

Portrait

I know I am essential. I know that people can't live without me.

Not just because I'm a crucial part of this delicate figure I have been put in, but because I make the bridge between inner thoughts and the outside world. I know that I am special in a way. But I feel like she takes me for granted.

She uses me as an instrument. She dives into a wave of ideas and emotions that appear in her mind and canalizes it through my fingers to create and materialize an idea.

That morning in her apartment in Moscow, she constructed a simple machine that took her some time to put together. She used me to grab and conjugate different materials that she gathered around the house, like an ordinary plate from the kitchen and a soft teddy bear that came straight from her bed.

The result of hours working on this precious sculpture by using my every tiny little finger, happened because she had me as well as her freedom and the space to create. My small, but clever palm felt free, while helping her communicate that freedom through art.

That evening when she was sitting on her dad's lap, fascinated watching her favorite cartoons, seemed like she was floating. She was suspended, she was flying.

The dream of becoming a fashion designer or an impactful woman in the art's world travelled around her sensitive but complex mind. It seemed that she was transported, to a magic place.

That special place where she lost herself in thoughts and imagination. Like wire. A wire curling up and twisting inside her head. It felt like she was an electric string overloading with thoughts and ideas about to explode and collide. As the wire kept wounding up, she kept balancing me back and forth as she walked.

Her fluffy imagination got stuck in the cartoon toy she kept all these years. Like a reminder that she should always follow what she wants.

As my fist was holding this character cartoon that encapsulated her ambitions, I received all the way from her brain, down to my independent fingers, signs of childhood memories.

This toy I was holding, triggered a warm sense of childhood in her, and I could feel it in the way she smiled. She smiled through me, I was sensing it.

I was the doer, I had the power to produce her creations and that made me feel important and unique. I gave her possibilities that none of the other helpers could give.

When she played the piano, I could dance so spontaneously and at the same time so gently. I changed positions in a calm and rhythmic way, touching those black and white rectangles so important to her. Being in the same tone as her thoughts was essential to her. That couldn't happen in silence. Silence messed with her creative process. She had to listen to music in order to feel connected to her inner thoughts.

When she feels nervous, she touches me and plays with my silver hula hoops. These rings symbolize her armor, her limits, her sphere of influence. Inside these limits she can be and do whatever she wants.

They never leave me and there is no way she forgets to dress me up with them every single day. To be honest, sometimes I am sick of them, I can't breathe. She uses them

as a protection against the unknown. The need of using this protective armor, as if it was plaster, so opaque that no one can see through grows bigger and stronger when she is around people. But, like wire, molds into small barriers the moment she gets home. Then, she has the impression to be safe again, ready to imagine and create without constraints.

The transition between the plaster walls she puts up to protect her from the outside world and her inner self is made through imagination, creativity, and art. When she opens up, we can see through the wire and discover a delicate soul. Her essence. The part of her that will touch people in different ways. Her art.

She grew up too fast, too early, and suddenly I became bigger. I was not that delicate palm that would construct things in her house anymore. I was capable of much more now.

When I grew up, I could sense that she started seeing life in a different way. she got more realistic. I could sense in the way she was not holding on to that friendly cartoon toy anymore. She held on to things that gave her strength and a security sensation. Like the hard plaster.

The possibility of not getting where she had been working her whole life for, started to torment her. Her worst nightmare of ending up in a job that she couldn't be creative, started creeping into her. So she used me to work hard. Soon, she will discover that she is a resilient and a very hard worker but what will get her through life challenges and what will make her achieve the so dreamed goals is her vulnerability. Her sensibility and her essence. Soon she will realize that the best way is to do what she loves and feels it is right and I will always be there as the best partner in this incredible project.