

Needles, Rain: Near Princeton, BC

A light, cold mist was all that remained of a long deluge of rain when I made this photograph. Creeks ran full and long grasses lay flat, but the springy needles on this young pine tree were washed clean, left sparkling with fresh raindrops.

I explored this bunch of needles close up with a fully open aperture. The aesthetic possibilities among the swooping lines, washes of colour, and pearls of white water were endless. I made many photographs of the tiny scene, but I like the way my eyes travel through this one the best. The shapes of the needles and the open spaces draw the viewer's attention around the frame, inviting them to slowly explore it like I did.

Looking at this photograph now, I can remember the feel of the light mist falling on my fingers and my face as I peered through my camera's viewfinder.

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