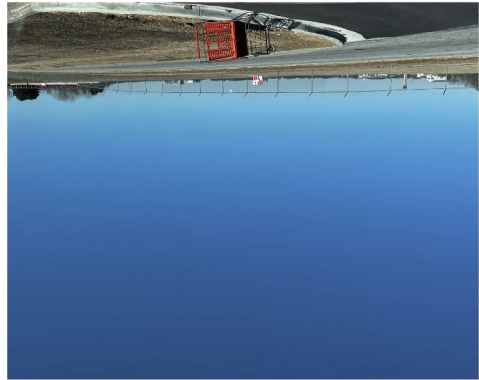
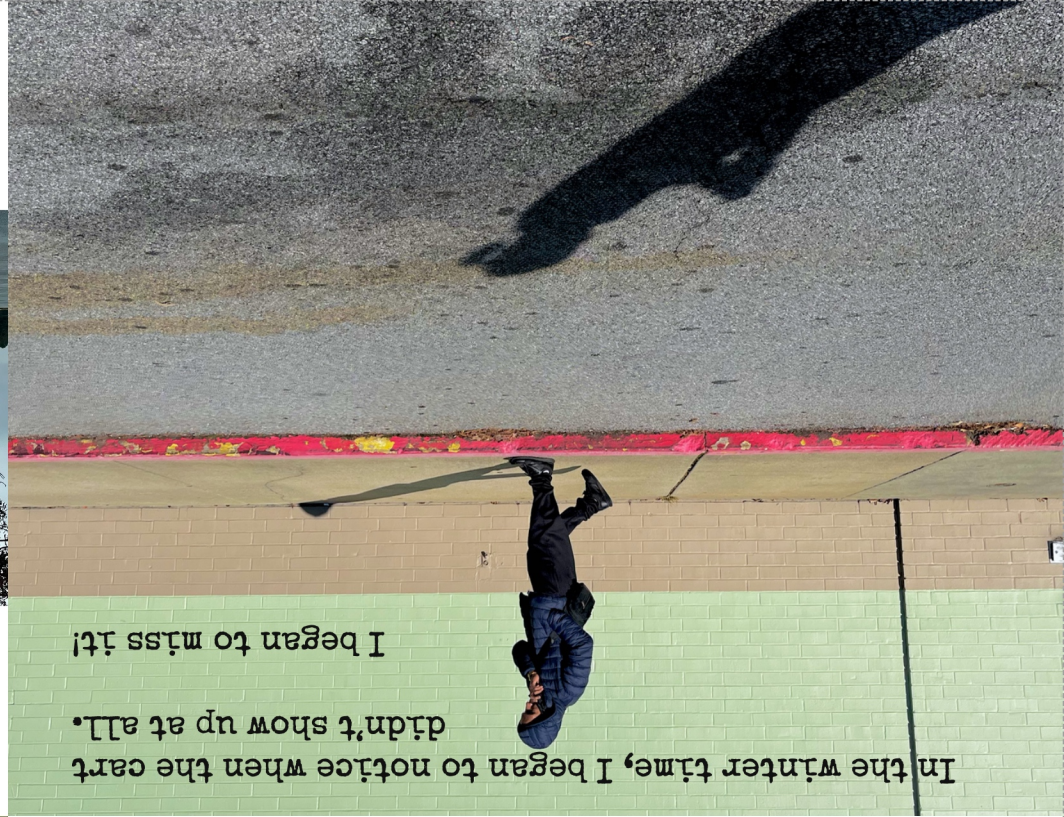


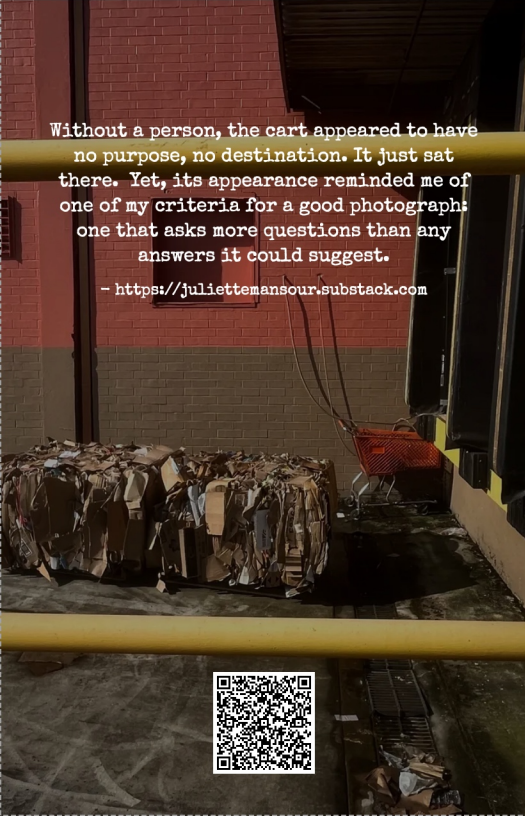


Then it started to appear again— this time out of
place, just around the corner.
When spring came, it returned to its same spot. I
began finding it toppled over, or paired up with
other carts



In the winter time, I began to notice when the cart
didn't show up at all.
I began to miss it!

It started with the light. Then came the cart—
seemingly lonely, but actually quite staunch and
secure.



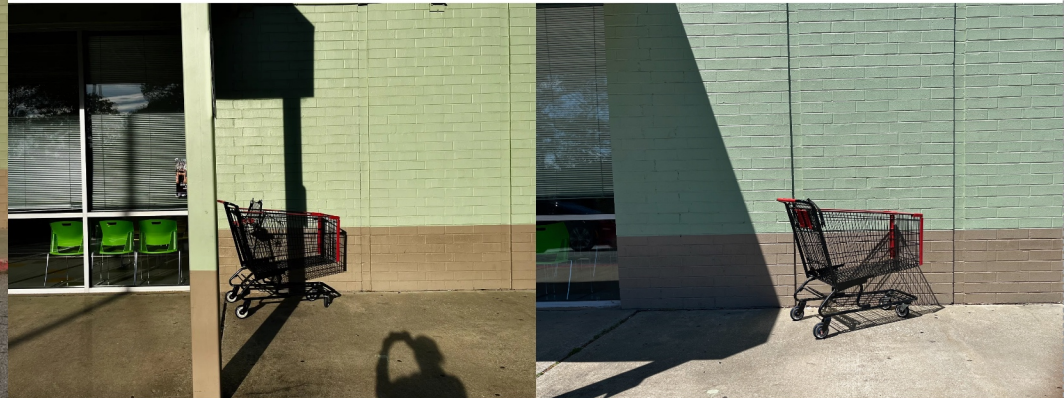
Without a person, the cart appeared to have
no purpose, no destination. It just sat
there. Yet, its appearance reminded me of
one of my criteria for a good photograph:
one that asks more questions than any
answers it could suggest.

- <https://juliettemansour.substack.com>



Nothing to See Here

An homage to the mundane
Juliette Mansour



One single shopping cart, alone— in the flat light of
a mid-morning or contrast light of a late afternoon,
every single time.

