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No Longer On Fire

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No Longer On Fire

Vikki Parker (Bibi Aya)

Artist Statement

Capturing the poetic, lyrical essence of the ethereal universe, the pencil portal births whispers of the self, beginning as intuitive drawings and revealing their deeper essence through digital wizardry, healing art comes through for remembering the soul's purpose. A journey to gently collect the fragmented parts of a broken self. Like little souls dancing, each image has a story, a capturing of energy, an anchoring of light intensity, a glorious weaving of fluidity and a playful curiosity. A permission to be whole and a celebration of source discovering embodiment underpins this spiritual quest for discovering existence beyond the unique perceptions of the mind, to bring wholeness and belonging to those isolated from a world of "normal."

Sound has been a natural progression from singing the blues. Where depth and shadow-self had previously found themselves transformed in the melancholy, a new expression of freedom, beyond structures, finds itself held in fluid repetition in the loops. Tracks are laid down and manipulated in the moment. Each recording compilation offers new insights. This new path holds the promise of compassionate validation of the individual's response to the world and the perception of others seeking to understand and experience those in a world of their own. As a visual artist with synaesthesia, that manifests as music presenting as image, this new work seeks to explore further the connection between sound and visuals in the artist's mind and body.

No Longer On Fire: A Collection of Visual Art, Writing, and Soundscape

A story of healing trauma and nervous system crisis is presented here, where parts of a fragmented self, seek

representation and wholeness in a world that has overwhelmed the senses, misrepresented intentions and behaviors and forced natural expression to exist in small cages. A state where the body has born the scars of stress and dysregulation and the mind has exhausted itself, comes in search of healing and permission to be soothed, safe and free. The collection is a permission to celebrate the undefined and bathe in the not-knowing to see what comes. The images emerged first through mindful, daily practice. A sweet revealing of the moment in a non-linear way. On revisiting the many intuitive drawings created, a selection of 9 whisper to be collated together.

And so it is, the healing message journey begins. A sound exploration then draws into existence the space beneath words and the sensations / experiences of the body, paving the way for the titles of each image to reveal themselves. Made with A Capella vocal layering on a looper, the atmosphere builds and releases to nurture and celebrate the voices of fragmented, sensory experiences, coming together in wholeness, existing in ethereal space, free in expression, no masking, all the time yearning to be heard and brought into tangible existence. Repetition and echolalia infused with magic to heal the souls of the silenced and misunderstood. An intertwining and amplification of the neurological experiences of synaesthesia, autism and adhd with intuitive creative expression.

In the healing process, letters to the body are birthed through each image, combining to send a powerful message of autonomy and agency in this quest for acceptance and the right to live fully. The process defies linear expression in its birthing and presentation. On reflection it would seem to court deliberate ambiguity, but in truth the starting point is acceptance of the way a feeling, a yearning or a sensation seeks to be heard. Non-verbal catharsis is the essence. Resonate with it from this space. Secrets for your wellbeing are hidden in the unexpected. The integration of the healing insights came as a final narration in this collection, where the unconscious need to crystallise the experience of transforming the 'heat' of the trauma is expressed. Coming full circle into conscious awareness, the symbolism of cool water as a healing path for a nervous system on fire is quietly spoken. olism of cool water as as a healing path for a nervous system on fire is quietly spoken. [Listen to the soundscape.](#)

Like Cool Water

Like cool water on a scorched self, the gift of tending to frayed of edges, a gentle allowing of stories ingrained, to be told. The voice of viscera embraced, soothing, loving, accepting. The wired weariness of a life of shock. The invitation of listening deeply to body awareness, that holds all the secrets of inner galaxies. The pathways of promise. The grateful self, ever evolving through parasympathetic permissions. A soul revealed, beyond the system scorched. A body refreshed and alive and flowing, like cool water.

And breathe. . . .



Sensitivity soothed

Dear body, I love you,

You know the time I spent

Creating spaciousness

Making time for you

Trusting that you could heal

There were many moments I had forgotten to breathe

But you reminded me

In those deep spontaneous breaths

And when I learned

How a calm system felt

Even for a fleeting moment

I felt you

Willing me on

To embrace more

I Love You

The absurdity of grasping

Dear body, I Love You,

And so we held on to trauma
You and me

The safety of old patterns
The attachment to the devil we knew
A survival loop

A sanity within insanity
Do you remember when we let go?
Interrupting the pattern

We were brave
We took a risk because we were ready
Because gripping was more painful
And now we look back fondly
With understanding

I Love You





Hidden in the frayed edges

Dear body, I Love You.

Even in your oh so broken state
A system that twitches and shakes and picks at itself
A system that is startled and numb and alone
But hidden, my darling girl, behind the brokenness
Is the beauty of a soul
Peeping out
And retreating back
Always there
The light that shines
even if the outside is ragged

I Love You

Show me my story

Dear body, I Love You,

In this half life of stored senses & hidden details

I thankyou so deeply

For being the guardian of the unspoken

For scattering the unheard

For waiting for me to be ready

For a nervous system that has supported me

In the not-knowing until the knowing was safe

I found the will to listen

And you told me who I am

I Love Youu





The grace of compassion

Dear body, I Love You,

For speaking this permission prayer through me
I feel the warmth dissolving the parts that have battled
and argued in so many ways

Questioning my worthiness to heal & thrive
Thank you for the sweet understandings that I am
allowed to be here

Simply because I exist
I am free to love my existence
I am free to do so without guilt or shame

I Love You

Synaptic galaxies

Dear body, I Love You,

Oh how you dance and twirl with this girl of the cosmos
And her inner world that mirrors the magic of the
Universe

Oh how you have held her
How you have drawn upon the mysteries of the brain

The dance of the neurons
The depth of the amygdala
The delight of the knowing

That we are stars

In a body

Celebrated by light

In our eternal conversation with source

I Love You





Face gently into the winds of time

Dear body, I Love You,

You have embraced the past, present & future truths
with a beautiful curiosity
Collapsing a linear narrative of regret and rage
And thus you found a stillpoint
Amidst the chaos of change
I am here, I am present, I am peace, I am flow
I am able to weather the storms of my existence
With ease

I Love You

Breaking new ground

Dear body, I Love You,

And so here we are with a message of hope and courage
As I step further into permissions to heal,
 Beyond my horizons
The ones I didn't know existed for me
 Opening up new perspectives
 Baby steps, titrated and discerned
 I embolden, I empower myself
 I move with grace
 and witness the gentle ripple of change
All the barriers of my mind dissolve into nothingness
 and I am reborn
Forever changed, forever grateful, forever evolving

I Love You





Free

Dear body, I Love You,

Who knew there would be moments where I was at ease
in my skin?

Where I used to fly beyond body as I left myself for
safety elsewhere in the ether

I now fly for myself with feet rooted
A central core of safety in a body untrapped by freeze
A newness of being, lifted by hope, release and
understanding

An acceptance of my story
I am free to be the whole of me
Unbound by the borders of a broken body
Tend to the body my darlings
It is only a cage if left unheard

I Love You

Vikki Parker is an intuitive artist living in Brighton, UK, who now creates under the name Bibi Aya. With lived experience of CPTSD, mental health, and family trauma she has navigated her own path to healing through art, writing, music, theatre and dance. She is navigating the world of neurodivergence diagnosis and self-identifies as ADHD, autistic & a synesthete. Soundscape is a new experimental medium for her after many years of singing jazz and blues. She is the founder of Doodle Cafe® a mindfulness based doodling process for making space for presence, self-compassion, and creative flow. She speaks publicly about lived experience and hosts a podcast called Art Yourself Alive.