



FRAMES OF FREEDOM

Description

Stayed indoors for over seventy days, I have listened to the experts that a deadly virus infected the world around, and the beast is ready to grab anyone who would venture out and asphyxiate to death any careless soul.

It's a terrible reality to deal with so long under the oppressive umbrella of isolation, and it becomes far more unbearable if you are a refuge living alone.

After a few days into the forced living in a trap, I felt instead of being unhappy to be alone; let me adapt myself loving the beautiful silence that surrounded me, for how many days I wasn't sure. I heard no bustle outside, nil phone calls, none expected to disturb my days and nights. I guess I owned a possibility that I could be as strong mentally as much as I could discipline myself to carry out more tasks than I would in regular days.

One fine day the gates to the outer world were cautiously thrown open. And I'm free to take a ride, of course, camera in tow.

I called in two of my camera pals for a hop into my familiar domain, the focus of my aesthetic inspiration - the river Krishna. I shuffled at my steering, gazing at the smothered, silent but intimate nooks and corners as I drove to the outskirts. I was excited as if I'm a toddler delighted for a ride into the city.

Standing on the riverfront, we listened to the rhythm of ripples hitting the bank; early summer breeze comforted us with tosses of hope, and the Sun patiently waited longer and warmer to let us enjoy the earthly scents of freedom - after seventy days. My photographs reflect the frames of relaxation.

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1. Uncategorized

Date Created

2020/06/15

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