

Music And Movement

A morning in mid September. We are in the playground. Bare arms braced against the cool air. The big boxy radio player has been wheeled out and the extension cord has been located to plug it in.

Unconfined. We are a happy mess. Baggy gym knickers, plimsoled feet. Wonky bunches, gappy smiles.

'Listen now, children. Spread out. Find a space.'

A semblance of order meanders through this motley crew.

'All of you. Listen carefully. You are tiny leaves on a mighty tree. It is autumn and the time has come for you to fall. Can you feel that? It's time.'

The music begins. Soaring strings against a percussive thrum. We can feel it.

We let go. Catching the wisp of a breeze. Our very own creation. We are free. Drifting through the air, swirling and dancing with our fellow leaves. We swoop and glide and it takes some time to reach the ground.

Gently we come to rest on the forest floor. One by one we roll onto our backs. We look up through imaginary trees and we shield our eyes against the sun.

We will be six years old forever.