I was identified as a gifted child,

Intense, and yet mannered mild

A strong sense of justice with quirk

Suspicion of injustice, dark thoughts lurk

Thinking, overthinking, crashing in waves

Overwhelming, and yet with age

I realise the teachers that got me through

Were not the ones with flatter and coo

Instead the ones with flair and pizzazz

Pushing me harder, modelling jazz

Spontaneous improvisation, life in colour

These are the teachers unlike no other.

We are unique, and will surprise you with both what we know and what we don’t. Tell us you believe in us, and show us how to fly.