



Homage

More than 35 years ago, in 1984, my wife Ilene and I bought a cabin on 4 ½ riverfront acres in the Catskill region of NY State. From the beginning it became our beloved Beaverkill Valley second home and getaway.

Little did I realize when we decamped out here in March 2020 to protect ourselves from COVID, the profound impact that experiencing the rhythms of nature in new and unexpected ways would have on me and on my work.

My photography practice was already evolving, moving towards more impressionistic and semi-abstract themes. As the months went by and my connections to our immediate environment got deeper, I found the images I was producing took on even more personal and spiritual meaning.

After a while, I realized that I was actually seeing differently with my camera in my hands – a phenomenon I had heard about for years, but never experienced before. It felt so right to be exploring the connections between nature, personal creativity, artistic expression and soul-work.

One of the people whose wisdom I read was John Daido Looi, an extraordinary Zen Buddhist monk and a professional photographer who worked in the Catskill Region for many years. Among his writings I found the suggestion of combining haiku poetry with one's visual art to create more spiritual closeness to the images. I found this idea to be personally challenging and potentially rewarding.

This book, shares a series of photographs taken by me during my time here in the Beaverkill Valley and includes a haiku that I've written to accompany each one. It is part of my way of putting my work out into the world. If it creates feelings and or reactions I would be pleased to know about them.

bruce

Winter holds on so long

Cold austere beauty

Giving way drop by drop



The very first blooms
Fighting through the cold
The sweet deliverance of spring



Morning's quiet beauty
Yet teeming with life
And mysteries never revealed



The window
For some no longer working
Creating visions for me



Imagine what she's seen
Just barely holding on
Yet every fall there's new sweet fruit



Nature's abstraction
Confusion that makes sense
Unexpected clarity



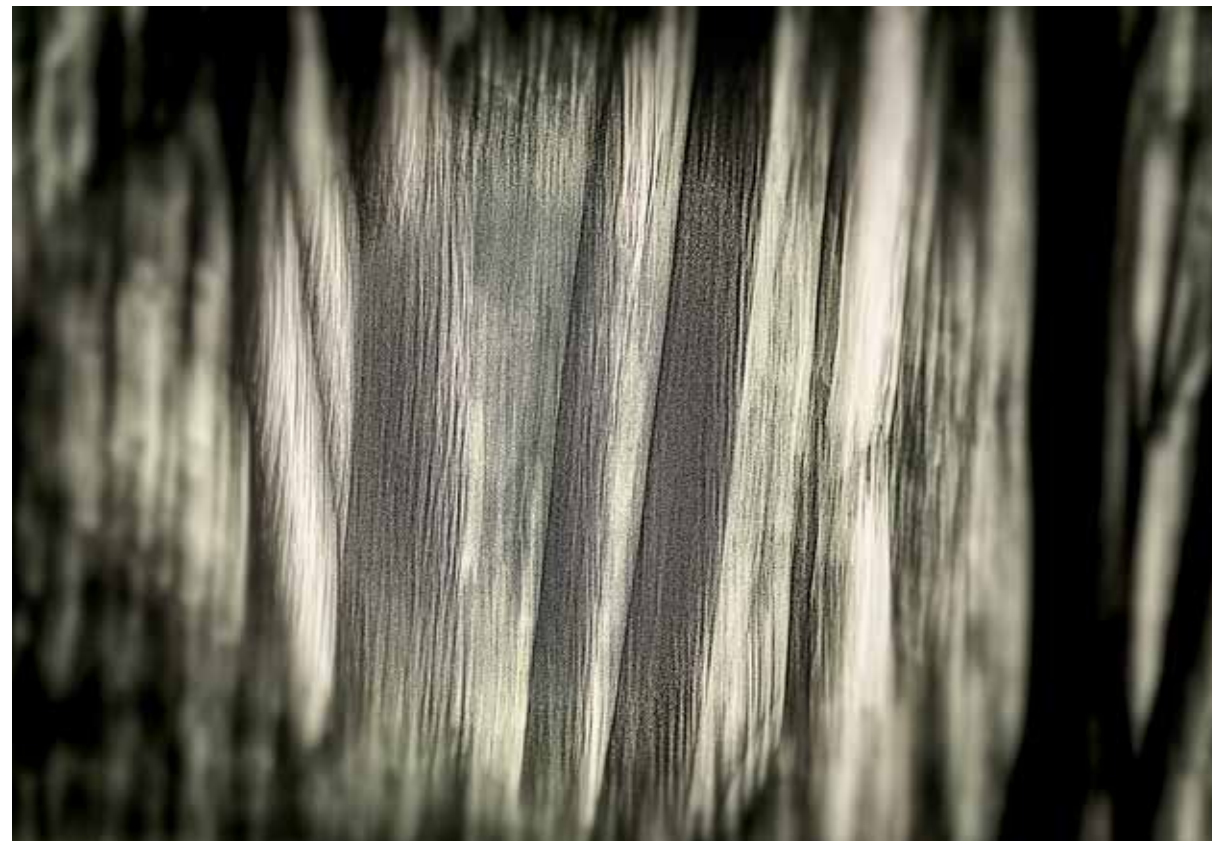
Soldiers, wives and farmers

Barely remembered by most

But the core of what got us here



Just trees to many
But if you take the time
Each has a unique essence



The Beaverkill

A mirror now, quickly roiled

The flowing soul of it all



Home has many meanings

This leads to mine

It's where my soul resides



Bruce Janklow

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