

Mottled Aspens: Near Princeton, BC

I was up in this mountain meadow in the spring, just after the snow had finally finished melting. The grass from the winter before was matted flat, but new young sprouts were starting to weave through it like the beginnings of a living basket. Dandelions dotted the shady areas like muted sparkles on a rippled green lake.

These three trees grew side by side where the meadow began to give way to the forest. They were heavily scarred; their bark showed stories from their lives: branches knocked off by heavy wind, scratches from bears, chew-marks from deer, bore-holes from woodpeckers. They had each toughened their bark in a unique way, the colour of the skin like the personality of the brother.

I composed the three trunks in a way that gave equal weight to each of them and showed the passage from the bright meadow to the shadows of the chilly forest. The patterns and colours in the bark are only the beginning: my eye always travels to the spaces between, begins to walk into the darkness and dampness of the blurred and endless forest.

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