

Forest, Fog: Seymour Park, BC

To me, fog is a visual haiku - subtle, brief, unsettling. I have spent many wet days chasing elusive fog around forests and mountains, arriving only to find it burning off or moving farther uphill.

On this winter day I found myself deep in the forest, surrounded finally by a thick blanket of icy mist. All sounds were deadened, frozen in place like solemn statues next to the giant trees.

This photograph from that day feels thick and cold, like the air. I like the tremendous weight of the trees, and how the great depth of the forest is incomplete and foreign, drawn mostly by the imagination.

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