

ROCKS AND SHRUBS

Description

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I stood on the top of a cliff, winter wind blowing around carried a promise of warmth that blew gaiety into every bush, every leaf, tress, the huge hills stood like as if watching my every move amongst the wilderness.

I noticed a rough coarse, long, brownish yellow grass waving and rustling in the winter breeze. Each tuft of wildly grown grass has created a harmonious ambiance between the bushes, the rocks and encircling lush green hills. I tried to bring in these wild bushes, mighty rocks into the focus of my lens and also to include the green camouflage of the hills.


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Category

1. Uncategorized

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