

Frozen Grass Field, Forest: Near Princeton, BC

On this cold, foggy morning, the hoar-frost was thick like snow. Everything was covered in a delicate white coating of ice fragments.

This field of grass and frozen flowers possessed a certain complexity and stillness - the grasses all seemed caught in a brief moment of movement. While I was standing there in the meadow, the morning sun began to burn through the fog, sending streams of light through the mist.

I quickly photographed the scene before me, lying down in the frozen meadow and looking up through the ice at the light. Minutes after I finished, the fog was gone, burned off by the sun and blown away by the wind.

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