

Aspens, Blown Branches (B&W): Near Princeton, BC

These aspens sit in a little hollow on a huge grassy hill otherwise completely devoid of trees. High on the hill, at the end of a summer day, the wind begins to blow: when I was small, it was the best place close to town to fly a kite.

I was up on this hillside at the end of this summer day, and the wind began to blow just like I remembered it doing. As the sun went down, the stirring air got chilly; the sheets of flowers in the meadow came alive, whipping back and forth like wild dancers.

The wind still came from the same direction I remembered it. I could see it in the trees: they had grown up in this moving air, and their branches had taken its shape. It was difficult to photograph the moving trees in the low light, but after several long tripod exposures I was sure I had managed it. I stayed up on the hill long after it was too dark for pictures, wishing I had brought a kite.

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