

VOICES IN THE AIR

On how dreams are born

Dreaming is talking to the air

During sleep one wakes up to the life from another time. Don't alter the reality of the dream, do not divorce the magic off the story, nor the vigil of the myth.

Do not forget that rivers can exist without water, but not without shores. That they can advance without moving between two landscapes and that the landscapes can be the ones that could lead to the sea.

The reality is nothing if not verifiable in the secret blood, timeless, flowing at night when dreams awake and feeding time of men.

We must live in harmony with the nature of the real-real and with the nature of reality dreamed.

On how words are born

Who ever pronounces words, sets in motion powers, unleashes other forces, other words in the air, without never knowing their meaning. Infinite powers. Words are not only words. In the same way as in the world where all that is real which we see or dream is more, much more than reaches the eye be it inwards or outwards.

It's gold that which pours words raining in my ears, my head turns a clay pot filled with rain

Whole rivers fit our vessels, and if the envelope of the words crack, the water is still there, lived, intact, and endlessly renewing itself. They are living beings who walk on their own... the words that come together and have offspring.

Of the word tiger and the word dance orchids can be born

Of the word tree and the word moon fireflies can be born

Of the starry night the word lightning is born, meaning that words give offspring.

On how music is born

The teacher taught me magic songs, and something more precious he taught me to pick up the music that lives in the air, to repeat them moving my lips, to sing in silence with the memory off the heart

On how ideas are born

The house of air is the house of life, nothing dies once it enters the air. The souls of all times, the knowledge and feelings of all times are there.

There they can grow or stop but never die, last longer, like an eternal beginning. There is everything that has been thought.

The thoughts of the good people live in the air, they stay in the air as we do in our houses, before being taken to the books, even if they are only thought and even if they are never being written they live in the air. Ideas are recorded better in the air than on any notebook

On how to open the secret doors

In the architecture of the air there is an order, a hierarchy which can not be altered

Lets build living cities where doors are open for those who know to see them, for those who know to cross them while dreaming and while awaking.

Each door is unique and it's key, multiple

And what

The true moon is not found in heaven, but in the heart.in the memory of the heart

Keka Ruiz-Tagle.