

Živa Kovačević

ABSTRACT PAINTINGS & POEMS



Space for *Dreaming*

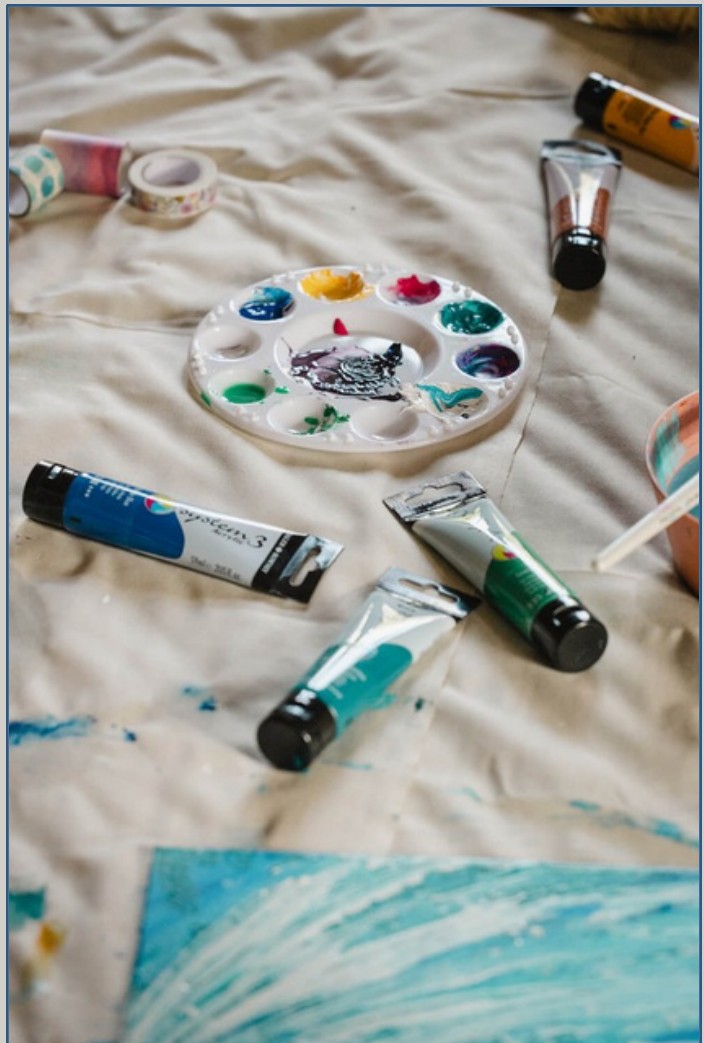
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On painting as a form of listening.

I paint to access what language cannot reach.

In an age that prizes productivity, optimization, and legible output, I'm drawn to what remains stubbornly human: the body in movement, the dream half-remembered, the sensation of standing inside a landscape that feels more real than the one in front of you. My abstract paintings emerge from the rhythm of breath, in the intelligence of nature, in the wordless knowing that surfaces when I stop directing and start receiving.

I am also a writer, strategist, and practitioner of what I call **Liminal Strategy** — working with places and communities to restore authorship of their own stories. My art practice is a reminder that the most rigorous intelligence is not computational but embodied. That pure human expression, in the age of AI, feels like a radical act.



Through painting, I am learning the wisdom of slowness. The wisdom of the body. The wisdom of not-knowing. And with each brushstroke I'm more in touch with forces of beauty, timefulness, and mysticism.

Živa Kovačević *signed as Vivi.*

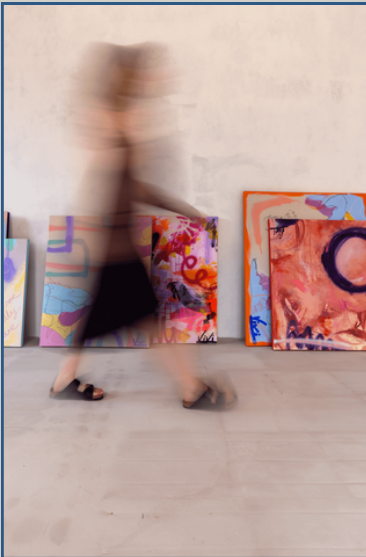
I am a Slovenian painter, poet, storyteller, and strategist based between Ljubljana and the Mediterranean. My abstract paintings explore the thresholds, liminal spaces between pure energy of ideas and their material forms.

My work has been shown across Europe, from Ljubljana to Prague, Budapest, Trieste, and the Croatian islands. I am also the founder of Space for Dreaming, a practice, a methodology, and Substack publication exploring place, narrative, more-than-human world, and imagination.



exhibits

PAST & PRESENT



Zlatá kobyłka, Prague, year-round 26

Salvador Club, BTC city Ljubljana, February 26

Art Expo Ljubljana, November 25

Private exhibit, Summer Romance, Ljubljana, September 25

Budapest, Art Salon Contemporary, June 25

Art Expo Trieste, December 24

Ljubljana, AAMI gallery, all year round, 24 & 25

Salvador Club, BTC city Ljubljana, February 24

Guiding an intuitive painting workshop, Krk island, June 23

MAO, Museum of Architecture and Design, 23

Art Expo Ljubljana, October 23

Private exhibit, Ljubljana, September 22

painted love letters

When thinking about what my paintings bring to the world, I see myself as a traveler between worlds. **The abstract is a direct translation of our inner landscapes** — of the spaces that exist just behind the veil of what we call tangible reality. And thus, when the painting is “*being made through me*”, it feels like raw material of life is surfacing and taking shape.



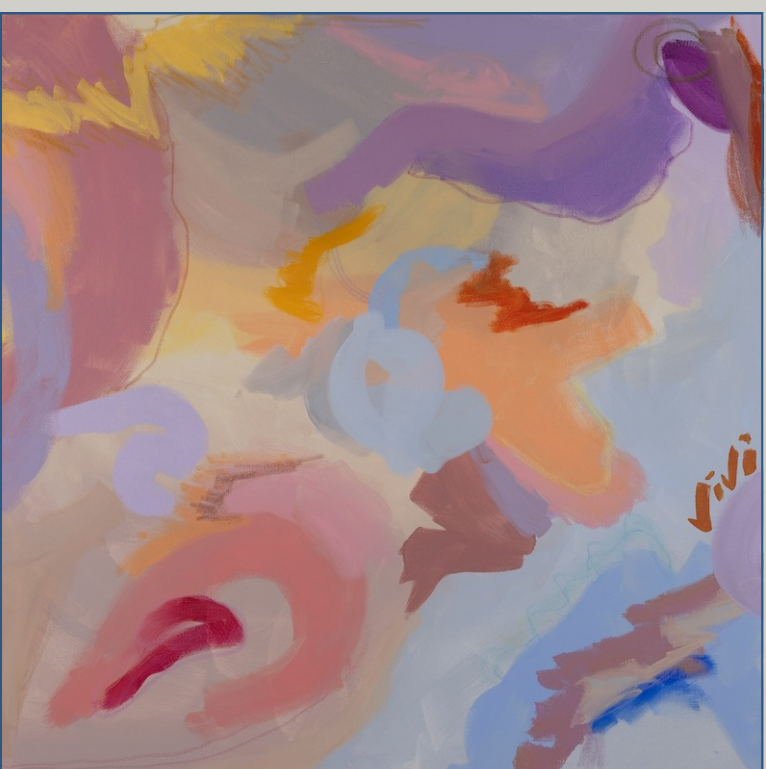
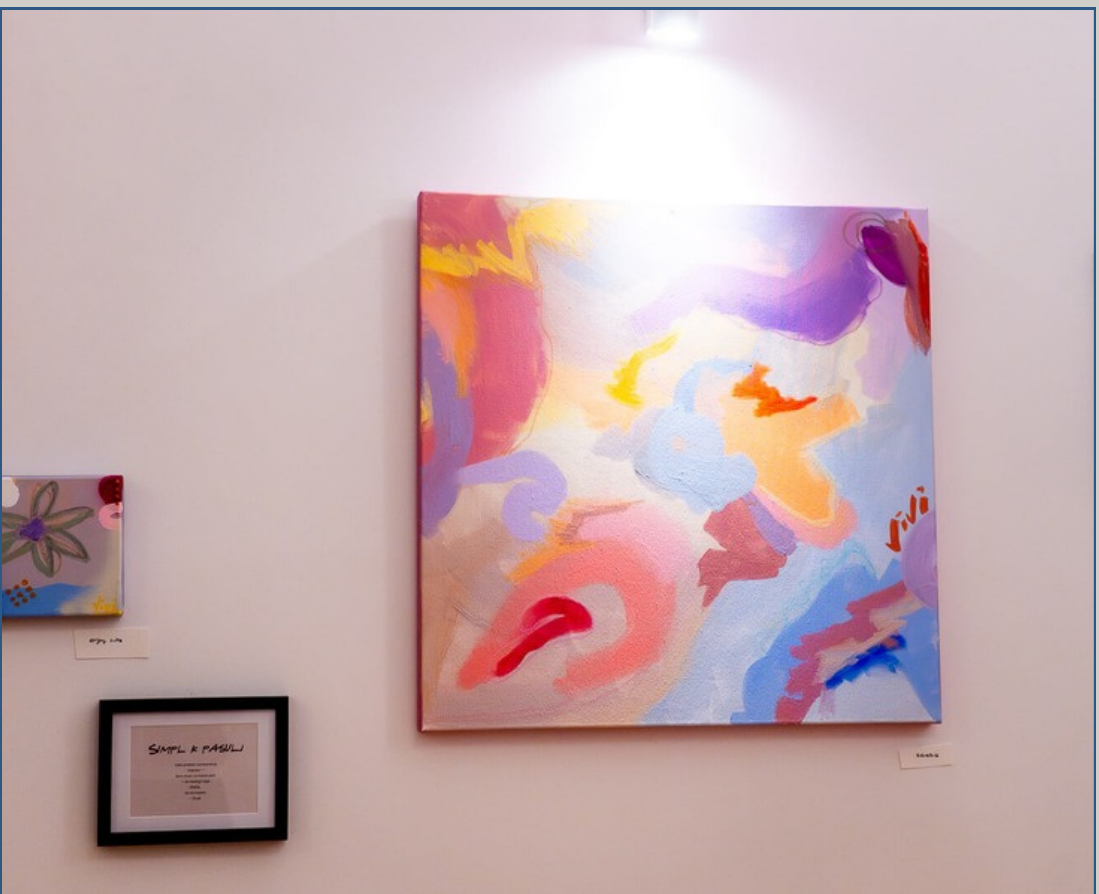
I am usually in such a deep flow state when painting that it's hard to draw a line between me as a painter and me as an observer who witnesses the act of becoming. The results are paintings rich in energy — dreamy, evocative, and alive — that function as **portals between dimensions.**

highlighted works

paintings & poems



Reverie





Liminal
Space



Keep on Dreaming 1 & 2



I get to live twice

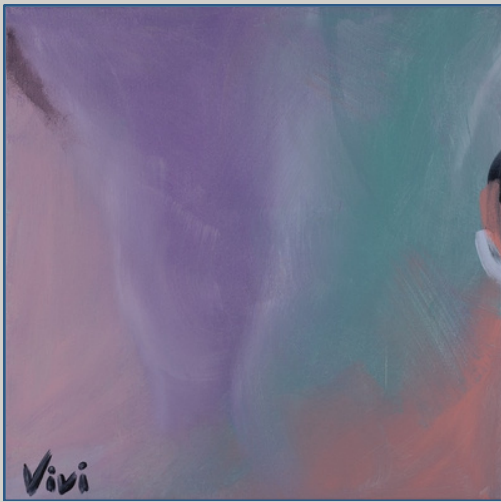
I get to experience life twice.
I lived through this summer more than once.
And I have the key to relive my memories forever.

What's my "secret"?
First, I waste time by being present.
Second, I bleed and laugh by feeling everything.
Third, I paint.

To create is to live through experiences twice.
Once, when you're in the middle of them,
and again when you're creating from them.

Summer romance is my painted love letter to the world.
When you frame a painting on a wall, you, too, receive a
portal to the endless summer.



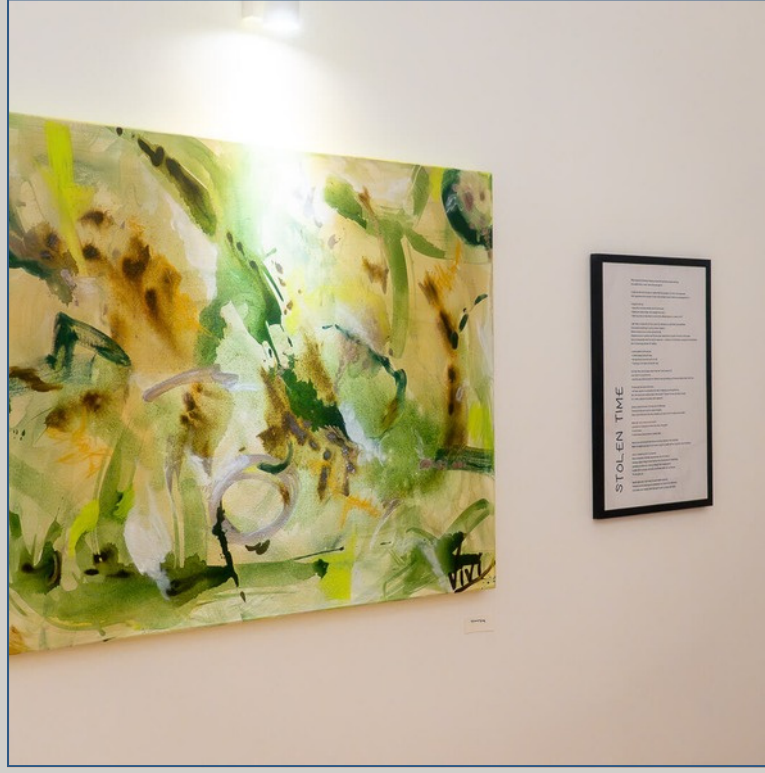


The Ritual

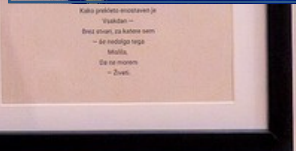
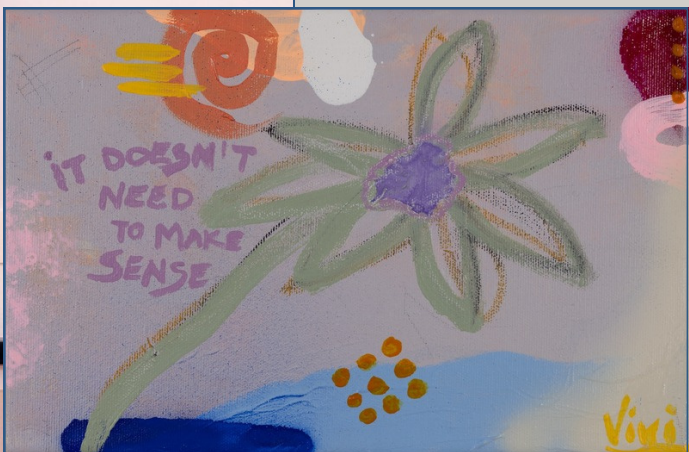
1 - 3



Grounding



Enjoy Life



Enjoy Life

To give and to receive art

To make art is to give away a piece of yourself you will never get back.

To give art is to share a portal into the time-space dimension that is alive, breathing, and charged with creative energy.

To receive art is to hold hope for a more beautiful version of yourself.

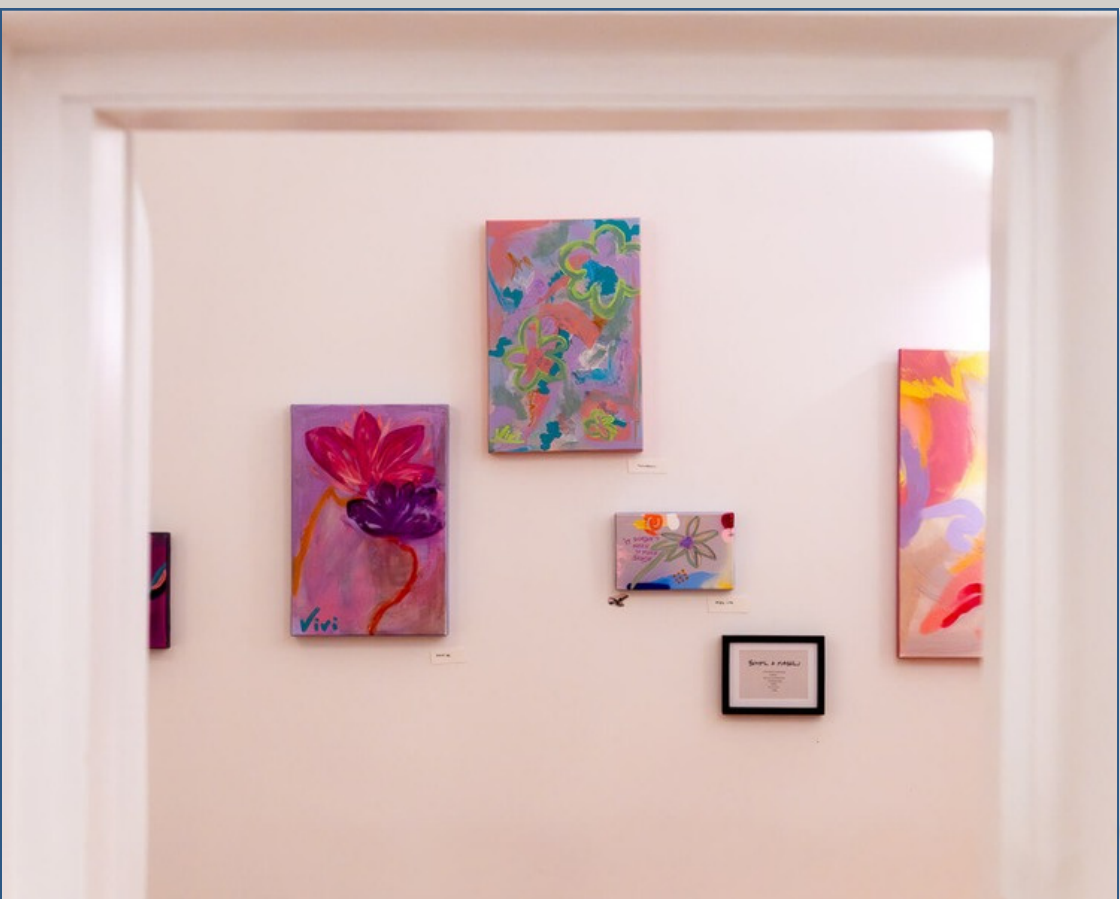
To give space to art in your home is to invite love for the human experience into your everyday life.



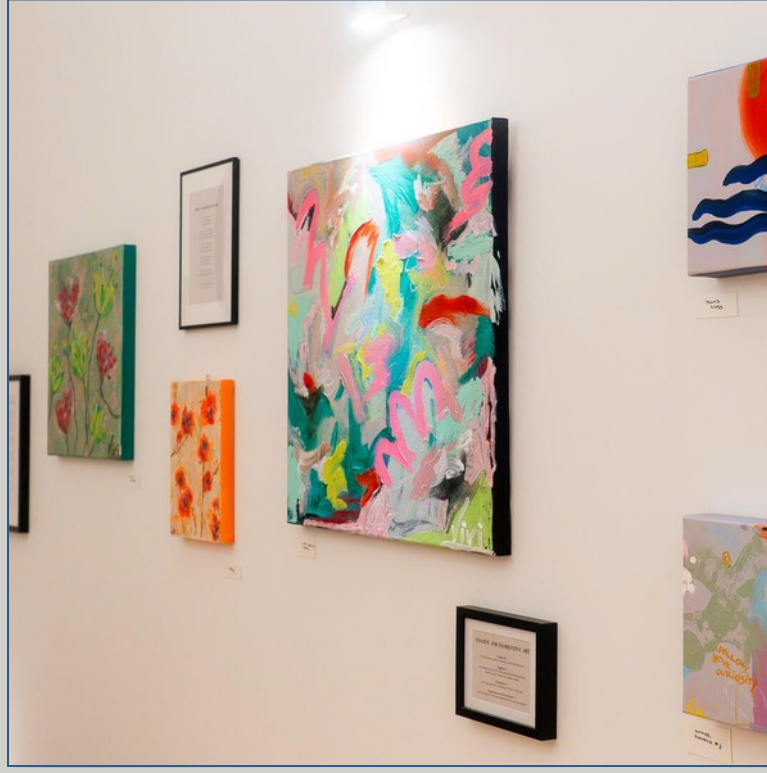
Besties



TOMORROW



Late Spring Meadow



How I want to be loved

If you were to ask me,
How I wanted to be loved,
I'd answer without words.

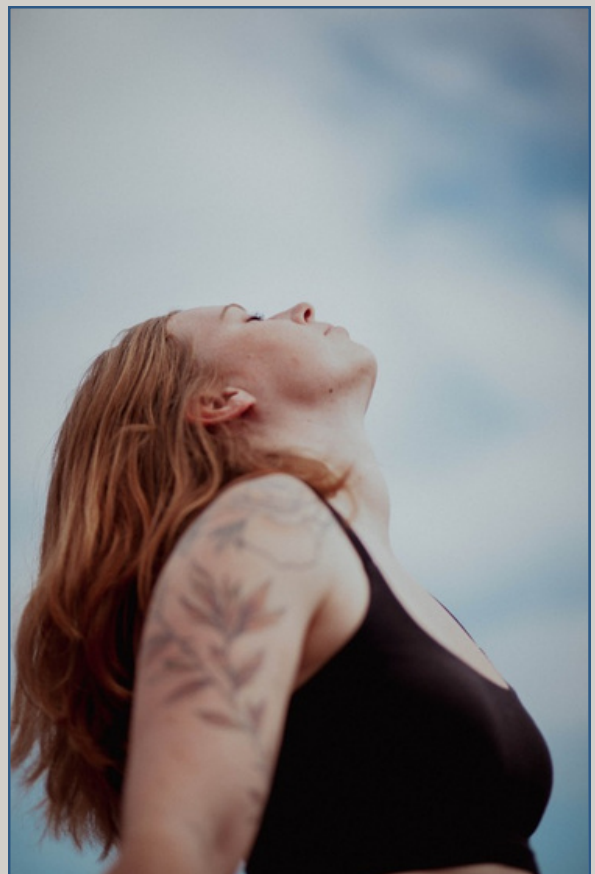
I'd take you on a walk in the forest,
Showed you how fully immersed
My presence is touching plants and trees.

I'd invite you for a swim
In a refreshing mountain lake
Merging my being with the water.

I'd spend a night with you
Staring at the stars
—like nothing else existed.

This is how I want to be loved.
Slowly, patiently, with a quiet presence.

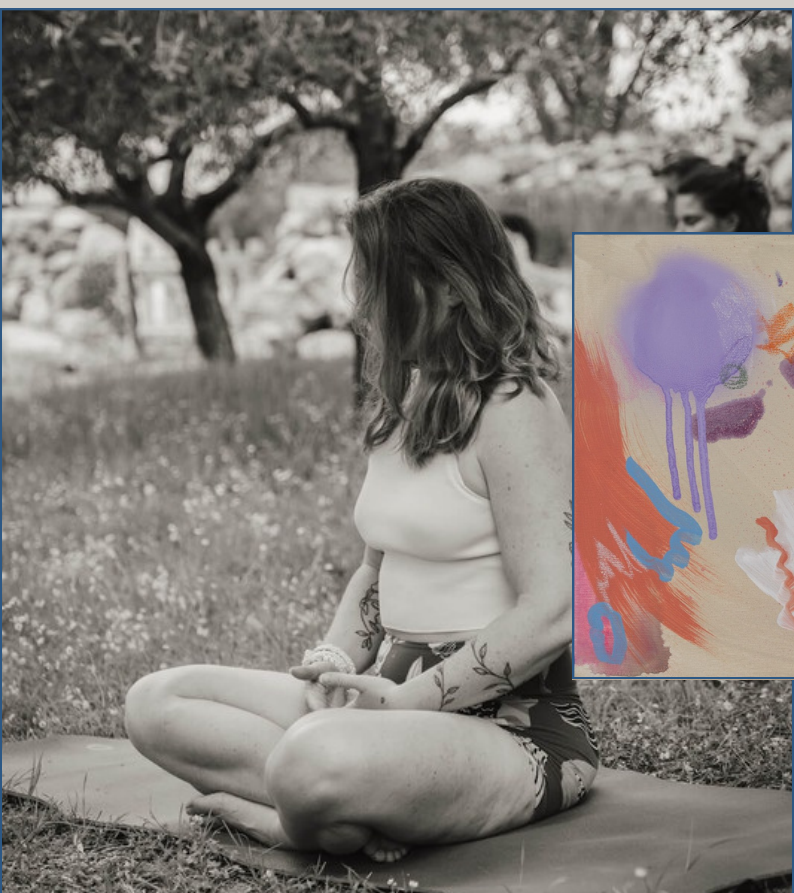
I don't want to be
— consumed, objectified, lusted,
I want to be witnessed.



Possibilities



Cast a Spell



Play!

Invite play back to your table.

Experiment with something silly.

Make a mess and call it progress.

You're allowed to have fun while creating!

Fall in love with the process, don't obsess over the outcome.

After all, what's the point of exploring if you're not surprised by what you find?



Take your time.

Patience, my dear. Patience is the ultimate love language.

May the waters in the landscape of your body flow with ease.

Surrender to your first universe. Everything else is an illusion.

Life is happening “everything all at once”. Time moves in spirals, not in straight lines.

Pause. Breathe. Relax. Dance. Come back to your senses.

Here and now. This moment is your existence.

Surrender your being to the immensity of the peace present in this breath, in this body.

Silence is not empty. It is full of answers. Everything exists in silence.

Follow your curiosity. Create more. Feel it all. Remember: life doesn't need to make sense.

A conscious life, directed by intuition, will set you free.

There's nothing to do, nothing to achieve, no one to be.
You are becoming, expanding, and reimagining yourself in your own rhythm.

Remember who you are. Take your time. Enjoy your humanness.



Poppies



The tribe of poppies
Burst from the fields
Enriching greens
With seeds of passion.

The Map of the Forest



The Map of the Forest is a painting, working as a compass to guide your way home.

Find the courage to walk the path of your homecoming.

Trees are your confidants.

You walk past a tree. You notice it — or maybe only your subconscious does, if your awareness slips elsewhere. But do you really see it? Do you say hello to at least one tree a day? Do you thank it for its existence? For offering its shade and keeping you safe from the burning summer sun?

The invitation to befriend trees crossed my path without intellectual impulse. My relationship with trees became more and more intense each year. I admire their ability to take care of themselves and those around them, without ever making a single step. Trees made me think about resilience; they taught me about community and became my refuge and go-to spot when I needed a sense of safety and stability.

When I opened myself for friendship with trees, I started asking myself different questions, like: Are trees immortal? (Some come closer to eternity than our minds can even comprehend.) Do they feel, think, communicate? Perhaps trees are far wiser than we allow ourselves to believe — though their intelligence doesn't bend to human logic.

Life has its ways of guiding us towards what we shall experience next. My fascination with species beyond homo sapiens brought me to kindred authors. This summer, I set aside self-help books and immersed myself in stories of plants. The Island of Missing Trees, a novel in which one of the narrators is an ancient fig tree (*Ficus carica*), only deepened my fascination with the mysteries of nature.

The life I find worth living is the one I am aiming for daily — a conscious life. A life where I can be present enough to notice the trees around me, where I get to observe the movement of laundry drying in the wind, and where I can ask non-humans for advice without feeling like I am not right in my head.

Perhaps all it takes is a conscious moment — where you deliberately forget your problems, duties, schedules — and steal a breath to pause, to notice, to enter the liminal space.

If you listen long enough, if you drop the shame of seeming strange, the trees and the birds, the stones and the sunsets will remind you how deeply you belong to this Earth.

Space for *Dreaming*

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