**Gemma Magdaluyo**

**Art 305**

**Script**

A lot of things can happen in an artist’s space

It’s a place meant for dreaming and exploration

A treasure trove, one may say

Pinned up postcards and memories from yesterday

Brushes in broken coffee cups

Stickers and light

Piles of books and papers

Spread out in disarray

Rulers, T squares,

Triangles, and tape

Some call this clutter

But I don’t care what they say

For me

this is the place of wonder

Where making the impossible is possible

Where color and light

come out to play

Order and dysfunction

Is part of the process

Evolving from day to day

Sometimes it works out

Sometimes things are not okay

But this is the story of learning

And conquering the day

now turn the page…