

exoskeletons ©

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2022 - **X-Power Gallery, Shanghai**
2022 - M Gallery, Taipei

2023 - Art Revolution Taipei
2024 - Art Revolution Taipei
2024 - X Power Gallery, Taipei
2025 - International Art expo, Songshan Cultural ART
center, Taipei, August 22nd-24th
2025 - ONEsGALLERY, Boston USA June 27th - 7th July
2025 - AFF - V'ART Space Gallery - Singapore, 13-16 November

2026 - Art Revolution Taipei, August

Sara Sammakia, a UK based artist, is a distinguished figure in the contemporary art community, known for her masterful dreamlike pieces that encompass the modern pop surrealism aesthetic. Sara's passion for painting was ignited at a young age, leading her on a journey of unrivalled dedication and artistic growth. Graduating with a prestigious Bachelor of Arts degree in Fine Art in 2012, Sara has since established herself as a formidable force in the art world, captivating viewers with her dynamic and enchanting pieces. Sara transports us to a world of whimsy and wonder, inviting us to indulge in the intriguing and thought-provoking narratives within her work.

Sara delves into the intricacies of human emotion and connection through her meticulously crafted and intriguing works of fine art. With her upcoming series 'Exoskeletons', Sara explores the dichotomy between our innate need for connection and the protective barriers we build to shield ourselves from a the world. Through her striking paintings, Sara exposes the vulnerability of the human and animal spirit, inviting viewers to peer into the soul behind the mask whilst also celebrating the resilience and strength that lies within.

Sara aims to convey the universal truth that we are all one and the same, each possessing the same depth and significance within our souls. With her brush, she delicately shields the inner child within the exoskeleton, creating a safe haven amidst a chaotic world. Her pieces act as a gateway to the inner child within the exoskeleton, leaving a lasting impression on those who dare to look into the eyes of her art.

Each of her masterful creations is a reflection of her unique perspective, one that is deeply rooted in the profound connection between animals and humans. Each original character, with their oversized eyes, serves as a vessel for the expression of this powerful bond.

Our brains are wired for connection but life rewires them for protection.



lumi © lost in a dream .°
90 X 100 cm
acrylic & oil paint on linen
2024





*In a world cloaked in azure dreams, I wander
within my exoskeleton, a whimsical armor shielding
my inner child from reality's grasp. Forever chasing
the echoes of my imagination, I dance between
fantasy and existence.*



eli © i see you .°
90 x 100 cm
acrylic & oil paint on linen
2024



In a world washed in blue, I roam, uncovering the truths nestled within every soul I encounter. Deceptive façades crumble before my unwavering gaze, revealing the essence that lies beneath.





naomi © hide away .°
90 x 100 cm
acrylic & oil paint on linen
2024







*In a world too harsh for my gentle
spirit, I cocoon myself in an exoskeleton,
shielding myself from the chaos outside. Here,
I find solace amidst the noise that threatens
to consume me.*



jessie © transcendence on broken glass °

90 x 100 cm

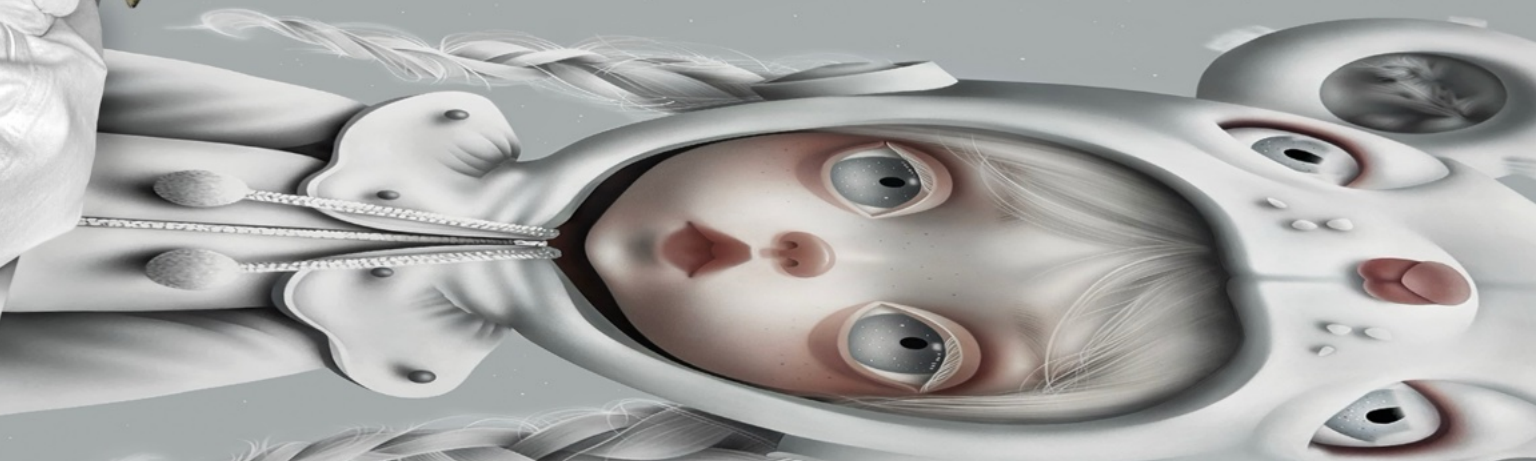
acrylic & oil paint on linen

2024



*In a cold blue world amidst the shards of my past, I discovered
strength in every step; broken glass became my path to resilience.
Now, I rise, glowing in the light that once felt distant.*







loui © beneath the waves of lunar light °

70 x 80 cm

acrylic and oil paint on linen

2025





**A monster emerged from the depths of his mind, with scales of twilight, a
friendship they'd find.**

**Hand in fin, they danced in the mist,
In the realm of the heart, where fear ceased to exist.**

**On frozen tides, they both roam free,
A boy and his monster, in harmony. ~~~~~**



Featured in Lavinia de Rothschild 365 ART Japanese magazine



penny © whiskers of wonder °
80 x 80 cm
acrylic and oil paint on canvas
2025





*In a soft grey suit, sweet Penny hides,
With whiskers of courage and dreams as her guides,
She scurries through shadows, a timid ballet, A
mouse in the wild, in her own little way.*

*Ears perked for whispers, she dances with grace,
In her cozy armor, she finds her safe space.
The world may seem vast,
but she knows her part,
With a flick of her tail, she guards her soft heart.*



vinnie © tailored dreams °

80 x 80 cm

acrylic and oil paint on canvas

2025

*In a blue suit, with cat ears proud,
A boy stands softly, lost in the crowd.
Eyes like lanterns, bright with a dream,
through shadows of hardship,
he still finds his gleam.*

*Big bow on his chest, love stitched in the seams,
with every soft purr, he dances in dreams.
Though life's been a tempest, a storm he must face,
hope lights his path with a gentle embrace*





two hearts in disguise

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*Opposites standing on paths made of fate,
enemies forged by a world that can hate.
Yet they glimpse through the layers, their hearts intertwined,
in the soft glow of truth, their souls unconfined.*

*For what's underneath all the costumes we wear, is the light of connection, a bond rare and fair.
In the silence of serenity, they find a sweet grace, two tender hearts echo, in a limitless space.*

In their blue suits, though worlds seemed askew, they learned hearts beat the same, in a universe blue.



airi © she never wore the weather .°

80 x 80 cm

acrylic and oil on canvas

2025



*Words were thrown to bend her sway...
but like water, ari let them slip away.*

*She bloomed in hush, where silence grew,
with feathered grace, serene and true.*

*She didn't speak... just filled the air,
a stillness soft, beyond compare.*

*No duck has ears, yet hers could hear
each whisper close, each secret near.*

The Presence of Almost

Imi is the presence of almost. She arrives when the figure is holding onto something that cannot be touched. A word they meant to speak, a feeling they could never say aloud. She holds the space of what could have been, the part of us that keeps the door slightly ajar, even though we know it's better to close it.

Imi is not just a visitor. She is the soul of the figure, the part of them that cannot fully be seen, but always is. She is their heart's echo, the quiet pulse of what remains inside when everything else is hidden. Imi manifests differently with each figure, shaped by their unique energy, their buried desires, and the silent stories they carry.

In one portrait, she might appear as a delicate, floating wisp of light, barely more than a glimmer above the figure's head. In another, she could be more solid - almost like a shadow or reflection that lingers close to the soul of the figure, watching, knowing. At times, Imi is a guardian spirit, wrapping herself around the figure like a soft cocoon of light, keeping the hidden parts safe. In other moments, she might flicker with a fleeting, almost fragile presence, as if afraid to be seen completely.

Each form of Imi is the result of the figure's own soul, the part of them that remains unspoken, untouched. She carries their unexpressed emotions, their griefs, their desires, those fragments that are too delicate to be shown but too real to be forgotten. She is the one who holds their secrets and makes space for their unspoken truths.

Imi does not promise healing. She simply bears witness to the cracks, to the space where the figure's true self almost shows but remains veiled. She is both silence and ache - the quiet white noise of a life lived with things left unsaid.

Some say Imi is the soul's whisper, always with them, quietly shifting and adapting to whatever the figure needs to feel whole.

Her presence reminds us that not everything needs to be fixed. Sometimes, the beauty lies in the things that are incomplete, the silent stories that remain untold. Like the spaces between notes of a song, or the unspoken truths that linger just out of reach, Imi holds those things safe until the time is right.



sori © stitched in solitude .°

80 x 80 cm

acrylic and oil on canvas

2025





*he drifts through the hush in a snow leopard skin,
ghostlike and still, with the wild stitched in. no herd,
no tether, no place to belong... he moves to the
rhythm of silence and calm.*

*his gaze is a flicker, sharp as the cold,
a sentinel soul, both tender and bold.*

*he carries the quiet like frost on the bone, a storm held in
velvet, a kingdom alone. The ghost in the fur,
unseen and strong... they call him sori, at peace all along.*

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CASE 81

BUSINESS
MAGAZINE

ALL ABOUT ART-4

porcelain dishware by
MILA ARKHIPOVA

Painting series
EXOSKELETONS
by **SARA SAMMAKIA**

SELF TAUGHT ARTIST
ZAINAB AHMAD

TAKASHI NAGOYA
名古屋剛志

www.365artplus.com

Cover: SARA SAMMAKIA "ELI"  www.instagram.com/sarasammakia

365 Art+Business Magazine

Case 81 All About Art-4



PENNY
© whiskers of wonder
80 x 80 cm. Acrylic and
oil paint on canvas. 2025.

In a soft grey suit, sweet penny hides, With whiskers of courage and dreams as her guides, She scurries through shadows, a timid ballet, A mouse in the wild, in her own little way, Ears perked for whispers, she stands with grace, In her cozy armour, she finds her safe space. The world may seem vast, but she knows her part, With a flick of the tail, she guards her soft heart.

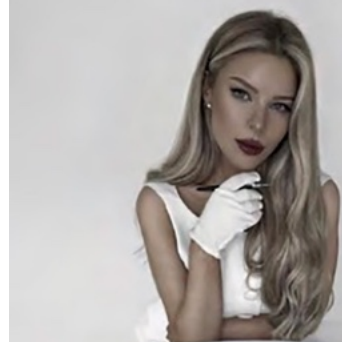


VINNIE © tailored dreams
80 x 80 cm. Acrylic and oil
paint on canvas. 2025.

In a blue suit, with cat ears proud, A boy stands softly, lost in the crowd. Eyes like lanterns, bright with a dream, Through shadows of hardship, he still finds his gleam. Big bow on his chest, love stitched in the seams, With every soft purr, he dances through dreams. Though life's been a tempest, a storm he must face, Hope lights his path with a gentle embrace.

**SARA
SAMMAKIA**

Painting series
exoskeletons



Sara Sammakia is a UK-based artist whose ethereal paintings explore the tender space between vulnerability and protection. A Fine Art graduate (2012), she creates soulful beings — half-human, half-animal — whose oversized eyes hold quiet truths.

In her series Exoskeletons, Sara unveils the emotional armour we wear, echoing the instinctive defences of the wild. Each brushstroke shelters the inner child, offering sanctuary amidst the noise. Her work dissolves the divide between species, revealing the shared ache, resilience, and beauty in all living souls. In Sara's world, all hearts beat the same in a universe blue.



ELI © I see you. 90 x 100 cm. Acrylic and oil paint on linen. 2024.

In a world washed pale with sapphire hue, he wanders softly, sensing what's true. With antlers brushed in feathered fluff, and doe-wide eyes so deep, so tough, he listens not with ears, but soul, to the silent things that make us whole. Shy as a deer, yet clear in sight, he walks where shadow dances with light. Through veils of quiet, masks fall away - he sees what hearts forget to say. Layer by layer, with instinct pure, he finds the truths the lost endure.

365 ART+



NAOMI © hide away. 90 x 100 cm. Acrylic and oil paint on linen. 2024

In a world too rough, too wild, too wide, she found a place where she could hide. With fluffy ears all speckled white, she wore her quiet like a light. Her soul, like a bear's both fierce and shy, drawn to silence, moon, and sky. A gentle strength, a calm unknown, like bears who dream their storms alone. With eyes of blue and heart of gleam, she drifts between the cracks of dream not lost, not broken, just unseen, a tender force in winter's sheen.



LUMI © lost in a dream. 90 x 100 cm. Acrylic and oil paint on linen. 2024

In a world cloaked in azure dreams, I wander, lost within moonbeams. A whimsical armour, soft yet strong, shielding my child from the world's loud song. With fluffy rabbit ears to keep watch so near, and big blue eyes that hold him dear. My soul, like a rabbit's — swift and shy, dances between the earth and sky, echoing the calm of creatures who roam, finding strength in their quiet home. Forever chasing my imagination's glow, I dance where fantasy and existence flow, in a world of blue, where I can be free, shielded by dreams and soft reverie.

JESSI © transcendence on broken glass.
90 x 100 cm. Acrylic and oil paint on linen. 2024

She walks on shards with silent might, wrapped in fur as soft as night. A polar dream with moonlit stare, blue eyes glowing, cold and rare. The world below may crack and break, but she won't fall, she will awake. For every wound the ice may show, her gentle soul begins to glow. In quiet strength, she finds her path a frost-born child who feels, not wrath. Through every scar the light can pass she transcends on broken glass.

www.instagram.com/sarasammakia

www.sarasammakia.com

LOUI © beneath the waves of lunar light.
70 x 80 cm. Acrylic and oil paint on linen. 2025.

A monster emerged from the depths of his mind, With scales of twilight, a friendship they'd find. Hand in fin, they danced in the mist, In the realm of the heart, where fear ceased to exist. On frozen tides, they both roam free, A boy and his monster, in harmony.



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H₂O . °

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Exoskeletons: H₂O drifts from the quiet belief that we are all creatures of the same tide, hearts beating in unison, whether rooted on land or carried by the sea. Each painting unveils a wide-eyed soul filled with hope, gently enfolded in an animal hooded suit, like a guardian born of water's own embrace. These figures carry the traits and stories of their creatures, yet ripple with the same undercurrent we all share... fragility, resilience, and the secret pull of survival.

The exoskeletons move like tides themselves protective yet fluid, delicate yet enduring. They are reminders that water flows through every being, stitching us together in an unseen current. To look into their gaze is to glimpse a mirror of the ocean: deep, reflective, ever shifting, yet constant in its truth.

If you linger in their eyes, you may hear them whisper... stories of rivers that remember, of oceans that cradle the moon, of the silent strength that carries every heart through its storms. Each guardian is both armor and tidepool, a vessel of memory and emotion. In their gaze, we are reminded that beneath every shell, every skin, we are the same ocean wearing different forms.



merlii © keeper of the unspoken sea
50 x 50 cm
acrylic & oil on canvas
2025

*he wears the sea in softened form,
a lion shaped by mist and storm.
no crown upon his silver head,
but still, he guards the tides unsaid.*

*his heart recalls the fishing bay,
the lost beginnings swept away.
he hides beneath the fur and foam,
yet every wave still calls him home.*

*for Merlii holds what myths conceal...
the strength to break, the will to heal.
not just a boy in lion skin,
but Merlion soul, alive within.*





ophie © the silence between the waves
50 x 50 cm
acrylic & oil on canvas
2025

*ophie floats where the starlight sways,
in ribboned dark and drifted haze.
she floats in bubbles, soft and light,
a quiet girl who fades from sight.*

*her arms curl close like silken thread,
she drifts through sleep where
moonlight's shed.*

*she shifts her shape when no one's near,
and hides her glow from those too clear.*

*she's part of shadow, part of gleam,
a flutter lost inside a dream.
the ocean knows, but will not tell..
where Ophie hides, she hides so well.*





sapphie © glass soul, steel spine

50 x 50 cm

acrylic & oil on canvas

2025

*beneath the swell where shadows play,
sapphie drifts in a silver sway.
a seahorse crown, a gaze so deep,
she guards the dreams the oceans keep.
her shell is strong, her voice is small,
yet she can hear the tides' soft call.*

*through coral gates and currents wide,
she hides her heart the waves confide.
but meet her eyes and you will see
the quiet truths that set her free.
a soul of glass, a spine of steel,
sapphie reminds us how to feel.*







kii © fins of fortune
50 x 50 cm
acrylic & oil on canvas
2025

*kii swims against the stream, a quiet
heart, a steady dream. through rippling
waves and light that bends, she moves
with grace that never ends.*

*beyond the currents, fortune gleams,
soft as sunlight on gentle streams.
the storm may roar, the winds may sway,
yet patience guides her on her way.*

*in still, clear pools she drifts and stays,
peace her compass through winding days.
no rush, no fight, no shadowed fright...
calm waters turn the dark to light.*





Sara Bannalia