

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

Sorry u other
bitches are getting
cyberbullied 🙄💔



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 too fat or flowers too 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 acknowledge 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

