

Four White Trees: Near Bryce Canyon, UT

I have always loved aspen trees. Their bark is smooth and powdery, and it stretches and scars like skin.

While traveling through high southern Utah, Terri and I drove through the whitest, most beautiful stand of aspen trees I had ever seen. It was early spring, and the old leaves were still lying flat like a mottled carpet. Walking through the forest, I felt as though I were among thousands of frozen white dancers.

I liked the way these four trees fit together, and the way the light glowed from their bark. I photographed them in a way that made them seem very alone, standing bare and white after a cold winter.

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