

## Glimpse

I look at the world obliquely, delighting in reflections and shadows, disjointed fragments and sideward glances. Truth rarely lies in the center, and in any event is best approached from the periphery. No understanding is possible without an appreciation of the margin, the fragment, the excluded and forgotten.

No decisive moments are found here. Just fleeting fragments, things I've seen.

My hope is that these fictitious stills, stolen by the camera from the ceaseless flow of space and time, prove beauty's ubiquity. Wonder is around every corner, stupendous juxtapositions of color, light, and form putting the lie to the materialist faith that we are but random clashings of subatomic particles.