

October 22

The day is full of pictures inside and outside your head. Must be all these children you're spending so much time with. They're so full of crazy hope these children. They can see it all without standing back from the canvas. Not even the brightest colours make them flinch. There is only the flow of here and now. Step inside. Move with it. Don't try to make sense. The moment you start to think, Everything Stops. The day will still be full of pictures. With or without you.

October 23

Every kid is a poem or a song. And the words and notes rush together in a big field of colour. There is laughter. Some kids are balloons that soar higher and higher. There are blue and green and purple ones. Others are little molecules happy just to collide and connect. No one seems quite certain of what is to happen next. *Ashes. Ashes. We all fall down.*

October 24

Astonished by kids. In love with the fierceness of their intelligence. Their endless capacity to love. Tiny pebbles on the beach. Light on the surface of the water.