GOING OUT

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This project began with a quiet urge: just to go out.

As someone who often stays indoors, especially since moving to New York, the act of stepping outside has never felt small to me. I carry with me a thousand reasons to stay in, but every now and then, something inside stirs, reminding me that it's time. Time to walk, to feel, to see.

The first photo, slightly blurred, looking down a stream of red lights in the city, was taken on one of those days. A day when I pushed past hesitation and allowed myself to be present in the unpredictable rhythm of the outside world. From there, this series took shape: through soft rain and bright signs, through empty chairs and fire scenes, through petals on the pavement and moss clinging to stone. I didn't plan where I would go or what I would find. But in every image, I tried to hold onto something, the stillness inside the motion, or the moment where chaos and calm meet.

There's a certain humility I've learned from walking and watching. You realize how much is happening all the time, everywhere. And how little of it you'll ever truly grasp. But that doesn't make your presence any less meaningful. In fact, it makes it even more so. These fleeting intersections between myself and the outside world felt like they were meant for me. Not because they were extraordinary, but because I was there to witness them.

Photography became my way of making peace with the unexpected. A way to stop fighting the overwhelm and start embracing it one frame at a time. I found beauty in the discomfort. Even when it rained and my lens fogged over, those imperfections felt real and grounding, like breathing in cold air after being inside too long.

Toward the end of this series, my focus shifted outward past my own curiosity and toward something larger. A tree embedded with guns, its surface is rough with memory. A crowd gathered outside the State House, voices rising under a gray sky. And in between, a single figure walking through it all, holding a faded American flag. These scenes reminded me that the world doesn't ever stop, no matter how quiet it feels when sitting at home. It keeps spinning, clashing, healing, protesting, coexisting. And yet somehow, in that spinning, I find space for myself to witness with my eyes and camera.

It's always about noticing. It's about surrendering control and allowing the world to leave its mark on me. Going outside, especially when I don't feel ready, takes a kind of courage. And choosing to really look at the world, to stay open to whatever I might find, is how I make sense of it all.

To those who love the world as I do...



Avenue
Manhattan, 2025



Spring is here
Queens, 2025



Nails on Fire
Queens, 2025



Matchpoint
Manhattan, 2025



Geese
Roosevelt Island, 2025



Tub Talk
Queens, 2025



Decor
Queens, 2025



Declaration
Queens, 2025



Disaster
Queens, 2025



Rescue 4 Queens
Queens, 2025



Sparks
Queens, 2025



Tiny Plants
Providence, 2025

Electric!
Providence, 2025





Sidewalk
Providence, 2025



Lawn Meeting
Providence, 2025



Misty
Providence, 2025



Water Shade
Providence, 2025



Pedestrians
Providence, 2025



Tree of Arms
Providence, 2025



6 p.m. at the Statehouse
Providence, 2025

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