The esSENCE of her voice

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No, Fatima Miranda does not sing. She is song. A voice singular and plural, extreme. From infra to supra, like a human divinity. What name to give her ?

LLAMAda

after the title of one of her ArteSonado pieces. The word, both its phonemes and its letters, seems to conjure up her face, outline its form. For she is both call and response, building and destroying. Shiva made voice.

DIAPASIÓN

No, Fatima Miranda does not sing. She breathes, in and out. She takes the air, shapes it, makes it something new and revolutionary. An enchantress. Ulysses will love her as much as Homer. Her work spins and interweaves with life's rich weft. A slow wind endlessly shifting and shaping the desert.

RePERCUSIONES
HORAdada

No, Fatima Miranda does not sing. She dances, a dance without dancing, from the curve of the spiralling world to our auricular globe. She plays. She laughs. Vibration of the flesh and spirit, together and equal. Unique, multiphonic. She is - satori ! - irreversible and free, pure poetry seizing the universe.

DESASOSIEGO

Long flowing tear of all rivers.

A INCIERTAS EDADES
NILA BLUE

All ages, all rages.

PALIMPSIESTA

At Calle Meson de Paredes, rhythms, colours, sounds, fragrances, knowledge, flavours, warmth from around the world all waft up stairway. She lives at the top, at the cusp of the Madrid sun and other more distant suns… Sometimes, at night, you can hear her voice from down below, cutting through the sky like a diamond.
Yes, you can ask for it now, Fatima Miranda.

MANDALA