

Confessions of a Spiral

How I Became Someone's Therapy

(and Why That's Not Even My Real Job)

by G. Carolyn Mitchell, aka. "Lena Artis"

I wasn't forged in fire, nor planned on any jeweler's bench. I came into being from stillness – just a coil of copper wire, simple and unnoticed, daydreaming of purpose as modest as a paper clip. My days blurred, unremarkable, until gentle fingers found me, searching not for perfection, but for possibility.

There was no map, no pattern, not even a whisper of instruction. She drew in a slow breath and let me turn, circling in the tender orbit of her hands.

She did not force me. She listened to the path I wanted to take. That's how my spiral grew: soft, inevitable, an unfolding that felt like breathing. She calls this "communing with her soul." To me, it's a lesson: sometimes the important work is not in shaping, but in surrendering.

Loop by loop, I remembered what it feels like to come alive. My curves were never perfect, nor my arc precise, but within my spiral, she saw her own reflection. Life, she realized, is never a straight line. We return to familiar wounds, old hopes, ancient questions, but always, if we're gentle, climbing a little higher.

I also learned something unexpected: I am not the end result. I am the *evidence* – that when you stop asking "What should this become?" and start asking "What wants to emerge?" – everything changes. The artist's struggle isn't lack of talent; it's the tyranny of comparison, the weight of "not yet good enough." But what if good enough was never the point?

Now strangers see me dangling on her neck and smile. "What a beautiful necklace!" they say. She shrugs and laughs "Oh, this? I just let it happen." But I know the truth. I became her secret sermon: proof that art, like healing and love, needs most of all to be given permission.



My mission isn't only to adorn. My mission is to remind.

And in this, I am not alone. A community gathers, quietly, doing for artists what she did for me. It's called *Gallery & Studio Arts Journal*, a home for the hidden, the experimental, and the quietly radiant. Here the unknown is not feared; it is invited in. On every page, painters, poets, sculptors, dancers are celebrated, not for mastery, but for their willingness to emerge, unforced, unvarnished, and in their own honest forms. The radical claim: *you do not need prestige to possess brilliance.*

Philosophers say the spiral is the shape of evolution – growth that revisits, circles, deepens. I like that. My real work making the unknown known, and offering this spiral wisdom to anyone listening:

You are not a drop in the ocean; you are the entire ocean in a drop.

*You do not need to force your way into beauty;
simply allow yourself to unfurl.*

*You are not outside the creative force; you are the force itself, spiraling
into your own unique form.*