

I used to be inseparable from my art supplies, an artist who found solace in every stroke of charcoal and burst of color from acrylics since I was learning how to walk. But then, something shifted. The vibrant connection I once had with my creativity faded, and I found myself distanced from the thing I once loved.

Life got busy, school work picked up, and new priorities fell into place and pushed out the old. My love for art felt like a distant memory, and I became a spectator to my own passion. The canvases gathered dust, and the pencils lost their sharpness. The vibrant hues turned into muted tones of indifference. It was as if I had lost the language to speak the art that once defined me. But then came the unexpected pause, a collective hush brought by the unwelcome visitor, COVID-19. Amid the solitude of lockdown, I found myself surrounded by an abundance of time, a commodity I had taken for granted. It was during those quiet days that I stumbled upon my old paints – faithful companions from a forgotten era.

Charcoal, acrylic paint, sculpture, colored pencil, and oil pastels beckoned like long-lost friends, inviting me into a realm where the body and art converged. In the tactile exploration of different mediums, I discovered a newfound intimacy with my own corporeal existence. The charcoal responded to the pressure of my fingers, the acrylic paint mirrored the fluidity of my movements, and sculpting my old half-dried crayola clay felt like molding a piece of myself into tangible form.

In the realm of my artistic journey, the fusion of my body and art has become an intriguing exploration. As I navigate the canvas or the stage, I sense a profound connection between the physicality of my body and the expression of my artistic vision. It's more than just wielding a brush or striking a pose; it's about understanding what my body can convey beyond words.

There's an inherent power in the movements and gestures I choose, echoing a silent language that communicates emotions and stories. Whether I'm immersed in the strokes of a paintbrush or engaged in the fluidity of dance, I find myself pushing the boundaries of what my body can articulate. The mere act of creation becomes a dialogue between my inner world and the tangible, visceral experience of being in my body.

Exploring the intersection of body and art is akin to unlocking a realm of limitless possibilities. Each artistic endeavor becomes a unique exploration of physicality, a dance with the canvas or a rhythmic conversation with the stage. It's not just about creating aesthetically pleasing pieces; it's about delving into the depths of my physical self to extract authenticity and raw emotion.

Charcoal, gritty and dynamic, allows me to capture bold strokes with the movement of my entire arm. The canvas becomes a dance floor, and each stroke is a step, translating my emotions into textured landscapes. Acrylic paint unleashes a vibrant palette,

demanding both precision and passion. The flick of a brush, the squeeze of a tube – every action is an intimate dialogue between my body and the canvas.

Sculpture takes this interaction to a tactile level. Kneading clay, feeling its resistance and yielding, is a tactile conversation. The shaping of form is an embodied exploration, transforming raw material into a tangible expression of my inner world.

Colored pencils offer a delicate interplay. The controlled pressure of my hand dictates the intensity of color, as if my emotions are etched onto the paper. Oil pastels blur the line between drawing and painting, enabling a tactile dance of fingers on the surface, smearing and blending hues with an almost rhythmic motion.

This process isn't just about the finished pieces; it's about the physicality inherent in creation. Each medium becomes a language, and my body, the storyteller. The strokes, squeezes, kneads, and touches are more than techniques; they are embodied expressions of my identity, passions, and evolving self. In this fusion of body and art, I discover a profound means of communication, a narrative told not just with my hands but with my entire being.

Each medium became a vessel for unspoken stories, a visual diary of my journey through the tumultuous landscape of adolescence. The act of creation became a dialogue between my body and the artistic elements – a dance that transcended the limitations of language.

As I dipped my brushes into the palette of rediscovery, I realized that art was not just a passive reflection of my emotions; it was an active participant in my self-exploration. The strokes, the smudges, and the vibrant collisions of color mirrored the complexity of my own existence. In those quiet moments of creation, I found solace, understanding, and a rekindled love for the profound interplay between the body and art.