

Tears of Wood

Between Memory and Oblivion

There are places where time does not flow but thickens, settling in invisible layers, like dust covering forgotten objects.

The central element of this project is wood—a living material that has traversed time, served humanity, and was ultimately abandoned to its fate. Wood has been a boat, a bridge, a refuge. Now, worn by water and wind, it lingers on the threshold between dissolution and memory. The tears of wood are the silent lament of things that vanish. They are the voice of absence, the echo of an ephemeral presence.

The lagoon in this photographic project is not merely an abandoned landscape; it is a threshold between the past and nothingness, a limbo where human presence has dissolved, leaving behind only fragile traces on the verge of disappearance. Here, the water embraces and consumes, the wood mourns its slow disintegration, and the memory of what once was shatters into a voiceless echo.

Tears of Wood is an exploration of the fragility of human presence, of the fleeting marks we leave behind. The boats, once vessels of life and journey, now lie tilted, exhausted by wind and water, like weary bodies bent by time. The piers, once sturdy, now tremble under the weight of their own existence; their bonds loosen, fray, and dissolve. The moorings slip away, releasing what was once held fast. Here, the wood weeps—tears of resin, of broken fibers, of silent surrender to nature reclaiming what was once taken from it.

Infrared photography reveals a suspended world, almost dreamlike, making the invisible visible, transforming decay into a form of revelation. What is vanishing is not merely loss but also transformation. The dark waters reflect unseen light, dead wood glows like specters, shadows stretch across still surfaces, and the sky swells with drama—the very drama that lies between memory and oblivion.

Each shot is a fragment of memory, a story interrupted, trapped in a timeless limbo. Each image poses an open question about our passage through the world. How much of what we build truly endures? What memory outlives our abandonment? Of us, our existence, and our actions—what remains when all is said and done? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps, in the end, all dissolves into the great breath of nature. We take nothing with us, and we leave nothing behind.

And in this eternal flow, only the weeping wood remains, a silent witness to a transient humanity. This is the question that each image seems to ask. Humanity believes in leaving a mark, yet the truth is that we are merely passing through. Nothing we take, nothing we leave behind will not, in time, be reclaimed. We delude ourselves into thinking we can hold on, possess, imprint our existence upon matter—but in the end, all fades into nature's great breath.

The **tears of wood** are the lament of things that vanish. They are the voice of absence, the breath of a memory thinning until it dissolves. Through the lens of infrared, these remnants speak a forgotten language, one of invisible light and quiet melancholy. In this place, where time has ceased to flow, the greatest truth reveals itself: *nothing belongs to us, and nothing can be held forever.*