

A Sea of Light

The more that I shoot consistently every single day, the less I care about the content within my frames.

The notion that the content, the story, the subject itself has any inherent meaning in a photograph is irrelevant in terms of my personal practice.

To change. To transform. To evolve.

Light is something ever changing, ever moving, giving shape and form to everything around me.

And so when I treat light as my subject — as the thing itself that I am primarily interested in as a photographer — I find infinite new ways to make new photographs.

Even when photographing the same “content,” the same locations, the same subject matter — mundane people walking along the sidewalk, the same landscape behind the Art Museum — I feel an overwhelming sense of joy and power from the act of **thriving in the mundane**.

Flux is joy

Living in Philadelphia is absolute paradise.

When I look beyond the horizon, I remind myself how open the world is — but simultaneously how there is nowhere left to go but inward.

The more I travel within my mind, within the way I see and feel about the world around me, the less desire I have to wander off the narrow path.

So I walk the same narrow path.

Growing strong.
Stronger each day.

Watching the leaves wither and decay, and then grow back again in the spring.

Everything around me — and within me — is always changing.

And by recognizing that change, by living in a place where there is real seasonal transformation, I flourish.

A place where it is always sunny, always the perfect temperature, always the perfect conditions — where there is no stress, no challenge, no burden to overcome — may appear ideal.

But it risks stagnation.

This does not mean suffering is something to seek.

Ease matters.

A life that is physically healthy and mentally strong, free from unnecessary pain, is essential for flourishing.

But what I have realized over the past few years is this:

Without change, it is difficult to find joy.

At first this may seem like a contradiction.

Walking the same path.

Photographing the same places.

Seeing the same faces.

But when light itself becomes the subject — when the infinite variability of light becomes the thing I am chasing — novelty emerges everywhere.

Light touches the camera sensor differently every second.

And in that moment, the world becomes new again.

Through this endless transformation, I thrive.

Flux is joy.

To change.

To transform.

To evolve.

That is happiness.