

Mahina Makai

By Melody Guini



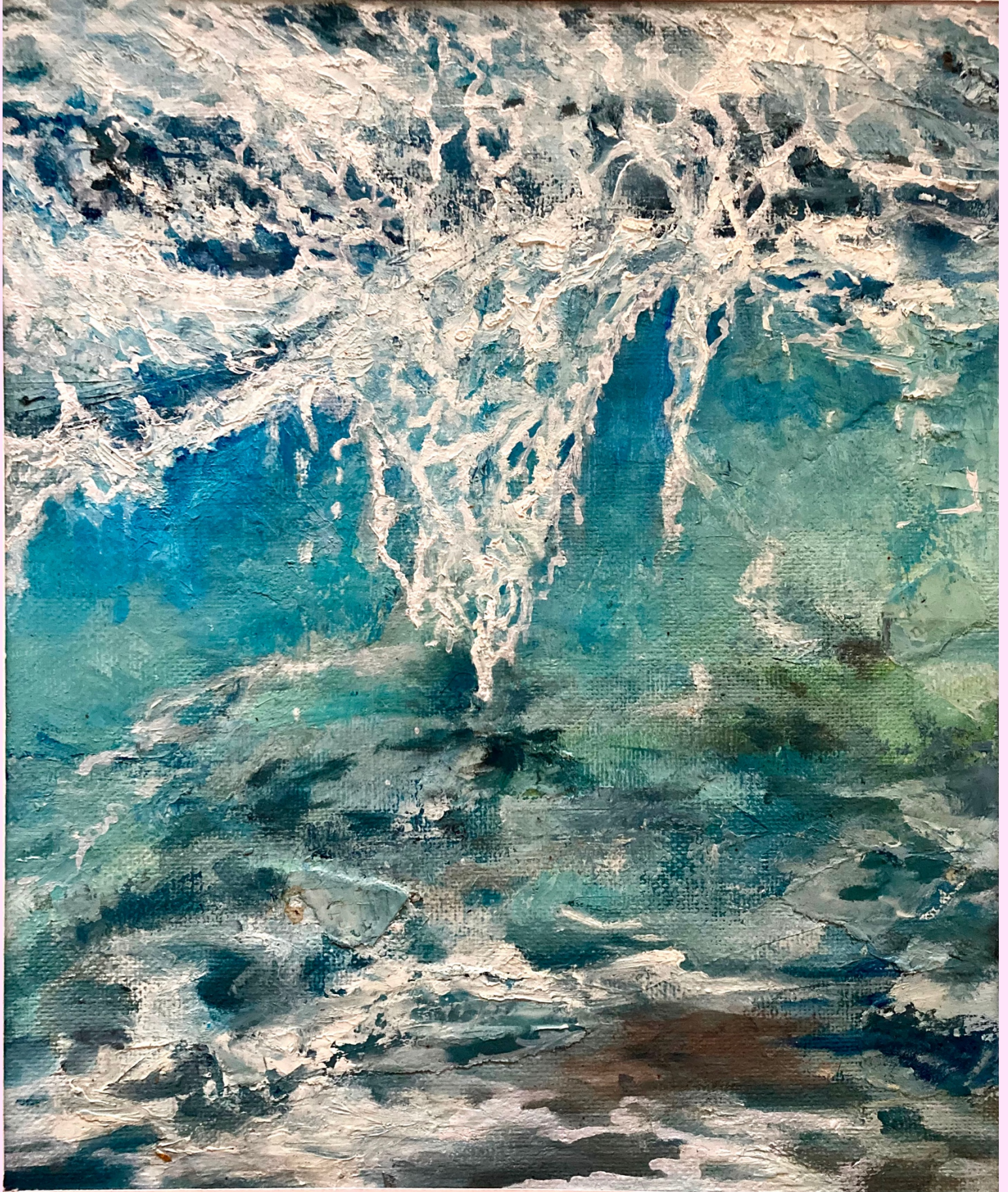
For:

This art-book presents a series of moments painted during an exploration journey on the Hawaiian Islands. Through a variety of mixed media on paper along with her own journaling and favorite quotes, the artist unveils the feminine presence in nature revealing times of intimacy between the moon, water and silence.



“My soul is full of longing for the secret of the sea, and the heart of the great ocean sends a thrilling pulse through me.”

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



Perceiving the tangible as well as the
ghostly,

Swaying on the edge of the abyss
between dreams and the so-called
existence.

-Who's worthy of defining reality?
She asks defiantly.

Situated slightly above the mundane
she wonders...

Is planet earth her place?



maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles: and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

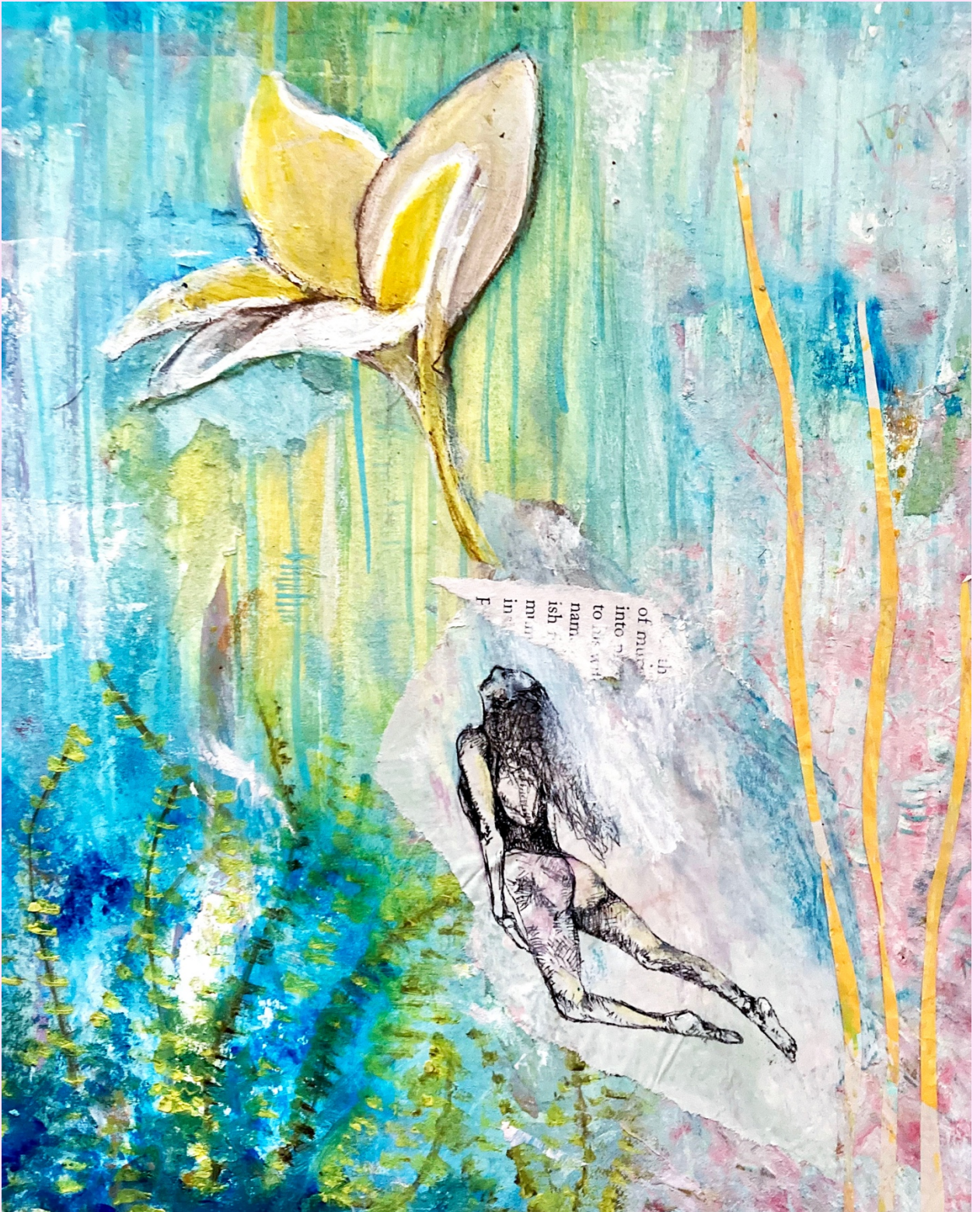
For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea.

-e.e cummings



The sky turns green against its cherry
light frame.

A pale indigo light takes over the
surface and calls her out of the fern
fronds, the opening looks yellow
mirroring her morning lily.



Cotton candy light frame is her
favorite version
Carrot suit feels right.

Then pink brightens and the sky shifts
blue Persian
soft as a Turkish delight.



Subtle changes and night falls
Rendering the sky indigo



The moon has been there for a
while.



Clinging to the edges of the
unknown.



She stares up at the infinite sky from
the depths of her coral cave,
warm body but night cold water on
her face.

Snowflakes falling inside the ocean...

She cannot move from thinking how
this is not supposed to happen.



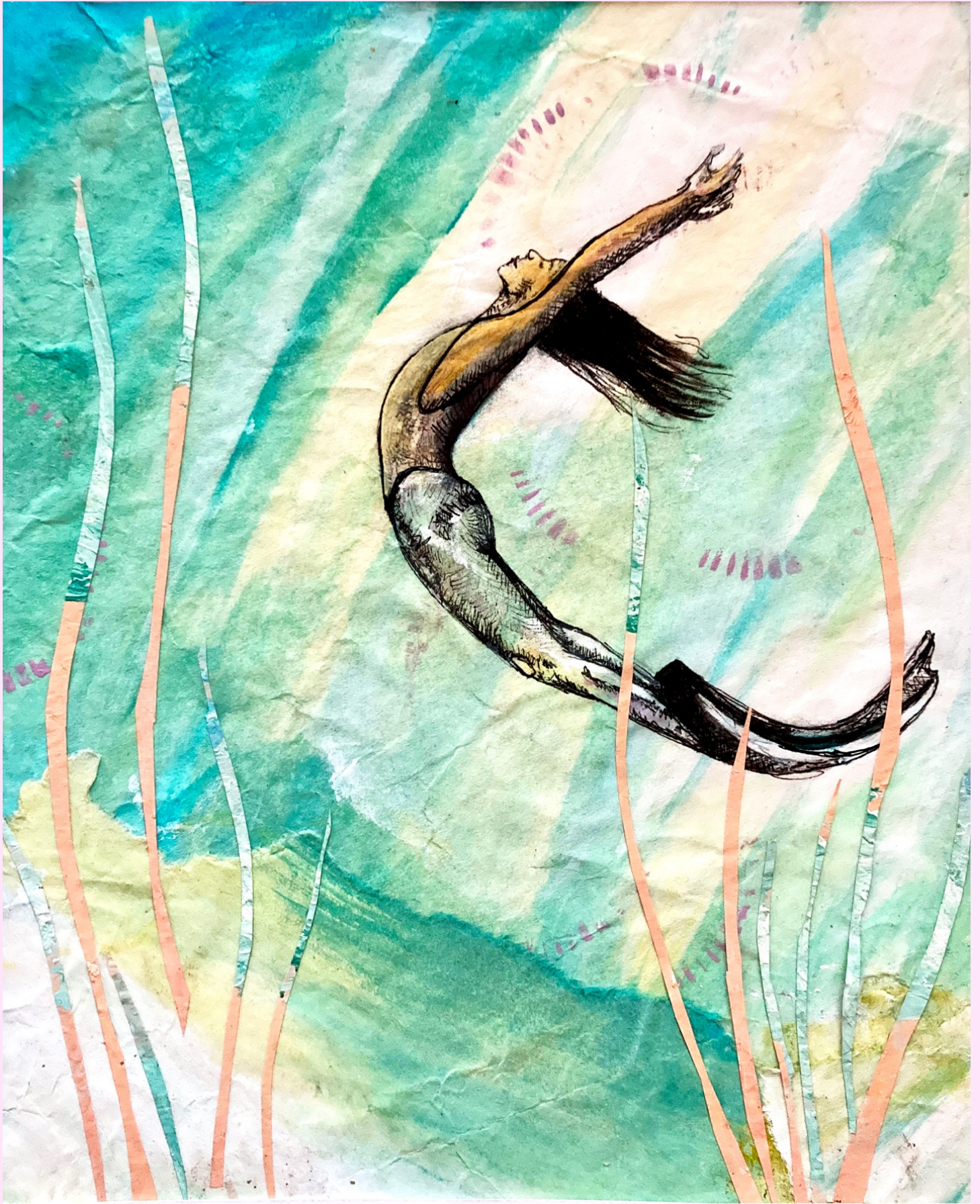
A close-up photograph of a piece of handmade, textured paper. The paper is off-white or light beige, showing natural fibers and some dark specks. A large, irregular, pinkish-red circular stain is prominent in the upper left quadrant. Along the right edge, there is a vertical line of orange thread stitching, resembling traditional bookbinding. The bottom edge of the paper is torn and ragged, revealing a blueish-grey layer underneath. The entire image is set against a solid light pink background.

But how **ART**
has made it happen.



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the heavenly Jerusalem
and moral, too. The colon
Field, who opened the first o
tories of artists' materials in
Bristol, England, considered
tion to be the redemption of
the murk of industrial obscu
he called "foul air." He tho
self as a reformer—manu
reds, greens, and yellows
NEW YORKER

How we perceive and
believe things have to be
a certain way,
until we realize that isn't
true.



As if we were seeing one
only version of the sky,
and we forget that we are
capable of seeing much
more.



...and it makes me
wonder, what else could
be possible if we stopped
telling ourselves the
opposite....



I'm sitting over lava flow formations,
this thick solution petrified in numerous
and random shapes over time.

In contemplation I'm transported to
such disparate situations, each with an
intrinsic narration of its own, as a teller of
a fable teaching me something new.

The Island native lying down on the
faraway looking above the sea voices
as a great prophet, I hear.

Today I remain still, not to say
immobilized, observing the beautiful
astronomy of the pacific sky.

During my childhood I'd live with no fear, I'd harvest experiences and I'd overcome all sorts of obstacles placed in my way without halting at all.

I understood since a very young age that whatever crossed my path was always there to give me a chance to look beyond and welcome the challenge.

I hurt myself, I was in pain, I fell in love, I adored it, but overall, I wandered, I felt.

With all that I rest peacefully today, accepting my gaps, my present and I give thanks, that where I am now is my pride, which without the trembling of the earth I wouldn't have arrived.





the island of Maui, which is quite different from all the other

masses joined together by a thin strip of land. The strip of land
It was created by two big volcanoes which formed two mountains.

An adventure love story

She found this spot on earth today that looked like a portal into a story so down she went into a delicious earthly journey.

Muddy feet jumping from rock to rock, taking chances over slippery layers, jittery when facing risks but victorious as they made it through.

Up the slope they went, across the bamboo forest, down the stream, another stream, and another one, thirteen crossings those feet kept going.

Right before the feeling of sharp rocky edges on her souls and toes became unbearable, she was led into a secluded area where peace ruled the whole.

On a side, a sweet but vitalized watery shower was gliding along the mossy mountain ladder into a circular cool pool. Happy little feet soaking the freshness of the alive jungle.



nula girl

singing the love songs

wandering through quiet valleys

and not see another

soul.

So, hands took over, noticing the various textures, temperatures, hardness and softness of the surfaces around.

Interestingly enough they came across a series of irregularities lined up along the rock wall that could be pulled from to get the rest of the body up and above.

One hand and then the other, going up the slope to find a rope to wrap themselves around.

This rough piece of synthetic fabric was there for a reason...

Curious little fingers wouldn't let go, they kept curling in the depths making their way up until gladly they saw...



From high up, two vast twin falls lively shooting down into an even more secluded gorgeous puddle. Excited, they touched every tangible and reachable thing, the wet, the sharp, the smooth, the gluy, the cold, the warm, everything felt so, so delightful they wanted more.

Greatness was their most yearning sensation.

They'd never touched magic before but they could feel it so close.

Hands looked up and eyes took over.

They knew there was something higher, a mysterious and well-known path to God.

Two sharp eyes together attempted this soaring journey once more, up the muddy ladder again, pulling a different rope, gazing around to find the way, dazed by anxiety, yet the big was about to come.



Courageously they shut down to look inside. From a place of pure intuition, they began to follow the beast's heartbeats, they could now see it coming.

Right on the other side of the tangled jungle it stood. This tall, long, elegant water spring of bliss was entering a space of creation where the realm of all consciousness was washed away.

Under the survival of only true self, no feet, no hands no eyes were there no more.

This soul strived to connect with another, from a sacred place of nature and subtle vibrations, some interactions occurred...

Beyond time and space, they found each other again, these two souls were fulfilled with the surrounding cosmos to become together as one and as all.

One universe happening unlimitedly here, there, and everywhere.



ua (rain)

I look out to the hazy horizon,
watching the shapeless rain falling down.
there's no such fine line between the
ocean and the sky.
I feel the power of the cathartic shower
inhibited after months of being shy

Now she dares to get grosser,
wrapping her humid whiffle yet closer
and moaning for her presence she stands
like a conqueror she triumphs.

Little drops washing down my forehead
and my nose as a gentle slide.
pleasured by wet caresses
of those down the vines they glide.

The jungle has my back
but invites me to go forward
showing me the track
feeling the soul of an explorer.



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"little grass shacks"

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Romance of nature

Imposing trees of soft curves to lie onto,
the high canopy replete of raw fruit
standing below, the queen of her own kingdom,
feeling protected, surrounded by wisdom.

The serpentine roots are hidden pathways.
along the sinuous journey, surprises will amaze.
Won't take her down the expected destination,
yet will fill the soul with creative bliss sensations.

Heightened by a warm pinch of sunray over her
shoulders.

She takes a deep breath and grabs a clover,
from close she hears a little voice singing a
song,
it was nature calling to dance along.



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About the artist:

Melody Guini,
originally from Argentina, currently living on Maui, HI, and
Long Island, NY where she holds her primary exhibitions.

Inspired by her lifestyle, the art works portrays the essence of
the feminine using elements of her most recurrent
interactions in nature.

Large size oil on canvas has been her primary media for 15
years. Lately she's been exploring mixed media and small
size art work, which opened a fan of possibilities to combine
her writings with.

For more information
follow her on social media
or visit her website.
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www.melodyguini.com