

Before I started writing this text I asked myself some questions.

Asking questions leads one to try and make sense of things.

What does it mean to be looking for meaning? What is the meaning of art?
What's the meaning of society?

Why does art need a society?

Why does society need art?

Who influences whom?

Does art exist for society, or does society exist for art? We are artists, what do we want to give to society? What do we need in order to communicate with society through art? We need space. We need moral and material support. We need an audience!

Through the medium of art, people can communicate with each other, seek closeness, and get to know one another.

Art is the language of that other reality we don't see. It brings out the questions that lie deep inside of us. Art is a mobile resource flowing through all our spaces, surrounding us with mirrors to see ourselves. Art speaks every language fluently, and performs rituals in all directions.

You can find art in every house. A painting, music, a child imitating its father, a mother singing for her baby.

Art gives us another shadow.

Another shadow gives us another space.

Another space gives us another connection.

Art is rooted in society, and cannot exist without it. Society and all its wrestlings are rooted in art, and cannot exist without it. Art and society need one another, in order to grow. They water one another, and drink each other's water through their roots.

I have written a poem for this occasion about these roots that talk to each other.

Talking roots

I am a root
yearning for the light
I am a root
searching for fertile soil
I need your pure water
Some people feel my presence in the soil
Some people do not understand my language
What language do you speak?
I speak a secret language
Some people take care of me as they do for their first love on earth
Do you know that roots are fond of ancient rituals?
Roots are looking for a way to grab hold of other roots
Roots hold each other and dance
Will you lead me by the hand?
I started a new life with you
Rejuvenated life
Darling, I will be there for you
The memory remains and will not be forgotten
You deeply touched my soul
The way you look, the way you are
Letters are like branches in all languages that do not need a translation

The world is made of glass
Fragile
Letting go must truly be done
I lost myself in everything I had to be
Never good enough
I would want to run, and cease looking where I was
A thousand words
Withheld and unsaid

It is over
See the world, see the root, see the people,
Do you see me?
No one knows how it feels when you are alone
I am a root who cannot speak at times because of the lost water
Reality hides in my tears
Truth hurts so much sometimes
Inner pain
No one sees the crack in the root
Scars
Look at me
Tell me what you see

I am an invisible root
Open your hand and glimpse the root of your path
Do you hear the path?
Do you smell the path?
Do you know where you planted me?
In what world?
Unknown world
Odd world
New world
Vulnerable world
World of rituals
Will we meet each other again?
Will we meet each other with all our senses?
Close your eyes, come close
Hold your hand
Who are you?
The present
The past
Nameless soul
Hold the light
Listen to the light
A deep breath
Letting go
I am a visible root