



# BETWEEN WOLF & DOG

*COLLECTION OF VISUAL POETRY*





Baltic Regional funds is a non-governmental organization. It was born in Riga, but Europe is its home. BRF's energetic team organises activities all around Latvia and participates in many projects on European level. The organisation works with people from different age, education, social status and cultural background. BaMbuss Youth Studio is an initiative of BRF. It is a special place for youngsters, where they can develop social, artistic and professional skills.

[www.brfonds.lv](http://www.brfonds.lv)



Youth studio BaMbuss was created by BRF in 2014 as a private initiative that brought from the very beginning young people together to design activities and events of their own interest. Youngsters have the chance to bring into reality their wildest ideas and projects, gain new experiences, learn useful skills and abilities, participate in creative workshops, and increase their opportunities by volunteering. Different skills are encouraged; from photo and video editing, to language learning, leadership, and intercultural communication.

[www.jsbambuss.lv](http://www.jsbambuss.lv)



Agency for International  
Programs for Youth  
Republic of Latvia

Agency for International Programs for Youth is subordinated to the Minister of Ministry of Education and Science of the Republic of Latvia. The objective of the Agency is to promote youth voluntary service, activities and mobility (e.g. with EU, Eastern Partnership, MEDA countries, etc.). The Agency implements non-formal learning and information programmes and projects targeted at youth and those working with youth, and supports the link between non-formal learning and lifelong education.

[www.jaunatne.gov.lv](http://www.jaunatne.gov.lv)



Co-funded by the  
Erasmus+ Programme  
of the European Union

The aim of Erasmus+ is to contribute to the Europe 2020 strategy for growth, jobs, social equity and inclusion, as well as the aims of ET2020, the EU's strategic framework for education and training. Erasmus+ also aims to promote the sustainable development of its partners in the field of higher education, and contribute to achieving the objectives of the EU Youth Strategy. Starting from 2019, find volunteering and other opportunities towards European Solidarity Corps.

[www.europa.eu](http://www.europa.eu)

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## Khristina Santos

Born in Spain and reborn in Norway, Khristina is a writer, blogger and poet who loves travelling the world in search of adventures. After graduating in Journalism, she came to Latvia to get out of her comfort zone and expand her love for cold countries.

Currently studying Nutrition and Humanitarianism, you will find her cooking delicious plant-based recipes, diving her nose in a thousand books, and trying to pet the closest dog whilst daydreaming about her next expedition.

[www.lavidauve.com](http://www.lavidauve.com)

## Laure Matillon

Although she was born in France, Laure grew up in Romania and has been travelling the world ever since she can remember.

Passionate about arts and photography, she studied Audiovisuals in Paris and came to Latvia in search of the perfect landscapes to capture.

If you don't see her laughing at cat memes, then you'll probably see her in nature on her mission to document beauty.

Determined to keep exploring and focused on her own pursuit of self-discovery, don't be surprised to find her among airports.

[www.laurematillon.com](http://www.laurematillon.com)

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*I found that words coming out of my mouth  
lifted the veil  
uncovered the hidden beauty  
of the new place  
we had learnt to call home.*







*I have never seen this Sun  
I have never drunk these waters  
nor embraced this coldness  
from the Baltic forests and seas  
Yet I have found a place where  
songs have meaning  
where sunlight is soft as it  
wakes me up from the deep sleep  
I've been holding onto the last years.*







*My mind, full of poems.  
My heart, drowning with the tide.  
My body, a cage  
in search of a bird.*







*I keep running in circles  
and my battle always comes to  
choosing  
time after time  
to be soft  
again.*







*She raised from the ashes of the storm  
caressing clouds and waves. Feather-like  
touch, a drop of honey on her lips, petals  
on her breasts and galaxies painted in the  
space between her teeth. She was spring.  
But in solitude, she was the trembling hand  
opening Pandora's box.*







*There is a waltz playing in Jurmala.  
It starts quietly, you can barely hear anything  
above the sounds of the train. The trees,  
tall and proud, whisper in your ear in the  
language of birds. The seagulls guard the sky  
as dancers start to turn and spin, slowly  
raising their voices. I can hear their steps.  
The ancient turtle cries a long accompanying  
song, and the salt of tears and sea melt  
in the sand. Just by the coast, the wind  
lifts a couple of notes. The water is frozen,  
desert of snow and peace. Pink, black, purple  
and gray all collapse together at the horizon.  
There are no waves, so the waltz takes up  
its place. Both Sun and Moon want to dance,  
holding hands by the sea, turning  
and spinning as the train comes back again.*







*She crossed the world  
only to find  
she wasn't looking for a knight.  
She was looking for a sword.*







*I am not yet where  
I want to be  
but I thank the gods  
that I am not where  
I used to be.*







*I am the daughter  
of three different lands  
the fire  
the cold  
and the unknown.*







**What is home**  
*but the land beyond the sea?*  
*the wave that drowns you*  
*tender and carefully?*  
*the howling trees at night*  
*creeping through your window*  
*yet guarding your dreams?*







*I looked straight into the fire  
and heard my father calling up, up, up.  
What option do I have but to rise  
and head towards the storm?  
I'm terrified to my bones  
but I am stepping up, up, up  
in a room of dirt and cold  
and full of ghosts.*







*I saw the jump in the air  
from the cheery dance  
the colours from the oak leaves and flowers  
that made them all kings and queens  
- crowns of hope and joy -  
with their red lips praying with the rhythm  
to both death and earth  
to the gods that live in the cracks  
under our skin.*







*First time the music played, I just  
listened with my ears, unravelling  
foreign words with my brain.  
I saw the child cry  
and the three sisters hold hands  
and the blood on his chest, shown  
proudly lest they forget.  
I swallowed my fear for the deep  
And asked for the song to be played  
One more time.*

*Second time the music played  
the army of senses came to be, flavouring  
the sweetness of a free nation,  
touching the beam of light  
only words can bring,  
hearing the battle cries from the past  
smelling the salty tears  
still shed for the dead  
seeing yet what lies ahead.*



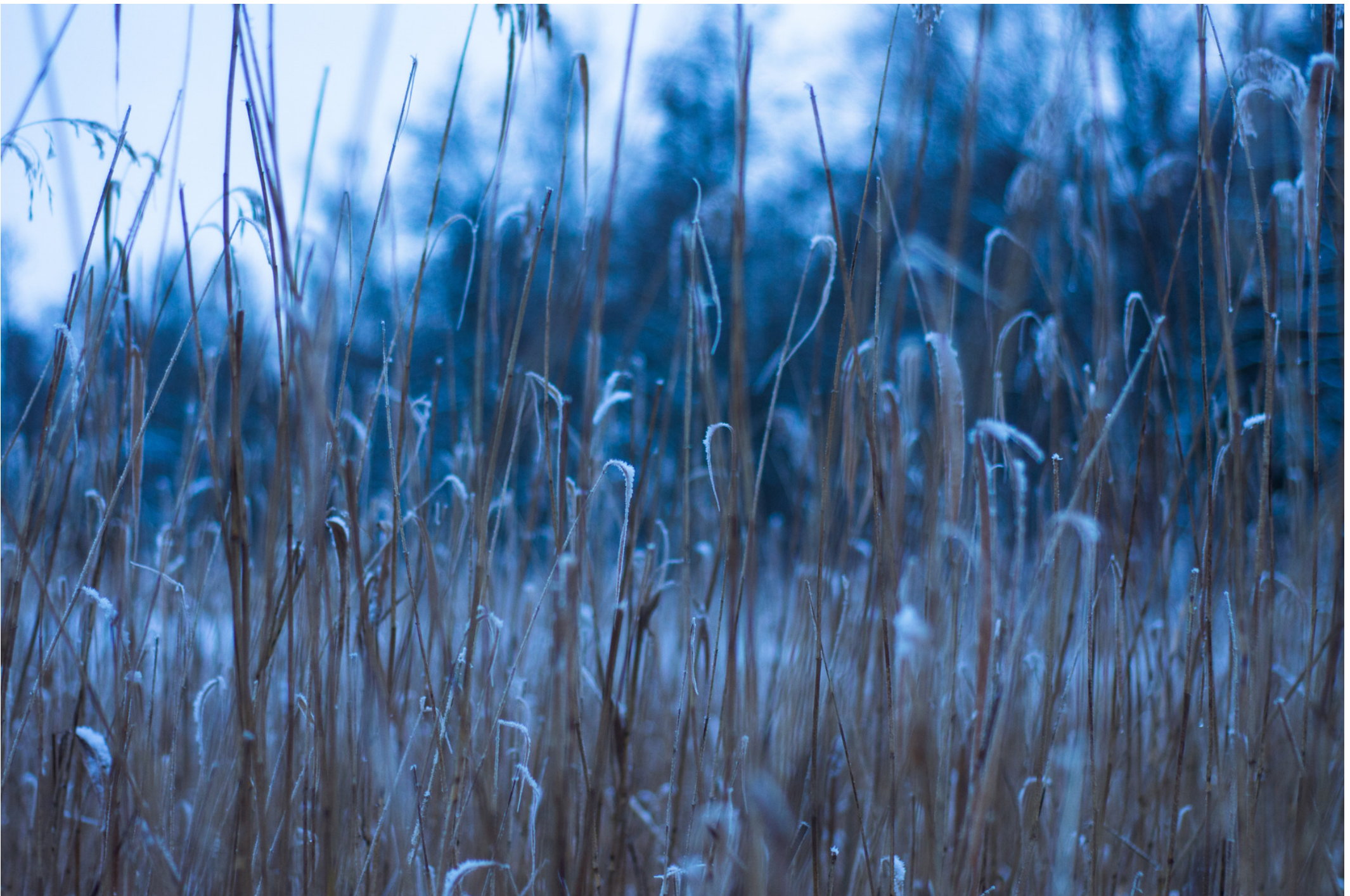




*Labirints – no saulrietiem un velosipēdiem  
Absolūtā bijībā pret koka čukstēšanu mācās  
Turēt rokas, apskaidrot manu prātu,  
stāvēt pie sevis, runāt par jaunu  
Valodu – smaida un maiguma –  
drosmes un draudzības pilnu  
Ikdienu, nezināmais liek justies kā mājās, kur  
Absurdie sapņi piepildās.*



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*"There is no real ending. It's just the place where you stop the story."*

-Frank Herbert