

TIME AMBUSH

While walking around with simply no guidance, no purpose, and no objective, I noticed that if we really look beyond what our eyes can see, we get a totally different perspective of the environment surrounding us.

Stepping out of my apartment in the 8 arrondissement, I grabbed my keys. (12:58) Me and my keys, my keys and me, I could say that we have a good relationship, but I would be lying. They always find a way to surprise me and hide in the places I would never look. I put my headphones on, and I simply zone out... I zone out while I'm listening to music and maybe that contributes to my lack of attention to the things that pass by the unnoticed every single day.... I closed the door and when clicking play in my favorite Spotify playlist (13:01) I feel the heat of the burning sun and the quick smell of the rose bushes before closing the building's second door. I wandered through the streets around my house and through the park Monceau (13:19) The contrast between the quick greyish hustle from traffic and the slow colorful life from the park interrupts my inner thoughts.

I stopped for a minute, and then another. In that specific moment, (13:37) my hand decides to take my right headphone off as an involuntary move. I don't know why my brain took that decision of zoning into the real world, but suddenly I was hearing sounds of busy people talking on their phones, car noises and drivers complaining about that white car stopped in the green light, causing too much traffic (13:40). And so, I let the analysis crawl into my head as if it was a spider... I rescued my presence and observed carefully not just using my visual senses, but all of them. Everyone that was passing by seemed to have a purpose. They were so focused on getting somewhere that it was almost as if they were little ants running around and trying to get to their anthill without being stepped on. This type of deep feeling only happens when I truly let myself be in presence, stop my routine to just focus on the small details of my everyday life. (13:53)

I realized that 'now' is the perfect time to give my total attention to that picture. That picture on my phone with my shadow projected on the pavement. The simple detail of my shadow triggered the thought of all the other small details that were being overshadowed by enormous monuments and churches. Things that we pass by every day but do not notice, or because we don't have the time or simply because we are zoomed out in our headphones and don't bother looking at the tiny things around us. Like our pure dancing shadow reflected on the pavement. So, I put my right headphone back on, but this time started to notice small significant details as I walked through the streets (14:00). Tip of my shoes just walking on the rectangle pavement, making it a game to don't step on the lines. (14:13). The flowers' smell from the florist next door beautifully exposed (14:21), The empty vase in the street, that was full of water because of the rain. (14:31) The man crossing the street running with a bag of groceries. All this reality was genuinely captured with my phone. Not beautiful pictures that could be cover of magazines or even post cards. Not a picture that I can edit on photoshop to take out the ugly parts. Just honest and simple black and white iPhone shoots to capture the exact pure moment, detail or person that passed by me in this specific day.

When I opened my camera roll, I had a collection of the unnoticed. All the pictures that I had taken, now belong to the past. (14:39)

I have been watching the time pass by since I left home, and time is a word that scares me to death. Just thinking that he has the power of taking memories away from us and make all these small details, like the big tree planted at the end of my street, the flower lady next door and even my dancing shadow, vanish from my memory.

Time has the power of taking away and stealing memories. He plays around with our past, present and future.

I looked at the time (14:43). In this moment I was in the present, I was living it. When arriving back home I took the keys of my bag and put them in the door lock. I found interesting the way they were hanging on the door. I could almost say they were looking at me thinking of the perfect place to hide again. So, I took a picture of it (14:50) and suddenly that picture belonged to the past. It was stored and time was preserved in it.

Pictures can speak to us in ways that nothing else can. They connect us to the reality of our memories and to the past. Our childhood is somehow reachable to us because of photography and its power.

A photograph taken in that specific time and place preserves an unmoved and untouched memory that cannot be modified. Photography encapsules time, memories and movement.

But the question is, when I am looking at a picture from the past, does it raise from the ashes and become present? And when I look at the time (15:01) and then notice the minutes pass by (15:03), am I in the future right now?

In that moment I realized, I was in 3 time zones at the same time, in just a simple walk... I was experiencing past present and future, in just a simple walk...

Time is the villain of my story, the story I want to tell, where everyone can look at it with different perspectives and interpretations. A once upon a time story that connects past to the present and even reaches the future.