

Coloured Rocks, River, Dry Grass: Smith Rocks, OR

On a walk after a day of rock climbing, I found a grand view of this lazy, winding river from the rim of a fantastic basalt canyon. The water was low, and I could see how it had worn away at the volcanic rock, taming and smoothing it, leaving a soft white trace of minerals to mark its work.

The river rocks looked to me like slowly melting ice cubes, and I photographed it that way. There were cold white clouds in the evening sky, adding a delicious cool cast to the shady valley. I filled the frame with the melting rocks, letting the river slide smoothly through the corners of the frame. The end result reminds me of a creek bed full of ice, breaking up under the chilly spring sun.

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