We stand closer to strangers than we ever do to people we know.
Close enough to feel someone's coat brush against you, to hear their breath without trying, or to move at the same time when the train suddenly stops.
A place where nothing is meant to stay, and yet everything passes through.

No names, no stories
Just people crossing the same frame without ever being in it together.
So close you could remember them…
But you won't.
Hands find the same metal poles, and eyes look everywhere but to each other.

Between one stop and the next, the doors open, close, people switch places, and somehow it all resets. You are no longer where you came from, but not yet where you're going.

I think I feel like this more often than I'd like to admit.
Like I'm always on my way somewhere, but never fully arriving.
As if my "destination" keeps shifting. Not fully there, not fully anything yet. Just… in transit.
Maybe that's why I keep coming back here.

We don't know each other. Down here everyone remains unknown, like when two trains cross and you catch someone's face for a second, then it's gone.

The New York subway is like no other place.
It's loud, unpredictable, sometimes a bit chaotic but also strangely honest.
You're tired, you look tired. You're lost, you look lost. You're thinking too much, it shows.
It moves fast, but not everything inside it does.
Some moments drag behind.

Someone's shadow on the wall. Someone noticing my shutter noise going off
A hand holding on a bit too tight.
A foot stepping in just before the doors closes.

I keep noticing these things. Sometimes too much…To the point where I miss my stop

…..more than once, not gonna lie

I can't count the times that I looked up and suddenly was in Brooklyn. I don't mind.
It's just me, my 35mm roll of film and 36 frames.

36 exposures.

36 chances

36 reasons to stay a little longer.
One more look, one more moment, one more stop.

For this series, I spent hours underground like that.
Moving through lines without much of a plan.

Train after train, stop after stop. Letting the city decide for me.
Sometimes nothing happened.
Sometimes everything did. It just depended on whether I was looking.
No colour, no distractions, just light, shadow, texture.
What is left when everything else is gone ?

Just what holds for a second, before it shifts again.

Because nothing here stays still, not the train, not the moment , not the people.

You're not where you came from but not where you're going either…

We share space without sharing anything else.
We all exist next to each other, but not together.
And still, in those brief intersections, there's something quiet.
Almost intimate.

To look closely is to break that distance.
Even if it's just for me

And maybe that is the point.

Not to change anything.
Just to see it.
To catch what passes.
To hold it for a second.

To make visible
what was always

Unseen.

M.P.