

**Heart is sea, language is shore / whatever sea includes, it will hit the shore (1)**

Poetry means, etymologically,  
TO DO. TO CREATE.  
With enthusiasm : "in-theos".  
Related, then, to the Divinity.  
Creation begins out of something : the Origin.

*"I do not seek for something lost but forgotten"*  
said Jerzy Grotowski.

**Le retour est la façon dont la voie se meut,  
la fluidité le moyen qu'elle emploie.  
La multiplicité des êtres est née de quelque chose.  
Et ce quelque chose, de rien. (2)**

**Un nomade a besoin de trois choses pour survivre :  
un chameau / une oûtre d'eau / et de Poésie (3)**

To express oneself with words is also a physical action,  
very concrete, very demanding.

It crystallizes the fundamental move to the Other.

Manifestation of a desire,  
starting with one self. Integrity.

That is the singularity of each living being  
that relates us to each other,  
with that that is immanent..

Words are a door to enter into something bigger,  
into what IS.

To create is an offering to celebrate Life, all together!

Reunited. Reunion.

Circles intersecting, within the Great Circle of Humanity.

**You have noticed that everything a Native does is in a circle,  
and that is because the power of the world always works in circles,  
and everything tries to be round... (4)**

I could talk of the Duende as García Lorca did.

Yet, the only thing that matters is to do so with duende.

To call for it so that it takes over me -enthusiasm-  
which resembles very much to the phenomena of incorporation  
in mediumnic/shamanic practices.

The grace of the duende.

All is complete. ONE.

The more one goes to One Self,

the more one goes towards the Other One.  
"Plus c'est local, plus c'est universel",  
said film-maker Jean Renoir.  
All spiritual practices show that there is something to be done on yourself,  
not so to add something, knowledge,  
but to strip off, to unveil.  
One does not make SILENCE,  
it is done by itself and one has just to let it be.  
Silence IS.

*Somebody is knocking at your door,*  
says a gospel song,  
a door opens on the One who receives,  
it reconnects him/her.  
This is what makes an audience of individuals  
to get its attention caught.

Creation has no label.  
All that is made as closest, honestly, authentically as to Oneself  
is "poetry".  
A haiku. A story written down, told, performed....sang.  
A beautiful, purposeful object, a good and a beautiful cooked plate,  
a singular action.  
There is no borders!  
Dylan gets the Nobel Prize.  
What to say about so many Beatles songs?  
Some remarkable, simple and functional objects designed by Enzo Mari?  
Some powerful nomad rugs? The Tarot Major Arcanes?

What is happening right now?  
What is happening into you?  
Who am I?  
Who are you?

Words of spirituality have touched me, deeply.  
Every word is clear, limpid, anew.  
Something opens up, inwards : meeting with OneSelf.  
The written words by Herman Hesse have been very significant.  
Then, Henry Miller's. And then, William Saroyan's.  
These were meetings with remarkable beings,  
celebrating the profound mystery of Life through words.

WHO AM I?  
There is no answers,  
but....the simple, authentic joy of renewing  
THE question, on and on!

The Word,

-mythological, legendary, songs of communion-,  
has saved people from extermination.  
Songs of the african diaspora in the Americas  
were first means of acknowledging their survival,  
then a way of reuniting in communities and thriving.  
As well as for gypsies. It is amazing to see what happens  
in Andalucía, when people gather at someone's place,  
any time of the day.  
All are involved, musicians, dancers, audience.  
These, together can claim to be the origin of all music we are all listening at!  
Allen Ginsberg has said that the black population has saved the whole US nation  
because they have survived thanks to their  
union expressed through their music and spirituality.  
I have to add the essential contribution of the natives  
(as reported by Jack Weatherford, 5),  
for whom all is expression of the Origin, all vibrates and is alive....

Weaving bounds.....  
Transcending

Actually, I would say that significant poetries have risen  
often from the oppressed.  
People abandoned to themselves, with just enough to survive  
have come to realize the only thing that matters  
is to dance in the edge with what we are.  
That is freedom and grace of being alive!  
It can also be found alongside a spiritual voyage,  
not necessarily through a mystical way but the Middle Way,  
buddhist's "Voie du Milieu".

Once again, I ask :  
what makes individuals, gathered at an event,  
to give their attention,  
that they are captivated,  
so that they fulfill the exchange that operates?  
An alchemy is on....

**At the heart of the flame, / what happens to the snowflakes?  
Revealed, the Ancient of days / can pour forth his spirit. (6)**

I am here as an artist.  
Theatre Director, Actor & Performer, Poet.  
I have been named, at birth,  
Rodrigo Antonio Ramis Zelada.  
That was at Concepción, Chile.  
After a high-profile education at the French School,  
I did obtain a degree as Civil Metallurgics Engineer,

awarded by the Shell Foundation,  
and I could have a very good position at a subsidiary of Exxon,  
instead I came over to Paris to do theatre.

When I was a student back in the mid-80's,  
I came to realize,  
the then-me,  
that within the fields of theatre, poetry and literature  
I was much more able to experience and to express "real things",  
"things that really matter"....things "from the heart".  
Here I am.  
Nevertheless, I did obtain the engineer degree...

The question for me was, then,  
WHO AM I?  
And still is.  
It drives me as well as all I do, necessarily,  
to relate to the others with the question :  
WHO ARE YOU?

Théâtre d'Ailes Ardentes is Poetry in Action.  
We do create living, authentic bounds.  
Our theatre is "poor",  
to be seen, to be listened at,  
with no effects, freed of habits and conventions,  
according to the spirit of Street Art,  
opening ways, constructing bridges.

We do not pretend nor we want to change the world or the society.  
This world is according to each one's perception  
and the sum of our interconnections.  
The closest I am to the One I AM,  
I am in words,  
actions,  
with the Other One,  
with all and each other One.  
All together!

Rodrigo Ramis / Théâtre d'Ailes Ardentes

- (1) Shams el-Tabriz
- (2) Tao Te King
- (3) Word of Nomads
- (4) Black Elk
- (5) Jack Weatherford, Native Roots, How the Indians enriched America, Fawcett Books, 1991
- (6) in The Buffalo and the Cowherd