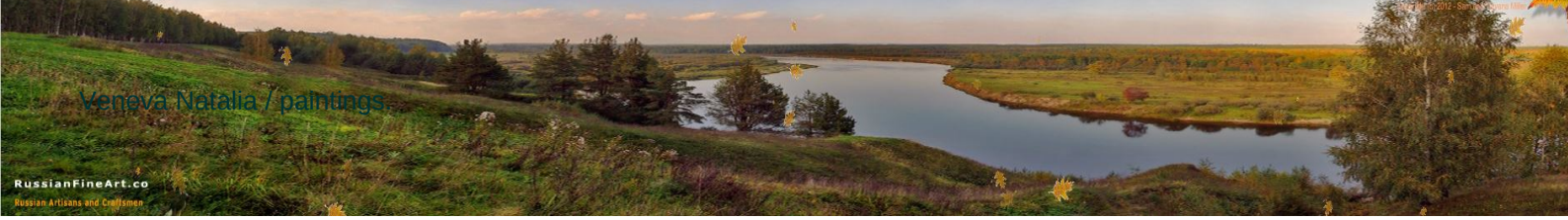

Veneva Natalia / paintings.

I would prefer drawing my story,
rather than writing it
because I am an Artist.

I’ve been painting since early childhood.
My first works were in water colors.
For quite a long I was afraid to come anywhere near oil
in fear that nothing good would work out.

There was a time in my life which was not connected to art.
A prestigious economical university, work for a European company,
a family and an adorable child.
Of course, I sometimes managed to do small sketches,
otherwise the inspiration living in me, triggered by the curve of a fragile small street
or the touching attrition of an old window frame would have burst me into tiny pieces.

But after 12 years of hiding my creativity I began to feel how deeply I miss art.
The tiny set of oil paints that I had bought
had been on the shelf for a couple of weeks
before I dared to approach it. But after I started, I simply could not stop.

I have the feeling that I am making up for lost time.
My creativity has broken free and is trying to touch every surface
and reveal itself in all possible forms, colors and textures.
Even spreading butter on bread, I see oil on canvas.
I get so many ideas that I had to buy a separate notebook
where I put them down, so they don’t pile up in my head.

Narrow streets trying to catch you for a cup of coffee;
old houses telling the stories of their inhabitants;
tile roofs that treaded on by curious cats at night;
merry flames of red poppies in a golden field, etc.
I am convinced that if you see something that lights a spark inside you,
you have to share it.

Otherwise,
why should we need paint, brushes and canvas?

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