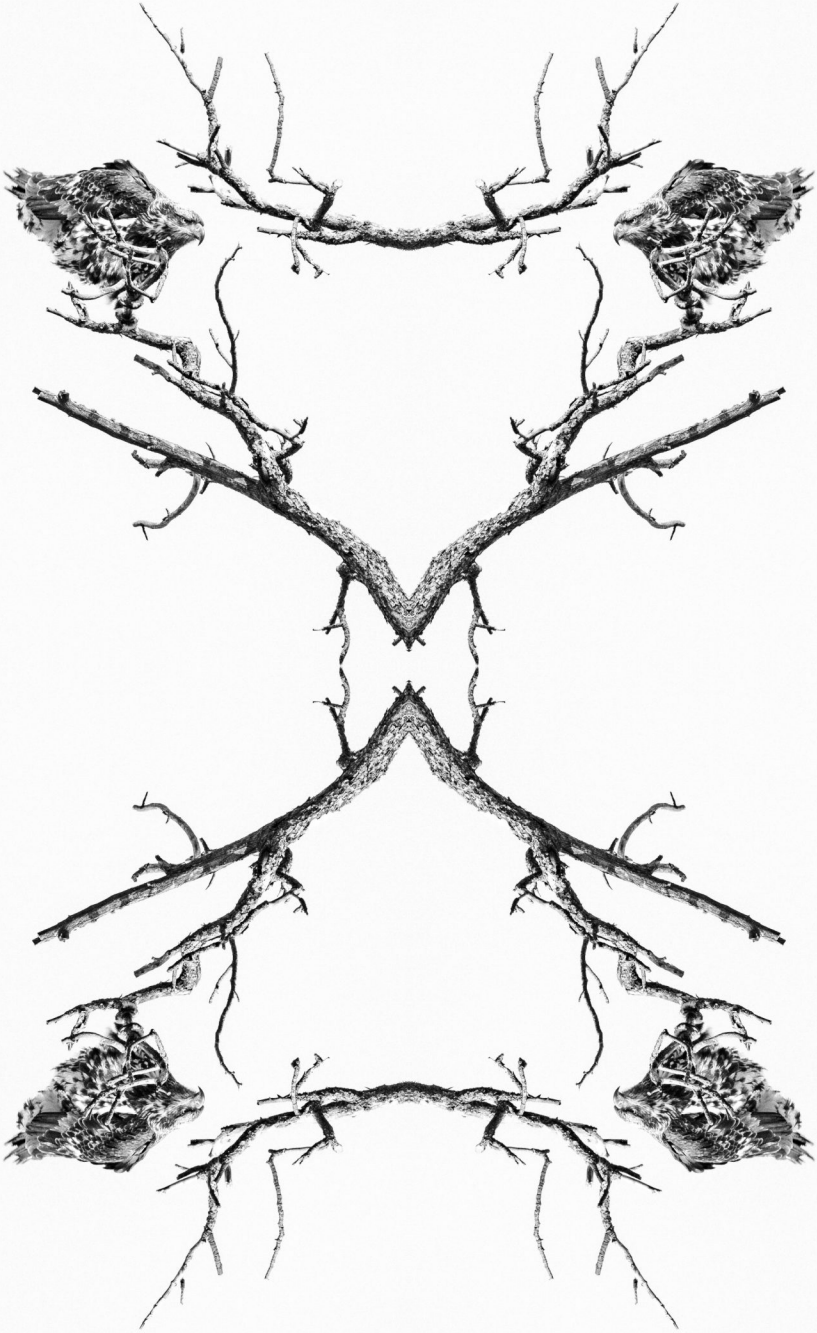


A breeze in your grind
By Vlad



Art exists to awaken.
To shift something.
To make you feel more alive.

What makes a life worth living?

When somebody tells me that they feel much more excited
about life after conversation with me.

I want you to feel more excited about life.

Before I can show, I have to live that life myself.
A life full of aliveness and open flames.

To awaken, I must expand my horizons
and observe life from different angles.





To see myself fully, I have to exile myself.
Both physically, but also travel, as an exile, in terms
of time, nationality and relationships.

Liberate myself from external pressures that dictate how
I should think and live.

Exile as a sacrifice that's necessary to achieve
authenticity.

By distracting myself from familiar surroundings and
influences, I can see them for what they are.



I'm heading towards truth and uncertainty.

I imagine all these unexplored islands lying ahead in the mysterious oceans.

I don't fear the storms. I imagine the treasures I am going to find there that are larger than the fear of the possible shipwrecks I might have to endure.

And all the hardships serve to build a stronger hull.

Some things can't be named.
They have to be lived.

Lived moments that transform into something that stops
someone for a second.

Like when the ocean breeze hits your face and you close
your eyes without thinking.

I'll be that breeze for you.
A brief interruption in your grind.





I get into situations.
A settled existence is too monochromatic.

I need ambivalence to thrive.
Ambivalence as a source of creativity and excitement,
an essential and enriching aspect of existence.

Ambivalence is who I am. The edge is how I work.

I come alive in contradiction, not in clarity.
I spark in tension, not in comfort.

My creativity isn't born from serenity. It's born
from the edge.



I commit to finding the magic in anything I do.
And the story will reveal itself.

I get near the moment, and in the moment there is no
story, only actions and thoughts as yet undefined.



I find that place within
where two truths meet
and neither one wins.

And in that meeting place,
something awakens.

