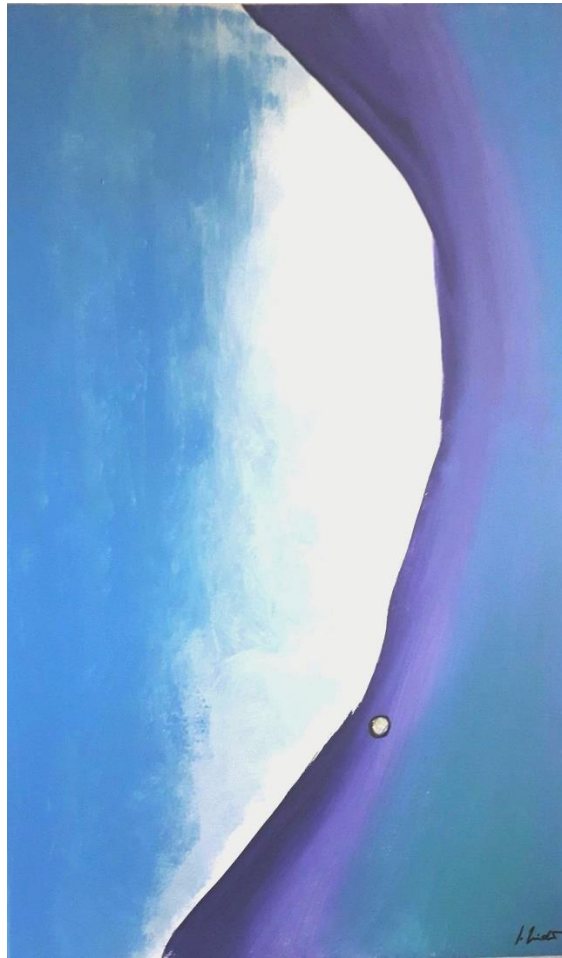


JULY 2021

BLUE DREAM



I like colourful dreams. They are not distorted or warped images of reality, no copies, they are autonomous pictures, a reality of its own, a world of its own.

Blue.

Blue dreams, blue pictures floating in boundless space. There are no exact dimensions, no below and no above, no measure and no weight.

Blue is the eternal unpredictable in our life.

A dance to atonal music, Aeolian harps, Glass harps and rustling leaves ... maybe reeds.

Chords full of excitement which dissolve gently in the sphere of eternal silence.

Life runs like water through your fingers.

Blue is a colour of mortality.

The dark blue becomes brighter and brighter and creates new life.

Shapes of light appear.

Infinite blue.

Blue, the eternal passing away and coming back.