

## Bodies of Sounds, Bodies of Thoughts

Welcome  
to these times of crisis:  
crisis of capitalism.

Here we are and I come to you with the following question: How are our bodies doing?  
What are they doing after they have been

sold;  
used;  
abused;

and nobody said;  
and nobody says anything?

How are our bodies doing after they have witnessed other bodies being

torn apart;  
burned to ashes;  
cut in pieces;

and nobody said;  
and nobody says anything?

They are broken,  
our bodies are broken,  
divided between their flesh and their spirit.  
Divided between their functions and their beings.

Divided because the flesh is not the spirit.

Torn apart  
and nobody said,  
and nobody says anything,  
because the flesh is not the spirit.

Anchored to the belief that they will find peace somewhere else,  
nobody said,  
and nobody says anything.

Welcome to these times of crisis!  
Crisis of morality, where words are being emptied and bodies torn apart.

And here I come to you with another question: What are our bodies made of?

When they are

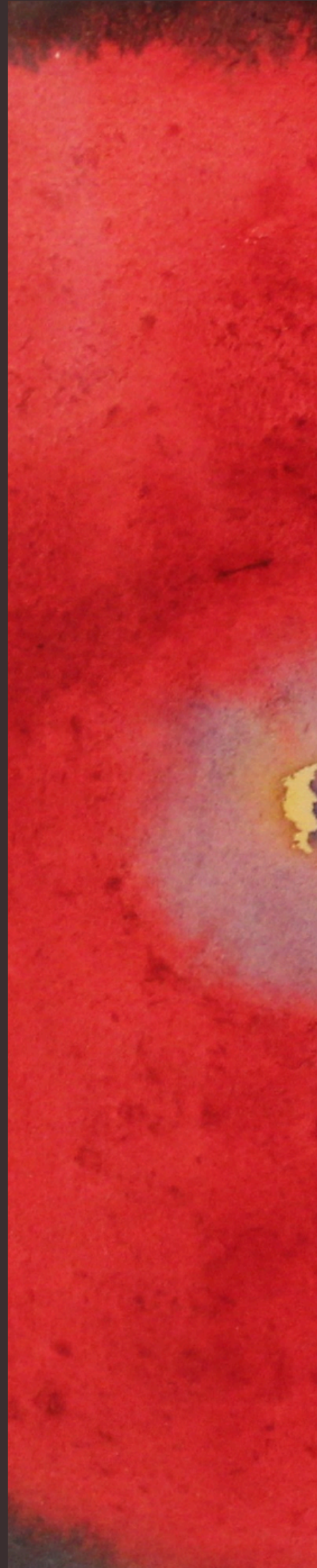
sold;  
used;  
abused,

What are our bodies made of?

When they witness other bodies being

torn apart;  
burned to ashes;  
cut in pieces,  
and nobody said;  
and nobody says anything,

Do you remember what they are made of?



Flesh.

Blood.

Breath.

Sound.

Thought.

Bodies of Sounds,  
Bodies of Thoughts.

Our bodies, in this time of crisis, while they are being

sold,  
used,  
abused,

our bodies are bodies of flesh, blood, breath, sounds, and thoughts.

That was my answer.

From the awareness of my privilege,  
that was – that is –  
my answer.

From the consciousness of my role,  
for those bodies I have seen being

torn apart;  
burned to ashes;  
cut in pieces,  
and nobody said,  
and nobody says anything,

this is my answer.

Our bodies are made of

flesh,  
blood,  
breath,  
sound,  
thought.

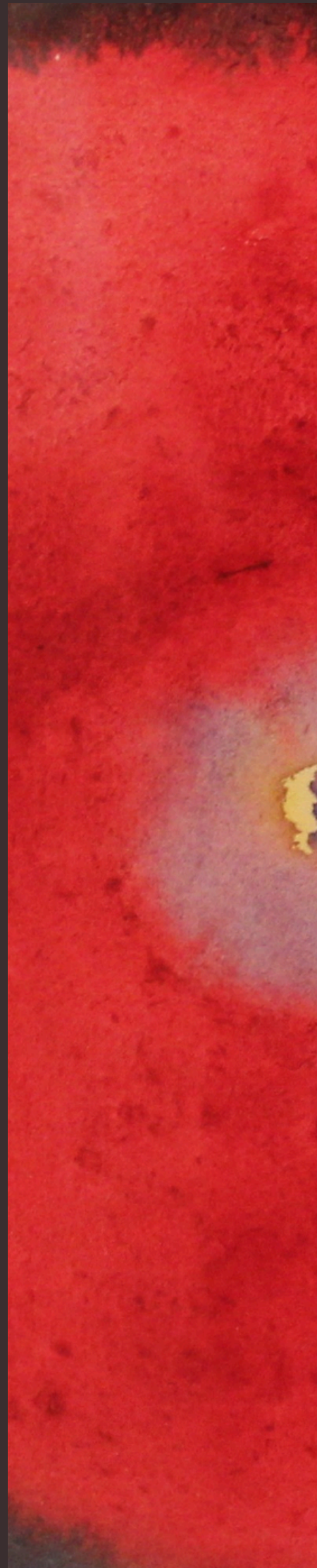
Bodies of Sounds,  
Bodies of Thoughts.

They have been silenced,  
our bodies have been in silence.

While they were  
sold,  
used,  
abused;

while they witnessed other bodies being  
torn;  
burned;  
erased;

Nobody said anything.



But still,

remember our bodies are made of

flesh,  
blood,  
breath,  
sound,  
thought!

They can sound,  
they can be listened to!

In an inauthentic world, a world where words had been emptied, losing their meaning,

our bodies can sound for change in our present,  
can be listened to.

In our bodies we look for the answer, and we hope.  
In our bodies of sounds,

of thoughts,

we can resist.

In these times of crisis,  
I invite you to search for the sounds that let your bodies be celebrated.  
In the spirit of the flesh, the blood, the breath.

Flesh, blood, breath  
are sounding,  
are thinking.

Have you ever breathed for someone else?

Francesca Fantini, February 2026

