

PRESENZIA

Bontanical Garden Sofia

*Sound installation by Valentina Sciarra
original music by Angelo Maria Farro
a project curated by Alessia Simonetti*

PROLOGO

*Together we will listen
to how sound speaks through our flowers,
to the rhythm of the roots, even of the mind.
Everything that has been forgotten
begins to awaken within memory.
I do not ask you to believe me,
Only to keep listening*

Rose

*I remember the thirst,
hard earth,
stone,
cracked mud.
No one laughed anymore.
Light clouds,
the wind,
far too swiftly.
I had kept
a single jug of water,
hidden
in the shadow
fresh of the room.*

*I heard a knock.
An old woman,
wrapped in a cloak,
her feet covered in dust,
her eyes
as ancient as the mountains.
« I am thirsty »
her voice barely a whisper.
I could feel
the weight of the jug,
the worth of every single drop.
She drank slowly,
savoring the water,
the very act of sharing.
She smiled at me.
In that instant,
the wind changed.
Shadows,
moving lightly.
Mist.
A gentle light
between her weathered hands.
She opened her hand
and let
luminous rose petals
drift into the air
toward the barren hills.
«Where kindness lives,
the earth will remember how to bloom.»
That night:
air,
pink blossoms,
rain,
life-giving,
thirst-quenching.
Their fragrance
in every field,
in every breath.*

Catharanthus

*Silent,
it grew—
a small catharanthus,
pale pink petals
close to the earth,
discreet
and still.*

*An ancient voice rose,
the breath of the roots,
the memory of the rain.*

*Little flower, who are you?
«A humble presence,» came the reply.
«They see me without truly knowing me,
the wisdom I hold
hidden
within my leaves.»*

*A rare gift.
Ancient healers
gathered me at dawn
to calm fevers,
to ease suffering.
Invisible substances,
helping
the body,
even
against certain cancers.
Fragments of balance.
Cells gone astray,
recalling
a forgotten rhythm,
a lost harmony.
In fragility
often
lies
true power.*

Strelitzia

*Lands,
sunlight,
within the ocean.
Fragrance.
A bird—
they called it
the spirit of the sky,
suspended
between dream
and reality.*

*Orange wings,
deep blue feathers.
It flew,
belonging
to no place.
Courage.
Strength.
Desire.
The journey.*

*I imagine
it was born
from the wind.*

*As time passed,
cities
grew immense.
They no longer
the stars
smothered every voice
No one
lifted
their eyes
to the sky.*

*No one
noticed
its presence.
The bird came to rest.
It asked
only one thing:
not to be forgotten.
To keep forever
the memory
of flight.*

Plumbago

*The day
was born,
a secret
kept by the sky.
For days,
dark clouds
had covered the sun.
The animals
were silent,
something sacred
was about to happen.*

*The sky
alive : lightning
blue
thunder
the earth trembling beneath my feet.*

*Immense lightning
tore through the clouds
and struck the hill.
I saw the sky opening
fabric torn,
a blue light,
intense water
clear
I could not run away.
I walked toward the hill
where the lightning
I found neither ash
nor fire—*

fragments of the sky caught upon the earth.

Sage

*An ancient word,
crossing the centuries,
crossing the fields.
Old wise women
whispered
beneath their breath.*

*Sage,
revered
for its gifts,
mystery
fragrance.
Bound
to seeing beyond fear,
to listening
to the hidden language,
the memory of the world.*

*Its leaves,
touched with gentle care,
as one touches something sacred.
Smoke
a light mist
stillness for the thoughts.
clarity for the mind,
fragrance
of understanding
oneself.
I close my eyes,
the wisdom
of one who...*

Lavender

Silence.

*A violet hillside
Bees were dancing
Lavandula was growing.*

*Its flowers,
little blue flames.
Their fragrance:
calm.*

*An ancient voice spoke
Why do people
seek you?
Because I remind them
of rest.*

*The field
listening.*

*My Flowers
to calm
the heart,
racing thoughts,
tensions
to find stillness again,
beside the bed
to slow
the breath
deep.*

*Men live
restless
they have forgotten
rhythm.
They sleep
without resting,
without listening
the breath.
They live
without stopping.
Peace is healing,
silence for an instant.*

*"Your greatest gift?"
Gentleness.
Strength.
Healing.
Breathing slowly.*