

Listening to The Silence

Hybridism between languages is always fascinating and it is always present in my projects and my poetry. In “Poema Gravado”, I used words considering their sonority, turning them into graphic images through metal engraving, collages and the use of my own handwriting.

Reflecting on the solitude of human life, with nature in mind, I start to draft poems and to draw their space. Intrinsically, they suggest a visibility. They wanted to be heard for they couldn't remain silent.

Surrounding me, the cubic objects and the architectural space with whom I live on a daily basis, appeared as essential protagonists for the establishment of words, bringing the necessary visual potency to produce “noise”. It is always curious to observe how the physical space institutes an intimate dialogue with the artist. Both remain in continuous development, many times with fierce conflict, but still listening to each other.

White walls are silent. They hide memories.

Poems carry the pain of unheard voices.

In the turbulence of this accelerated world, the other seems to not exist. The liquidity of this world flows rapidly. This other is also plundered nature.

Landscapes, words, lines, connexions, linking an underground world sustaining what is on its surface. To fully understand it, one must stop, look and listen.

I transpose to the lonely landscapes, the solitude of the abandonment that nature suffers. We are interlinked. The relationships between human beings urge to be rescued. The ancestral sounds of the universe also need to be felt as well as the sensation of constant marvel with the minuscule and simple world. A world that we're all part of, a blue world to which I subordinate myself irretrievably.

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