



Each song of 'Her Salt' focuses on a part of a Fairytale myth, as well as well as the personal story that inspired it. This side of the page explores the Album Myth, turn the page for the personal stories that inspired the songs.

Before we begin: imagine a violet, purple world where all living beings evolved to be violet, including the water-born creatures of this story. They had powerful Larynxes that could ward off danger and horns the shape of the crescent moon. It was only later, that the world became green from chlorophyl synthesising creatures and the humans evolved from the seas and onto the land.

In the beginning, we were all Violet

Our world was Violet

We flourished in the salty waters of the ancient oceans and followed the rhythms of the moon

Our skin a violet indigo hue from retinal rich waters, Our voices powerful

Crown Crescent Moon

We learn of the birth of 'Ona', a violet ocean creature, the protagonist of our Myth. She was born in the Baltic Sea and appeared as a cow-shaped creature with horns of the crescent moon as she came to the shore.

The Humans had been hoping for her arrival.

Her Salt

Ona refines the abilities of her Larynx, as a way of calming and caring, but also helping the Humans of her adopted Village to defend themselves against each other. Life flourished peacefully.

Call through Oceans

She hears that her underwater family is in grave trouble by the 'Oppressors' and in trying to save them them, in an intense, electrifying moment, her voice is amplified beyond normal capabilities. They unfortunately could not be saved and she remained as the last of her kind, but her Larynx became a Superpower.

Burn All My

Ona returns to the Land to find her Village and People about to be burned. With her now stronger 'Larynx' voice she takes down the 'Oppressors'.

Death is a Woman in White

The Villagers and Ona burn and bury the remains of their own and those of the 'Oppressors'. As a light shines brightly, a woman in a long white dress appears above the graves and warns them not to stay. She then vanishes.

Hold and Fall

Ona and her Land Family decide to depend on each other and to find a new home. Ona pledges to use her powerful Larynx only in the most dire of circumstances. She does not want herself and her people to become discovered.

Sometimes at Night

A journey begins in the darkness of the Woods. A New Life is created that is part Forest Wolf and part Ona.



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On a trip to Latvia, I learned of a Fairytale about a Blue-Skinned Cow (a Bison?!) with Horns of the Crescent Moon. I love to learn of Baltic & Slavic Myths, Human History, and diving deeper into my Polish Heritage.

Her Salt

The story of the 'Larynx' begins here. I lost my voice during the Pandemic. I did rebuild it and to do so I needed to remember who I was as an artist, a musician, and as a female human.

This I accomplished through movement, sounds, and patience.

Call through Oceans

Imagine calling out to a loved one through the seas. Sound can travel far underwater, and perhaps thoughts through the Ether. I recorded the vocals of this song while a close family member was undergoing a serious surgery - 'calling out' - waiting for them to return from the deepness of the surgery sleep. Lyrics in Polish

Burn All My

I was 'burned', informed, by my former Label and Concert Agency that I was not to return to a Label Project and Concert Tours two week after I gave birth to my child. I was burned for wanting the passion of Art, and the passion of Motherhood. Here I am today to telling the story from the ashes, hoping the same does not happen to others.

Death is a Woman in White

This ghost story has inspired me to create myths and this Album -

One day, while a man was fishing by the river near his village, a woman dressed in a long white dress asked him to carry her across the river so she could visit the village on the other side of the river. Stunned by her presence, he felt compelled to carry her across, and so he did. The next morning, he learned that three people had died in the village on the other side of the river. The man was my great-uncle; my grandmother told me this story.

Hold and Fall

Through time, through the courage to trust and to fall, we learn to hold each other.

Sometimes at Night

The first sound you hear, is the sound of life. Our heartbeats at 136 BPM, deep in the water of our Mother's Bellies. And you might have guessed it, the heartbeat of my own child. Enjoy the Celebration at the End of this Journey.