



CLARA COLORINES

COLORS · STORIES · SPACES



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Passionate about painting and emotional writing, about experimenting with space and filling notebooks with soliloquies, Clara Colorines' work mirrors the intensity and contradictions of her personality.

Even though her pieces glow with bright colors and carry a naïve style, the creative process begins with a visceral need to express the constant shifts of mood. It's a personal search for balance, shaped through symbolism, form, volume, and color.

She perceives everyday reality as something oddly unfamiliar, experiencing it through raw emotions and translating it straight into creation.

A kind of twisted naïf—hardly innocent at all, yet full of both light and shadow.

SHARDS

Santiago de Compostela | 2019
70 m³

With colors, I don't fool anyone.
Maybe it's just that we'd all like

to be a little more like children again,
drawing on the walls with crayons.



GRANDPA'S FLOWERS

Acrylic on wood | 2020
66 x 23 cm

Trips to Coveliño carried the smell of tortilla in a car with no air conditioning. It didn't matter—going there was always the great event of the week. Like the triumph of digging the longest tunnel in a sandcastle by the sea.

On the road, I played races with raindrops sliding down the glass. I never once managed to beat myself, though I don't think I ever cared. The window was never too high to hide the treetops. Or the clouds—the ones that only began to take shape when I grew older and life required me “to make sense of things.”

Today, I longed to return to Coveliño. My heart stumbled, the way it does with a nettle's kiss—when you're never quite sure if it stings, itches, or strangely pleases. The way it does when I pick flowers, and think of you.





ALLERGY

Acrylic on glass | 2020

30 × 30 cm

I would like to tell you everything I would like to tell you:
That I leave the car unlocked so I can escape. That just
getting out of bed isn't enough. That it didn't hurt that day.
That the next one did.

I would like to tell you that I didn't hear you breathe because
I fell asleep first. That I did breathe. That I want to know your
duvet and discover you beneath it. That I will learn every
angle and hollow of you. That I haven't saved a single kiss, in
case someday you need one. I would like to tell you to send
me the SOS message. That you shouldn't worry too much—
gray hairs will come. Or worry a lot, because I like them.

And today, I would need to ask you for the other side of the
bed. For you to know that you can't touch me. That you
shouldn't. That this will also pass. That it already has. That
the diagonal no longer bothers me when I sleep alone.

I would like to tell you all of this, and so I do. This way, you
know. Even if it gives me allergy, especially when you leave.

TARRÍO'S MAGIC FOREST

PRIMARY SCHOOL
C.E.I.P. PLURILINGÜE
DE TARRÍO
2021

58 x 2,5 m



PLAYING HOUSES

Ons Island |
Quarantine 2020
0,24 m³

About Mar, I'll say that it doesn't comb its hair in the mornings. She appears sudden and immense. Free—without ships or bottles, without trawl nets, without the dead lying beneath. She leaves salt on the nape, where wounds are already healing. And she settles restless emotions into snow

globes of water. Into messages no one else ever heard. Because every seventh wave, Mar offers a silence. A space where one can simply drift. An opening to slip through—without waiting for digestion to finish—and nothing happens. Mar is not hard to love. But perhaps it is harder "to love" it, simply as that.



THE PAIN

Cathedral beach | 2019

60 m³

The little girl with the curl has broken.
And even her heart is spilling out—through the
hole, from beneath the ribs.
She has come to understand that some stories
may always hurt. And that's all right. The
problem is not that they hurt, but that they
keep causing pain.





Telma



Miguel



Mamá



Adriana

PORTRAITS

Acrylic on wood | 2019-2020
80 x 80 cm

When I went through 'the sad time', I wouldn't change my sweater. It was blue. Like question marks.

Alba made me dinner and sat me on the kitchen stool, against the door, so I wouldn't be in the way. Because when you're sad, any corner is a good place to let yourself fall. I sent SMS to Telma, who never judged last week's messy bun. That the great achievement of the day was just getting out of bed. I waited for Miguel in the car—just to invent an excuse to go outside. And Abel came at night. He told me bedtime stories and we ate tuna empanada. With whole milk. Like with Adriana, with whom I shared the sad time, and neither of us was able to think or to feel. Because it's hard to stop crying if you don't even know you're doing it.

In that shitty time, my friends took very good care of me. And because I wasn't able to speak, I painted them portraits. Until one day, I put on a yellow sweater and they noticed. And once again I felt the urge for something. Desire for something. Anything.



My mother is not the best mother in the world. She says she is a woman before she is a mother. And she is right.

Because my mother has taught me to contradict. To say no. That sequels are never good, and fifths even less so. That yes, there is such a thing as check. Mate. And the sooner you know it, the less time you lose. That you don't shout at houses. Not even at an empty one. That moving is useless if you carry everything with you.

My mother has taught me not to care for Christmas, nor for birthdays either. That there should be no recipe book, no glass container. That you must find your own way, because life won't look for you.

And so my mother is not the best mother in the world. And it's all right. Because I wouldn't be either.

And that is why I portrayed her this way. Her, Patricia. Volatile, intense, beautiful. Excessive. Always with her things. Always in fantasy.

And she is right to be. Because every house can hold paintings and flowers. And even more so, in Patri's house.
In my mother's house.

During lockdown, my father lost an arm. One day you wake up with everything, and go to bed missing something. And so he taught me that in a blink, life changes—and the body too. That you can even miss the arm that once got in the way at night. That you still feel it when it is no longer there.

Now, everything moves slower. Pulling the card from his wallet, carrying bags from the supermarket—paper, plastic, or the good-citizen kind. Now I cut his steak, peel his tangerines, the ones that sting beneath the nails. I scrunch his striped socks, like the ones Wally must have left on some highway. I help him into his sweater, the sleeve always flapping where the arm is gone.

But dad can already do almost everything. He ties the string of his swimsuit, keeps his balance as he walks, washes the dishes with soap. He makes jokes in Cervantes Square, where now he too is “the one-armed man,” and children watch us without judgment. That is left to the grown-ups. Always.

Dad will fish again, sail in the boat, plant trees and tomatoes and whatever else he wants. Because now we know the sea sometimes cuts—but it also embraces certain fish, those who refuse the current they are given, and dream as well of flying.



HOUSE, HOME AND I

Acrylic on cut wood
80 x 80 cm

A triptych that traces the shifting landscapes of the self during the pandemic: the heavy weight of confinement (piece I), the restless tension between comfort and unease within the home (piece II), and, at last, the quiet arrival of acceptance (piece III).

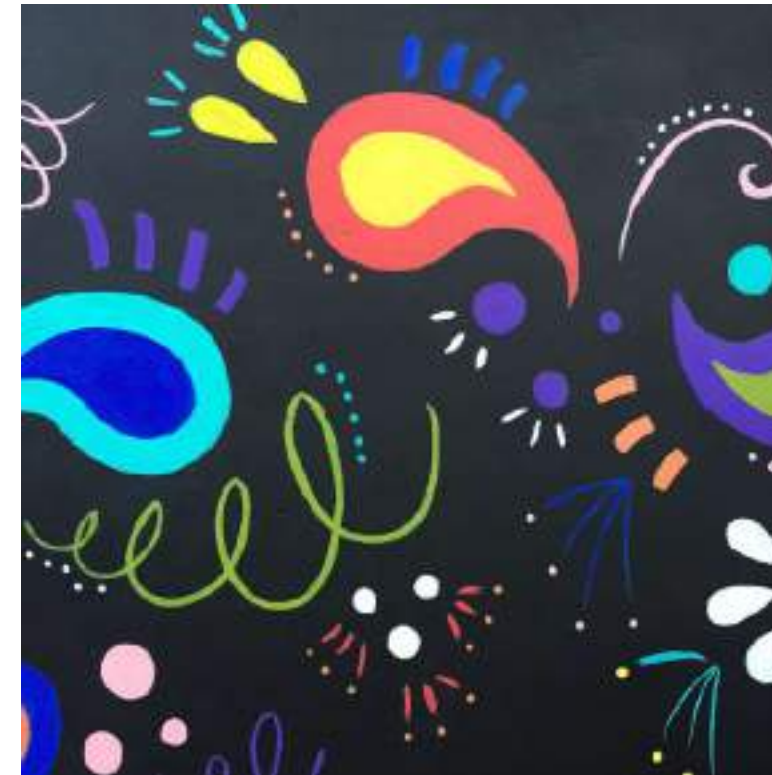


MICHI

Oaxaca, México
2020

8 x 2 m

Michi, “the Cat,” knew how to peel peanuts before eating them. I would watch him—gazing, observing—until slowly I began to understand the secret of the alebrijes: magical creatures that arrive in dazzling colors and spill a strange, luminous energy into everything they touch. They are like the gamusinos, those imagined beings who surely once existed, and who, on the far side of the ocean, are forever longed for.



URDILDE

PRIMARY SCHOOL
C.E.I.P. PLURILINGÜE
DE PUMAR URDILDE | 2021
2,5 x 5 m



AND SO, THE TALE WAS TOLD

Textile embroidery | 2020. 20 x 20 cm





THE LAUNDRESSES

NURSERY SCHOOL
E.E.I. A CAPELA (CARREIRA)
2021
10 x 7 m



TRAVEL DIARIES

Mixed media on paper | 2017-2024 | 41 x 20,5 cm

It seems to go.
It seems to slip away.
It seems to vanish like the
mist of waterfalls, like the
wake swallowed by the
waves, like Christmas
already gone and the

next one also.
It seems it went away, like
when I came back spitting
foam from my mouth, tying
myself to a seat that
wasn't mine, checking in
emotions and memories

kept in handheld notebooks.
As if time could be stored
away.
Because I left. And I still don't
know if it hurts or if it frees to
realize that one cries—so much
—upon landing.



Santiago de Compostela



Santiago de Compostela



México



Marruecos



Venecia



San Sebastián



THE VIOLET GATE ACCESS TO EQUALITY

PRIMARY SCHOOL
C.E.I.P. O POMBAL (VIGO)
2022
10 x 7 m



GOODIES

Textile embroidery | 2023 10 x 10 cm



THE FRIENDSHIP BENCH

PRIMARY SCHOOL
C.E.I.P. O Pombal (Vigo) | 2020
20 x 2 m

I painted a Friendship Bench, a place of color where one can wait for a friend to play with. And I thought that I had no memories of playing alone as a child, but I do have memories of playing alone—of pretending to be a child—once I was grown. And it made me a little sad. Like when I didn't hold a magic little mirror to remind me that my best friend could be myself.



LOST PARADISE

Enamel | 2019
Paraíso Perdido (Santiago)
7m3

You break everything you touch. You break the stars, the clouds in the sky; you break the game of pretending to be children; you even break the plural of "for me and for all my friends." You break everything you touch.

You broke the emergency kit, the safety net, the treehouse you tugged at so much, so endlessly, that even I fell from Heaven. And I searched for you here, in this hell, not knowing myself already dead. With no way back.



CONFETTIS

Acrylic on wood | 2022

80 x 80 cm



THE YEW FOREST OF CASAIO

HIGH SCHOOL C.E.I.P. DE CASAIO | 2021 3 x 9 m



ODYSSEY

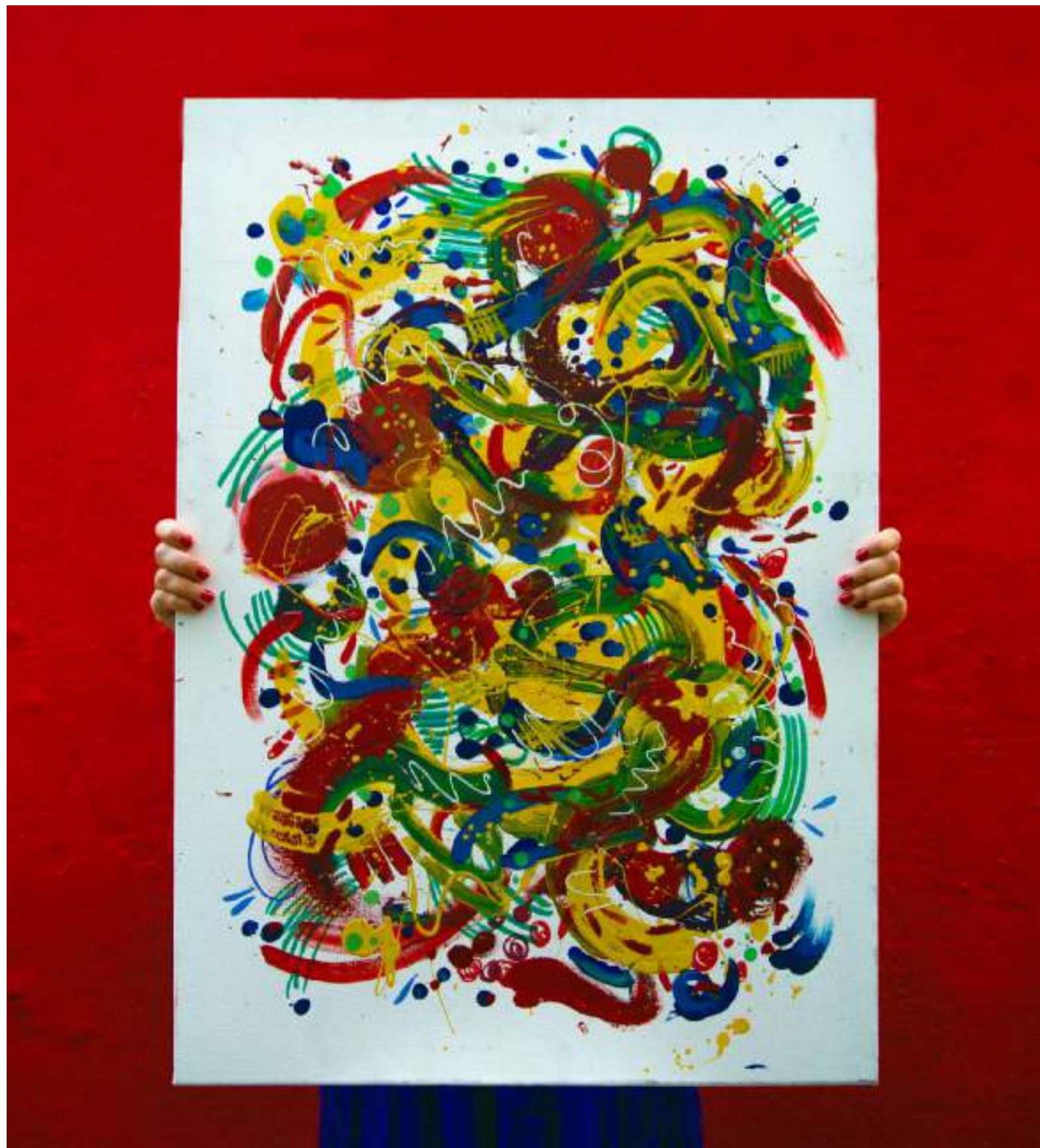
Marker on paper | 2018
21 x 14,8 cm

You are beside me and you don't see me,
you don't see me,
you don't kiss me;
nor do you fill any space in the bed
except your own.

You are beside me and you don't listen,
don't feel, don't understand that I am
shouting from effort, from the heart;
from too much pressure—depression that runs on my
account when I turn off the light
and sweat through my eyes.

You are beside me and you don't see me,
you don't see me, you don't kiss me.
And I did not see you. I did not see myself,
with you, and I chose this invisible emptiness,
like the transparent tears I cried
when you weren't looking.





SERPENTINE

Mixed media on canvas | 2020
90 x 65 cm

Something pierced the body's barrier and struck directly. Deep inside. And I found myself in that strange struggle against the tear that insists on being heard—the one that hurts more than the solitary, silent tear. The one that has no place in a concert hall where people sit two meters apart, without touching, without meeting each other's eyes.

I cried for myself and for all the Claras who had gone so long without crying. Truly and without measure. Watering a plant. And tear after tear after tear, I imagined what that beautiful voice was saying. A voice walking toward nowhere, shouting so loudly. Needing something, and not knowing what.

Perhaps that voice only wanted to say a few things.

CLARIS

Textile embroidery | 2023
Replica of my childhood drawings | 1998



THE EMOTIONS MURAL

PRIMARY SCHOOL
C.E.I.P. PARADAI, LUGO
2021
35 x 2,5 m





PIXELS

Acrylic on wood | 2019
102 x 76 cm

Pepe decided to “take some photos of me.” Many, many photos. His gallery filled with green, blue, and red pixels that owed more to his unsteady hands than to any artistic gift. I told him I didn’t really like photographs, because of that strange obligation to smile in family portraits despite an imminent divorce. And yet, inexplicably, this time I liked every single one of them.

Because, I realized, once again I looked healthy—truly, fully healthy. And it had been a long time since anyone had captured that. Or since I had seen it myself. I painted three canvases for the smile. The one that wasn’t for the camera, but for Pepe.

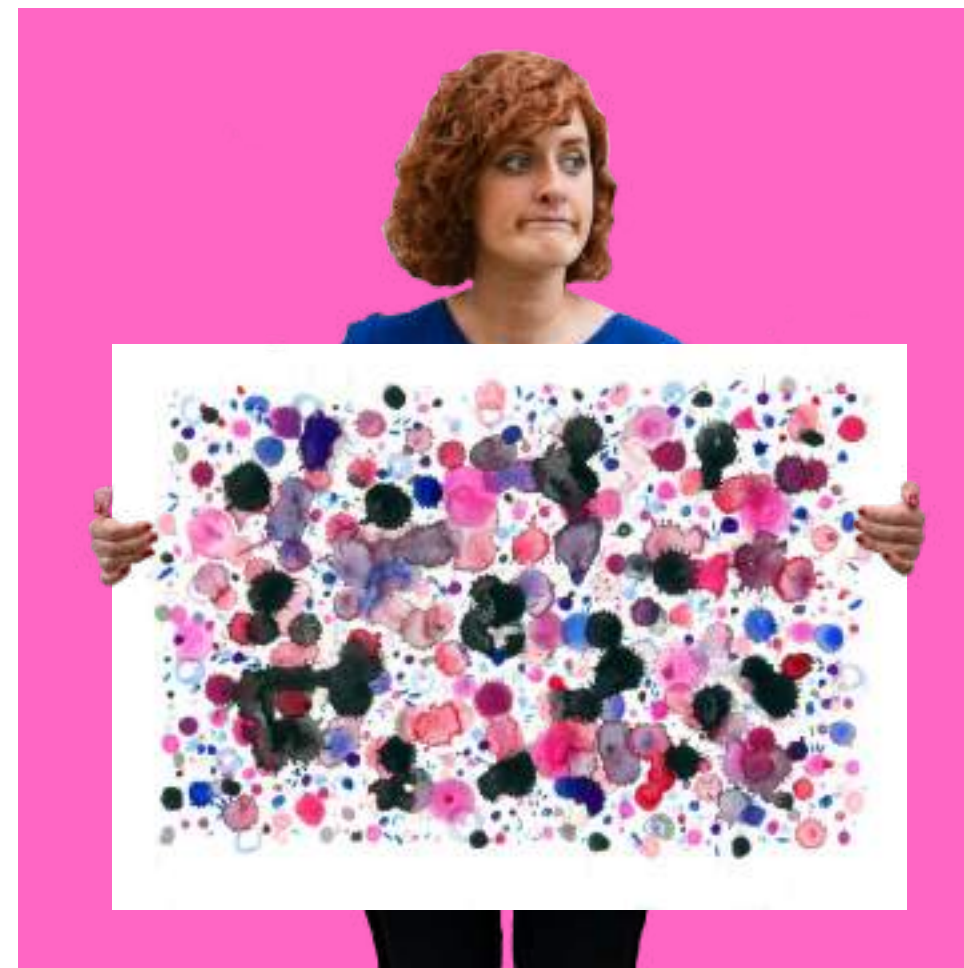
FINISTERRAE

Watercolor on paper | 2018
29,7 x 42 cm

Sometimes my insides shrink,
very deep and very high,
and I feel such vertigo that I don't know
whether I'm stepping on cracks,
on knives
or on yellow tiles.

It is then when an eyelash
fallen from my eye trembles
and whispers:

"You do not let yourself wither
like the flowers that once were
but no longer are.
You do not deserve brown water
no matter how alive
it might have been."



WHAT DOES “PLAYING” MEAN TO YOU?

C.E.I.P. ESTEIRO | 2023
25 x 7 m

Painting of the “Mural of Play” together with students from all grade levels. An artistic project connected to the school, which also hosts a museum of traditional games.



COLOR STORM

E.E.I. MONTE DA GUÍA | 2021

1,20 x 90 m

Perimeter wall of the Monte da Guía Early Childhood Education Center (Vigo).





THE WAVES

Acrylic on wood | 2020
29,7 x 42 cm

I like it when an old man parts his damp hair neatly to the side, with a white comb from a hotel room. When the waiter knows you're speaking to him, and you're not ordering, but asking. Explaining to the cashier that today you just craved a bar of Suchard nougat, even if it's out of season. Or a Frigo Pie.

I like it when someone slips off their shoes and rubs their ankles. With relief, with fatigue. When they receive a beautiful message, when they feel special. When they smile in secret, checking that no one saw. I like it when you open the dishwasher and your glasses fog up. When someone cleans them for you with a sigh of breath and a cotton shirt. Waking up beside you and finding you still asleep. Without nightmares. Not realizing I'm stirring the cocoa and truly not thinking about anything at all.

I don't know. I like the moments that aren't said out loud because they are too special. In case they break. Like being barefoot on the beach. With waves. Taking off your earrings. And seeing that they are golden, like oil on bread. Or like the sun. Or like the nape of your neck, sometimes.

LONGING

Acrylic on wood
| 2020
20 x 20 cm

The birthday cake was made of strawberries and cream. Three tiers, set on flat, round sponges soaked in syrup. Just like on the Lidl packaging. And on the top layer, the strawberries still held their green leaves. March is their season, after all.

Now, I don't like birthdays anymore. Growing older turns them into something impossible and insufficient. Better not to risk it, in case it goes wrong. In case I remember you, and the faded Smarties the day after.



Tarta de fresa



A Madrid



Las nubes



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