



France 2012

Thursday 8th November

November - a month when historically I have felt a certain sadness in the air. Today I find myself in glorious sunshine, on a beach in what is rapidly becoming my favourite place in the world. The beach is 'November craggy', full of driftwood, not manicured as it probably is at the height of the season when crowds of bathers are plunging into that inviting sparkling water. Two butterflies come to greet me, so close that they almost alight on me. And so I sit, still as a statue, reveling in their presence. What have they come to communicate? I want to stay forever, in this moment, locked in the arms of nature's beauty. I know that this place will keep calling me back. One lone couple are lying on the beach, snatching some tender moments together. Their intimacy begins by sharing a bottle of drinking water. He lays down on the sand, hands behind his head, silently inviting his lover to sink into his chest. She obliges and the sun smiles down at this glorious moment of surrender, of two becoming one. All is at peace with the world. All is as it is - beautiful, simple and naked.



I am moved by how much I would like to "capture" these sorts of moments, bottle them up and preserve them...and then I laugh at the absurdity of this very thought. I leave the lovers asleep on the beach, conscious of their unspoken wish that they are the only people in this magical world and that right here, right now, this place belongs only to them.