



My name is Michael, and I am a French and Economics student. As you can probably guess, I speak French alongside English and a little bit of Yoruba. The inspiration for my story comes from a conversation a friend and I had whilst I was on my year abroad. We spoke for hours about how time away from our homes had changed us, helped us grow and given us a different perspective on life and the things that encompass it. Seeing as they [my friend] studied art and fashion I thought it would be fitting if I conveyed our thoughts in an abstract way, paving the way for the extended metaphor you see within this piece.

8. Perspectives (KS 4 & 5)

Michael Ojetunde

The Prologue

Life is simple but complex at the same time. There is positive and negative. There is light and there is darkness. There is yin and yang. Life exists in duality...or so it seems.

Beneath the surface of this natural duality exists something as elaborate as it is beautiful. In a ray of light there is a spectrum of vibrant but distinct colours that can be as fiery red as they can be deep ocean blue. A word that defines these different experiences of what we see, hear and experience is the same word I found that captures all that my year abroad represents. A word that describes the journeys of a boy and a girl in the City of Light. A word I call - Perspective.

The perspective of a Butterfly

Imagine a caterpillar somewhere in a rain forest. A caterpillar crawling its way through the trees and the forest, looking for food wherever it can find it, with the sole purpose of eating and not being eaten. Despite this simple life goal, it is harder than it looks for this young creature to survive. It is confined by its size and its inability to eat more than one leaf at a time. But over time, this caterpillar continues to eat while managing not to be eaten. It grows larger and larger until it finally reaches the point where it can undergo its natural transformation into the beautiful butterfly it was destined to become. It emerges from its cocoon to reveal an amazing creature, which has finished its creeping and is ready to fly away.

The perspective of the canvas

Imagine an artist standing in a studio with an empty canvas in front of him. The canvas and the room are similar in size and shape to those on which the artist has been painting, and yet they are unfamiliar to him. The equipment in the room is different. The palettes are different shades of colour to those he is used to. The stencils are different to the ones he is used to filling. And the brushes look like they are painting different strokes than they are used to on the blank slate.

To the artist, the air was familiar even if the environment was unfamiliar.

And yet, in this environment, something magical was about to happen. As he pressed the tip of his brush to the canvas, bringing the lifeless page to life, streaks of colour began to appear where his brush had not yet reached.

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The artwork responded. It was drawing with the artist. It was the injection of colour and hue that created patterns that the artist would use as inspiration to create better and more complex designs.

It was a partnership and mentoring as the artist created canvas after canvas. No two canvases were the same and no canvas was ever completely finished before a new inspiration struck and a new canvas was drawn. In this way, naming the artwork became a forgotten custom as new drawings and inspirations gave new meaning to older paintings.

The artist had found a new home, where he was always learning, always creating, always evolving his canvas as he himself evolved.

QUESTIONS:

- 1) Did you feel the need to express yourself creatively during lockdown? What did you produce?
- 2) In what ways has lockdown changed your perspective on life?
- 3) Why didn't the artist want to give a name to her works of art?
- 4) Which of the two metaphors do you like the most and why?