

## **Fall Leaves, Stems: Kananaskis Country, AB**

Early season snow had fallen over a blushing forest in full Fall glory. The snow was warm, aromatic, wet; the faint sun made it quickly fall from the leaves. I heard it said once that fresh snow smells like apple blossoms: slightly sugary and exotic.

I like to photograph the ground after a snowfall. I enjoy the way the snow introduces chaos: covering some things and uncovering others, beading the foliage with water, washing away the dirt as it melts. Fingerprints are erased; the face of the earth becomes older.

I photographed these tiny leaves and their heavy burden of melting snow with a close-up lens, focusing on a point and using blur as the main design element. To me, this photograph feels like a moment, a singularity, the long space between heartbeats.

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