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I picture creativity as feminine. She is raw, beautiful, powerful and strong - you cannot completely bend her to your will nor can you tame her. It is a constant ebb and flow of energy.

She will paint us with her colours and draw us away with her song, revealing new worlds and possibilities. But just when you are wrapped in her magic - poof - she's gone.

How do we know where to find her? We don't. She can arrive on the back of stallions or be a whisper in the breeze, the melody of a tune or hidden within the droplet of a leaf.

There is no one place we can find her and if we try to pin her down, she'll only elude us further. Our role is only ever to pay attention. Life happens and muses dance, here and now.

For as much as we adore and worship creativity, we need to understand that her heart is fickle. Neither her affections nor loyalties lie with any one person. She will come and go as she pleases and we need to learn to carry on in her wake.

Cure of the creative or beauty of the dance?

That is maybe the only decision that's up to us.



















