

She, made of love

A visual narrative towards **unconditional love**—
Fear, surrender, forgiveness, remembrance, and *return*.

She, made of love

Each piece— a chapter in becoming
a sacred uinfoling of identity through
elements, archetypes, memory and
surrender.

Valeria Camacho



She, made of fire

1

She dedicates her whole life to the art of painting. After finishing her best works, she takes them to the garden and sits as she watches them burn. Her disciple desperately asks for an explanation. She answers:

“The art of setting something on fire is as important as the other arts.”

It is time to put the pieces together: draw your conclusions rationally.

//

Forgiveness is setting to fire what you once clung to.
Forgiveness as release.

[Video](#)



She, made of dreams

2

Whether or not she's focused on the future, she is lost in her own thoughts, she bursts into laughter, or she is completely in control, her life is made of dreams.

Whether she waves her cape or wears a crown, if she gallops in light or falls into the void, her mind is made up of dreams.

If cities and seasons change, if she screams or walks upside down, if she eats or drinks poison, if she's in a mother's arms or a father's or if she's holding her own child, her mind is made up of dreams.

And whether she walks in the world or not, her mind is made up of dreams.

For she is always standing with one foot over the abyss and looks up at the stars carelessly. **She is her own dream. The most coveted and feared.** Have fun. Go crazy.

//

Forgiveness is standing on the edge of yourself and trusting what's in your chest.

Forgiveness as Sovereignty.

[Video](#)



She, made of stars

3

She walks carelessly, lost in her thoughts among gambling tables.

With the same carelessness she strolls through brothels and streets of ill repute; young and pure, her eyes veiled by a celestial dimension.

She walks like a star in the night sky.

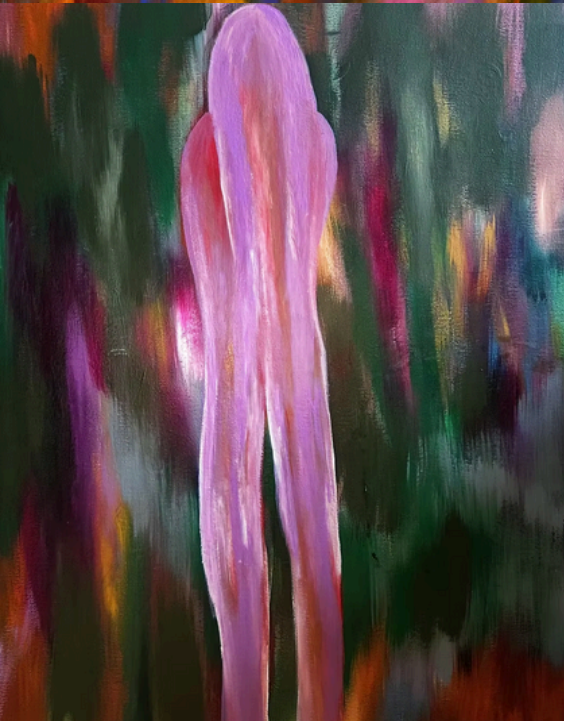
Enjoy the emptiness that you need.

//

Forgiveness is allowing emptiness without panic.

Forgiveness as permission to empty out.

[Video](#)



She, made of spirals

4

It happened in the morning. The wind stirs the coffee she is holding in her hands, creating spirals on the surface, just like the leaves during fall.

There is no longer space and time. She strolls along the tree-lined avenue, she runs up the hill like a child, she looks at the sky as a woman while her lover approaches.

She finds herself that morning, for she has seen clouds in her cup.

Do what you know best.

//

Forgiveness is following symbols without proof.

Forgiveness as remembering what you already know.

[Video](#)



She, made of light

5

She is waiting for the door to open. She impatiently stamps her foot. She knows that the lock will click.

Whatever world she will be faced with, she is ready. Whether it will be light or dark, she is ready to smile.

She is ready to pass through the door and run like the wind.

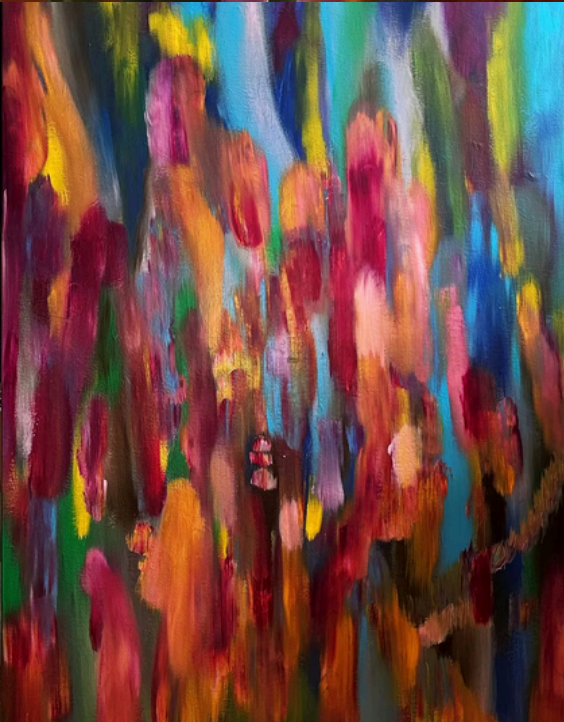
Try to have fun: something will come out of it.

//

Forgiveness is smiling even when you're scared.

Forgiveness as trust.

[Video](#)



She, made of tales

6

She reaches shore aboard her little boat, wearing nothing more than a worn-out tunic.

She tells the tale of when he was a merchant but she is now only a carpenter apprentice.

In the span of a year she becomes the best carpenter in town, she is rich & respected by everyone.

That's when she strips off her expensive clothes, puts her old tunic back on and sets sail on her tiny boat.

When she reaches shore she tells the tale of when she was a carpenter but she is now only a painter's apprentice.

Spin the wheel.

//

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Forgiveness as fluidity.

[Video](#)



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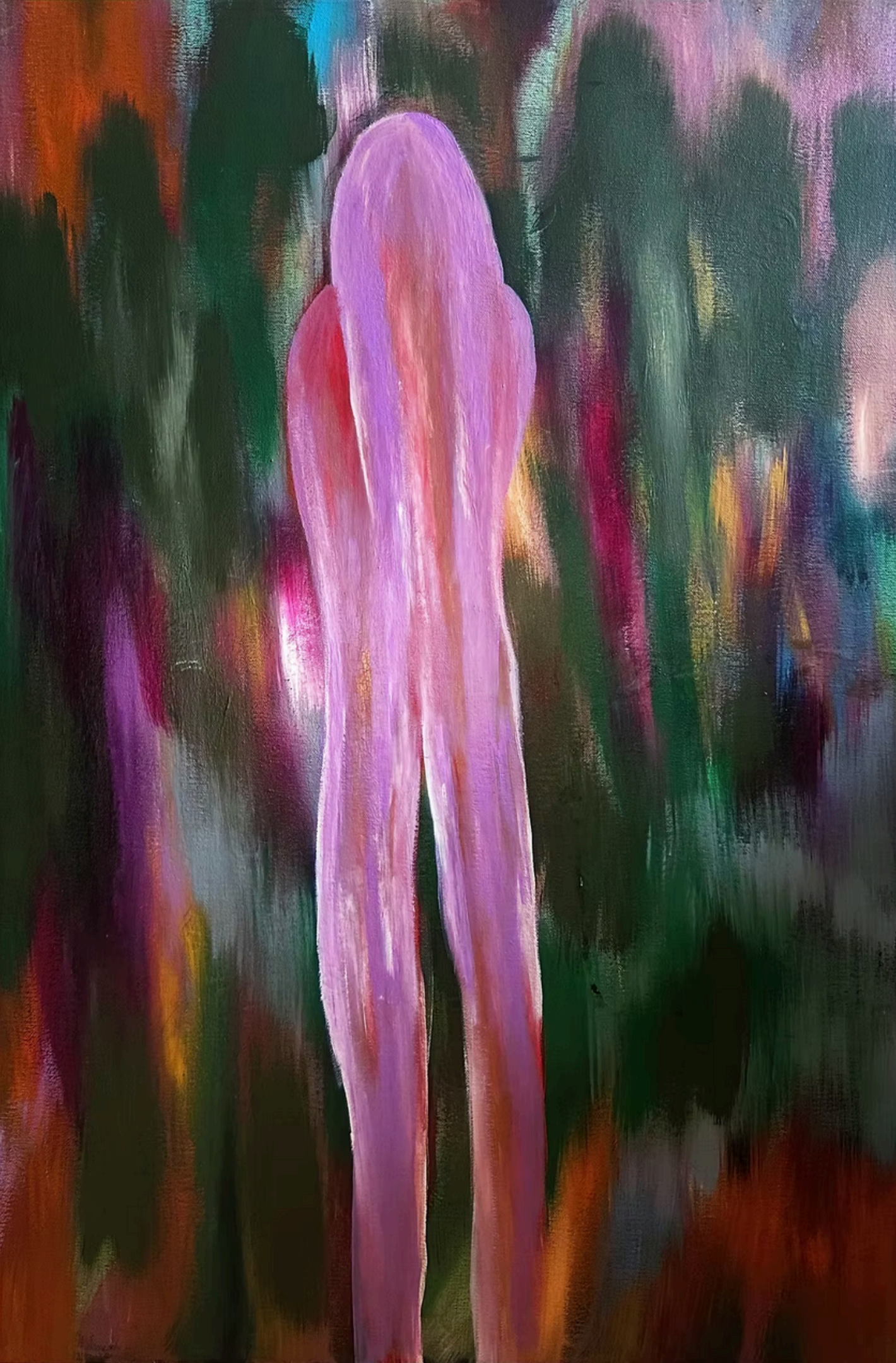
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She, made of love

She, made of...

speaks not only to what she is made of, but what
she has survived, trasmutated and claimed.

Valeria Camacho

New York, 2025

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