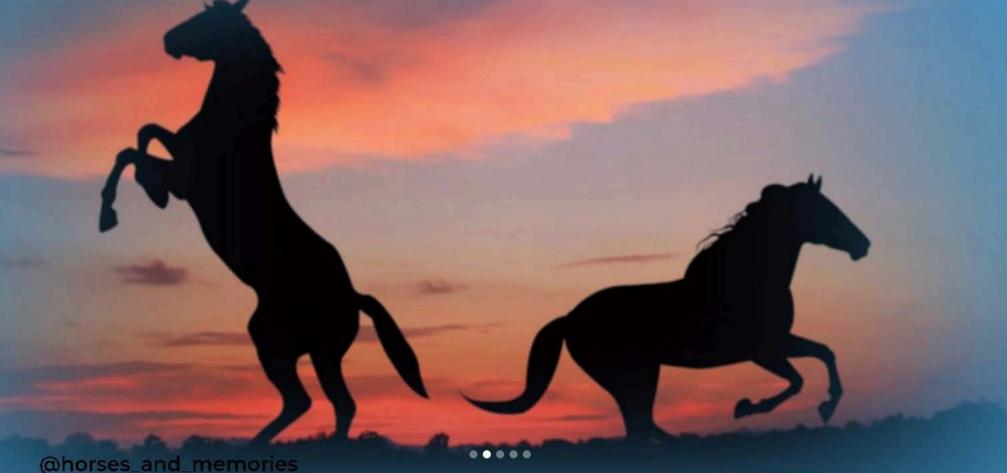
Posting on instagram.com is a diary of my beautiful life.



So my mother is a classically trained artist. She used to sit me down at a little baby easel and set up a still life and every time I made the vase to fat or flowers to tall she'd just say, literally all you have to do is look. Just look. Where does this line end and where does the other begin. Can you be honest? Can you see what's right in front of you? You don't have to create anything you just have to 3cknowledge everything. I am 9 and I am learning



You have to figure out what matters- that's just the art of composition baby.



## The things I'm seeing are incredibly beautiful. Every post is a prayer



guerilla girl blogging on the train. how is a boy ever to know me