

North

The allies of sleep had been called upon, the storm was so strong that no one would go to school the following morning.

Friendly rivers started streaming underground. Singing lullabies underneath the earth.

Everyone was dreaming of capillary sea water seeping out from their skin pores. Collective visions reshaping their homes, opening holes.

No walls, however, were more sacred than rain water. Heavy rains were considered living beings, they moved freely without constraints.

Each drop still holds the power of uniting with the next and, once combined, becomes a liquid mother that carries the nurturing information needed by her children.

Washing away trauma and cleaning distorted memories, feeding every existing pore of the earth. On nights like these, we grew.

South

Once more the harvest had finished before my arrival. Even though every right moment had been secreted away, I continued hoping to be part of it.

— our mother told me

be patient.

The dry brown mountain has a strong, solar, appetite and, thus, can never be left unprotected if it is to heal.

Our grandparents were educated to stop feeding the earth. Now, naked and unnourished, erosion has spread

bringing thirst.

Everyone knows that the dynamic of the moon is here to cooperate.

But they've forgotten how.

And as I woke,

more pressure points were calling for touch

harmonizing

the

Qi.

Our brown wet hands would also embrace the motion of the wheel this Spring.

So, very soon, warm air currents would accelerate time and forms.

Overturning our touch.

We knew then that evaporation was rhythm and

revolution

our daily medicine

with a romantic twist.

East

On winter afternoons, a cat stares at the sun
gazing intensely
as if they had no eyesight.

South East

But her eyes weren't only
her eyes,
the physical apparatus that enabled her participation in the visual world.
Her eyes

- I realized during that last breath -
were the physical matter that represented her vital energy, the matter of love, the last function
irrigating her heartbeat and the connection between her, us, and elsewhere.

Little veins coursing through

Her eyes

electricity
expanding into her heart and vice versa.

Like waves.

The heartbeat,
the pulse,
propagating into the universe and into all living things.

The sea is my mother,
and
my first drawing.

West

Snake in the big star became visible
 again
It was fading in the silence of a cold morning
 To reappear again soon after
Along
 the birds' songs.

The untruthful moon

She told me we would meet again
 To drain

all toxic tears
 retained in hidden clouds

I couldn't see well most days

Still

I promised to follow her advice
 and waited for her in the dark
But as soon as she came near
I'd forgotten how
 again

South West

Family Waterfalls
Years went by
Rivers of love stream away
heat and fire