

REM-PLI (I have a dream)

(Text inside the video)

I have a dream said the reverend, I have a dream howled it to the people. This dream is here in my heart, in my spirit and it will take care on you when the hand of your brother releases yours. My dream welcomes you all so that one unspecified day of spring we will all wake up together hand by hand. But we still dream. The colours of the rainbow so pretty in the sky are there one faces of people going by, I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do, they are really saying I love you and I think to myself what a wonderful world. How it is right what he sang and how that can still be so if we give it a chance. It is so simple believe me: it is enough to love one self, to love and understand that love will remain in the air in order to revive the eternal light of the souls impregnated of memories, memories swarming of emotions. But we still dream. Imagine all the people living life in peace, sharing all the world and the world will be as one. Still a message of love. But we still dream. I have a dream too and it is the same one as theirs but I dream with open eyes and the images which follow one another on my retina speak me about a putrefied society where boredom becomes the pleasure of an evening. The hatred which corrodes us explodes stronger than the bombs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we lost ourselves on a known ground, and we wander as of the zombies in the search of a well being which we do not recognize anymore. Sick of nostalgia, sick of false loves, sick of carcinogenic friendship, sick of dictatorial democracy, sick of false myths, sick of false hero, sick of a surrealist and intentionally deformed reality, sick of a captive freedom, sick of living and desirous of death. But we still dream. We dream the dreams of the system and for them we are able to do everything and ask for justice for our own injustice. To spend the evenings in company of others because we fear to remain alone with ourselves. To pretend to have fun and then to cry and say: "I am happy" and it would only be sufficient to tighten the hand of the other, to think simply "I love you" and to imagine a tear which would wash and would dissipate all the errors and pains and would forgive incomprehension and the weakness. But we still dream. Awake you, look around you, shake your self up, do something; take the hand of somebody and perhaps this dream will become real. But we still dream... then having only the force to love, we will have in our hands, friends, the whole world, said Brel. But we still dream. What is the use of my life if you were not there? What is the use of that if it is not shared? To whom can I tell my history? In which can I still believe? How can I justify all that with my child whom I imprisoned in my memory? Who am I? What did I become? Where is my heart? Can I still dream?

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