

# ART-QEIPS

**GALERIE  
D'ARTISTES**

**VOL.1**

**ARTIST SHOWCASE**

**AVEC/FEATURING:**

**ARIELLA & IVY**





# "UNFRAMED: MY BIPOLAR ART"

Some days, the sky is painted gold,  
And every breath is brave and bold.  
I color wide outside the lines—  
The world alive, my thoughts divine.

Then darkness folds in quiet storms,  
A grayscale mood, no vibrant forms.  
My hands grow slow, the pages blur—  
The hues retreat, the edges stir.

Bipolar lives in highs and lows,  
In bursts of light and undertows.  
But art—she walks both paths with me,  
No need to prove, no need to be.

ARIELLA PARDO





When mania spins its restless thread,  
I write until the stars turn red.  
Poems rush like winds unplanned,  
Ideas blooming out of hand.

Then in the hush of heavy days,  
When even sunlight seems to graze,  
I find a coloring book and sit—  
Just shade by shade, a steady wit.

No deadlines, rules, or judgment eyes,  
Just swirling ink beneath wide skies.  
I lose myself in mindful pace,  
And find a calm, forgiving space.

I don't create to show or sell—  
I make to feel, to sit, to dwell.  
In every line, a breath, a choice—  
A way to soften inner noise.

**ARIELLA PARDO**





There is no rubric for my soul,  
No need to paint some perfect role.  
Art meets me where my cycle bends,  
A quiet space that never ends.

In mania, it gives me form—  
A rhythm through the reckless storm.  
In lows, it waits with open hands,  
A canvas full of softer lands.

I write because I'm still alive.  
I color just to feel the drive.  
And when the world feels far or near,  
I turn to art—it keeps me here.

Not cure nor cure-all, not a cage—  
But how I turn each jagged page.  
Bipolar is a map I chart—  
But healing starts through making art.

**ARIELLA PARDO**





# "TURN ON THE LIGHTS"



[Description : Peinture. Une faille bordée de doré s'ouvre dans l'obscurité, montrant un château rose sur fond de nature. Quelqu'un s'apprête à marcher au-dessus.

Texte : **"Turn on the lights and mind the gap"**

Painting. A rift edged in gold opens up in the dark, showing a pink castle against a natural backdrop. Somebody is about to step over it.]

IVY





# "TURN ON THE LIGHTS"

Did you see that? Is this real?  
Turn on the lights to my dark mind,  
and tell me what's inside the ruminating room.

seagulls yell at me.  
creepy singing in the stairwell.  
death glares at me.  
hell falling down the crack.  
that car follows me.  
floors morphing into maps.  
no. not real. none of it.

Now cross it.  
The bridge to reality,  
just mind the gap.



IVY





# "ONE SNOWY DAY"



The off-white background can be seen as a snowstorm foreshadowing the chaos arising from illness that is to come during adulthood, unknown to my twin sister (blue) and me (red) as kids.

Growing up, I really enjoyed snowy days and snowball fights with my sister.

IVY

