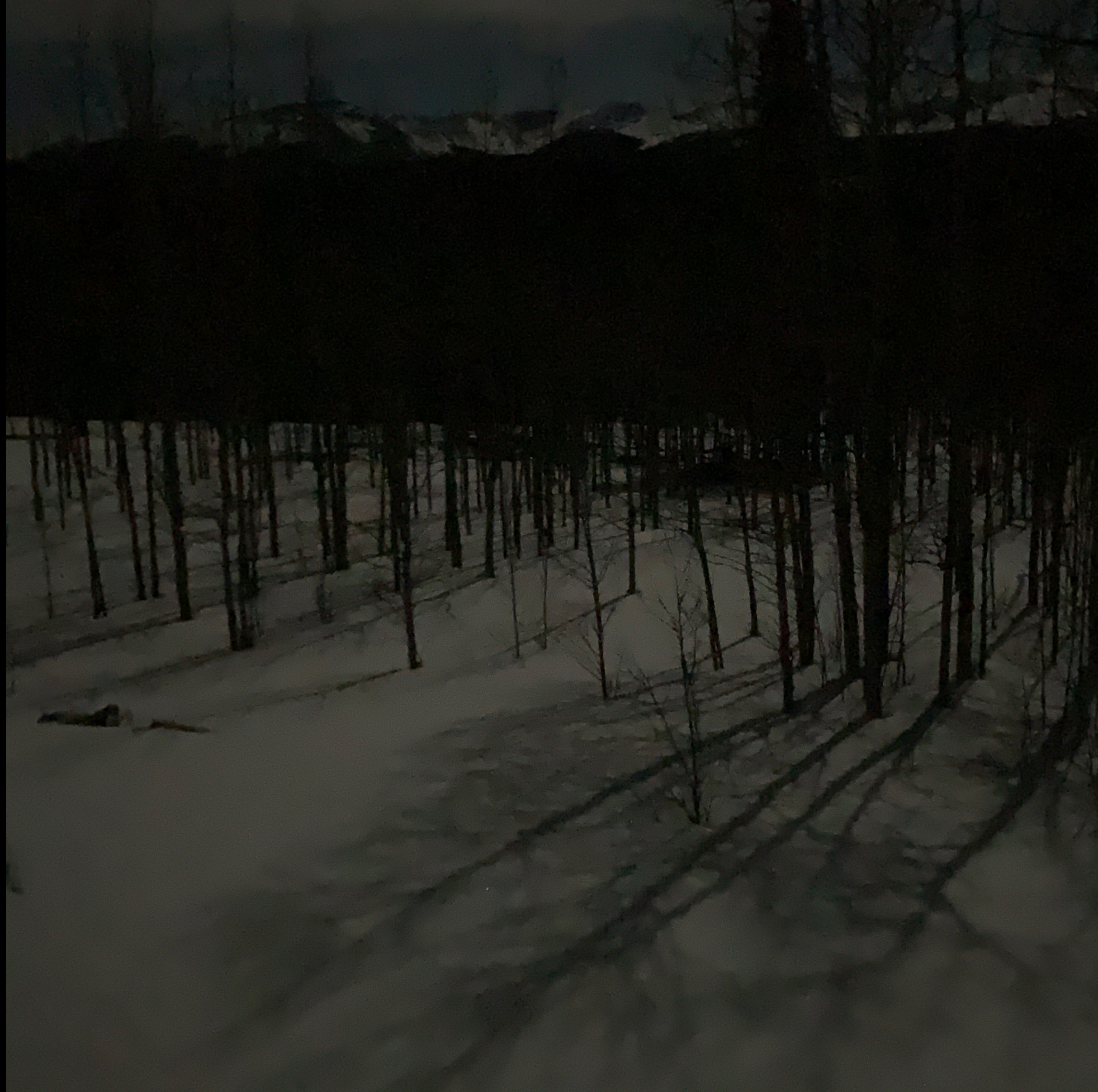
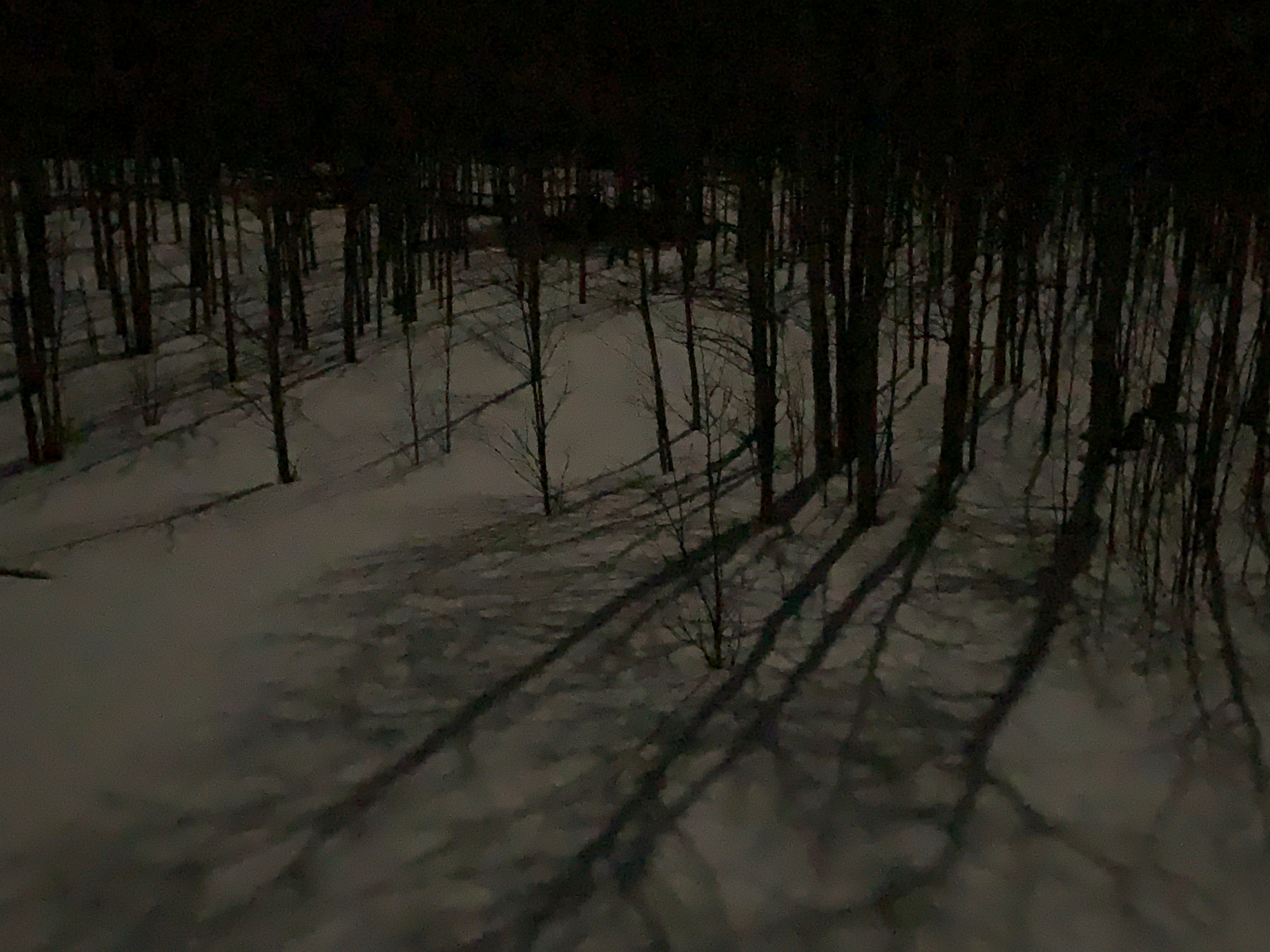
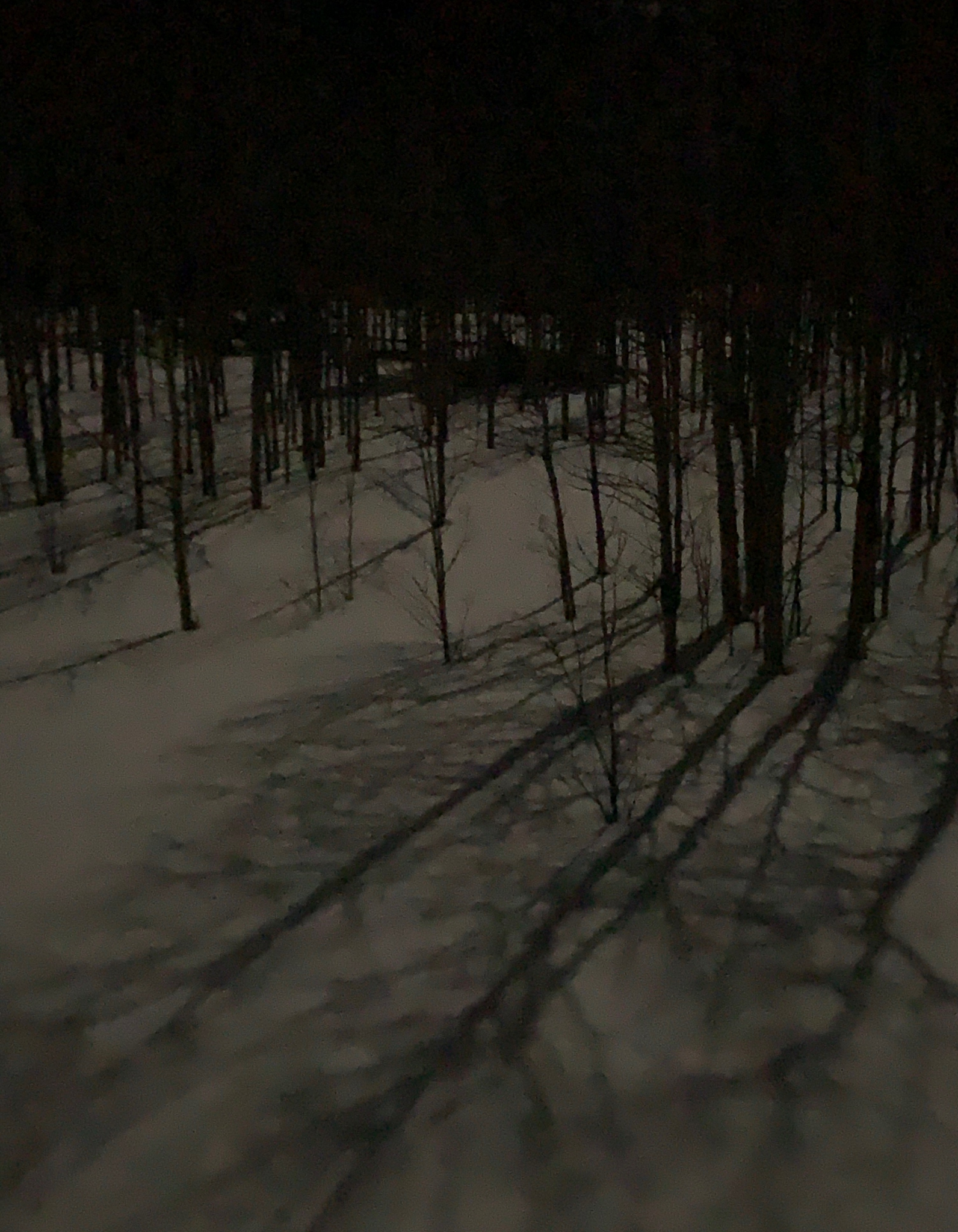


Moonlight







. . . left the lamp on
and wine in the glass
at least closed the book
what time is —

My God, the light!

owls calling gently
bare legs freezing
how cold

logs on stove
short break

before once again
trying to photograph

moonlight

and shadows on snow.

















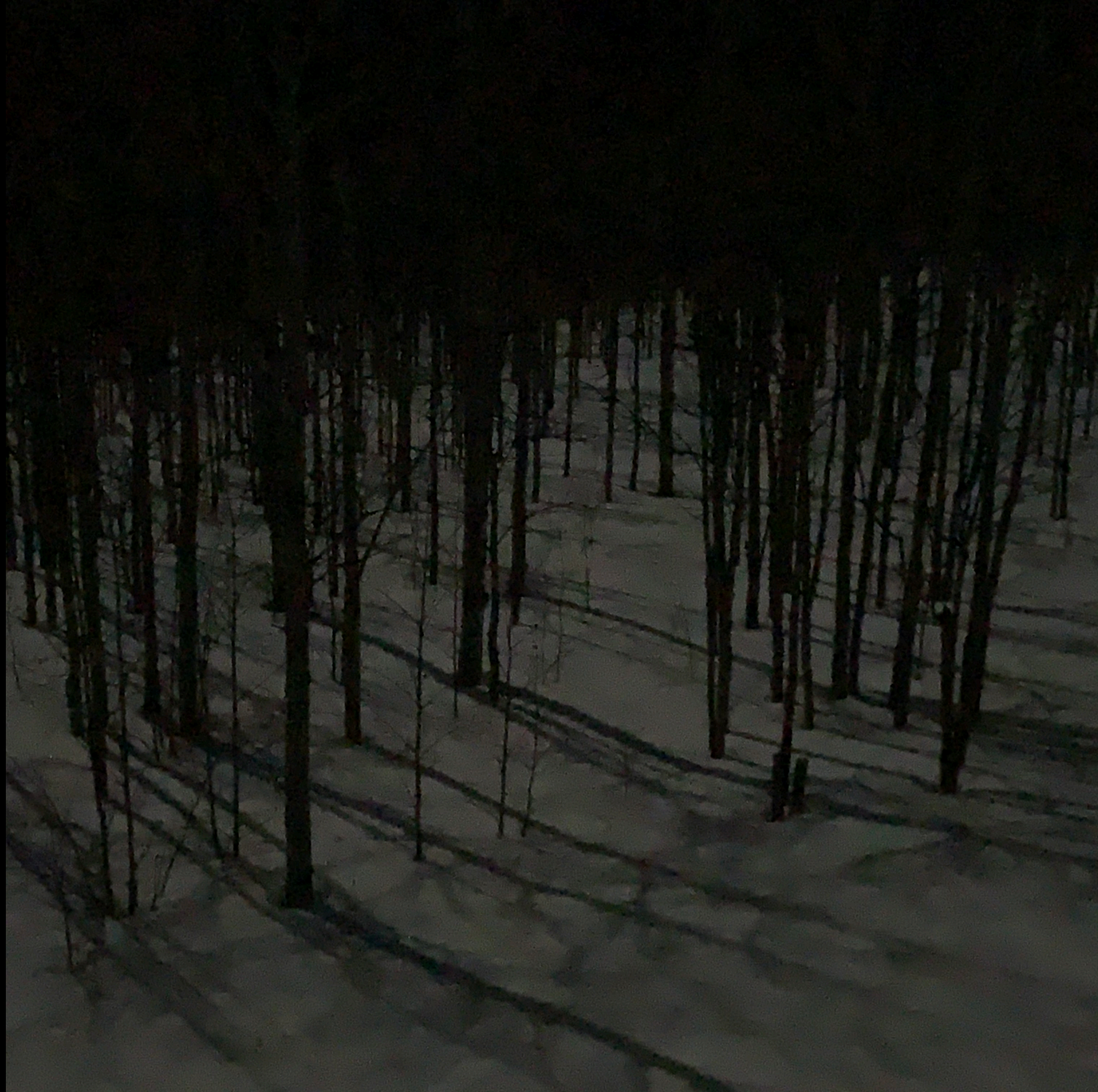


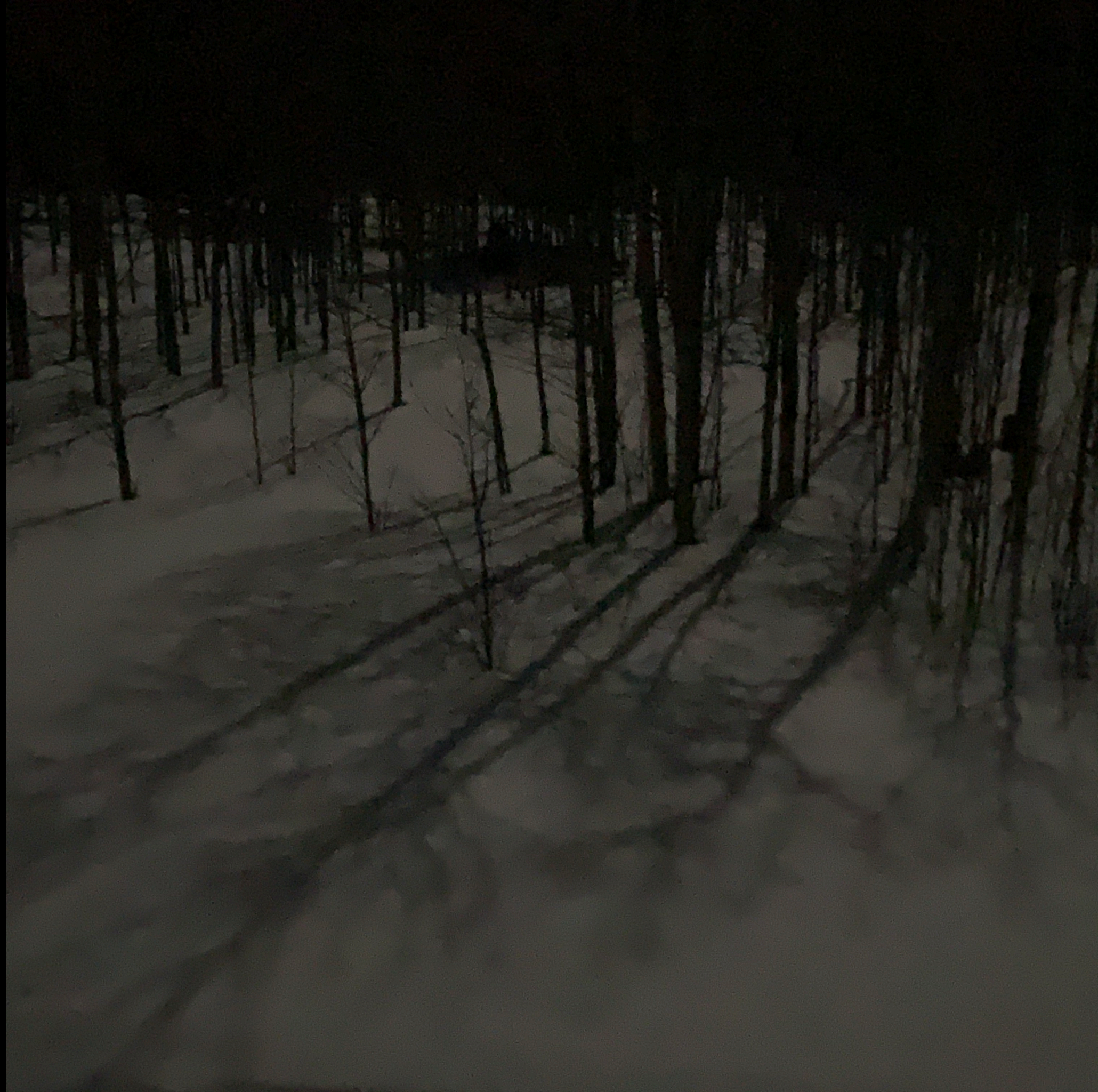
These pictures were taken north of Fairplay, Colorado, over several nights around the full moon of early March, 2020.

On the slopes of Silverheels Mountain, at about 10,500 feet, the air is usually clear, in part because there is so little of it.

I used an iPhone XS Max without lenses or special software. Apart from cropping, the images are unmodified.

Despite the lack of art, I cannot help thinking of painting — seeing.

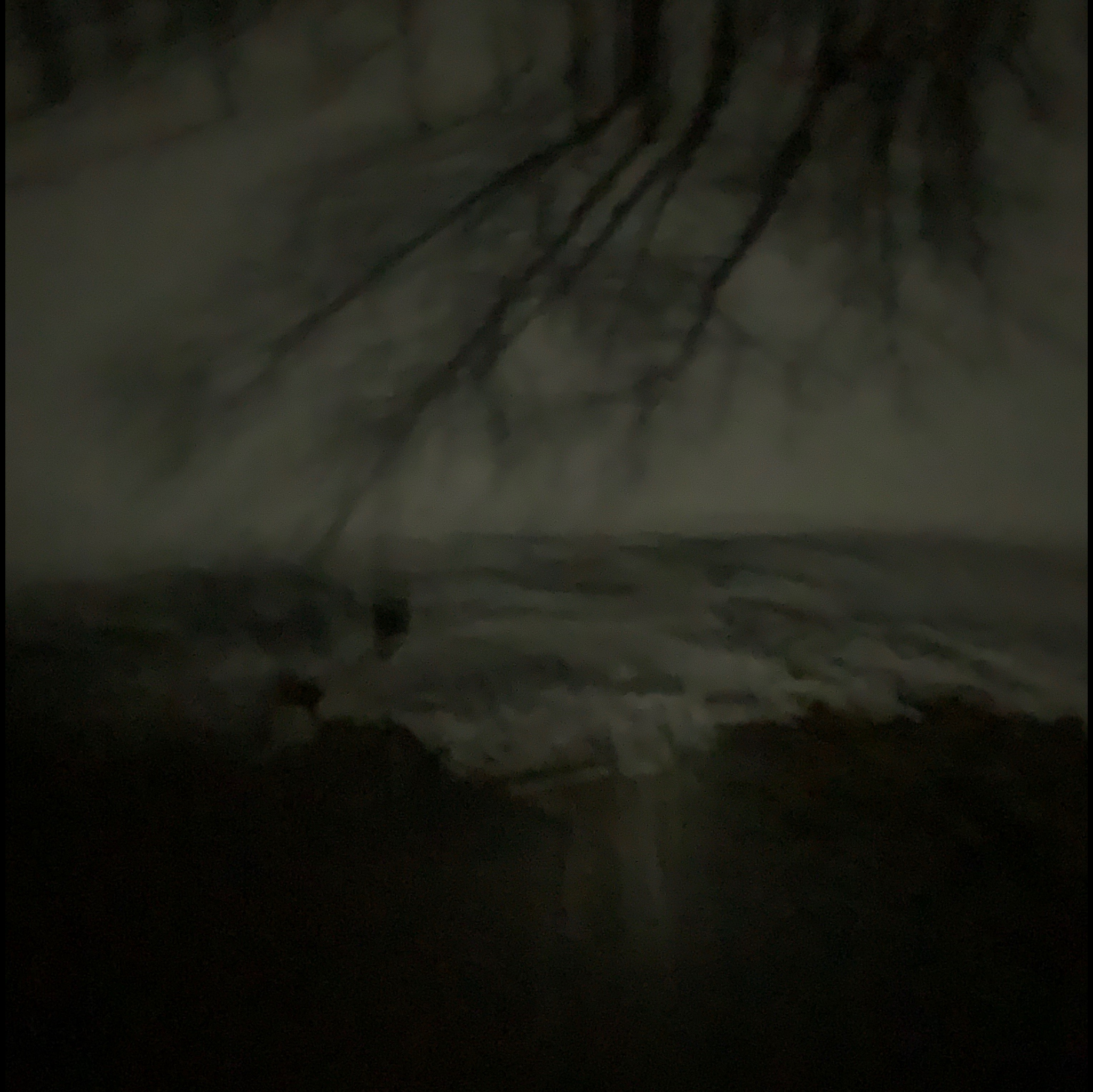














Although all I did
was point and
shoot, the resulting
images recall Beuys,
Kiefer, Richter . . .
the *Wald*, the snow,
and imprisonment
by events, time.
This is ridiculous, of
course. These
images were taken a
long way from
Germany, at least
geographically. I am
the problem.









refuge seems unlikely





















wolves

wolf dogs

watch dogs

guard dogs

attack dogs

dogs of war

comrades

family





Magritte

bright clouds
in a night sky















A photograph of a winter forest scene. The ground is covered in a thick layer of snow. Numerous thin, dark tree trunks are scattered throughout the scene, some standing upright and others leaning. Long, dark shadows are cast across the snow, suggesting a low sun position. The overall tone is dark and moody.

END