The Day I Became Sound

Constellation Report

On the last day of August, in Visoko, in Ravne Park, we held a collective constellation on the Huesa energy platform, surrounded by tall pine trees. The constellation was facilitated by our mentor, Alemka Dauskardt. There were twenty-seven of us, all experienced constellation practitioners, people who had stood in the field many times before and allowed the movement of the spirit to lead them where the mind could not.

We stood in a circle, surrounding the hexagon set into the platform. Alemka slowly invited different aspects into the field. Humanity was the first to enter, followed by Earth, Water, Plants, Trees, Animals, the Sun… Then came our Ancestors, our Origins, the energy of the place, and several other aspects that emerged through the representatives themselves. There was also Time and Infinity, and then there was *"what is coming"* — a representative who remained outside the circle throughout the constellation.

There were not many words. Someone would sense a movement and step into the field. And then we would wait. What would happen?

Humanity entered first and searched for its place somewhere in the centre. Earth stood opposite, observing it. The Ancestors found a place beside Earth and lowered themselves to the ground at her feet, while the other representatives slowly moved around them and alongside them.
I stood at the edge of the circle while the others entered the constellation, and at first I could not name who or what I was. I felt like some kind of wind, but not an ordinary wind. A wind everyone can HEAR.

I stood behind Earth, the Ancestors, and most of the other representatives. I began to sway, to move, to make sounds. To whoosh. To whistle.
Only a little later did I realise: I was sound.
I was not representing any named aspect. No one had invited me into the field as *"sound."* It came on its own, through my body. And it was so clear that I felt no need to understand it. I simply knew: if I were not there, there would be complete silence.
That silence was not merely the absence of sound. I felt it as darkness.
Absence of sound = darkness.

As though, without sound, there could be no life that could be heard, no message that could pass from one being to another, no possibility of anything being transmitted.
So I whistled. I whooshed like the wind. As though I were carrying something that needed to be carried. Whenever I heard the little birds singing in the pine trees, I felt grateful to them for their song.

At some point, Alemka introduced *"what we need to look at"* or *"what needs to be seen"* — I cannot remember exactly how she named that representative.

This immediately caught my attention and drew me gently towards it. Because if something needs to be seen, it must have a voice — a sound. I do not know why being seen without sound was not enough.
But suddenly I knew: it was not enough for *"what needs to be looked at"* to be seen. It also had to be heard. If we hear it, then we can see it.
Before I approached it, however, there is something important to notice. That position stood somewhere at the other end of the hexagon, to my left. At the same time, my attention was also drawn, though less strongly, to another representative standing at the same distance to my right. I would later learn that this was Fire — Great Energy.
I am describing exactly where everyone stood because, for some reason I still do not understand, it is important to say that the three of us formed the three vertices of an equilateral triangle.
Later, we would become a single point, or a single vertex.

Very close to *"what needs to be looked at"* stood another representative. I do not know what it represented. It simply said that, in relation to it, we were *"a straight line."* Somehow, it was connected first with Water and then with Fire — Great Energy.
I slowly approached and stood at the edge of the circle, behind *"what needs to be looked at,"* continuing to sway gently, whooshing and whistling.

At some point, the representative of Fire communicated what it was and what it could do: burn us all, scorch us. Water moved closer to us. I stepped aside a little so that Water could stand behind *"what needs to be looked at,"* and I no longer needed to remain there. I moved gently further into the circle and stopped, slowly observing everything.

I was still whistling. Still blowing like the wind. As though my sound needed to connect what was separated, or those who could not hear. I did not know whom or what.
Then I attracted another representative, who began to move along with me. I did not know what it was. I only felt that it was somehow connected to me, and that something was being transmitted or transformed through it, although I was not sure. Its presence did not bother me.
From where I stood, I could clearly see that *"what needs to be looked at"* was wearing a T-shirt with a woven *"necklace"* on it. To me, it looked like a string of mountain crystals, little shells and pearls, and precious stones, all in shades of white.
This was something that could serve as a *"conduit"* for me — for sound, for the voice. Or perhaps as a *"transformer"* of sound — of the voice. I could not tell whether it merely carried the sound or also changed it.
I do not know why, but at this point I need to use both words: sound and voice.
Its *"necklace"* was something through which my sound could travel further, whatever that meant.

The representative who had somehow been following me came closer and took one end of my scarf in its hand, while I held the other end. I did not know who or what it was, or how or why it had come there, but I was fine with it.
I began to move slowly around the edge of the circle — the Field — passing all the representatives, still whistling and whooshing like the wind, carrying the voice — the sound — through and to everyone.
I completed a full circle. The other representative followed me, and we stopped precisely on the straight line between *"what needs to be looked at"* and Fire — Great Energy.

And then I heard from that representative what needed to be spoken aloud:

“I am an energy you do not know how to use.”
I felt a powerful wave move through my body. A shiver. Adrenaline. Excitement. My whole body trembled. And something came out of me very loudly, almost like a command:
“Say it out loud! That is what they need to hear!”
I repeated to him:
“Say it loudly so they can hear you.”
And Great Energy repeated:
“I am an energy you do not know how to use.”

That was important. It was not enough for something simply to be present. It needed to be spoken. It needed to be heard. It needed to be given a voice.
Then I took my dark blue scarf, woven with golden threads. I stretched it between my hands and began gathering it together and spreading it out again with a quick movement, over and over, creating sound.
It was as though I were connecting two points: Great Energy on the left and *“what needs to be looked at”* on the right. Something needed to be transmitted through sound.
What? I do not know!

I noticed the representative of the plants, who said that, for some reason, it felt really good — alive. I had to say: **“You don't even need water.”**
My whole body shuddered. I rubbed my hands and shoulders and almost jumped on the spot because of the truth of it.
And I received an affirmative, almost surprising response from the plants: **yes, that's right.**

I never stopped whistling, whooshing, making sounds. Then I began humming a melody to myself, although I did not yet know which melody it was.
“What needs to be looked at” seemed to want to leave the circle. That was how it appeared to me. Our eyes met briefly, and I cannot remember whether I said it silently to myself or aloud, but the answer was no. Then the representative that had been standing slightly to my right moved to the left and stood face to face with Great Energy.
And that energy suddenly said that it was becoming calm. Gentle.
As though my position were making it so, and as though *“what needs to be looked at”* were somehow restraining it, diminishing it.
As though something destructive could be met differently once it had been heard.
None of this made any sense to me, but I was not looking for meaning anyway. I felt it, and that was how it was.

The movement guided me, and I stood back to back with *“what needs to be looked at.”* We had become that *“point,”* or one vertex of the triangle, although the triangle no longer existed. I was looking towards Humanity, Earth, the plants, the animals, the Sun, and the central figure for me: the Ancestors.

Then I remembered that, at the beginning, I had stood behind their backs.
I do not know why. I simply knew it all of a sudden, as though I were their voice. A voice that had begun with them, passed through everything we had called Humanity, Earth, water, plants, the energy of the place, life…
And now it was returning.
Home.
A deep sigh rose within me. I moved towards them and bowed deeply, out of love and respect. I began to hum, at first barely audibly.

Hmm-hmm-hmm…
Then I recognised the melody of a song by Amira Medunjanin. In that moment, it came to me as though it had always been meant to be there.
As I hummed, without using my voice, I took off my shoes and began approaching the great-great-grandparents. They could hear the humming, hmm-hmm-hmm.

At that moment, I let go of my scarf and handed it to the representative who had been following me. I gave it to her completely.
The closer I came to the Ancestors, the more love I felt within me.
I lowered myself to my knees. Slowly. One knee at a time. I approached them on my knees.
And then I heard something from them, something like:
“At last, you are coming home. You are coming home.”
They opened their arms. They were waiting for me. There was love in their eyes.
I came closer and embraced them. I kissed their hands. I wept in their laps. I kissed their feet.
I was at peace. And still, I continued to hum.

After some time, I slowly raised myself. I stood on my own two feet.
And then something happened that feels important to me.
I did not need to remain behind them, even though that was where I had initially been heading. Nor did I need to stand above them. I stood in front of them.
And they remained behind my back, as though protecting me.
Earth on one side, to my left. My ancestors behind me. And me in front.
In my own place.

Then the representative who had been holding my scarf all this time took one end of it in her left hand and wrapped it around her arm, all the way up to her shoulder. Like a snake — or a spiral. She stood opposite me, slightly to my right.
I looked at the dark blue scarf with its golden threads. And suddenly, I saw the symbol clearly. The words came out of me:
“You are medicine.”
I even searched within myself for another word. I thought, *medicine* was not the right word. But no other word came. Only:
“You are medicine.”
And she said something like:
“I am a new cell — a cell.”
And something to the effect of:
“Through your word - sound, I live. You speak — I live.”

I cannot repeat it word for word, but the meaning was completely clear.
Something that renews itself. Something alive. Something set in motion — brought into being through sound.
She then stood behind the Ancestors and placed her hands on their shoulders. The Ancestors felt the weight, and it was as though they moved slightly away.
I asked her to lower her hands to their shoulder blades.
That felt right for everyone.
Support. Not leaning on them.
And then I realised that my voice was not merely something that needed to be heard.
It was something that connected, carried, returned, and called.
And perhaps that was why it had been so important for the sound never to stop. Because without it, everything would have remained in silence.

In this constellation, I felt that silence is not always peace.
Sometimes, silence is a place where something waits to be spoken, to be heard, to be seen, and to be able to return to life.
The constellation came to an end.

We stepped out of our roles.
But the sound within me did not stop. I had to sing aloud.
And then Mirela joined me (I do not know which aspect she had represented, but she had been swaying throughout the constellation), along with Tatjana (the representative of Water).
Three women of different nationalities. Without any prior arrangement. Without a plan.
We simply found ourselves side by side, embraced each other and began to sing.

Mirela knew the words of the verse, and we followed her.
I became the song and sang at the top of my voice:

"We will sing what our hearts know,
Songs from every side of the mountains.
Hear me, for I thirst for love,
For there is one song, destined for us."

Ivana Krišto
31 August 2026. Visoko, Bosnia & Herzegovina
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From the report, I left out all the interpretations that came to me and tried to keep only what emerged through movement and what I felt in my body as important and true.
Nothing more. Nothing less.