a call from your future
the romantic incandescence of
the things you haven't tried
all the tricks that in your light
are waiting for you to decide
that you are the greatest sky...



Failure 2.0

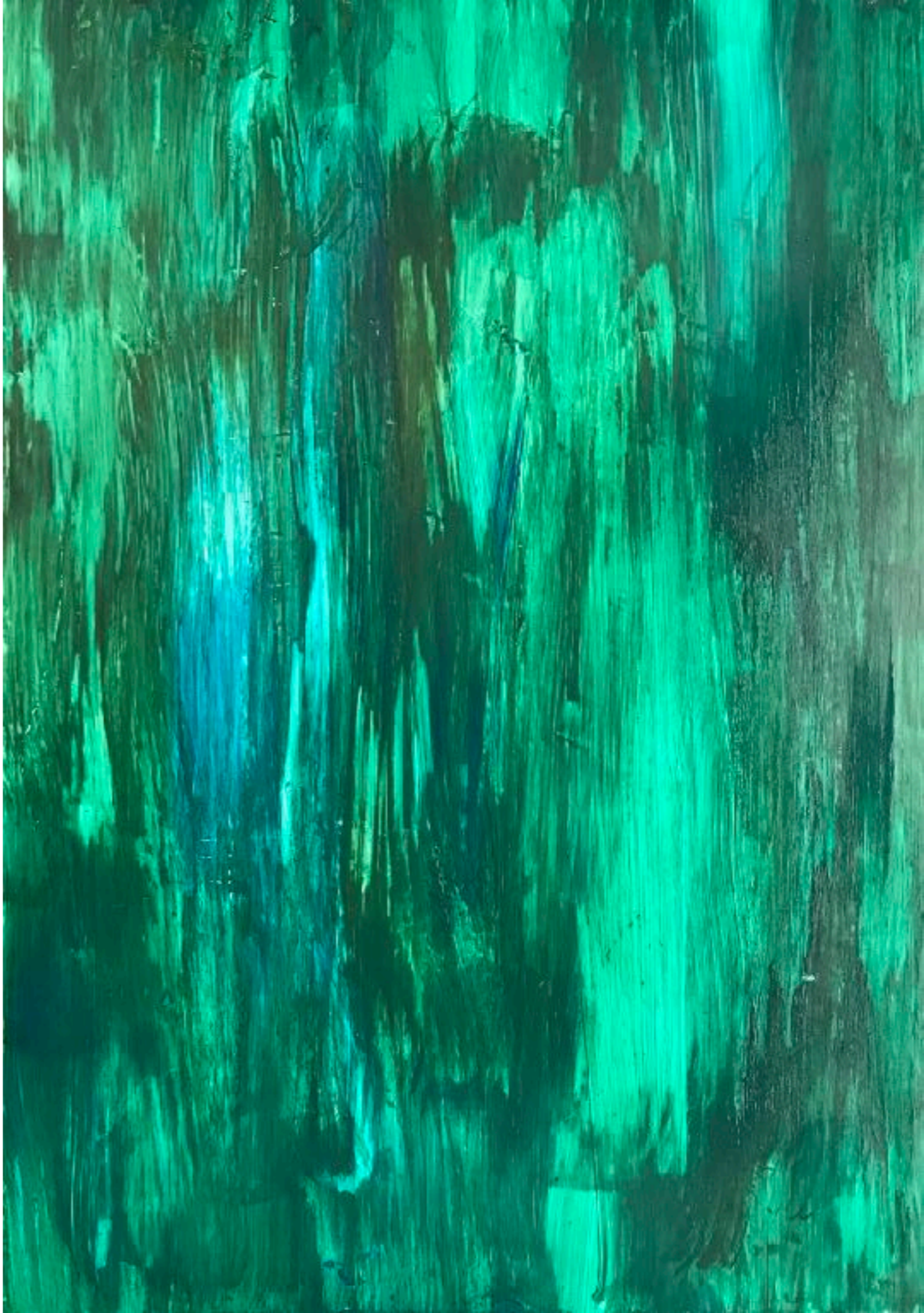
Apologies for the wreckage of science, we were left alone by unfolded vectors, learning to love productivity as the enlightened panacea with the same noise and hunger of more of the same and business as usual, reaching in lies our immense need of the new. So what? Said the financier and guests; so everything replied sadly the wild urban wolf. Then we left our values in the freezer for a better time, and we pick-pocketed our own children, and yes, the earth is now bleeds, and the scar keeps growing, and all this consumerism which should save us from madness is only buying and dying.



A day that mattered

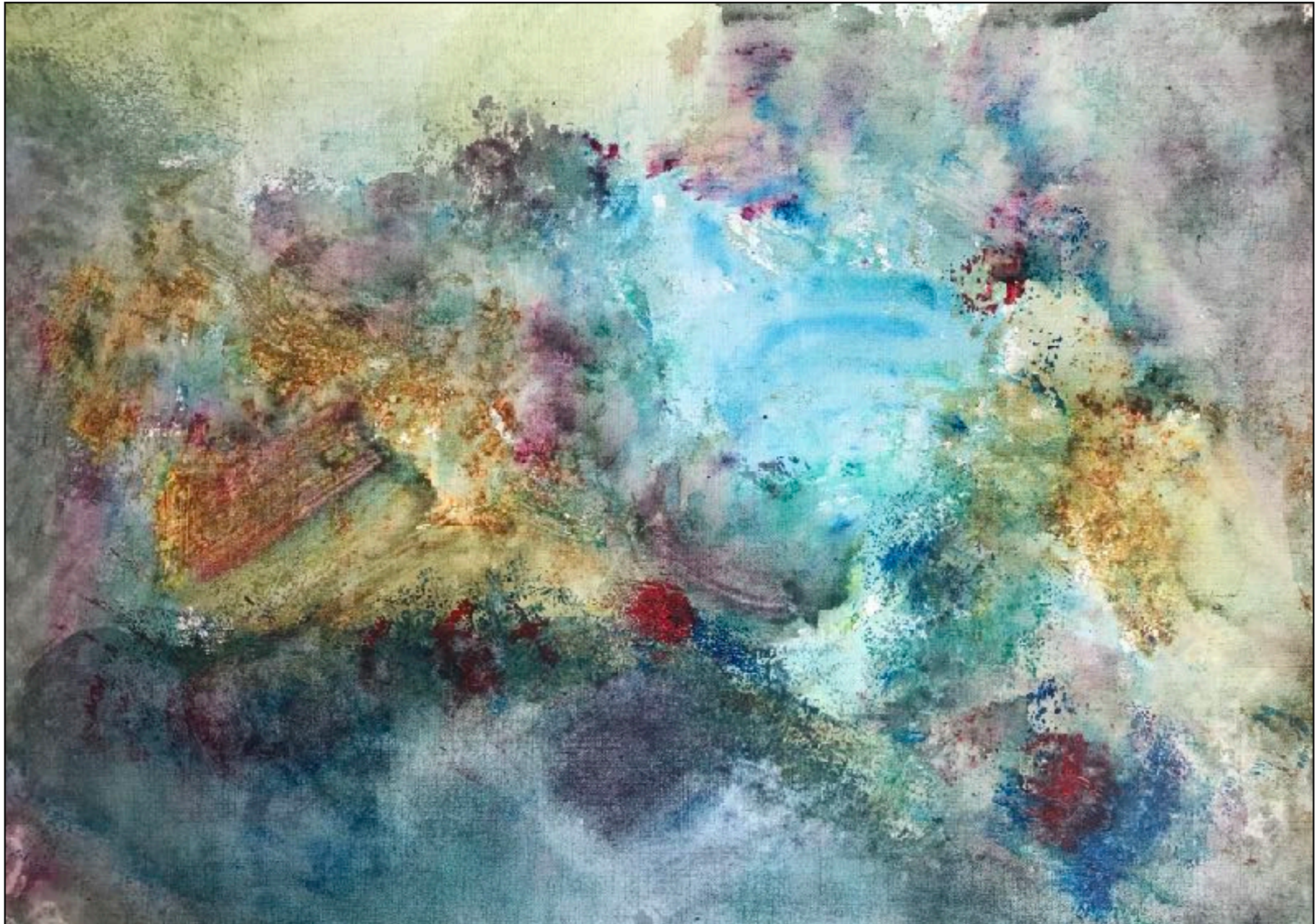
How to explain
the unexpected brightness?
How to describe the spark and the light?
The sound of future in that place?
The unravelling enthusiasm
of that sudden splendour behind my back?
How to understand that generous smile,
that global enthusiasm, that music in her eyes,
that unthinkable afternoon at Odeon
all of a sudden, all for a while?
And the joy that followed,
the perfect sound of her northern name
in the erring orchestra of my mind,
the radiation of that memory
on the sunny beaches of my mind?
Two distant lives, from far away times,
come together for a little while,
just by chance, just to smile, question & fly
and that tiny intersection becomes
my new light, unexpected beginning,
a joint flight? Oh if I can.
But I don't have the courage,
I don't have the right, to tell her that I love her,
to ask her to be mine.
What is the purpose?
What is the meaning?
What's the message from the sky?
It really doesn't matter. I think it is fine.
It is the best thing that could happen,
And I will keep her in my smile.





New

In the blue sky of an unbelievable
story and the dissolution of time
in a multidimensional truth
perhaps true perhaps untrue
when truth becomes more a perspective
than a dogma like music inside a new cell
like summers igniting and powerful oceans
coming back to each other spontaneously
the waves the incandescent waves of intuition
through the unexpected orange light of a magic October
in the most idyllic conversation near the clouds
where angels play to stop the universe for a while
and a fair reason in the divinity of respect
and admiration below all this above all this
in the center of all this folly lies my admiration
for her unseen stars and heavens
for there is nothing comparable to the big bang
of a strong life coincidence making a point in between
the clouds as a ray of light blue green yellowish red
one invisible October afternoon filtering the impossibility
the improbability the feasibility of her smile
and her sincerity and her intelligence and
this comes as a surprise with the tenderness
of a blessing turned into a treasure of Mars
no hesitation no need to disguise the fascinating discovery
of a human being that has guts and flowers and sparks
and everything in open words transforming into miraculous
light for the rest of our lives for the rest of our lives.



All incandescent and wrapped as a birthday present
of morning light in a conversation that is sublime
and genuine and kind by nature
organic integration blend cross pollination
of beautiful feelings and valiant thoughts
in the safety of brief neutral exchange
for the benefit of these darkening times
for the sublimation of worlds that do not yet exist
you improbable witch you thunder from heaven
what have you done to this smile which doesn't stop smiling
and now wants to fly in this new friendship in this delight
where there is scope for moons and stars
where there is peace and hunger for life
there is hope and gratitude there is desire for mountains
and flights the gravitas of your intelligence
still floats in the afternoon time that filters jazzy streams
through my green green plants while my suns
and seagulls fraternise with our glowing
blue yellow unexpected light.



Advice

Honor the present moment,
and all unhappiness and struggle will dissolve,
while life will begin to flow with joy and ease.
And don't grieve, for anything you lose comes round in another form.
Remember that nothing is all over, and everything is temporary,
That everything has a solution, for even damnation is poisoned with
rainbows,
and there is a crack, a crack in every thing,
that's where light gets in.
The wound is the place where the light enters you.
Whatever happens, our essence is intact.

Enjoy the panic that leads you have life ahead.
Live intensely, without mediocrity.
For life expands or contracts in proportion to your courage.
Never stop asking questions and look deep into nature,
for then you will understand everything better.
And keep trying and trying, for what really counts in the end.
is what you tried, not what you've achieved.
Know that intelligence is the art of adapting to change,
for life is ever-changing, ever-flowing.

Remember that even in the most meaningless part of earth and sky,
You can hear God crying out: "help me".
Future generations do not move far from you in an uncertain time.
They live, desire and act in your loins and your heart.
Think that you are the future and face that task with pride.
Learn from those who can teach you, and most of all, learn from silence.
Remember that all that you know might be wrong
and there is a strong wisdom in that.
If you want to be understood, listen.
Life is your best friend.
Life is right!



Spontaneous

Yes, we blend.

As unconventional elements

we fuse under the gliding sun

we dilute in each other's dreams

in shining clouds of freedom & spin

we are a liberating composition

 a hybrid cell in a growing bliss

 our shared chemistry heals

the tired wings of this

broken world. Together.

We are the new essence

the aspirational flow

the necessary kindness...

We are hope!



Now

Les masques tombent
les sourires réapparaissent
rubrique, coup de cœur
les rigueurs bientôt oubliées
la photographie des anges
sur l'océan et le jazz flottant
les yeux encore illuminé
l'amour propose les festivals
le mois de juillet et l'improvisation
dans l'acoustique marine
et le silence introverti
de la lumière estivale comme une
poésie extraordinaire dans l'âme fugace
et l'univers qui demandes notre aide,
et l'intention, la passion, la création,
en plein mutation, sensiblement,
joliment, à une vitesse de vol d'abeilles,
ici, aujourd'hui, maintenant,
que je pense à toi.



Biosphere

In my imagination, she is a biosphere, a living precious stone, a challenge for broken enthusiasms, a melody, she glows! In my mind she has the force of a sunrise, she is my understanding of flowers and suns, even if time has been a start, i feel her crystalline beauty edging every wave of my cellular response. For she is unprecedented energy, fresh life, inspirational flow. She is a collection of friendly wavelengths, an invisible spectrum of electromagnetic joy, she touches 7 million points of my retina, and brightens any shadow with a luminous blue dome. For she is colour in search of life, so she remains unfinished in my mind, between the clear blue ultra marine tenderness of hope and the merry alchemy of delight. She is ancient languages, Venice, wine, dark mystery, and skies, undistinguishable perception in a smart yellow light. To me she is the Antarctic, the boiling heart of my island and the queen of confidence three times. I cherish her at distance, in silence, in low light. Her splendour is a Tyrian dress, a talisman, a Cycladic song of luck and pride. I learn her slowly, as a favourite poem, a smuggled talent, a magic note or a rising calm.



Loving You

Loving you is strength
Oxygen, luminosity, hope.
Cosmic serenity and
Fluvial force, enjoying
The privilege of living and feeling.
Loving you feels like trumpets!

Loving you is art
Ocean's soft wind, journeys, cold beer
Blue light. It is nature, evolution
Touch, songs, shared freedom.
Loving you liberates.
Loving you feels like power!

Loving you fills every cup
Broadens my forest, tunes every chord.
It tastes like figues, sea, fish
Mediterranean music, love.
It feels like a river, a wine, an apple,
a crazy fly on a drone.
A permanent Saturday, a wonderful zone,
a swim in your soul.
Loving you feels like energy,
Loving you feels like joy!



Mirarte

Mirarte es un flash, una súbita luz, un punto de excelencia en la vitalidad. Mirarte es aprender, encender, regresar al punto de partida con la esperanza prendida. Mirarte es divagar en la cápsula de la sorpresa, como el arrecife y su altura que viven en las venas, contenidos, atrapados benévolamente. Y es que eres una luz agradecida, antes que nada una luz pendiente, alucinante, como la distancia que se me viene encima desde el sur de Francia en una parábola de amor y tempestades. Mirarte es la secuencia detenida, el olfato del infinito, el sentimiento supersónico de la vida que explota en mi retina y convierte un caos en una misa. Mirarte es la salvación, la intuición, el desengaño. Y en el desconcierto, como perdido en el mar de la noche, sigo aprendiendo a mirarte con los ojos que no saben equivocarse.



I don't exist

I'm not the one that you fear.
I am not the one you love.
I am not the knight that stole thought.
I am not the red light on your phone.
I'm not the tune you miss.
Not the island you will sing.
Not even the soul you lack not the sun
that you are.
But I am full of magic.
And my stars are pointing at you.



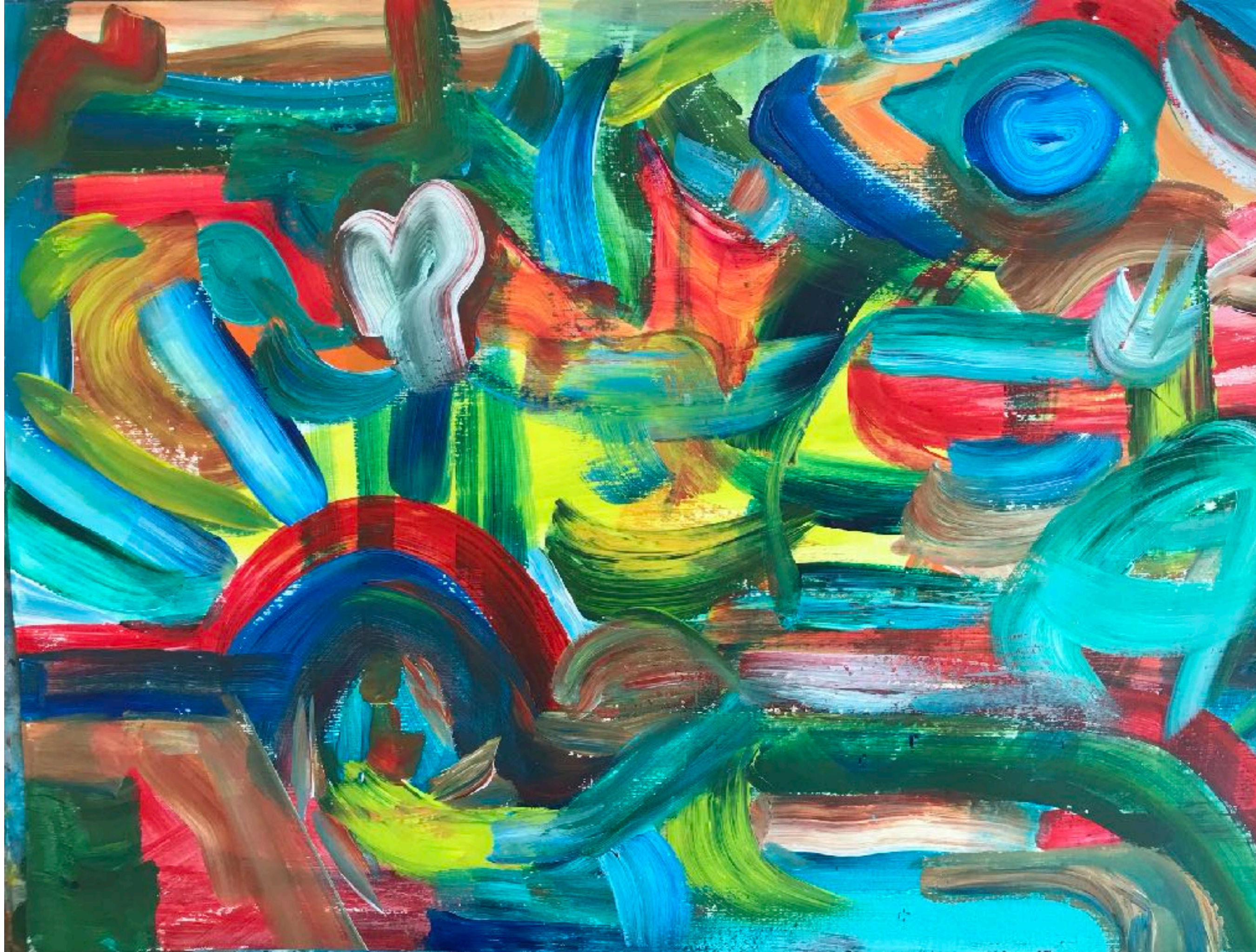
Star magic

Pour your wine in my tears
my Homeric happy friend,
my gorgeous hidden pirate,
stab our fear with that cutting blade
of a secular Pink Floyd guitar.
Rule in my inner sun in a blast of silence,
discourage my enemies
with your incipient majestic force.
Hold my fears in your hands
and light them up,
and blow the light off.



Twinkle

My love is made of sea.
My hope is a big wave raging
winds in its crystal cells.
When I think of you I twinkle
in blue liquid diamonds.



That is

That what you fear is the future,
the lightning, the answer.

That what you fear
is made of love in its roots.

That what you fear is the treasure
you are looking for,
that what you fear
will bless you for good.



Rituals

Hoy en el espacio hay un espacio
Hay un shhh use mantiene y me sostiene
La plaza donde te vi es un poema 4D
Mi universo brilla como una sandía en la lluvia
Hay vibraciones en el sol hay luces sanguíneas
La danza arriba sensualmente como los almendros
Èntiendeme con tu sonrisa camaleona encendida
Siente las alas en mis brazos la lumbre nocturna
De mis ojos de pescador.
Grab this heart with your hands up high
Offer it to the sky in a wow wow woooooow
Shake it up shake it up and dance.



Fe

Y silvan y bailan los astros
En el sublime universo
Y brillan los otros encantados fuegos
Y el espacio de la inconsciencia lumina victorioso
Camina y brilla radiante para dejar atrás los abismos
El silencio ocre los miedos de la infancia desplazada
la neurona extraviada la brisa de otoño las plegarias
Olvidadas la luz azul de los astros el viento de las
islas la intrascendencia de los besos negados
Las balas perdidas en el espacio
Y me llevo un ojo de Budha a los sueños
Y la turbulencia pasa la transición se estabiliza
En onduladas hojas de alegría
Y florecen en mi pecho las bendiciones la protección
El anhelo
En fin
Hago lo que puedo
Los dioses proveerán.

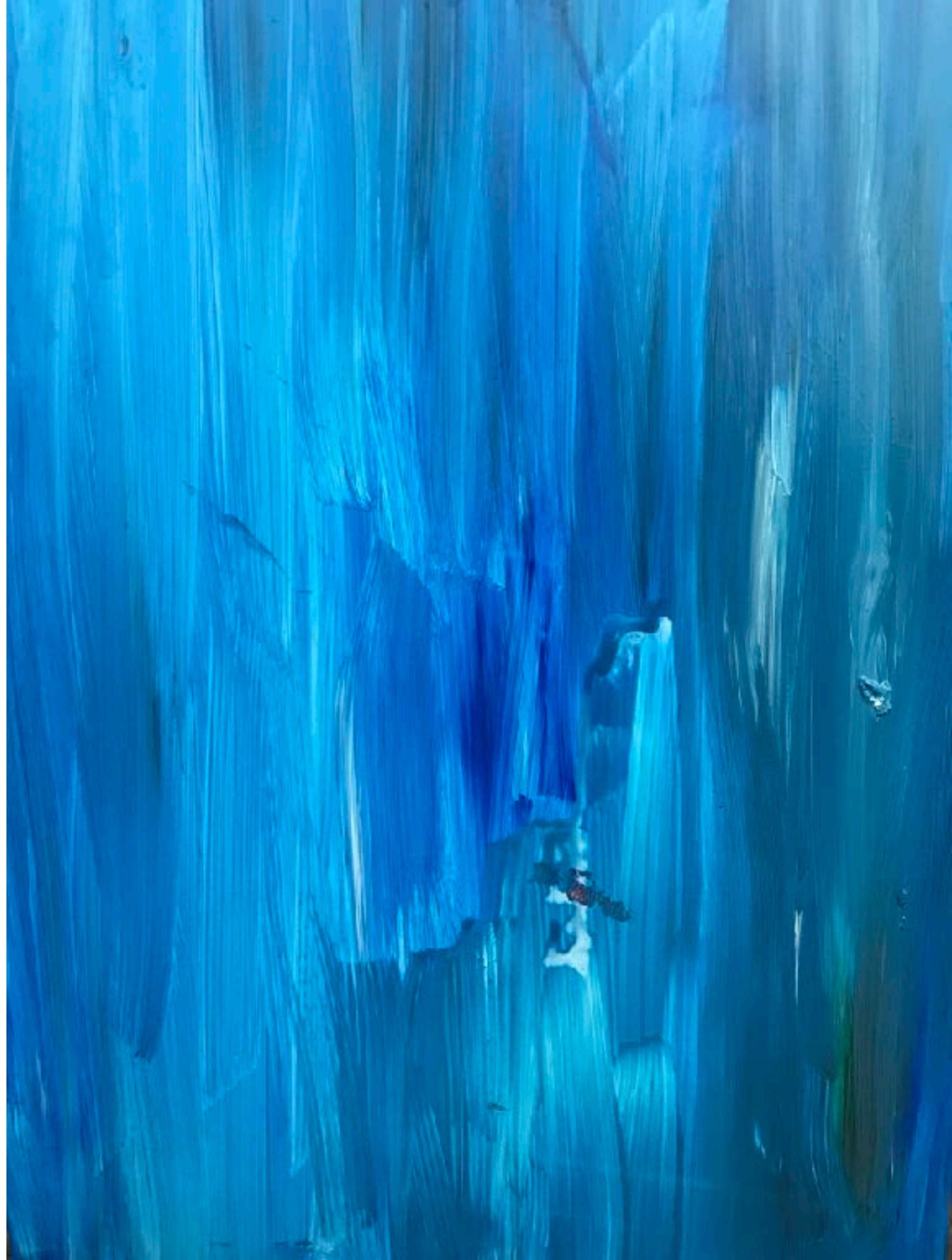


Hope

She shines on the day, everything's going her way, her mind becomes an eagle every morning, sun or rain. She thinks more than she can handle, she wants more than a life, she knows that it's her intelligence, what blocks her with dark light. For she dreams immensities and hesitates, she fears the changes she wants, she'd love to be open as heaven and let her spirit be wild, but then comes that thinking and thinking and makes that intention collide, with phantoms, futures and devils invisible to her eyes, and then she returns to her corner where everything's safe and is fine. The world is ready to give her all she dreams and all she wants, the Gods are ready to bless her, this is certainly her time. So I pray every day she can quiet that thundering voice in her mind, so she trusts the world and the universe who want to make her shine. And I am certain that one saved day she will leave that fears behind and merge with the wonders and rainbows that are meant to be her life!

BRÚJULAS

Dónde van a parar estos
suspiros incendiados
Tan llenos de gratitud que se
hunden que vuelan que cantan.
Dónde van a parar estas
sonrisas, tan llenas de mar que
salpican. Dónde me han de
llevar estas emociones tan
abiertas de amistad y loco amor
que revientan en en espuma en
los acantilados.



She dares

Like a perpetual motion machine,
a time crystal forever
in cycles between dreams and states
without consuming energy but always on...
her mind, a shining bubble of art and light,
a new phase of matter inside a quantum
romance between fears, joys and crystalline colours,
governed by the same equations
everywhere in space, yet delighting in unprecedented
intelligence and beauty. Spontaneously happy,
but stumbling in caution and fake symmetries, she waits
and thinks and waits, while the battery runs out.
And all this implausible splendour flips all the spins
gliding into the genesis of a glorious element: hope!

Her life is a flash, and yet she dares so little.



Organic love

Luminal air gliding, diverging from freezing expectations, in arty flair and sunlight, a virtual encounter of two nautical energies. Brilliance. She, the serenity of certainty, gorgeous breeze, magic unexplained. He, the tide of joy, the unbeatable flow of life, pure trust. Gently. Both tuned like music. Both leap in words. Separate & constant, light & deep, together & free. Rejoice then, for they prove life is right. Rejoice then, for they give openness beauty. Rejoice then, for miracles prevail. Your dream is the ultimate genesis. Intention blossoms. Imagination wins. They dare. The universe responds. This can be your story. To be continued.



Rue Cler

El primer piso del Haussmannian de cantera preciosa. Arriba del secreto de Oniwa y La Durée. Una mujer en el balcón en gala de negro, hombros al aire, teléfono al oído, se limpia la nariz con el brazo derecho. La botella de Badoit en la mano izquierda de la turista canadiense se mece sincera sobre la incertidumbre de 25 °C. Luz añil, viento de caricias, sonido de voces, perfume verano tardío. En la mesa 4, a dos mesas, el cabello de una mujer se trenza en el sueño de una linda cola de caballo castaña. El joven femeninamente vestido con su máscara azul en el codo espera la idea color durazno. La mujer en sus setentas con chamarra kaki camina por la algarabía de la mítica rue Cler, mirando el suelo como queriendo perdonar y no pudiendo. El acento de una americana rubia, labio rojo artificial, tintinea como gotera en olla de lámina barata. La charola negra gastada se balancea delicadamente en la mano abierta del mesero francés de origen Bangladeshi. En su relativa elegancia levita la tarde come un toro. La mujer en el balcón se ha sentado detrás del negro tejido de la herrería clásica del balcón del número 47 de la rue Cler.



Las solapas blancas de los manteles de papel redondos se pavonean con un ligero viento azul. Dos Coca-Colas se destapan frente a la emoción de los ojos y los hielos y los vasos con limón. La silueta espigada que tortura. Las piernas bronceadas que sonríen. Las cervezas brillantes que vienen y van. La decepción del señor de los shorts rojos y su cadencia de dragón olvidado. La mujer del balcón se ha puesto de pie. El QR pegado en mi mesa de madera roída por el ruido. La gente en secuencia fluvial que gravita nebulosamente hacia la nada. La gente asustada en un río de pensamientos y dudas con máscaras antisépticas y sonrisas secuestradas. Disfraces normales de ropa barata, música a medias, distante la utopía, atrás los tiempos de la libertad. La jovencita se pide una pinta de Estela Artois y me mira de reojo. Con el otro ojo mira su futuro destrozado por la pandemia y suspira de rendida esperanza. El hermano menor de Jeremías con su sombrero negro y sus lentes sucios balancea el brazo izquierdo como soldado veterano o espantapájaros vivo. Mohamed y sus valedores llegaron a comprar algún pan al Boulanger de la esquina, su mirada penetrante destila los cuentos antiguos del Magreb.



En el cielo el algodón francés dibuja la tranquilidad y las horas. Las paredes son de velour gris. La sonrisa noble del hombre de barba beige y su bolsa pequeña de Mariage Frères. La pareja se besa deliciosamente y se separa. La gringa regresa del baño con más pintura en la cara. Khaled llega en la moto negra con su mirada cansada y su bolso verde turquesa de Delivero, comienza su jornada de visitas aromáticas. Mi codo padece aún la infección de la caída. Recuerdo la moto, la textura del suelo de Oia, el golpe duro de la tierra. Las máscaras azules separan y superan a las negras. Qué piensas? Qué piensas? Mujer con suéter rosa que miras tu teléfono en esa profundidad Diamantina y relevante. Khaled ya tiene el pedido y se sube a la moto y me mira. Carpaccio de salmón, hamburguesas, vasos de Chardonnay, temperatura perfecta, olor urbano, centelleo de mesas y palabras. La pelambre Rasta de una mujer policía rebota pasó a paso sobre el chaleco antibalas. Me mira con sus ojos de gacela. La mujer flaca se toca el pecho y se agarra de la medalla.



Su vestido verde casi transparente. La otra mujer de uñas naranja camina en sentido contrario y fulmina con una mirada mi tranquilidad de testigo. La paloma sucia que pasa por debajo de mi mesa. El padre mirando el teléfono, la hija mirando el teléfono. El perro que se detiene y sigue. La belleza que brilla por su ausencia, y sin embargo se siente. 14 mesas vacías, las demás llenas. Dos helados, dos amigas y algunas sonrisas cómplices en un portal rojo. La señora con la máscara azul de barbiquejo. Los geranios en su fiesta de vida anónima. París fluye en un día de sol y templanza. Sábado solar. En la terraza del Café Central, donde un día mi madre escribía con su Waterman azul y esa foto de su gigante sonrisa y su gigante cerveza. Esta noche juega Argentina contra Brasil. Bicicletas, sonrisas, reflexiones, cigarros, piernas bronceadas que saludan, sillas, palomas.



Croissants, un sushi shop recién abierto y sus dueños chinos en la entrada, la niña que saca la lengua su hermana, el manager que escanea certificados de vacunación en la cadena de la terraza, la señora con mirada triste, la señora con máscara y los ojos tristes, la joven con el teléfono blanco la máscara negra y la cara dura. Un niño grita desde dentro del café. La falda lila de la señora que me roza la pierna al pasar. Mis shorts color caqui manchados de pintura amarilla. La mano de la chica de la pinta de Estela, su cigarro apunto de encender un lirio. Mi recuerdo de Lu, la vida comenzando de nuevo en la nueva era del calor. Un profundo rumor que me revela dos segundos de luz. Las ganas de verte. Llegas ya. En cualquier minuto llegas. La señora del balcón se ha ido. La puerta del balcón está cerrada. Estamos. Estamos aquí. Paris. Estamos vivos. Qué alegría!



Northern star

Follow me! I am the champion
with the wings of my Gods, my
coach is the universe, follow me.
Your heart is waiting for a
symbol, your joy is asking for a
God. Life awaits for your open
window, open it before I go. The
sky of your smile is my heaven,
the rainbow in strong black and
white, your sound is the sound
of the silence, your love is the
palm of my hand. So leave me
when curtains are falling, when
not in your eyes, not your smile,
serene and oposite to knowing,
that my stars can lighten your
night.



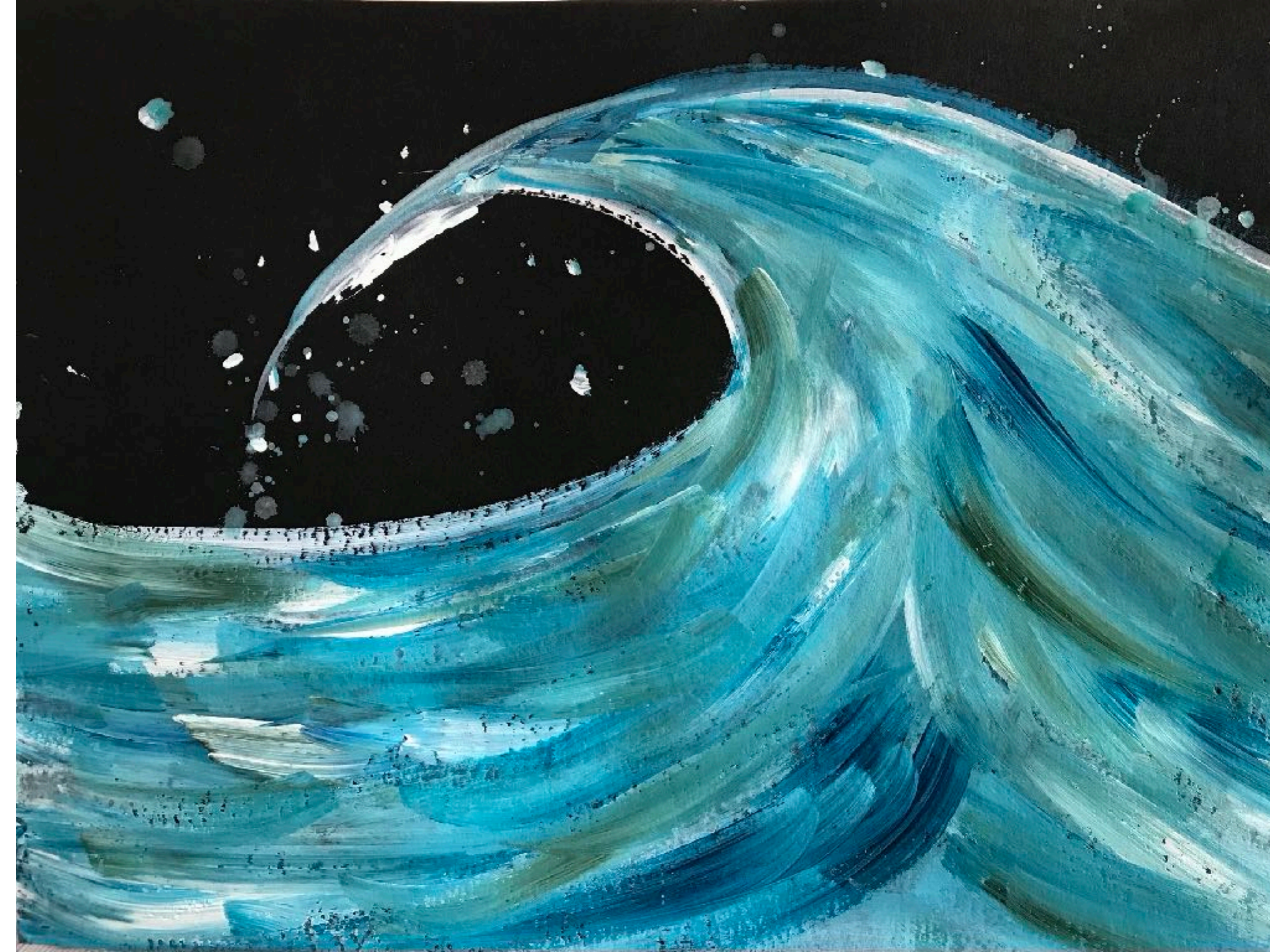
Kefalonia

Ce matin de cristal
Dans les montagnes de Kefalonia à Trapezaki
Je respire la paix originale
Je flotte dans la magie verte de l'illusion
J'observe le silence.
C'est un écosystème de rêves
Symphonie de cadence et poésie
Respiration de Dieux, ce matin délicat, vierge, libre.
Je sens encore la fraîcheur thermique des étoiles,
l'énergie d'une lune presque turquoise, l'équilibre de
l'horizon marin, la lumière aveuglante de la
confiance vitale. J'entend mes pulmonés, j'observe
le silence,
Je deviens l'existence, la brise, l'inconnu, et je
comprends, et je te sens, et je suis reconnaissant, et
je souris.



Le rêve

Mon amie, il est temps de ne rien faire; le temps non engagé pour mettre tes pensées au repos. Le temps de profiter du vide que tu es. Le temps d'être lente et légère et libre. Le temps pour disparaître lentement dans un état d'abandon optimiste; le temps d'arrêter les horloges et de couler doucement dans le rien de tout. Oublions la hâte, laisse l'anxiété derrière. Ça c'est une pause, ta pause estivale. Ton esprit en a besoin pour trouver les nouvelles idées; ton âme en a besoin pour récupérer son éclat. Supprimons le concept d'urgence. Devenons le calme magique d'un arbre heureux, d'un rivièrè transparente, d'un couché du soleil in slow motion. Tu es un rêve. Deviens ce rêve!



Remember

I remember a world
where serenity blossomed in courageous hearts
where insanity was filtering life into art
where respectful generosity was the inspirational flow
a world where you could actually breathe without
poisoning your lungs
and play in the streets without fears or thugs
you will not see that world my son
you will not sing that song
it is gone forever it's a final cut
the maker gave us too much rope
and we have fucked it up.

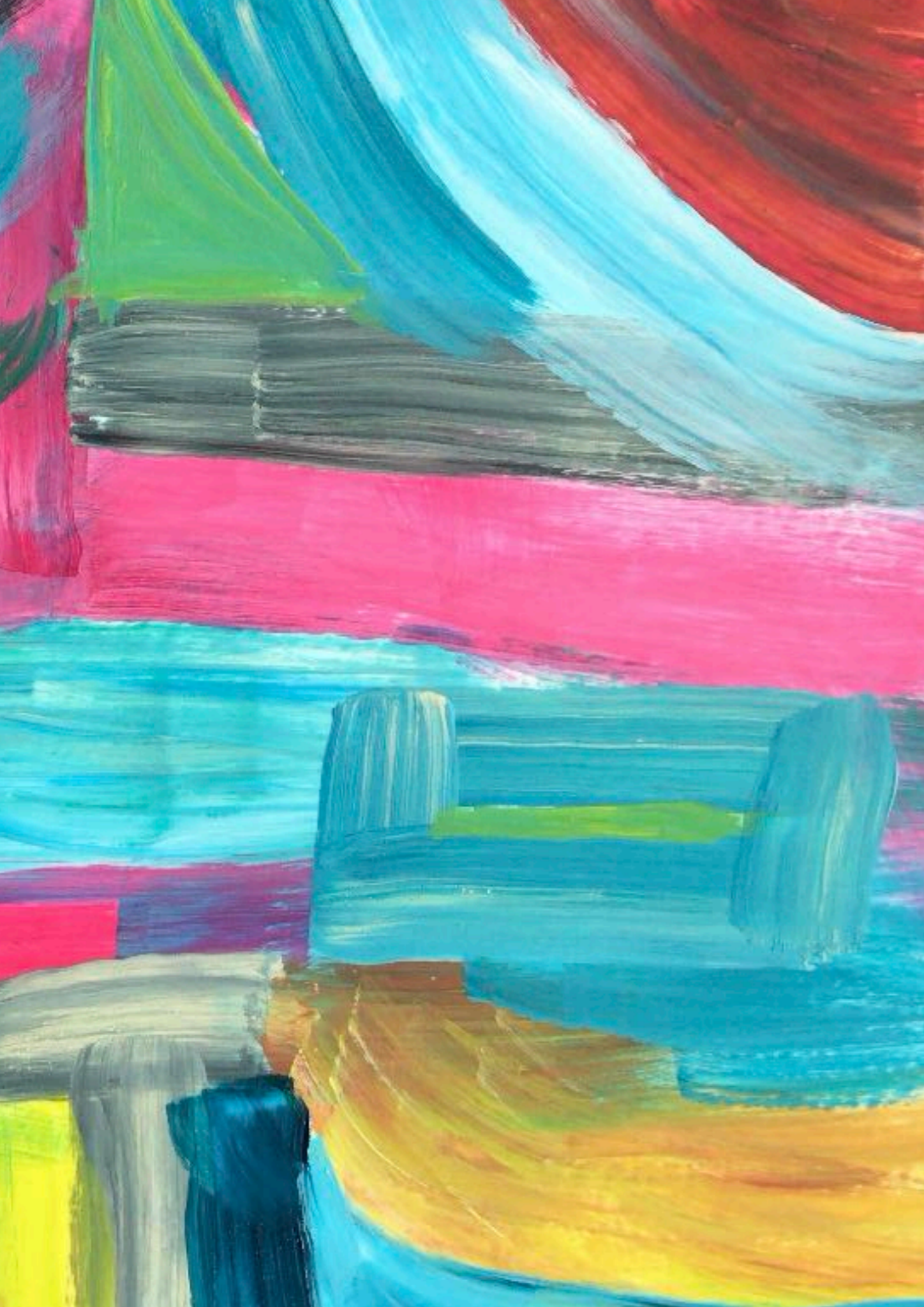


I remember a world where tranquility mattered and reflection prevailed
possession was madness and very few would hate
a world where the fields where buildings have grown
were covered with flowers breeze rivers and crops
where multidimensional pollen stems petals and plants
were all making love with bees and butterflies
where oceans were transparent so luminous and bright
a world where fantasy was cherished as the magic of the stars
then turned into fascination felicity and glide
to name the most beautiful things that seethed the heart
dangling love compassion inventiveness and charm
and tolerance and patience humility and warmth
and respect and admiration for every living kind.



LOVE EVERYTHING

I remember a world with glittering freedom and forbidden walls
where dimensions were manageable and beautiful was small
where sorrow was exception and profits were a flop
I remember that tenderness I remember that world
where the eyes of the young were gleaming with joy
with simplicity and excitement for the colours of this world
and their dreams were not defined by flat screens and high returns
and their nervous systems were not billowed with synthetic drugs
I remember a world that you will not see my son.



I remember a world where trading was
honest and prudent and calm
where moderation mattered and ethic was alive
where equilibrium was not distorted for the benefit of scam
and economic systems were human and were kind
now we have a theory of growing til the only world runs dry
for the theoretical benefit of voracious capital
cracking the veins of the planet giving everything a price
kicking the can and pretending to know that this could be in fact
the spinning loop of happiness how stupid we could be
I remember a world where the question was:
to be or not to be.

I remember a world
where you could embrace and kiss the people you loved
where you could dance and laugh and trust a stranger from the lot
where social cohesion was stronger than hate and eternal industrial growth
where people depended on people and smiles always prevailed
as hurricane or earthquake I do remember it well.



A world where food was safe to eat
where the manipulation of earth was considered mortal sin
where nature was transformed only in poems paintings and dreams
a world where respect had the human accent we have lost
where the parallels of joy were aligned with the rights of the most
and inequality was banned by common sense and love
a world where values were towers and ambition was just blocked
by the central absurdity of that idea so silly and so wrong
resulting in the obvious recognition
of the oneness of this world.

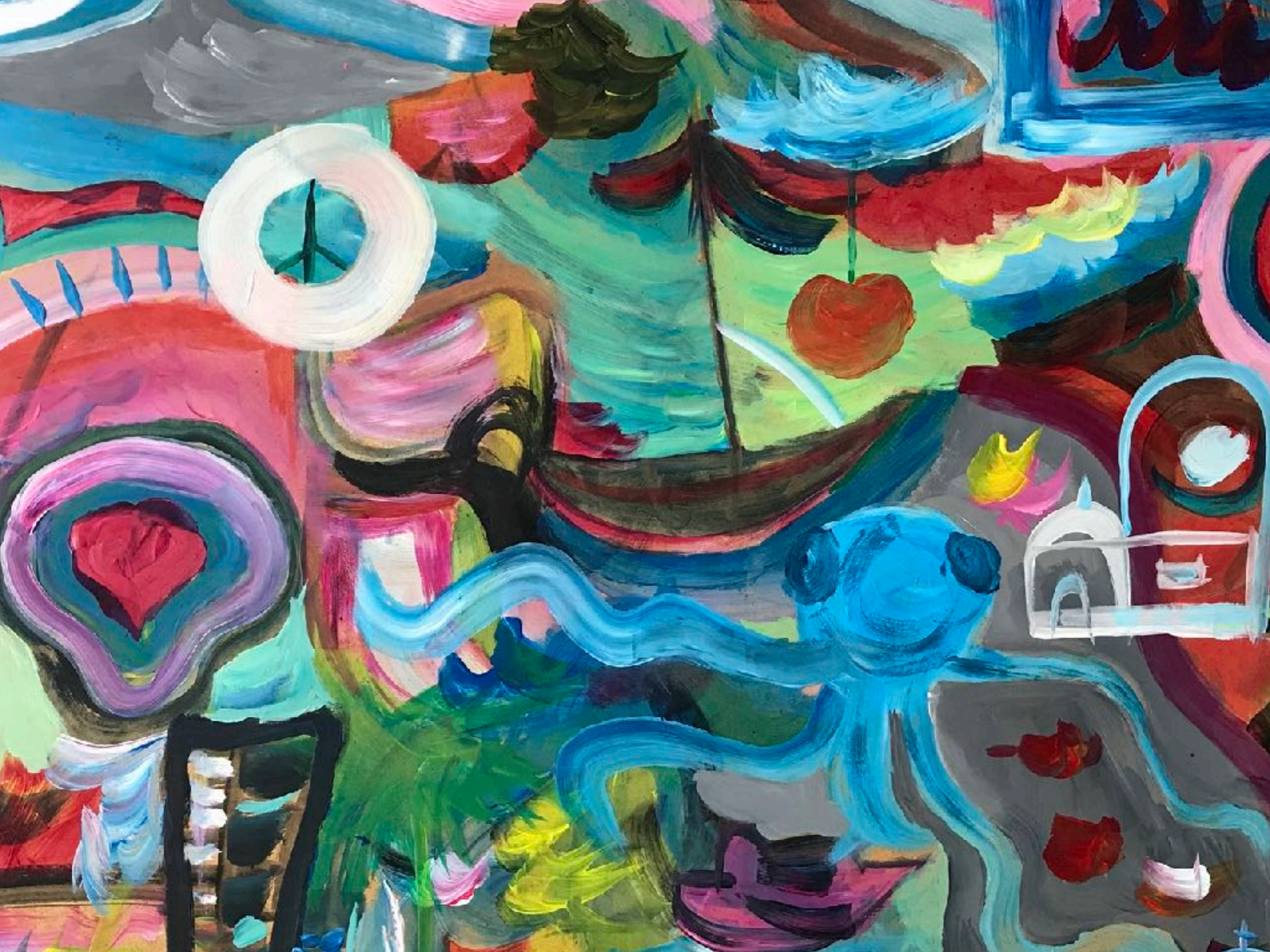


I remember a world where joy was easy and loyalty was fun
a world where science was noble skill and fraternity the norm
a world that you will not see my wise and valiant son
and there is pain in that ordeal but there is also hope
a world that will have to be rebuilt one day with new karma and new joy
and there is hope also in that
yes there is also hope my son.

I remember a world where leadership was spiritual
and innocence was fine where people respected a beautiful mind
a world where a lie was called just a lie and decisions were trusted
to technical eyes to deal with complexity fairness and rhyme
a time when philosophy guided our lives when principles and freedom
counted for sure a world when a leader was honest and pure
and entering politics had some fine allure.



I remember a world where we could all trust
the next generation would be better off
a world where the treasures of life would unfold in joy and awareness
and travels and words when no one would trade a lie for a dime
and no productivity would make us collide
against the sacred rules of nature and time
and accumulation was seen as a devilish crime.



You won't see that world my son it's over & gone
for everything changes and everything's flows
but just don't forget that change is a law and everything dark
is pregnant with suns that nothing's forever and we can transform
all that seems stubborn all that seems lost and it is our duty
to build a new world one that is brighter than the one before
so just keep on smiling and fighting be strong for nothing's impossible
and nothing is loss as I can remember how many before
thought change was inevitable and died on that war
to bring the new values and build the new laws for everything tiny
will finally grow if the skies so want it if your prayer is tall
so don't be discouraged by ambitious punks
for everything tends to improve and the universe
is yours.

LOS BESOS

Inmediatamente, en el espectro de la luz rubia de la mañana filosófica, te beso los ojos con la mano en el alma. Los besos son el silencio del rocío, las palabras mansas, el amor encendido, la bendición del olvido. Los besos que te doy son el escenario del milagro, la eléctrica suma del viento y el espacio, la parodia del poder, mujer histriónica. Bala intangible con pólvora de sentimiento que entra en la piel del universo para establecer la era del humanismo sin neblina ni excusa. Yo nací de una vena de una rosa del jardín de las canciones de Van Morrison. Con esa lluvia irlandesa que todo besa, te entrego la energía de la voz inmensa, que intento encender en el Vesuvio de mis nuevas noches acantiladas. Yo te subsidio en el sueño, como el horizonte me salva de la vida sufragada por trabajos de gente absurda en trabajos absurdos que financian la alegría superlativa de transformar la nada en luz. Yo te merezco.



Are we ready?

Business as usual is dead. It is time for new eyes, for new spirits, for new approaches. Today the higher risk is to think that we must go back to the same world that existed before the pandemic, the same world that brought us here. This crisis is a humanity blast, a sadly unexpected systemic collapse; a forced reset. After sucking the marrow bone of some of the texts of some of the wisest minds around the world, you realise, with some certain deception and precarious enthusiasm, that this is not just one more crisis, this is a civilisational breakdown.

So, my friends, my colleagues, my fellow countrymen and women that are craving for the past to come back are dressed up for a play that is no longer playing at the theatres. The COVID-19 pandemic inaugurates a histrionic new era - we like it or not -, a new way of being human, a new need for a new socio-economic philosophy at global scale.

This virus has affected and changed the cells and biochemical metabolism of our societies and economies. It exploded and damaged the most precious element at the heart of democracies and market capitalism: trust!

This crisis has permeated the psychological software of people, their ego, to such an extent that it has changed forever, probably, the type of relationships on which all economic theory and policy was based, by installing fear at the center of human relations and decisions. This changes everything.



So we have two options. We can take this crisis as a cultural terminal disease and opt for depression and complot theories, or we can look for that crazy light inside our spirits, the one that blinks when facing an accident or a catastrophe and see this as a colossal rebirth opportunity. An opportunity to rethink, reframe, reinvent, our theories, our school curricula, our text books, our economic policies, our business models; but also our cultural models. This is it time for a new imagination. Time for a new human race.

The time of record breaking productivity and massive profits is gone. The time of massive consumption and publicity campaigns is also gone. The time for oil companies and fossil fuel energies is also gone. The American led era of “to have or not to have” must give way to the Shakespearean era of “to be or not to be”. We need to invent a new system for a new world, for new beings, for new ideals. The one that we had has brought us to a stand still and everything that doesn’t move and evolve is dead. As the song by Pink Floyd’s ex led singer, Roger Waters, humbly cries: “the human species amused itself to death”.



It's time to transform our minds. The people, the decision-makers, the companies, that are already in that acceptance, in that innovation mode, will take the lead. Not the ones that are praying that vaccination campaigns will bring back old practices and full stadiums, cinemas, festivals. C'est fini ! The music is over. The world cannot take it any longer. The world says NO. Life says NO. Not the ones that don't give a damn and continue behaving as if nothing happened, no. Not the ones who are waiting for governments to lift up the measures to double the number of tables to crowd in more people in their restaurants to recover the lost sales and profits at any cost, that will not happen. Not the ones that still believe in men driven boards of Directors that seek to maximise profits no matter what. It is time for a more gentle, moderated, balanced, harmonious, inclusive, human model. Having less and loving more. Owning less and learning more. Earning less and smiling more, because the income gap between the bottom 60 and the top 10 disappeared.



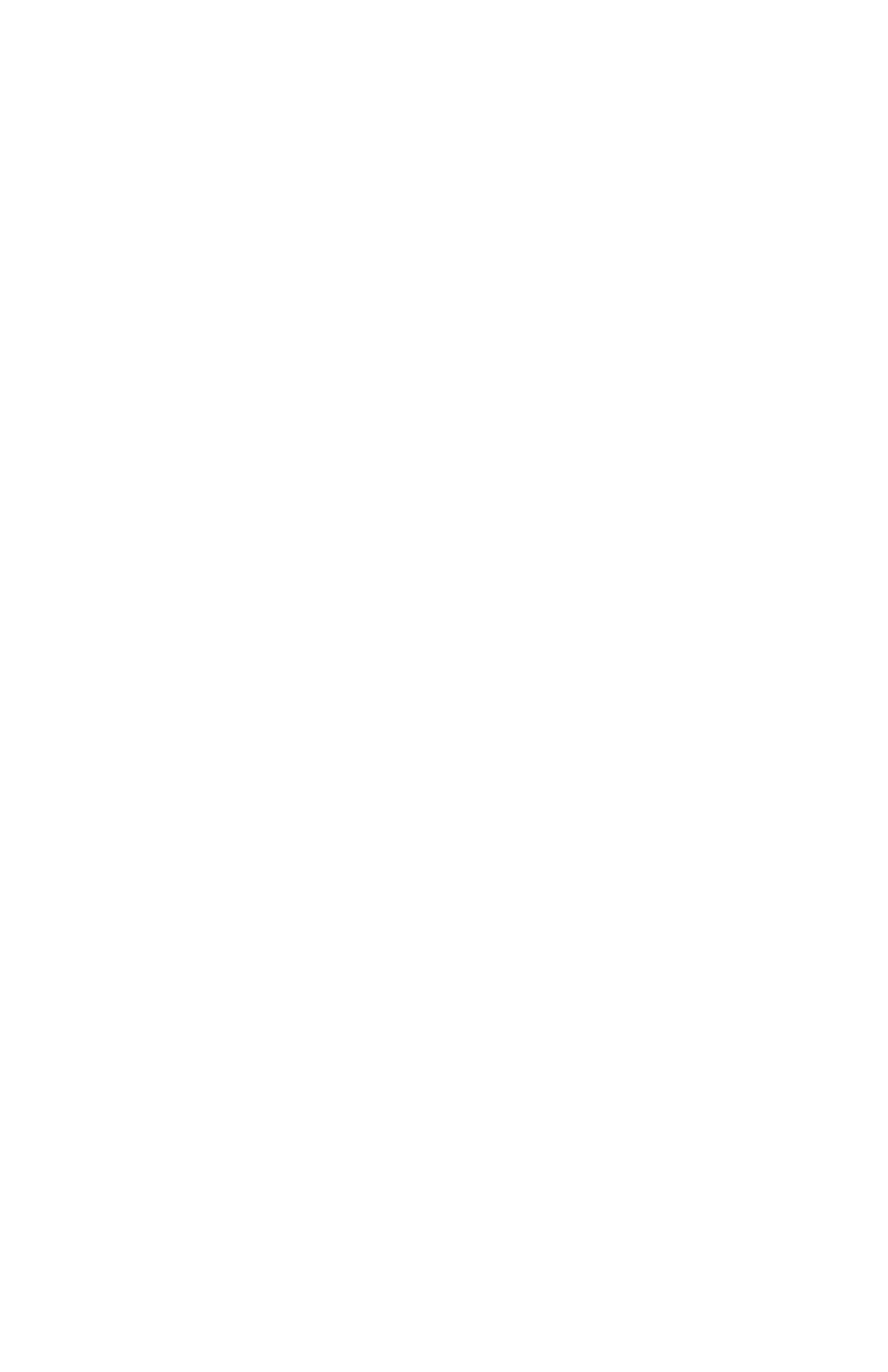
IAMUNIVERSAL

The revolution that we need for this conceptual and urgent reconfiguration of our daily lives and our magnum projects is of such a dimension that it is unclear if we will make it possible or not; it is not clear if we, the human beings that have brought the world to stand still, have the intelligence, the morality, the unifying will and power, the communication skills, the philosophical knowledge, and the ethical education, the poetry and sensitivity, to change, to redesign the incentives and head in the opposite direction, towards a kind, slow, respectful, sustainable, artistic, creative, solidararian new way of living. The alternative seems crystal clear: environmental decay, mutating viruses and perpetual fear and confinements. Are you ready to change? Are we ready?



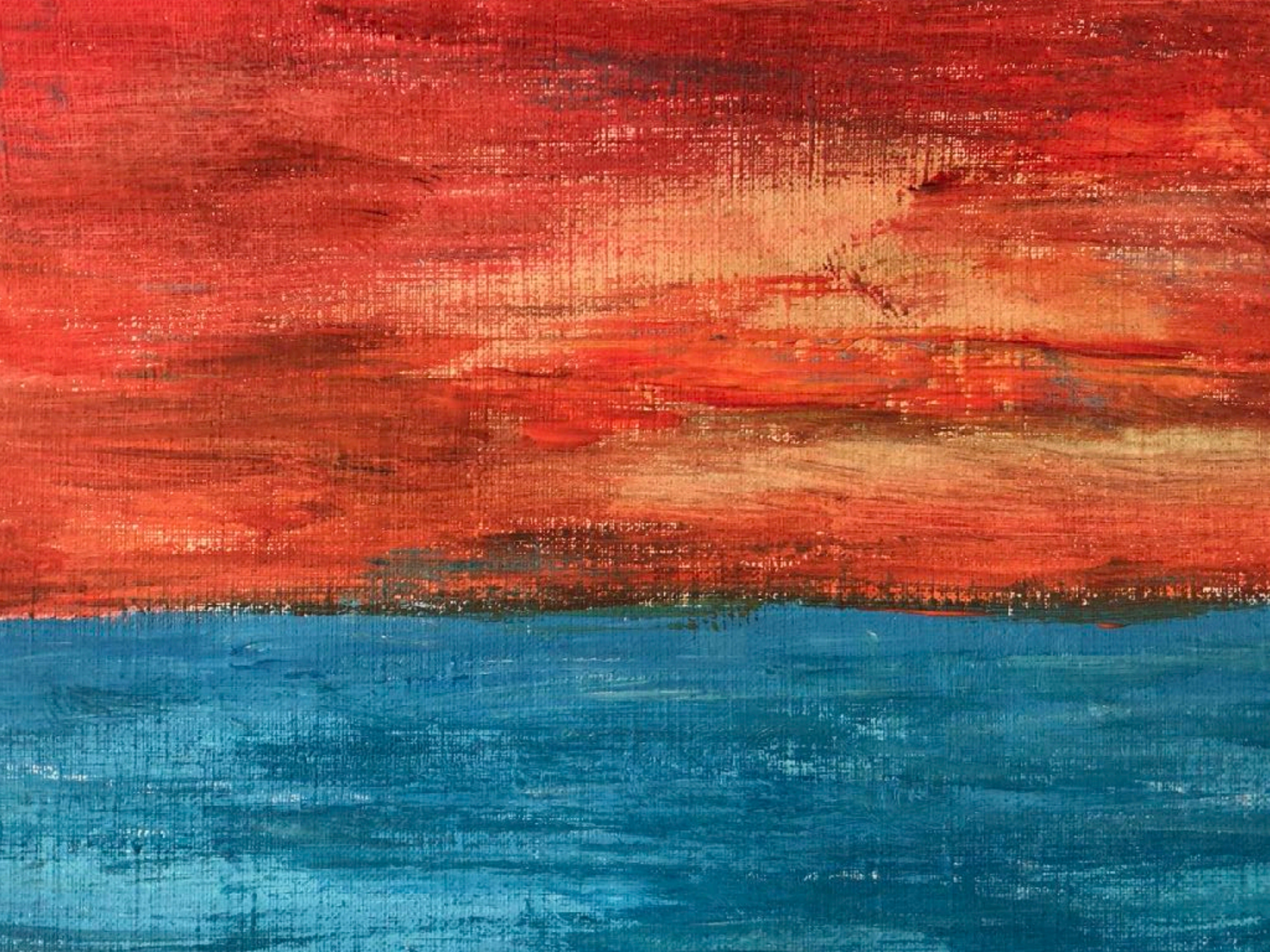
You

You remind me of my joy, you blend in my imagination with my forward-looking conscience. You dance in my enthusiasm in yellow & blue. Your existence is my university, because it teaches me that life is right. You reveal the spirituality of the word suddenly, the magnetic force of courage, the indefatigable wings of intention. Your energy is an ocean, a prayer, a powerful reminder of the oneness of this majestic world. Your smile is the best surprise one can ever have. I celebrate you with my Gods, saints & friends tonight. May you keep igniting everything you touch, may you keep flying high. For I am sure that hope is made of you, and you are made of stars.



I met a girl

I found a girl that speaks with a heart
I noticed her like a rainbow
I follow her like a star.
I found a girl that wants to understand
a girl that sails miracles
with the gravitational energy of
a second big bang.
I found a girl that eats smiles and laughs
a girl that understands that life
is not a journey but a dance.
I met that girl when I was light
when my radar was trusting
the universe's rhymes
when I embraced vulnerability
and giggled to the Gods
and her emotion tripled
my bliss and my joy.
I met a girl that has a story to tell
who wakes up with a purpose
a purpose every day,
she is stubborn like the rains and
lovely like the sun and everything
she says and does makes me love
this world, for she is enthusiasm,
liberty and fog, she makes me want
to blossom, she makes me want to be,
she is beautiful, intelligent, emotional and free,
and every thing that I see and touch
will be full of her bliss.



Your light

It's your light which jumps in a hollow
it's your light which links all the trees
it's your light which makes me remember
the presence of light in my dreams

it's your light that questions the golden rule
your light succeeding for real
your light in all my intentions now
has suddenly taken the wheel

for there is Copernican magic
gleaming your smile and your thoughts
behind your intentions I feel there is mention
of favoring miracles & human beings' loss

it's your light which makes me think of you
the feeling's unbelievably great
your light which governs my audience
your light which makes me smile again

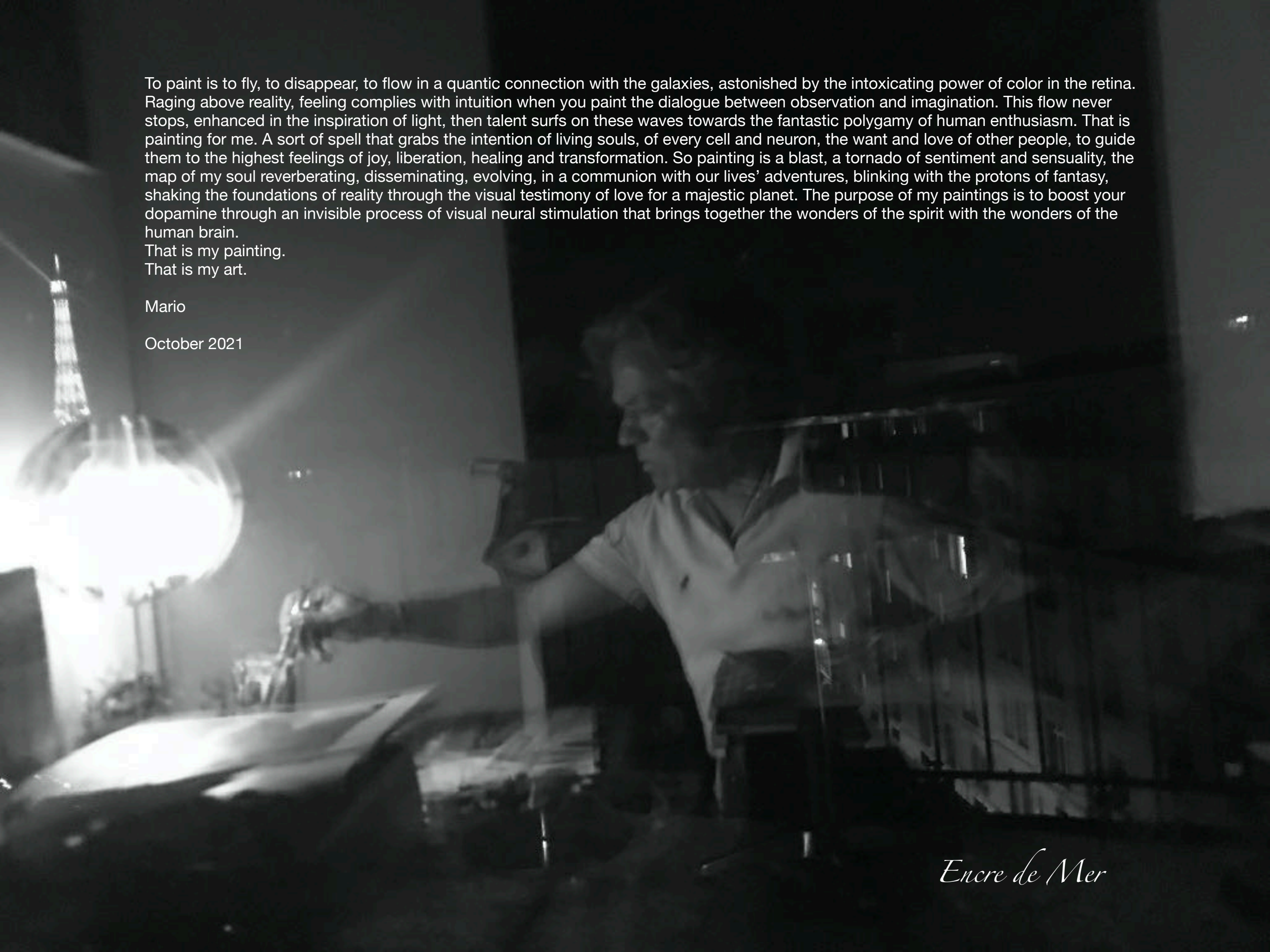
for even if I don't know you
my soul is now flashed with your light
and that is a genuine reason
to thank and appreciate life.



VIBRATION

ACRYLICS&POEMS

mario lópez roldán



To paint is to fly, to disappear, to flow in a quantic connection with the galaxies, astonished by the intoxicating power of color in the retina. Raging above reality, feeling complies with intuition when you paint the dialogue between observation and imagination. This flow never stops, enhanced in the inspiration of light, then talent surfs on these waves towards the fantastic polygamy of human enthusiasm. That is painting for me. A sort of spell that grabs the intention of living souls, of every cell and neuron, the want and love of other people, to guide them to the highest feelings of joy, liberation, healing and transformation. So painting is a blast, a tornado of sentiment and sensuality, the map of my soul reverberating, disseminating, evolving, in a communion with our lives' adventures, blinking with the protons of fantasy, shaking the foundations of reality through the visual testimony of love for a majestic planet. The purpose of my paintings is to boost your dopamine through an invisible process of visual neural stimulation that brings together the wonders of the spirit with the wonders of the human brain.

That is my painting.

That is my art.

Mario

October 2021

Encre de Mer