

VER.

**Palpable emotions**

Lumbre

By: Gabriela Navarrete Torres

INVERÖSIMIL
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Poetry and I have never been the closest of friends, we would call each other "acquaintances", because, while we have known each other for more than 20 years, she and I have never had a conversation, or a real conversation at least, not like those where you hear the words, and you find yourself on the other, or of those that where you even forget that you're talking to other people instead of talking to yourself, but only one of those conversations that you hear beautiful words with beautiful hand motions and gestures, of those in which the sound of the words will distract you so much that you can't understand anything.

Ever since we met, she was the center of attention for my weekly flag ceremonies. I remember seeing every week a classmate being tortured by a teacher to learn everything about her: commas, dots, intonations, words from times when my parents didn't even exist, only to say it out loud in front of hundreds of children. In her defense, she was and is very old for an elementary school girl.

But today, when I am in the causes of many existential crises, 22 years, having already gone through true and deep depressions, infatuations, codependencies, self-recognition, congratulations with awareness about it. Her, already adapted to new images, formats and styles, this acquaintance and I have been able to meet in spaces that we never thought we had done: ashtrays, bottles, plates, walls, cups, glasses... both different, larger and with a new open door to get to know each other again.

We have seen each other in new moments of our lives, healing and creating each other. The work of artists like Lumbre is so important to me to recognize. An art that returns to palpable letters and physically visible feelings in new forms and expressions, of messages, of poetry.

It is also the work of a woman who breaks the stereotype of pink art, the art of flowers and happy faces. It talks about raw feelings, moments that mark your life, looks that are not forgotten, perceptions of life that break you when you know them. It's no coincidence that those objects that one never believes will remind us of the person we don't want to think about again. They become the houses within our minds, and that Lumbre's ceramics frame them. I imagine myself taking this bottle with my hand, reading the phrase "Todas las noches sueño contigo" ("Every night I dream of you") and thinking exactly about it, hoping that it will not happen again. Drowned in the martyrdom of living that every day, letting the months go by and finding this bottle again, relieved to have a physical memory of that martyrdom, checking that it was not only what sadness makes you believe, that your emotions, delusions, dreams, were nothing more than you and your clings but that just like the bottle, your pain was real. All the pieces of Lumbre reflect living feelings, direct and literal expressions of the hands.



LUMBRE

MIRANDA
VAROFABIOLA
ESPIGA

SILVINA



VIKA



AMASTIQUÉ

ARTE &
COTIDIANIDAD