

Prebujanje Awakening

Vesna Prijatelj



VESNA PRIJATELJ
PREBUJANJE / AWAKENING

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FOREWORD

Art is a living thing, constantly searching for new ways and forms of self-realization, just like Vesna.

Vesana certainly carries the charge of an artist, a painter who allows herself to create new worlds and set things in a different way. Mostly, Vesna uses color to change the relationships between things, creating new feelings that are just for her. She draws from their own depths or surfaces. Whatever the motives are, it doesn't matter. They are chosen by inspiration, with the curiosity and surprise of a child.

In the paintings, this is reflected in multiple or translucent coatings, in a light multiple mapping in the same image. In the beginning, Vesna was fascinated with the process of painting itself and she constantly searched for new artistic relationships or vibrations, as she would say. Even if it would destroy the image or the image would lose its freshness.

With perseverance, she has acquired the skills of calming and knowing when to stop, hear, end, and preserve that precious thing which she draws from herself.

Man is constantly struggling for balance and seeking it. So is Vesna. The image field is like a battle arena for her, but she easily decides, like a child who plays in a sandbox. Equilibrium can be achieved by equality or opposition. Vesna's paintings have two halves. They occur in symmetry, which is the simplest way of balancing the elements, and in contrast, which is the lifeblood of nature and art and Vesana.

In art, this is often a horizontal composition, with two equal halves of sky and sea or earth. All this gives a sense of dignity, calmness and serenity. Painting is for Vesna the reflection of the soul. And when the contrasts balance, most often blue-orange-yellow, the brush becomes restless. It gives her the impetus to nurture her spiritual strength and not forget to pursue her balance.

I would point to Vesna's latest painting, entitled *Masks Down*, where the blue mask at the center of the image is slowly removed with red gloves. This is not a harsh reality for her, but a complementary sunlight that pours over the entire surface. Keep pouring forth.

Maja Puči, Master of Art, Academic Painter

PREDGOVOR

Umetnost je živa stvar, ki nenehno išče nove načine in oblike samouresničitve, tako kot Vesna.

Vesana vsekakor nosi naboj umetnice, slikarke, ki ji omogoča ustvarjati nove svetove in postavljati stvari na drugačen način. Večinoma z barvo spreminja njihove odnose in s tem ustvarja nova občutja, ki so lastna njej sami. Črpa iz svojih globlin ali površin. Ne ozira se na to, ali so motivi privzeti. Izbira jih po navdihu, z radovednostjo in neučakanostjo otroka.

Na slikah se to kaže v večkratnih ali pastoznih nanosih, v lahkotnem mnogokratnem preslikavanju na isti sliki. V začetku njenega ustvarjanja je bila to fascinacija nad samim procesom slikanja in nenehnim iskanjem novih likovnih odnosov ali vibracij, kot bi rekla sama. Tudi na račun uničenja slike ali izgube njene svežine.

Z vztrajnostjo si je le pridobila veččino umiritve in uvida, kdaj se ustaviti, uslišati, končati in ohraniti tisto dragocenost, ko se samo od sebe slika.

Človek se za ravnovesje neprestano bori in ga išče. Tudi Vesna. Slikovno polje je zanjo kot borilna arena, a z lahkoto se odloči, da je lahko tudi peskovnik. Ravnotežje lahko dosežemo z enakostjo ali nasprotjem. Pri Vesninem slikanju sta oba pola. Pojavljata se v simetriji, ki je najpreprostejši način uravnovešenja elementov, in v kontrastu, ki je življenjska sila v naravi in umetnosti in Vesani.

Na slikah je to velikokrat v horizontalno razpolovljeni sliki, z dvema enakima polovicama neba in morja ali zemlje. Vse to daje občutek dostojanstva, umirjenosti in spokojnosti. Slikanje je zanjo zrcaljenje duše. In ko so kontrasti na tehnični, največkrat modro – oranžno - rumeni, postane čopič nemiren. Daje ji zagon, da neguje svojo duhovno moč in da ne pozabi loviti ravnotežja.

Izpostavila bi njeno zadnjo sliko z naslovom Maske dol, kjer se v središču slike modra maska počasi odstira z rdečimi roka(vica)mi, za njo pa ne najdemo krute realnosti, ampak komplementarno sončno svetiobo, ki se razliva po celotni površini. Naj se razliva še naprej.

Maja Pučl, akademska slikarka, magistrica umetnosti

REFLECTIONS

»During the awakening period, I watched Vesna change and connect with her invisible works outside the material world. I can say that she only unleashed the magic of artistic creation when she stopped looking for meaning in the visible and lost her expectations. I'm happy to see her bubbles change. «

Nadja Torkar

»From the very first moment of the meeting her, I have felt that I have known Vesna for a long time. Her positive directness was immediately contagious. When I met this radiant soul, who, despite many setbacks in life, always rose, I could not help but marvel at her sincerity, determination and will.

The pictures and words that Vesna transfers to canvas or paper are so intense that you can feel her every breath, if you just dive into the world of her creation.

The name Vesna means "spring". This is also the time of year that we associate with the re-awakening of nature, and it is no coincidence that Vesna called her second exhibition "Awakening".

For me, those who embark on the path of their own discoveries have tremendous courage. Vesna is a warrior who dares to discover the unknown, to wake up and exist on her life journey. That is why her soul is eternally youthful, full of love, wisdom, gratitude, intuition, freedom and experience. I wouldn't be afraid to travel with her! «

Petra Gorjanc

»She asked me how I see her work. I summarized the answer in a few words: dictatorial, anarchist, perfectionist, colorful and wonderful. «

Alex Štokelj

ODSEVI

»V obdobju prebujanja sem opazovala, kako se Vesna spreminja in povezuje z svojimi nevidnimi deli zunaj materialnega sveta. Lahko rečem, da je se je prepustila čarobnosti umetniškega ustvarjanja šele, ko je nehala iskati smisel v vidnem in izpustila pričakovanja. Z veseljem spoznavam njene mehurčke.«

Nadja Torkar

»Pred leti, ko sem spoznala Vesno, sem dobila občutek, da se pozna že od nekdaj. Ta njena pozitivna naravnost je bila v določenih trenutkih nalezljiva, in ko sem spoznala še njeno vedno sijočo dušo, se kljub raznim padcem, po katerih se je vedno pobrala, nisem mogla načuditi tej iskrenosti, odločnosti in volji. Slike in besede, ki jih Vesna prenaša na papir ali platno, so tako intenzivne, da začutiš vsak njen dih, če se le potopiš v svet njenega ustvarjanja. Med štetjem let in letnih časov v življenju bi lahko rekli, da je pomlad (ime Vesna izhaja iz besede véсна, kar pomeni pomlad) letni čas, ki ga povezujemo s ponovnim prebujanjem narave, in ni naključje, da je Vesna svojo drugo razstavo poimenovala Prebujanje. Zame imajo tisti, ki stopijo na pot svojih lastnih odkrivanj, ogromno poguma. Vesna je bojevnica, ki si upa odkrivati neznano, se na življenjskih potovanjih prebuditi in obstati. Ravno zato je njena duša večno mladostna, polna ljubezni, modrosti, hvaležnosti, intuicije, svobode in izkušenj ... jaz se z njo ne bi bala potovati.«

Petra Gorjanc

»Vesna me je vprašala, kako vidim njeno delo. Odgovor sem strnil v nekaj besed: diktatorsko, anarhistično, perfekcionistično, barvito in čudovito.«

Alex Štokelj

»Vesna and I are apart and together, we disagree and agree. We disperse each other's bubbles. We are happy to mirror each other.«

Marita Pesjak

»Vesna and I met at a painting circle where time runs completely differently. It is as if, from the everyday rampage, you step into a parallel world where you are allowed to ride in your own lane. Different senses open up to you, and over time you perceive the world around you differently.

You notice shapes, shadows, colors, people, movement and background music. The brush slides across the canvas and leaves a mark. Sometimes it's just the way you want it, other times it's not. But you do get to know new people who are like traveling books ... everyone carries their story. And Vesna's story is definitely interesting. She talks about the sea, seagulls, wind and blue expanse, where she comes from alone.

Because of this, I created poems dedicated to her paintings. There is already a song for every picture somewhere in the distance, and if the wind is right and the sea willing, they float to the horizon, where they are lit by the sun's rays. «

Iztok Milhevc

»Many Vesnas have followed me since birth. They are people with a very strong life force. Hell, their tails would pop out! But at the same time, they are very kind, because they are goddesses of spring, youth, spring joys and exuberance that haunt winter. «

Maja Pučl

»Vesna is not easy to describe. So many adjectives, so many thoughts, so many actions are captured in her character and her work that one first needs a couple of breaths to comprehend its full scope. Despite her deep spirituality, awareness of the higher, the sunny, the black, the terrible, the white, the beautiful, the thing that fascinates me most about Vesna is that she is still so earthly. That she understands and knows what it is like to be, to love, to feel, to sin, as a human being – and at the same time she does not condemn you. She understands, she wakes up. It awakens in you the realization that it's okay to ever open the valves, only to be able to close them again.

Vesna is an artist, the paintings that come from her brush are a representation of what is happening in ourselves, in a palette called life. The most

»Z vesno sva narazen in skupaj. Ena drugi razpihujeva mehurčke. Z veseljem sva ogledalo ena drugi.«

Marita Pesjak

»Z Vesno sva se spoznala na slikarskem krožku, kjer čas teče popolnoma drugače. Kot bi iz vsakdanjega divjanja stopil v vzporedni svet, kjer je dovoljeno voziti po odstavnem pasu. Odprejo se ti drugačna čutila in s časoma svet okoli sebe dojemaš drugače.

Opaziš oblike, sence, barve, ljudi, gibanje in v ozadju glasbo. Čopič drsi po platnu in pušča sled. Včasih je taka, kot jo želiš, spet drugič zavije po svoje. A kljub temu spoznaváš nove osebe, ki so kot potujoče knjige ... vsak nosi svojo zgodbo. In Vesnina je vsekakor zanimiva. Govori o morju, galebih, vetru in modri prostranosti, od koder prihaja tudi sama.

Tako nastajajo tudi pesmi, ki jih je Vesna vključila v svojo knjigo. Za vsako sliko nekje v daljavi že obstaja pesem, in če je veter pravi in morje voljno, priplujejo na obzorje, kjer jih pobožajo sončni žarki.«

Iztok Mihevc

»Vesne me spremljajo že od rojstva. To so osebe z zelo močno življenjsko silo. Še vragu bi rep izpulile. A so hkrati zelo mile, saj so boginje pomladi, mladosti, pomladanske radosti in bujnosti, ki preganjajo zimo.«

Maja Pučl

»Vesno bi težko opisala. V njen karakter in njeno delo je ujetih toliko pridevnikov, toliko misli, toliko dejanj, da človek najprej potrebuje nekaj vdihov, da kanalizira in dojame vso njeno širino. Kljub globoki duhovnosti, zavedanju o višjem, sončnem, črnem, strašnem, belem, lepem, me pri Vesni najbolj fascinira to, da vseeno deluje tako zemeljsko. Da razume in ve, kako je biti, ljubiti, čutiti, grešiti, kot človek – in te ob tem čisto nič ne obsoja. Razume, prebuja. Prebuja zavedanje, da je čisto v redu, če kdaj odpreš ventile, le če jih lahko nato spet zapreš.

Vesna je umetnica, slike, ki nastajajo z njenim čopičem, so prikaz tega, kar se dogaja v nas samih, v slikarski paleti, ki se ji reče življenje. Vesno bi najbolj skromno opisali z besedami: pogum, vztrajnost, trma, humor, nagajivost in zavedanje. In to, da poskuša prebuditi. Najprej sebe in potem še druge.

Globoko jo spoštujem in imam rada.«

Mateja K. Breskvar

modest words I can find to describe Vesna: courage, perseverance, stubbornness, humor, naughtiness and awareness. And that she is trying to awaken herself first and then others.

I deeply respect her and love her. «

Mateja K. Breskvar

»I invite people to look at Vesna's painting, Glowing. This is how I see Vesna, her true form. And, what inspires me about this painting is: this is how Vesna sees herself. She, in her wisdom and mastery, knows the Truth of her Being and lives and loves in this Truth.

Vesna, her paintings, and her writing, sometimes shake me, but in a good way! How many of us survive trial by fire to love ourselves and others even more than before? Vesna generously shows us her path of transcendence. She arises – Triumphant, the Phoenix. And she shows us that even on Earth the 'impossible' is an illusion.

Thank you and bless you dear Vesna for your steadfast love and friendship! «

Tanya Hočevar



»Vabim vas k ogledu Vesnine slike Sij. Tako jaz vidim Vesno, njeno pravo obliko. In tisto, kar me navdihuje pri tej sliki, je, da ona tako vidi sebe. Vesna v svoji modrosti in mojstrstvu pozna resnico svojega Bitja in živi in ljubi v tej Resnici.

Njene slike in njeno pisanje me včasih pretresajo, vendar na dober način! Koliko nas preživi ognjene preizkušnje, da bi lahko ljubili sebe in druge še bolj kot prej? Vesna nam velikodušno kaže svojo pot transcendence. Vstala je zmagoslavno kot Feniks in nam pokazala, da je celo "Zemlja" na Zemlji iluzija.

Draga Vesna, za tvojo neomajno ljubezen in prijateljstvo se ti zahvaljujem in te pozdravljam!«

Tanya Hočevar





AWAKENING

I lie on the beach and watch the sunset. I feel serenity in loneliness. Thoughts disappear, the mind falls asleep for a moment. Bubbles of its own illusions force the surface. I close my eyes and indulge in awakening.

The past comes to life. An endless series of creating and destroying thought constructions. The play, the joy, the sadness, and the painful abandoning of the scene of the games I created myself. What was not right to me?

I enjoyed everything I did, but I didn't allow myself to be happy with what I am. I wanted more and more events, people, relationships, adrenaline, and validation, because I thought that I was not good enough. I liked myself only when I thought that others loved me. So I tried tirelessly to ensure the continuity of my new construction, my appearance, my ego. I identified with what I was building. I wanted to be the best at everything I did. I was unyielding and rigorous to myself, with a stick in my hand I pushed myself to be perfect.

The outside world was so important that I overlooked where I was. I was jumping from film to film, playing different roles at the same time and forgetting the most important role – BEING ME. All my energy was dissipated outside. I had to maintain a youthful appearance, a beautiful figure, an idea of being desirable as a wife, friend, co-worker, teacher... How many masks. How many clothes. How much time of my life I spent in virtual reality. How much fear and bad emotion I carefully nourished in my heart. There were so many that there was no longer a place for joy and love. Only fear that I will lose all my bubbles.



PREBUJANJE

Ležim na obali in opazujem sončni zahod. Čutim spokojnost v osamljenosti. Misli izginejo, um za trenutek zaspi. Na površje silijo mehurčki lastnih iluzij. Zaprem oči in se prepustim prebujanju.

Preteklost oživi. Neskončni niz ustvarjanja in razbijanja miselnih konstrukcij. Igra, radost, žalost in boleče zapuščanje prizorišča iger, ki sem jih sama ustvarjala? Kaj mi ni bilo prav?

Uživala sem v vsem, kar sem delala, vendar si nisem dovolila biti srečna s tem, kar SEM. Še in še sem hotela, ker nisem vedela, KDO SEM JAZ. Lačna dogodkov, ljudi, odnosov, adrenalina, lačna potrjevanja, saj sama sebi nisem bila dovolj dobra. Rada sem se imela, le če sem mislila, da me imajo drugi radi. Zato sem neutrudno skušala zagotavljati stalnost vsake moje nove konstrukcije, mojega videza, mojega ega. Poistovetila sem se s tem, kar sem gradila. Hotela sem biti najboljša v vsem, kar sem počela. Gnala sem se do skrajnjega perfekcionizma, nepopustljivo, strogo, s kazensko palico v roki.

To je bilo tako pomembno, da sem spregledala, kje sploh SEM. Skakala sem iz filma v film, igrala hkrati različne vloge in pozabila na najbolj pomembno vlogo – BITI JAZ. Vsa moja energija je bila razpršena zunaj. Morala sem ohranjati mladosten videz, lepo postavo, predstavo o tem, da sem zaželena kot žena, prijateljica, sodelavka, učiteljica ... Koliko mask. Koliko oblačil. Koliko časa lastnega življenja sem porabila za navidezno realnost. Koliko strahu in slabih čustev sem skrbno hranila v srcu. Toliko se jih nabralo, da ni bilo več prostora za radost in ljubezen. Le strahovi, da bom vse te moje mehurčke izgubila.

And the day came when I realized that I was not immortal in this body. Despite my fear for life, I didn't know how to break those bubbles of mine. I thought they were my life. A warning was coming soon. Fear awakened every cell of my being. I felt in my heart that I had to abandon my own beliefs if I did not want to leave my body.

The outside world was falling apart. At the moment of acceptance of bodily death, the miracle light illuminated me. I felt a connection to the endless net of life. I was aware that I can still live in this body, I just need to wake up.

When I felt that nothing is important, I felt that ALL is ONE. I chose life, trusted it, and allowed it to express itself through me. No judgment, no expectations of a favorable outcome. And life has turned in the direction of my highest good.

I silenced the "monkey" in my head and watched my own reactions to other people. These were my mirrors. With pain and tears, I said goodbye to many beliefs about who-ever did anything to me. Nobody did anything to me. Everyone cared that I did this school of life. I allowed these experiences.

I have long sought safety and peace in my heart. It's hard to break free from fears and old patterns. Hard to let go of life and just observe. I wonder if I still need at least a straw to hold in my hand if I feel vulnerable, helpless, and alone. Like many years ago, when we were caught in a hurricane at sea. We barely made it to shore. My legs were shaking so hard I couldn't walk. I got out of the boat on my hands and knees. I held a small cloth that smelled like gasoline in my hand. Of all the things that would be important for survival, I took this little cloth. Unusual, but with it in my hand, I felt safe!

When we came to the coast, I realized the unimportance of material goods, what I was in society, how much money I had – it was just that we were together and we were alive. And what beautiful things we've all been through together. I thought the same when I was lying in the intensive care room after major abdominal surgery. Even after breast cancer surgery. Even after surgery for cervical metastases. And why do I always forget all this? Should the extreme points of my suffering, mental or physical, always remind me? Have I learned? Have I finally figured out what's important?

In je prišel dan, ko sem dojela, da telesno nisem nesmrtna. Kljub strahu za življenje nisem znala razbliniti teh mojih mehurčkov. Mislila sem, da so oni moje življenje. Kmalu je prišel ponovni opomin. Strah je zdramil vsako celico mojega bitja. V srcu sem začutila, da moram zapustiti lastna prepričanja, če ne želim zapustiti telesa.

Zunanji svet se je razpadal. V trenutku sprejemanja telesne smrti me je obsijala svetloba. Začutila sem vpetost v neskončno mrežo življenja. Lahko še živim v tem telesu, le prebuditi se moram. Ko mi je postalo VSEENO, sem začutila, da je VSE ENO. Izbrala sem življenje, mu zaupala in dovolila, da se izraža skozi mene. Brez sodbe, brez pričakovanj ugodnega razpleta. In se je razpletlo v moje najvišje dobro.

Utišala sem »opico« v glavi in opazovala lastne odzive na ljudi. To so bila moja ogledala. Z bolečino in solzami sem se poslovila od mnogih prepričanj, kdo mi kaj kdaj naredil. Nihče mi nič ni naredil. Vsi so ljubeče skrbeli, da opravim to šolo življenja. Sama sem dovolila vse, kar se mi je dogajalo. Sama sebi sem se dogajala.

Dolgo sem iskala varnost in mir v srcu. Težko je osvoboditi se strahov in starih vzorcev. Težko prepustiti se življenju in le opazovati. Sprašujem se, ali še vedno potrebujem vsaj slamico, da jo držim v roki, če se bom počutila ranljivo, nemočno, samo. Tako kot pred mnogimi leti, ko smo bili zajeti v orkanski veter na morju. Komaj smo prišli na obalo. Noge so se mi tresle tako močno, da nisem mogla hoditi. Iz čolna sem prišla po vseh štirih. V roki sem držala krpico, ki je smrdela po bencinu. Od vseh reči, ki bi bile pomembne za preživetje, sem vzela to malo krpico. Ob njej sem se počutila varno?!

Ko smo prišli na obalo, sem dojela, da ni pomembno nobeno materialno dobro, kaj sem v družbi, koliko denarja imam – le da smo skupaj in da smo živi. In kaj smo vse do tedaj skupaj lepega preživeli. Enako sem mislila, ko sem ležala v intenzivni sobi po veliki operaciji v trebuhu. Ali po operaciji raka dojke. Ali po operaciji metastaz v vratnih vretencih. In zakaj to vedno kmalu pozabim? Ali me morajo skrajne točke mojega trpljenja, psihičnega ali fizičnega, vedno opominjati na to? Ali sem se že naučila? Ali sem že končno dojela, kaj je pomembno?

I think I have learned the lesson of all my experiences. We are not here to change the world, but to accept ourselves and choose from a sea of possibilities. I can create the world at will, with thoughts, with purpose. Because of this, I can experience feelings and it is up to me to decide what I want to feel. It's nice when I stop and hear the birds sing, that's when they sing to me. When I see a rose and breathe in its intoxicating scent, it smells just for me. When I taste food, how its flavors develop in my mouth, it's just for me. No one else can taste and feel the way I taste and feel. That's why it's unique. These are just my bubbles that I can create. All I have to do is stop, wake up, observe and be aware. Why? Because I am a creative AWARENESS.

It doesn't matter "how not to die" but "how to live". When we were born, our first decision was to take a breath. When we die, our last decision will be to exhale. There is only breath in between. This is the only thing we really have in life. Everything else is just seasoning.

Mislím, da sem dojela nauk vseh mojih izkušenj. Nismo tukaj, da spreminjamo svet, ampak da sprejmemo sebe in izbiramo iz morja možnosti. Lahko ustvarjam svet po svoji volji, z mislimi, z namenom. Zaradi tega lahko doživljam občutke in samo od mene je odvisno, kaj želim občutiti. Lepo je, ko se ustavim in slišim, kako ptiči pojejo, takrat pojejo zame. Ko vidim vrtnico in vdihnem njen opojni vonj, diši le zame. Ko okušam hrano, kako se njeni okusi razvijajo v mojih ustih, je to samo zame. Nič druge ne more okušati in čutiti tako, kot vse to okušam in čutim sama. Zato je edinstveno. To so samo moji mehurčki, ki jih lahko ustvarjam. Le ustaviti se moram, prebuditi, opazovati in se zavedati. Zakaj? Ker sem ZAVEST, ki ustvarja.

Ni pomembno, »kako ne umreti«, ampak »kako živeti«. Ko smo se rodili, je bila naša prva odločitev vdih. Ko bomo umirali, bo naša zadnja odločitev izdih. Vmes je le dih. To je edino, kar zares imamo v življenju. Vse drugo so samo začimbe.



WHEN THE PICTURES TELL THE STORY

I am watching the sunrise on the beach. The darkness retreats to make a place for light. As long as the endless blue sky kisses the sea, I feel serenity in this perfection. I'd like to go ... somewhere.

As I look into the sun, I sink into silence beyond my mind, and I hope there will be no storm. In the wind I bravely fly over the waves of emotions, for I do not see my reflection in freedom.

Memories arise, nostalgia hugs me. The cycle ends. It's time for a change. I'm awakening in a new beginning without a mask.

For a long time, I persistently searched for meaning in the past. In the end, I realized that everything is a game. Reality is a matter of perception and I can change it.

In the world of color, I found the courage to jump from darkness and allow myself to be light. I can enjoy without judgment in the bubbles of my world. Even without clothes, I can be the lady who feels perfection in others.

Breath is all I have. In love is my strength. I am a drop in the river of life that will evaporate in the last wave.

On the beach ...



KO SLIKE PRIPOVEDUJEJO ZGODBO

Na obali opazujem sončni vzhod. Tema se umika, da naredi prostor svetlobi. Ko v neskončni modrini nebo poljublja morje, začutim spokojnost v tej popolnosti. Rada bi odpotovala ... nekam.

S pogledom v sonce tonem v tišino onkraj uma in upam, da ne bo nevihta. V vetru pogumno poletim nad valovi emocij, saj ne vidim svojega odseva v svobodi.

Spomini silijo na površje, objame me nostalgija. Cikel se zaključuje. Čas je za spremembo. Prebujam se v nov začetek brez mask.

Dolgo in vztrajno sem iskala smisel v preteklosti. Na koncu sem spoznala, da je vse igra. Realnost je stvar zaznave in jo lahko spremenim.

V svetu barv sem našla pogum za skok iz teme in si dovolila biti svetloba. Lahko uživam brez sodb v mehurčkih svojega sveta. Tudi brez oblačil sem lahko dama, ki čuti popolnost v drugih.

Dih je vse, kar imam. V ljubezni je moja moč. Sem le kapljica v reki življenja, vse dokler se ne razpršim v zadnjem valu.

Na obali ...



SLIKA JE PESEM

Vsaka slika nosi pesem,
vsaka pesem nosi glas.
Vsak od nas želi si objema,
vsak želi v rodno vas.

Tam so naše korenine,
tam vzkli je vsak naš jaz,
tam so solze in je sreča,
tam je notranji naš glas.

Vsaka pesem nosi sliko,
v vsaki sliki je naš glas.
Bodi slika bodi pesem,
v sebi čuvaj zlati jaz.

(Iztok Mihevc)

NA OBALI OPAZUJEM
SONČNI VZHOD.

I AM WATCHING THE SUNRISE
ON THE BEACH.



Sončni vzhod / Sunrise
akril / acrylic, 50 x 40 cm, 2019

TEMA SE UMIKA, DA NEREDI
PROSTOR SVETLOBI.

THE DARKNESS RETREATS TO
MAKE A PLACE FOR LIGHT.



V objemu sonca / In the Ebrace of the Sun
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

KO V NESKONČNI ...
AS LONG AS THE ENDLESS...



Neskončni objem / Endless Hug
akril / acrylic, 40 x 40 cm, 2019

... MODRINI ...

...BLUE...



Morski poljub / Sea Kiss
akril / acrylic, 30 x 60 cm, 2020

... NEBO POLJUBLJA MORJE ...

... SKY KISSES THE SEA...



Nebeški poljub / Heavenly Kiss
olje / oil, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

... ZAČUTIM SPOKOJNOST ...

... I FEEL SERENITY ...



Spokojnost / Tranquility
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

... V TEJ POPOLNOSTI.
IN THIS PERFECTION.



Popolni trenutek / Perfect Moment
olje / oil, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

RADA BI ODPOTOVALA ... NEKAM.

I'D LIKE TO GO ... SOMEWHERE.



Nekam / Somewhere
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2020

S POGLEDOM V SONCE ...

AS I LOOK INTO THE SUN...



Gledajoč v sonce / Looking to the Sun
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

... TONEM V TIŠINO
ONKRAJ UMA ...

...I SINK INTO SILENCE
BEYOND MY MIND...



Nirvana / Nirvana
akril / acrylic, 24 x 30 cm, 2020

... IN UPAM, DE NE BO NEVIHTA.

...AND I HOPE THERE WILL BE
NO STORM.



Ležerno pred nevihto / Calm Before the Storm
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2020

BIG BLUE FOR YOU

Iz svetle pride modra,
neskončna vse do tja,
kjer čaka me nirvana,
od vala pa do dna.

Vsak meter zdaj sem bližje,
za mano sonce zre,
nasmeh se mi preslika,
naravnost v srce.

Potapljam se počasi,
izgubljam se v snu,
okoli je tišina,
vem, da me čakaš tu.

(Iztok Mihevc)

NEKAM

Zares želim si tja,
daleč od ponorelega sveta.
Kjer so galebi, kjer je toplo,
kjer morje poljublja sončno nebo.

Ko pridem tja, te obvestim,
da tebe videti si želim.
Da prideš tja, kjer bomo vsi,
ne bo norenja, ne bo skrbi.

Zdaj primem čopič, potujem tja,
z lahkoto jadram prek morja.
Me val zaziba, me veter boža,
od sreče se mi naježi koža.

Zdaj ni le želja, zdaj res sem tam,
zaprem oči in jadram stran ...

(Iztok Mihevc)

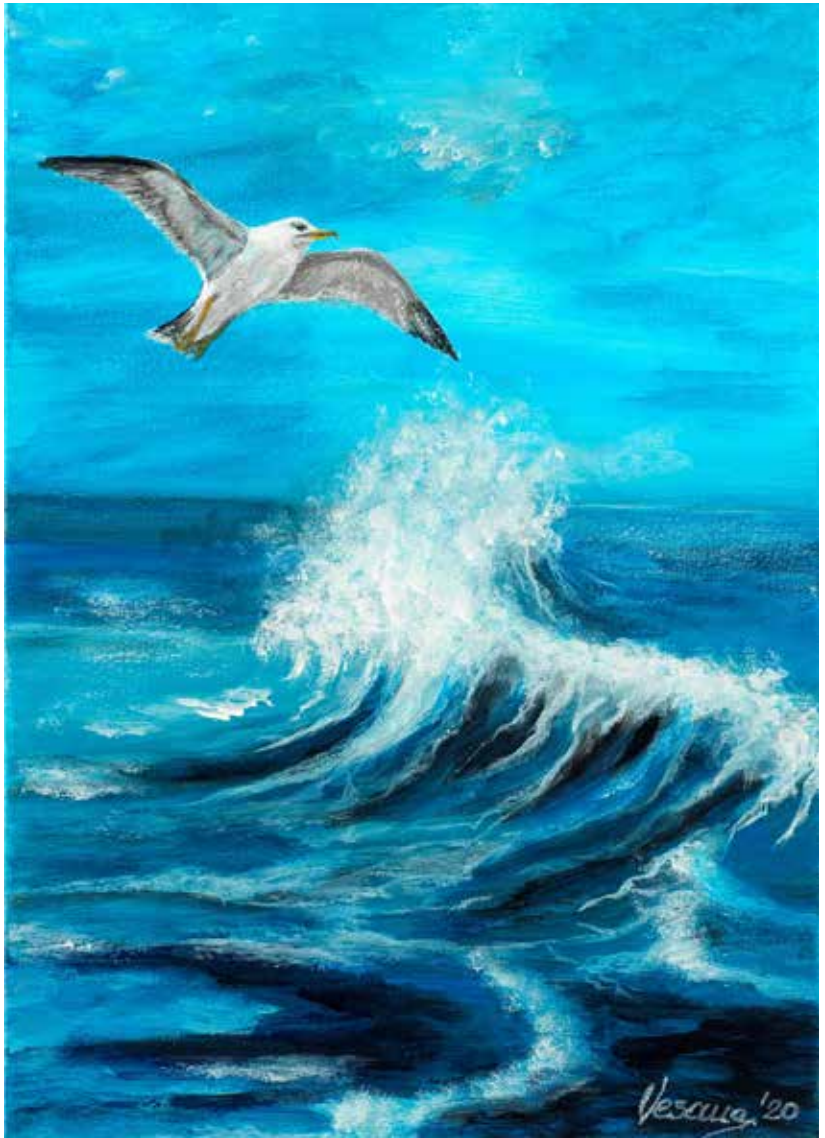
V VETRU ...
IN THE WIND...



Z vetrom / With the Wind
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2020

... POGUMNO POLETIM NAD
VALOVI EMOCIJ ...

...I BRAVELY FLY OVER THE
WAVES OF EMOTIONS...



Pogum / Courage
akril / acrylic, 25 x 35 cm, 2020

... SAJ NE VIDIM SVOJ ODSEV ...

...FOR I DO NOT SEE MY
REFLECTION...



Odsev / Reflection
akril / acrylic, 40 x 40 cm, 2019

... V SVOBODI.

...IN FREEDOM.



Svoboda / Freedom
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

SPOMINI SILIJO NA POVRŠJE ...

MEMORIES ARISE...



Morski zaklad / Sea Treasure
mešana tehnika / mixed media, 40 x 30 cm, 2019

... OBJAME ME NOSTALGIJA.

...NOSTALGIA HUGS ME.



Nostalgija / Nostalgia
akril / acrylic, 60 x 40 cm, 2019

CIKEL SE ZAKLJUČUJE.

THE CYCLE ENDS.



Sončni zahod / Sunset
akril / acrylic, 145 x 100 cm, 2020

ČAS JE ZA SPREMEMBO.
IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE.



Veliki val / Big Wave
akril / acrylic, 100 x 100 cm, 2020

POGUM

Pogum je beseda, ki veliko obeta,
a vsaka beseda le na papir je ujeta.

Je morje, je pena in sončen dan,
je roka v zraku in stisnjena dlan.

Je galeb na nebu, ki se ne preda,
se vetru upira in jadrati zna.

Je val na morju, ki te ponese,
daleč na obzorju nov dan ti prinese.

Vse to in še več ... vse to je pogum
in je tvoje srce, ki premaga razum.

(Iztok Mihevc)

NISEM SAM

Nisem sam, čeprav te ni ob meni,
nisem sam, čeprav grem zdaj drugam.

Nisem sam, ko zgubljam se v temi,
počasi zdaj potujem stran.

Kot val na morju vabi me modrina,
kot kaplja, ki želi na pot.

Vrti se zdaj obzorja mi ravnina,
a milina tvoja je povsod.

(Iztok Mihevc)

PREBUJAM SE ...
I'M AWAKENING...



Preboj / Breakthrough
akril / acrylic, 50 x 50 cm, 2019

... V NOV ZAČETEK ...
...IN A NEW BEGINNING...



Začetek / The Beginning
akril / acrylic, 100 x 70 cm, 2019

... BREZ MASK.
... WITHOUT A MASK.



Maske dol / Masks Down
akril / acrylic, 100 x 100 cm, 2020

DOLGO ...
FOR A LONG TIME...



Vzdržlivost / Endurance
akril / acrylic, 30 x 60 cm, 2020

... IN VZTRAJNO ...

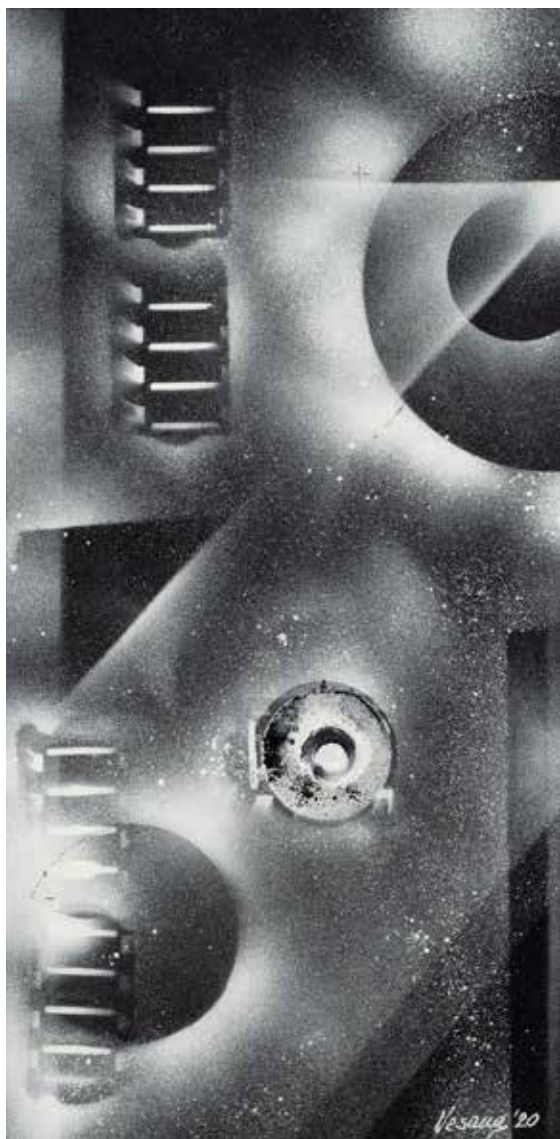
...I PERSISTENTLY SEARCHED...



Vztrajnost / Stamina
akril / acrylic, 30 x 60 cm, 2020

... SEM ISKALA SMISEL ...

...FOR MEANING...



Smisel / Sense
akril / acrylic, 30 x 60 cm, 2020

... V PRETEKLOSTI.

...IN THE PAST.



Karma / Karma
akril / acrylic , 30 x 60 cm, 2020

NA KONCU SEM SPOZNALA ...

IN THE END, I REALIZED...



Igrivost / Playfulness

akril / acrylic , 40 x 40 cm, 2020

... DA JE VSE IGRA.

...THAT EVERYTHING IS A GAME.



Igra / The Game
akril / acrylic, 100 x 100 cm, 2020

IGRA

V življenju iščemo pravilo,
a nikoli ni kot ravna pot.

Ne pomaga ne trikotnik ne šestilo,
kot labirint prihaja nam nasprot'.

Upanje, veselje in trpljenje,
vsak dan mimo nas hiti.

Je kot igra, ki jo včasih zmagaš,
in je igra, ki te pogubi.

Prepusti zdaj toku se življenja,
naj te popelje daleč tja.

Le pogumne spremlja sreča,
kjer strast življenja je doma.

(Iztok Mihevc)

ZEMLJA SE VRTI

In Zemlja se naprej vrti,
na njej sem jaz, na njej si ti.

Pohlep v vrtinec nas lovi,
a ego naš se ne boji.

V živ pesek bredemo vsi,
nam pa še vedno se mudi.

Ko tonemo v prihodnosti
in le še glava ven moli,

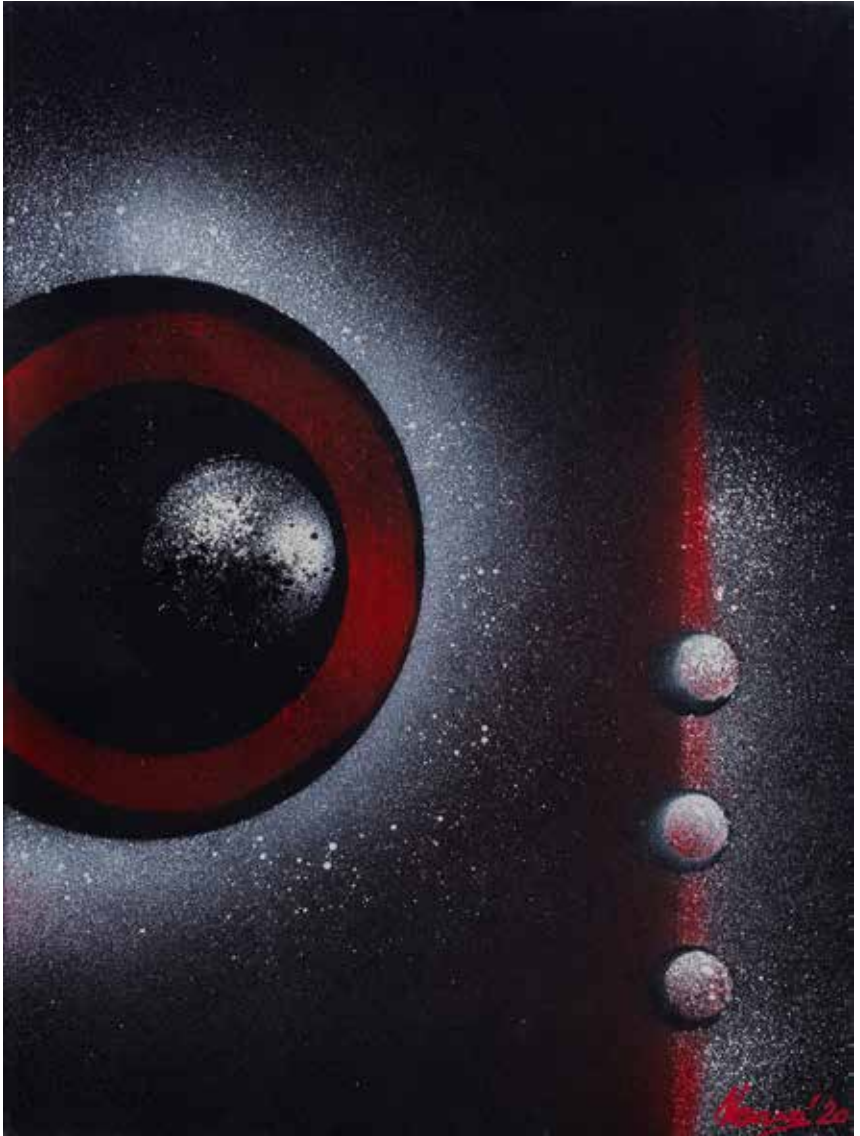
je čas, da ustavimo se mi,
da spet bom jaz in spet boš ti.

Saj zemlja se naprej vrti,
za nas prav nič jo ne skrbi.

(Iztok Mihevc)

REALNOST JE
STVAR ZAZNAVE ...

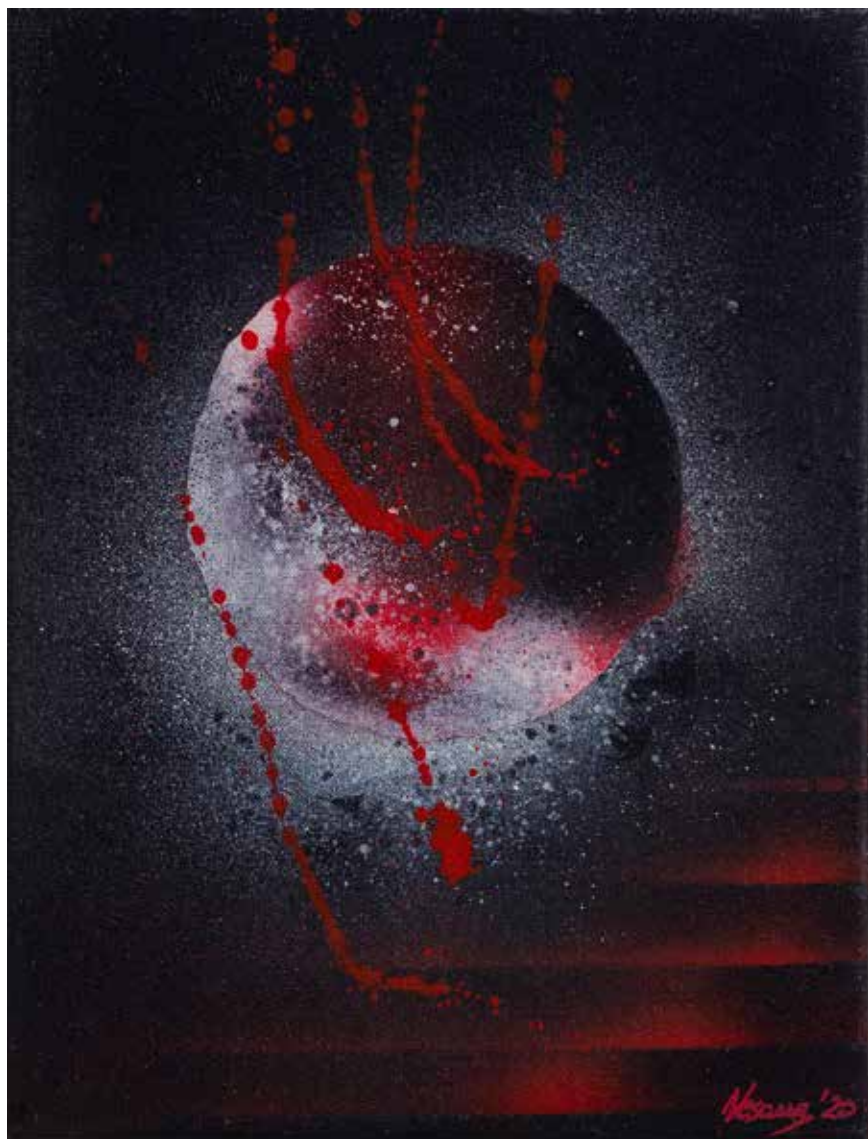
REALITY IS A MATTER OF
PERCEPTION...



Perspektiva / Perspective
akril / acrylic, 40 x 30 cm, 2020

... IN JO LAHKO SPREMENIM.

...AND I CAN CHANGE IT.



Spremema / Change
akril / acrylic , 30 x 40 cm, 2020

V SVETU BARV SEM
NAŠLA POGUM ...

IN THE WORLD OF COLOR,
I FOUND THE COURAGE...



Barvna brca / Colored Kick
akril / acrylic, 30 x 60 cm, 2020

... ZA SKOK IZ TEME ...

...TO JUMP FROM DARKNESS...



Odložitev / Decision
akril / acrylic, 45 x 60 cm, 2020

... IN SI DOVOLILA
BITI SVETLOBA.

...AND ALLOW MYSELF
TO BE LIGHT.



Sij / Glowing
akril / acrylic, 45 x 60 cm, 2020



SVETLOBA

Svetloba in tema kot noč in dan
z roko v roki se bližata nam.

In ko mislim poveš, da tema ni strah,
je le svetloba, stisnjena v prah.

Postaneš kresnica, sredi noči,
ki nosi luč svetlobe v temi.

Sij v svetlobi, sij v temi,
sij je povsod, saj sij si ti.

(Iztok Mihevc)

LAHKO UŽIVAM ...

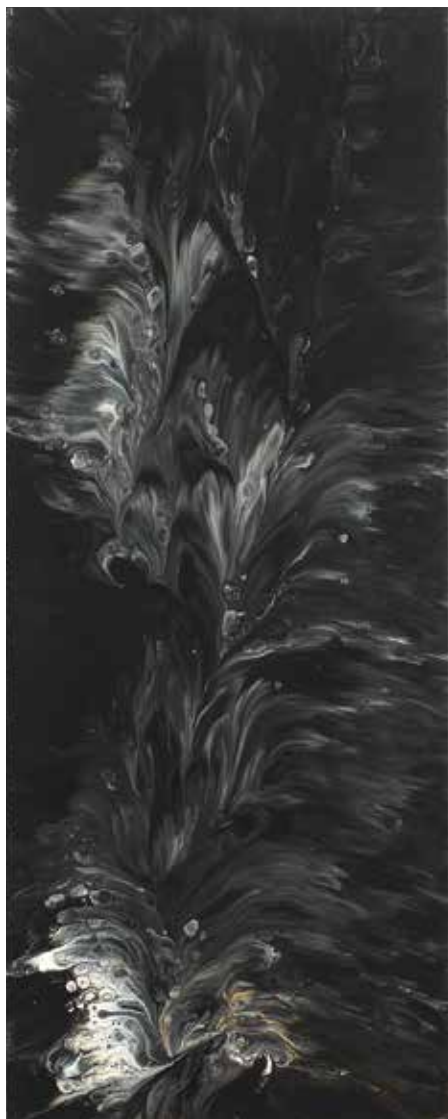
I CAN ENJOY...



Užitek / Enjoyment
akril / acrylic, 45 x 60 cm, 2019

... BREZ SODB ...

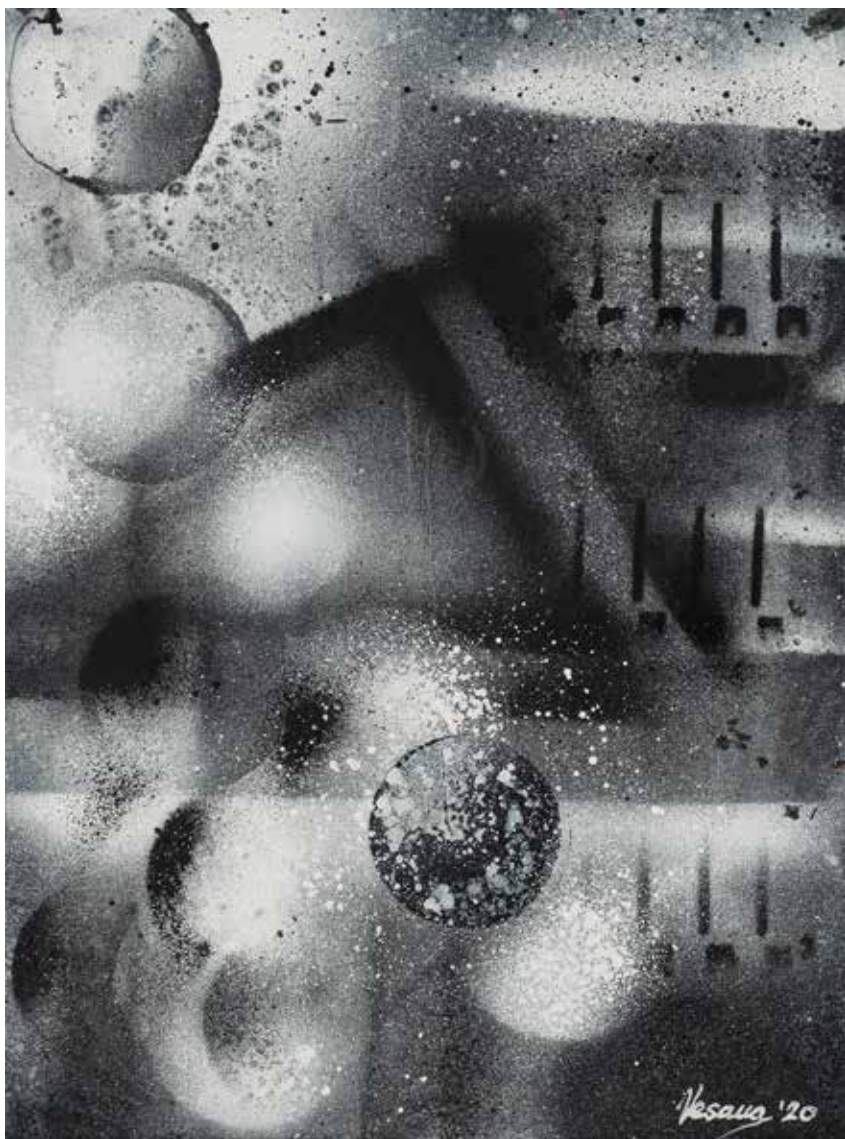
WITHOUT JUDGMENT...



Črno in Belo / Black and White
akril / acrylic, 20 x 50 cm, 2020

... V MEHURČKIH
SVOJEGA SVETA.

...IN THE BUBBLES
OF MY OWN WORLD.



Mehurčki / Bubbles

akril / acrylic , 40 x 30 cm, 2020

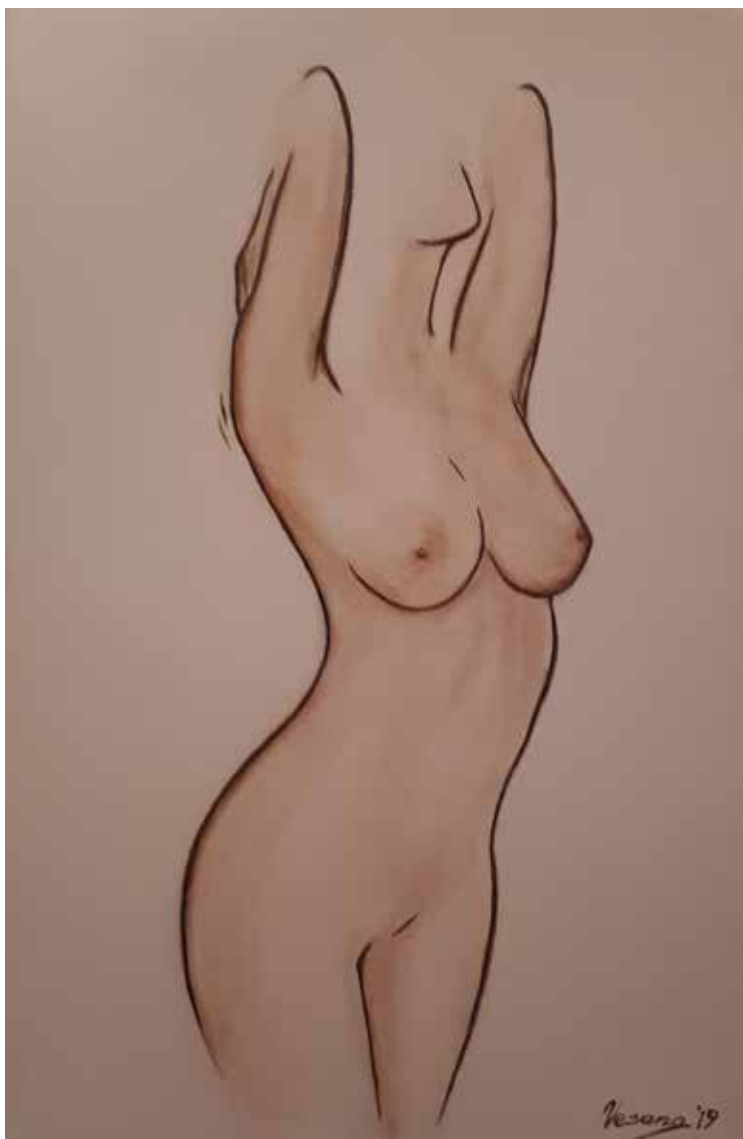
TUDI BREZ OBLAČIL
SEM LAHKO DAMA ...

EVEN WITHOUT CLOTHES,
I CAN BE THE LADY...



Dama / Lady
akril / acrylic , 45 x 60 cm, 2020

... KI ČUTI ...
... WHO FEELS ...



Čútnost / Sensuality
akril / acrylic , 40 x 60 cm, 2019

... POPOLNOST V DRUGIH.

...PERFECTION IN OTHERS.



Enostavno popoln / Simple Perfect
akril / acrylic , 45 x 60 cm, 2020

DIH JE VSE KAR IMAM.
BREATH IS ALL I HAVE.



Kristalni dih / Crystalline Breath
akril / acrylic, 30 x 24 cm, 2019

V LJUBEZNI JE MOJA MOČ.
IN LOVE IS MY STRENGTH.



Moč / Power
akril / acrylic, 30 x 24 cm, 2019

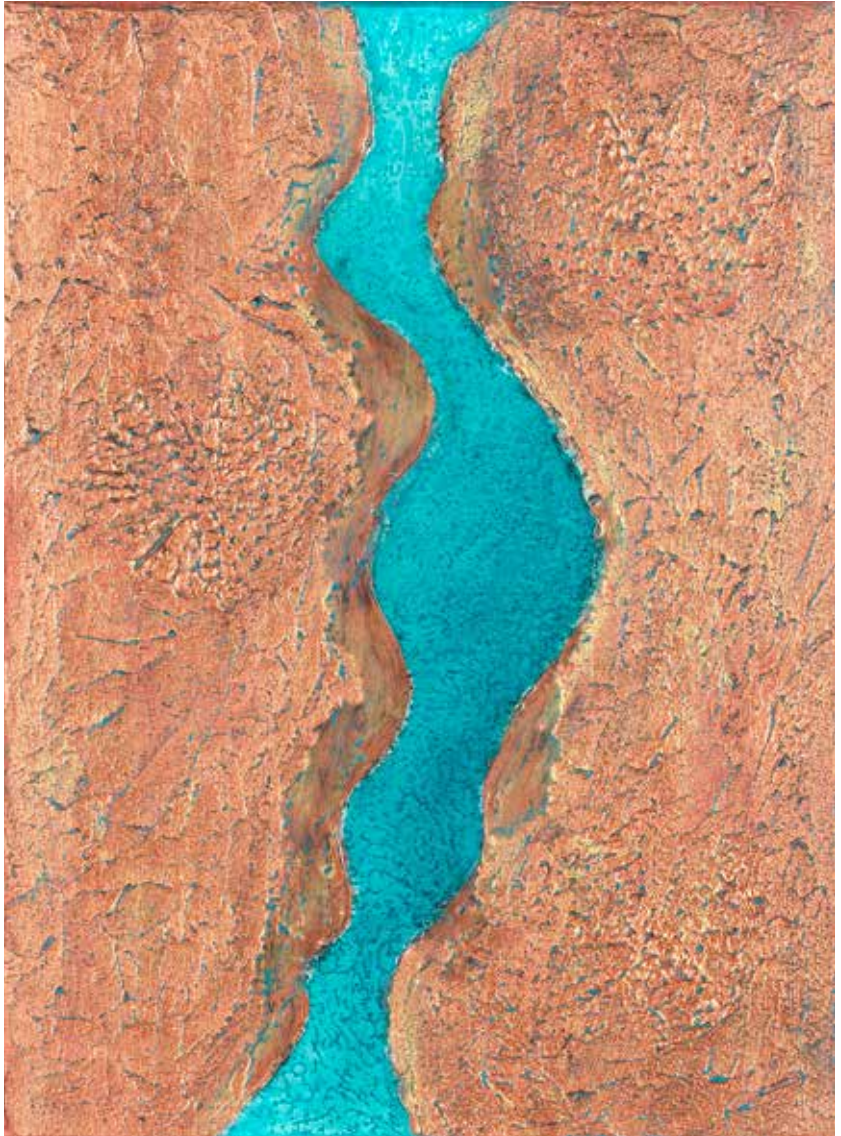
SEM LE KAPLJICA ...

I AM A DROP...



Kapljica / A Drop
mešana tehnika/ mixed media, 30 x 40 cm, 2020

... V REKI ŽIVLJENJA ...
IN THE RIVER OF LIFE...



Reka / The River
mešana tehnika/ mixed media, 30 x 40 cm, 2020

... VSE DOKLER SE
NE RAZPRŠIM ...

...THAT WILL EVAPORATE...



Le en trenutek / Just One Moment
mešana tehnika / mixed media, 60 x 30 cm, 2019

... V ZADNJEM VALU.

...IN THE LAST WAVE.



Val / The Wave
akril / acrylic, 30 x 24 cm, 2020

NA OBALI ...
ON THE BEACH ...



Na obali / On the Beach
akril / acrylic, 24 x 30 cm, 2020



esana

Ustvarjeno v
vibraciji ljubezni



esana

Ustvarjeno v
vibraciji ljubezni



THANK YOU

Thank you to YOU, who share your life and experience with me.

Thank you to YOU, who help me in my creativity, especially to NADIJA, MARITA, ALEX and TANYA.

Thank you to IZTOK for the wonderful songs.

Thank you to my art mentor MAJA, for flight control.

Thank you to ROMAN, who is with me when I fly and when I land.

Thank you to ME, for all decisions and events in my life. Without them, my book would not have met with YOU.



HVALA

Hvala VAM, ki delite svoje življenje in izkušnje z mano.

Hvala VAM, ki mi pomagata pri moji ustvarjalnosti, še posebej NADIJI, MARITI, ALEXU in TANYI.

Hvala IZTOKU za čudovite pesmi.

Hvala moji likovni mentorici MAJI, za kontrolo letenja.

Hvala ROMANU, da je z mano, ko letim in ko pristanem.

Hvala MENI za vse odločitve in dogodke v življenju. Če se ti ne bi zgodili, ta knjiga ne bi prišla v stik z vami.



Ustvarjeno v
vibraciji ljubezni