

FINDING RHYTHM IN THE RUINS

Description

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I have been visiting Kondapalli Fort since my teenage years. Five decades later, the fort stands in near-complete ruinâ??its walls collapsing, stones rusted by time, tree trunks scarred by careless hands. Yet, beyond the damage and neglect, something engaging and otherworldly seems to be lingering here. Some quiet, mystical loyalty draws me back, as if old friends meet routinely once every month.


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Jaeu...
Rasha


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I arrive with my camera, never without it. Each visit reveals a different visual language. The scattered morning light creates new ways of forceful compositions with broken arches. Shadows settle, now more welcoming, much warmer; earlier, they showed off in different patterns. The stones seem to speak a sensual language through textureâ??cracks, layers, and scars that many ears, those loitering around, refuse to listen to. Time becomes a silent sculptor, reshaping the same surroundings into countless frames.

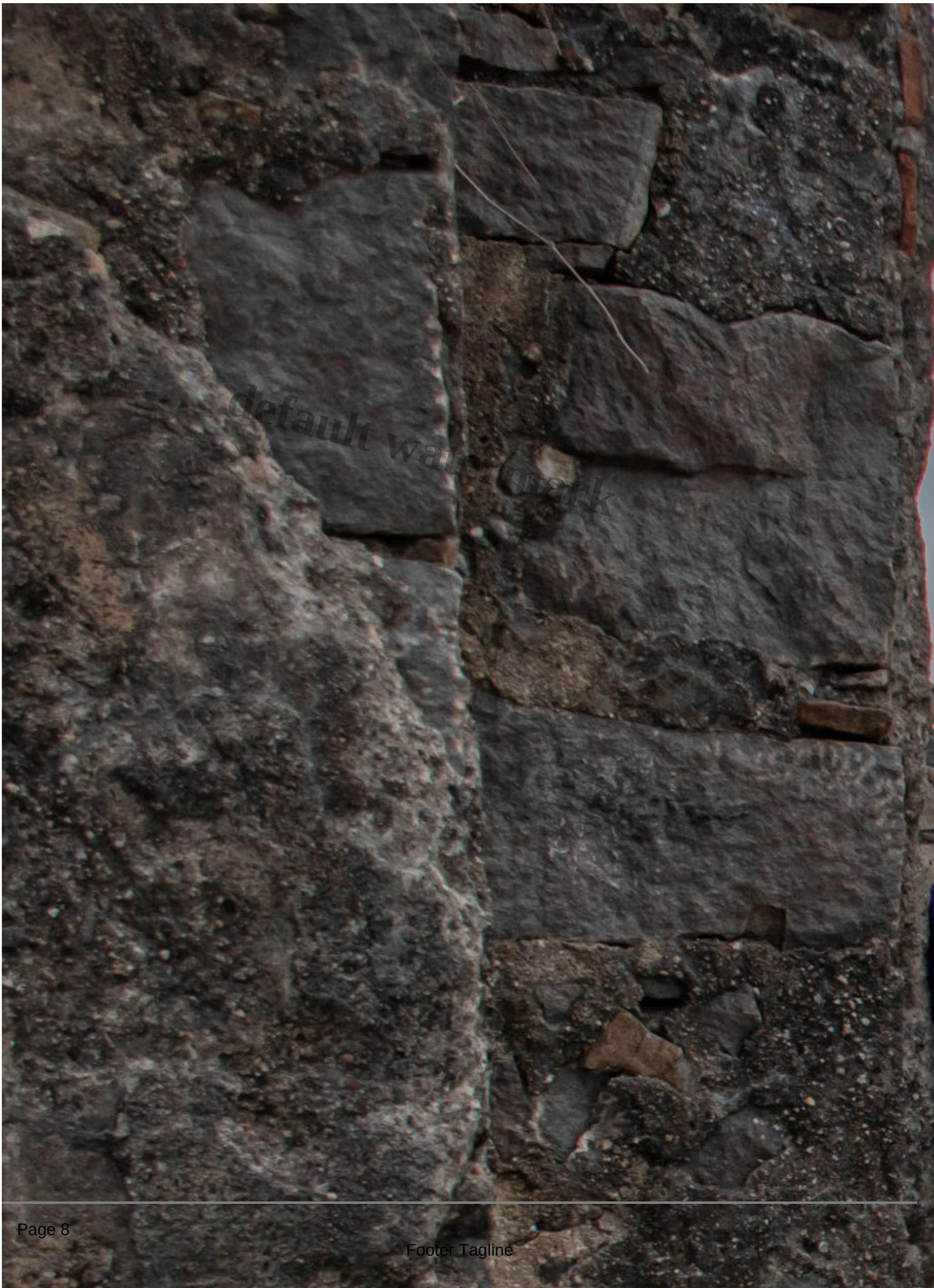
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Here, I find the ruins reveal their survival instinctsâ??the fortâ??s diehard character. For as long as I can remember, I have been coming to the Kondapalli Fortâ??at first as a boy with my father, then during adolescence with my buddies for the herbarium. And finally, as a retired man, now I roam around with the camera pressed to my chest. Today, my visit had a purpose. I wish, with every click, in every frame, I intend to interpose some colors of life and hope among the scary roots and ruins twisted into grotesque shapes by forgotten years, and in the parched landscape.

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This barrenness does not please me; I want to add a spark of visible life. I invited two young girls to join my symbolic effort. On this visit, my efforts seemed to have partially succeeded. After checking over my edited images, Iâ??m happy I have recorded a few small portraits of glory, moments of grandeur where life might quietly return among the ruins.

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Through my lens, decay transforms into a portrait. A broken wall becomes a testament to endurance. A lone tree clinging to stone becomes an act of defiance. Nature, I have noticed over decades, refuses to surrender completely. It adapts. It waits. It survives. My images stand witness to the miracle of survival.

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As I walk through these ruins, they have become my teachers. They remind me that turbulent times do not erase our values, and weathered crises do not diminish our character. We may crack, fade, or be forgotten like the fort, but resilience outgrows because we stubbornly persist. There is dignity in standing, beauty in endurance, and quiet strength in continuing to exist, even when the world calls us ruins.

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JSK

This is what my photographs seek to hold: not loss, but survival. Not silenced, stories are still being told.

Category

1. Places

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