

We had plans to go to a football game. I saw the potential for so much more with our time together. In hindsight, maybe I should have listened to the old 'less is more' adage. I sprang to life. I would need a tent, 200 helium-filled balloons, a trumpet, and as many pigeons as I could find before Friday...

Somehow you can do all of this and find a stack of 48-hour turnaround printed postcards in only the spare change of a few days. It was all very clear how all those pigeons, that trumpet, the 200 helium balloons, communicating with strangers, and the backdrop of the city all seemed a perfect idea. You see, this project was to be a meditation on the idea of how we become who we become. Inspired by the drawing, my father had shown me, that as a young boy, my first art project was a drawing titled 'Where I See Myself When I grow Up'. I drew San Francisco.

I couldn't help myself with the sonnets and soliloquies of poetry that seemed to be drawing some grand serendipitous circle and oneness of being with the universe. Backdropped by the San Francisco skyline from the roof of the building in which I live, I was falling in love with now mirroring the vision I had as a child. Everything felt suddenly symbolic. It was, however, all yanked back to reality by, uh, chaos math, or romantic talk waxing poetic aside, a raccoon, who ate my pigeons, which as it turns out were technically doves, but certainly unimportant now because they were a mess of feathers and blood mixed with a photographer who couldn't show up due to an emergency he somehow knew of before it happened.

In the end, these pictures were ours for what was left of the beautiful moment, dead doves, and a flaking photographer be damned, this was the alchemy, our lead to gold, or our lemons to lemonade, depending on which morale lifting idea you prefer. -hugheleeman.com