

Bad Weather Street Photography

Walking down Walnut Street in Philadelphia with the Ricoh GR III in hand, I had one of those quintessential city encounters. A guy stopped me, admired my Vibram shoes, and handed me his phone so I could type in the model name. I noticed he had a note open that read: “Stop doing stupid stuff.” I told him, “That’s a good idea, man.” He laughed and confessed he does “stupid stuff” when he gets high—mostly perks. I just smiled, laughed, and kept walking.

Today’s thought is about **bad weather street photography**.

On gloomy, overcast days, when the streets feel empty and lifeless, it’s easy to think there’s nothing worth photographing. But that mindset only comes from attachment—attachment to “good light,” to crowds, to ideal conditions. The truth is, when you let go of the need for perfect circumstances, you start to see differently.

Let go. Allow life to flow toward you.

When I stop seeking, when I stop hunting for the perfect shot, I allow moments to find me. That’s my philosophy now, especially through the long Philadelphia winter—six months of gray skies and cold streets. These are the months that test who the real photographers are. The ones who still go out, even when there’s “nothing to shoot.” Because in the absence of obvious beauty, you start to perceive the subtle. You begin to feel the rhythm of the city itself.

Thriving in bad weather isn't about endurance—it's about acceptance.

When you stop trying to control what you can't control, the act of photographing becomes pure again. Every empty street becomes a canvas. Every cloud becomes a mood.

These months are for the real ones—the photographers who walk out into the cold, camera in hand, open to whatever comes.