

THE FORCE THAT REVEALS US



I have stood for models to be equal, essential, and integral to the very heart of this practice.

I have insisted that their presence demands the same depth of knowledge, commitment to learning, and devotion to embodiment. For a long time, I believed I could claim equal recognition while carrying a “model” identity. I was wrong. Being on the other side of the rope (for more than just educational purposes) I understand even less how models are not recognised as the force that reveals us. They are the difference between grace and collapse, between resonance and emptiness.



Through them, the scene becomes a dance or a battle. Sacred or trivial. Through them, we feel held or profoundly alone.

They are neither a resource nor interchangeable. As they are the essence. Each and every encounter, each and every dynamic.

And an embodied model holds the mirror to our soul. They show us where we stopped trusting ourselves. They show us the frozen places within ourselves we need to thaw.

They show us what is ready to be released. They hold and offer wisdom in the most loving way. And I accept that offering with utmost gratitude.

They shouldn't feel fortunate to be tied, we should be begging them.

Because they are holding us. They make us feel ourselves consciously so we can become.

We don't make them, they make us.

Anna