



Cloudscapes

The sky is a silent witness, an archive without memory that each generation rewrites from the vantage point of its own present. Clouds cease to be atmospheric phenomena and become mental territory, pictorial surface, poetic matter. The accidental becomes structure. The ephemeral, permanence. What appeared empty reveals itself charged with meaning.

Cloudscapes emerges from that shifting, suspended instant in which space can neither be possessed nor delimited and yet discovers an inner geography, a mirror of the psyche, an open field onto which the gaze projects itself. It is not merely a formal exercise in light and form, but an invitation to recover a sense of wonder. That fleeting, unrepeatable instant belongs to a contemporary sensibility, heir to the expanded and abstract photographic practice that runs throughout the work: contours dissolve, colours transform, matter yields to something more elusive. Here, photographic practice finds its *raison d'être*—not in fixing the cloud, but in fixing the revelation born of its encounter with light, at that threshold between photography, abstraction and visual poetry.

In an age governed by immediacy and visual overexposure, stopping to look at the sky becomes almost an act of resistance. A reminder that not everything can be captured, catalogued, possessed. What emerges is an inquiry into the limits of the photographable: how does one capture what, by definition, dissolves, changes shape and disappears? To photograph a cloud is, ultimately, to photograph time itself—its passage, its fragility, its refusal to remain.

Cloudscapes proposes a suspension of pace: to stop, to raise one's face, to reconnect with a scale that exceeds us. Before the clouds, the human measure is relativised; there is no ownership, no control, only contemplation. And within that contemplation opens a freedom rarely encountered in contemporary imagery, saturated with references, brands and recognisable faces. The sky, by contrast, belongs to no one; it belongs equally to everyone.

For this reason, these images do not seek documentary clarity, but the vibration of the perceptible. They present themselves as thresholds, not certainties. Each photograph is a pause that makes the viewer the true protagonist of meaning. Faced with the ambiguity of form, it is the memory and imagination of the one who looks that completes the image.

Because to look upward, to hold one's gaze upon something that cannot be retained, is also a way of looking inward. Cloudscapes returns us to that essential condition: that of beings who, confronted with the unattainable, never cease to seek meaning, form and beauty. The sky thus becomes a liminal space, between the physical and the mental, the concrete and the imagined, the ephemeral and the enduring. Clouds, mutable by nature, become a privileged metaphor for existence: nothing remains identical, every form contains another form waiting to emerge, and what we believe we recognise may transform before a second gaze. The result is a deliberately open, sensorial, evocative body of work, where beauty, intuition and thought converge without ever submitting to a single narrative.