

## **Fresh Grasses, Rocky River: Kamloops, BC**

I liked the newborn feeling of this rock and grass with the Spring flood rushing behind - within weeks, the old summer heat would wither the stream and parch the grasses. The rocks would become dusty and too hot to touch. If Spring is a birth, Summer is a stuffy journey into middle age.

I struggled with this composition for a long time, trying to set the beautiful new grasses against the rushing Spring creek without the water feeling detailed and distracting. I'm happy with this photograph: the rocks at the top of the frame seem to float in defiant whimsy, uncaring and unaware of the seriousness of the gravity.

*Fresh Grasses, Rocky River: Kamloops, BC, Canada (2012)*

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