

Ice Crystals, Lamplight: North of Watson Lake, YT

To me, the snow and ice seemed to come early to this Yukon mining camp. To the locals and regulars, the weather was right on time: they accepted the end of another short summer and the start of a freezing winter with grumbles but no real surprise.

The wind howling between the trailers plastered my window with snow that quickly hardened. As the day darkened, I made photographs from inside my room, my tripod set up on my desk. In this one, the nearby walkway light began to match the intensity of the fading daylight, leaving small yellow glints on the ice.

Even in the dead of night, when Arctic wind whistled through the gaps in my walls and the black foxes hid in their holes, the walkway light outside my room stayed on. I was never sure if I should find it comforting or unsettling.

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