

“Lost Loves,” A Tel Aviv Exhibition By Lela Migirov

by [Tsionizm Staff](#) January 5, 2021 [0105](#)



Migirov with her talent and ability to express herself manages to guide us and tell us where all one's old lost "loves" are stored.

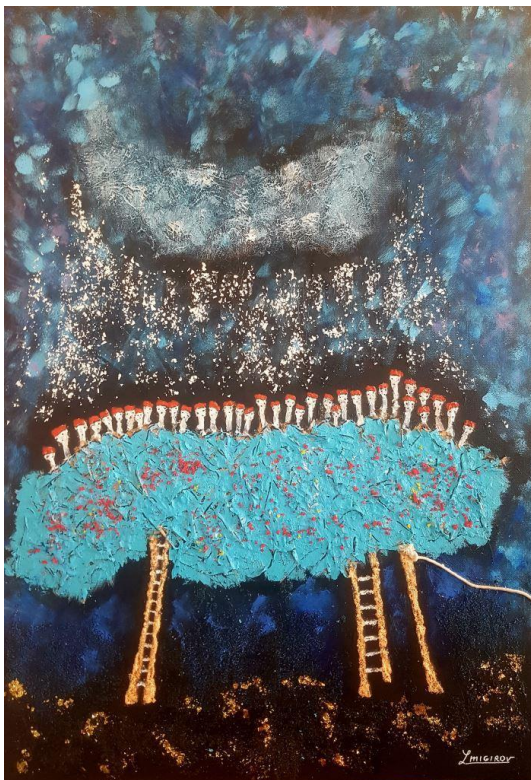
Among the many abilities an artist receives as a gift from god is the ability to transfer spiritual thinking into a tangible exhibit.

It is not difficult to accompany Lela Migirov in her works and subsequently experience her feelings. In the mask of the life of each and every one are various "loves". Some of the loves are realized and possess longevity while some dissipate and sometimes disappear over time.



One can part ways with their loves and one's loves can face interruption, however is it most important to know where those loves are stored? Where is the place where we can meet them again?

Indeed every passion, every pain, every photo album of love, rises and floats with sounds and melodies of music, with smells and tastes, with laughter and tears reminiscent of stormy romantic moments.



Love is not erased, it resurfaces all the time in memories: we meet it in events, in encounters with people, with every look at sunrise and sunset, with gusts of wind, and often while gazing at the stars and clouds floating in the sky.

It resurfaces in the moonlight and darkness of the night, in moments of sadness and silence or in a captivating smile. Love can resurface when looking at beauty and ugliness, in every spark of a gemstone and of flowing water, reminiscent of remnants of love.



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Staring at an ancient mirror in the foyer of the exhibition, we see our own figure reflected where we can share the artist's feelings evoking experiences and an understanding of her reflection.



In her works Migirov conveys the sense of journey, of dynamism and movement on wheels. From a high-rise tower studded with gems, to a glamorous carriage in bright colors laden with figures. Continuing on we can see a boat sailing with the power of the oars that propel it in joint efforts.



In a balloon, on a lighthouse rising over waves, in discourse between friends, in caring for basic needs and in places of many gatherings, we can find those corners that contain the remnants of our loves.

Identified as a second element contained within her works, we notice thick threads and ropes that ground the experiences into reality. Lela uses various techniques and materials such as gems, newspaper clippings and threads that accompany the color she puts on the canvas. The intense colors excite the senses.



Migirov's love song excerpts add to the exhibition and bring another mood to the invigorating experience...

The mystic feeling called love builds bridges from one's loneliness to another which can be fabulously beautiful but rarely built to last.

Love is lost, the globe and the heavens move a little and the concept of "lost love to arrival" appears at one of the locations. There is a great distance between these locations and the world of people knowing neither the beginning of love nor its end and miss its essence.

Lost loves are devoted to those in whose souls they had the privilege of being born. They need protection and huddle where oblivion can be avoided, at the location of hopes, prayers, promises, disappointments, dreams, memories, secrets, tears, madness and magic.

There is no time invented by people, the art of light breaks geometry of the absurdity with a glance, a smile, a barely indicated gesture or dilated pupils.



Somewhere outside the human world, in the evenings, golden dew falls on the roofs, and echoing bridges of settled contradictions, fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecies are carefully thrown through the darkness.

There are hang clouded mirrors, in which the mantles of passions, whispers and screams are vaguely reflected and half-tones of lost love, lonely, like raindrop, shine.



...her beauty...his steps...her music...his books...her loneliness...his confidence...her rain...his hands...their bodies and unused light, frozen into a crystal of a spider web roads...reflections...echoes...illusions...the vastness of fiction and shared joy and longing...

-Lela Migirov