Perhaps it’s a good thing I can’t paint. If I could, I suspect I might spend my days sketching in cafes or shut up in the safety of my room with a brush. As it is, that I’m so afflicted, I’ve turned instead to photography as my expressive medium.

My attitude is that, in general, photography is the lesser art relative to painting. Although, with no other reasoning beside my own opinion, I believe a great photographer can aspire to great art in a way a painter never could.

For it’s one thing to sit in the shade of a tree or hidden in the confines of a studio; yet quite another to risk the desolate and despised place, the cold, the heat and grime, to capture the beauty in the lonely thing, the dangerous or forgotten thing.

For me, photography allows the inexpressible facet to be polished, seen and felt.

I hope you feel it too.