

Imperfection Is Perfection in Street Photography

What's poppin', people? It's Dante.

Today I want to talk about **imperfection in street photography** and why I genuinely believe that *imperfection is perfection*.

A lot of the results I'm getting in my photos come from using a compact digital camera — the Ricoh GR — and composing directly off the back LCD screen. I'm photographing loosely. I'm snapshotting. I'm letting the chips fall where they may.

And through that approach, through embracing play, I'm seeing something really important happen in my frames.

I'm seeing mistakes.

I'm seeing imperfections.

And I'm seeing them as **beautiful**.

That's really the core of why imperfection is perfection for me. I recognize beauty in flaws — not just in photographs, but in people, in objects, in art, in life itself.

Beauty in Flaws

Even something like a Zen garden at work — I tend it, and sometimes a small animal leaves footprints in the sand. A bird runs across it. And instead of erasing that, I love leaving it there.

Those little marks.

Those weird details.

That lack of control.

There's something honest about it.

Decay, impermanence, and the fact that life is finite — that's what makes things beautiful. Nothing is everlasting. Nothing is fixed. And that's the point.

We're flesh.

We bleed.

We feel pain, sorrow, desire, greed.

We're imperfect by design.

And somehow, that imperfection is what makes us divine.

Photography as a Reflection of Being Human

We're only here temporarily. We don't live forever. We're not these flawless, clever machines. But we *can* make photographs.

And through photographs, we can reflect what it actually means to be human — a bag of bones walking around, cutting, healing, feeling, existing.

When I photograph the external world, I'm not just thinking about lines, gestures, people, or composition. I'm thinking about how I feel about reality itself. About life. About where I fit into all of this.

Photography becomes philosophical for me at that point.

The way you see the world is inseparable from the way you feel about being alive.

Embracing Wonky Decisions

By embracing imperfection — wonky compositions, loose framing, playful mistakes — I'm able to more authentically reflect my internal state as a human just wandering around with a camera.

I'm not trying to be clever.
I'm not trying to say anything specific.
I'm not chasing perfection.

I'm responding.

I'm trusting instinct.
I'm trusting intuition.
I'm trusting that primal pull that makes me lift the camera.

That instinct is human. And it's inherently imperfect.

Letting Go of Control

Nothing I make is final. Nothing is complete.

When I accept that, I stop striving. I stop forcing. I stop contriving.

I'm simply *being*.

I'm exploring my subconscious while walking the streets, photographing whatever catches my eye — a glance, a gesture, a feeling. Something subtle. Something imperfect.

And that's liberating.

Consistency Over Perfection

Going forward, this is my preferred way of working.

Not taking photography so seriously.
Not chasing the perfect frame.
Not hunting for extraordinary moments.

Instead, I focus on the **stream** — daily practice, evolution, becoming.

No two days are the same.

No two photographs are the same.

That consistency is my real goal as a photographer.

By embracing imperfection openly, I find more joy in my practice. I feel myself evolving. I feel curious again. And that curiosity feeds my love for life and photography as a whole.

That's why imperfection, to me, *is* perfection.

Those are my thoughts for today.

Thanks for watching.

I'll see you in the next one.

Peace.