

Wabi Sabi Street Photography

What's poppin, people? It's Dante. Currently on the streets of Philadelphia, making some photos of these exposed bricks beyond this wall here. I don't know — sometimes I just wander these unfamiliar routes, drift down alleyways, and find myself lost, admiring the imperfections of the city. The gritty nature of urban environments excites me.

Today's thought is about **wabi sabi street photography** — the Japanese philosophy centered around impermanence and imperfection. I find that the imperfections *are* perfection.

Think about it: we are flesh. We cut, we bleed. We feel sorrow, pain, and greed. We lust for the flesh of others. We are imperfect in our design — but that's what makes us divine.

It's important to remind ourselves that we will, and must, die. And one powerful thought I always come back to is this:

Maybe you can't live forever — but at least you can make a photograph.

We're flesh, bound by gravity, here on this earth temporarily. So maybe try to make photographs that **evoke that feeling** — the essence of imperfection and impermanence. Don't always chase the hustle and bustle, the crowds, or the perfectly layered compositions.

Sometimes, just get lost in the city's quiet moments — in the cracks of the wall, the chipped paint, the worn bricks. In the imperfections of people — their gestures, their flaws, their beauty.

I'm not perfect. You're not perfect. And that's what makes life so perfect in a way. Maybe try to evoke that in a photograph.