

Broken Rocks, Stream: Limestone Lakes, BC

This stream rolled and tumbled down a steep hillside below a dramatic hanging alpine cirque. On its perennial journey to the lake where Terri and I were camped, it cascaded over cliffs and broken rocks, carved deep paths through tough alpine grasses. Every inch of its winding path was complex and fascinating: the story of a lifetime told by shining rocks and splashing water.

I traversed across the steep hillside to the little cirque where the snow-melt plunged over the first waterfall. After sitting for a time admiring a magnificent view of mountains and glaciers, I returned to our camp, scrambling beside the length of the stream, making photographs of it as I went.

These broken limestone rocks were at the base of one of the many waterfalls. The water flowed around them, over them, through them, gradually eroding them and forming them. I like the continuity of this photograph, how it seems to flow on forever, like the stream.

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