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A Day in My Life

As a full time, college student with a full-time job, it is hard to juggle other aspects of life. However, during my day there are quick moments that give definition to my life. Like John Berger says, “A photograph is a result of the photographer’s decision that it is worth recording that this particular event or this particular object has been seen” (18). Although the setting of my images are places I have been to numerous times, I will not experience the feeling twice which was my motive to capture these photos.

As a born and raised fellow New Yorker, you develop a love/hate relationship with the city. I love the view of New York City at night, the twinkling lights of the skyscrapers makes you feel like you are walking through stars. You feel so small yet so big, a city full of opportunities and adventures. While I have an immense love for NYC, there are days I don't. With New York being number one for the most populated city in the United States, with a population of approximately 8,097,282, as stated by World Population Review, things can get quite chaotic. With that being said, we can agree New York City isn't New York City without its



On My Way

distinguished Subway system. I appreciate the efficiency of traveling from one place to another by just paying \$2.90 but I don't enjoy the train delays or the overcrowding during rush hour. I

was on my way to school bright and early, a feeling of accomplishment ran through my body as I ran through the two metal subway doors just as they were closing. To my surprise, when I finally sat where I felt most comfortable and looked up, I was looking at an empty train cart. The dominant impression are the bright orange seats that seem to get smaller and smaller as you look towards the center of the image. You can see two strip-like lights that run parallel to each other from one end of the train cart to the other. The lights are so bright the reflection of them bounce from the floor to the orange chairs to the metal walls of the train. There are poles across the train ready to serve their purpose to the people of the city. This image was a decisive moment for me because the first images we create in our minds when we hear New York City's Subway system are trains or train stations crowded with a diversity of people. It is not rare to catch a quiet, peaceful train ride, but when you do, you must appreciate it before it slowly gets congested with angry, serious or tired faces.

Although I don't enjoy being in a train cart full of people, I do enjoy making people a cup



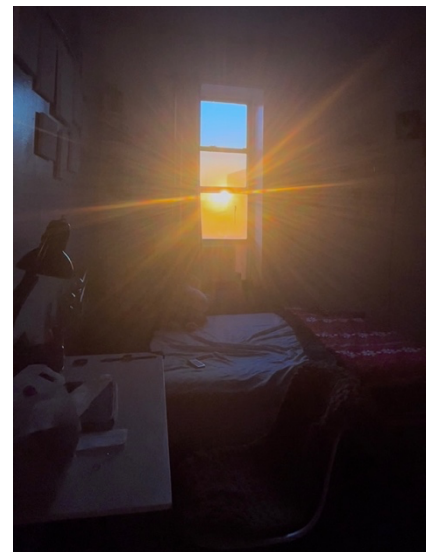
Small hot café latte

of coffee. After school, next on my list of things to do for the day is, go to work. I work as a barista in a Japanese coffee shop. I like to think I am a contributor to the city that never sleeps with my cafe lattes. I have attempted many times to perfect my latte heart, but this specific one was special. It looks almost like the heart exclamation emoji. It is a heart with a dot below the peak of the heart, hence the name “heart exclamation”. This is an art Photo because although it's just a

small hot caffe latte, the purpose of it is to make the person who receives it smile at a small form of art. Art makes us all feel happier and sometimes there is art

we may not see twice but capturing a photo enables the ability to see it not only once but forever. Like Susan Sontag said, “The point of taking photographs was a vast departure from the aims of painters” (532). Paintings used to be the only way to capture people or sceneries but now with cameras, with a simple click anything can be made art in less than a second. However, it didn't take me just a second to make this drink. While I wish it did, it took about 3 minutes. In the photo you can see bubbles because to achieve a perfect latte you have to steam milk in a pitcher until it is creamy yet foamy. Then pour while swirling the steamed milk into the espresso, which creates a light brown color, stop swirling in the center before it fills up, and drag the pitcher down to create a heart. It is an intricate process that a quick snapshot was not able to capture, yet it was able to capture the product of it.

I end off my day by finally arriving home. I am not often lucky enough to catch the sun setting and shining directly through my window but last week I was welcomed home by strong beams of light filtering into my room. At the center of the image, the light of the sun is bright orange, almost like the seats on the train, shining through my rectangular window. There are rays of the sun that I was able to capture by setting my camera light to the lowest level which allowed the sun rays to peek through and make the rest of the room darker. Above the bright orange sun is a clear blue sky. Because there is so much shadow, you can tell my room lights are off. The light reflecting on my bed and the left wall reveals the texture of my room. You are able to see



Finally Home

the wrinkles of my bed sheets and the portraits I have hung up on my left side wall. I relate to the statement Sontag made when she says, “or the shutterbug with a brownie who takes snapshots as

souvenirs of daily life” (531). This is a portrait photo of the bright orange sun shining through my window creating a sense of tranquility by the lights and shadows of the image.

Photography is an activity anyone can perform at. There is always something meaningful in our days that is unique to us that should be captured even if you feel it has no definition to anyone else. We all interpret photos in a different manner but our experience taking the photos and thoughts is what makes it important.

(1062 words)

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