



the waters of march
photographic abstracts
magazine #2

bill wishner / visual hunter

the waters of march / photographic abstracts

DISCLAIMER for MAGAZINE #2

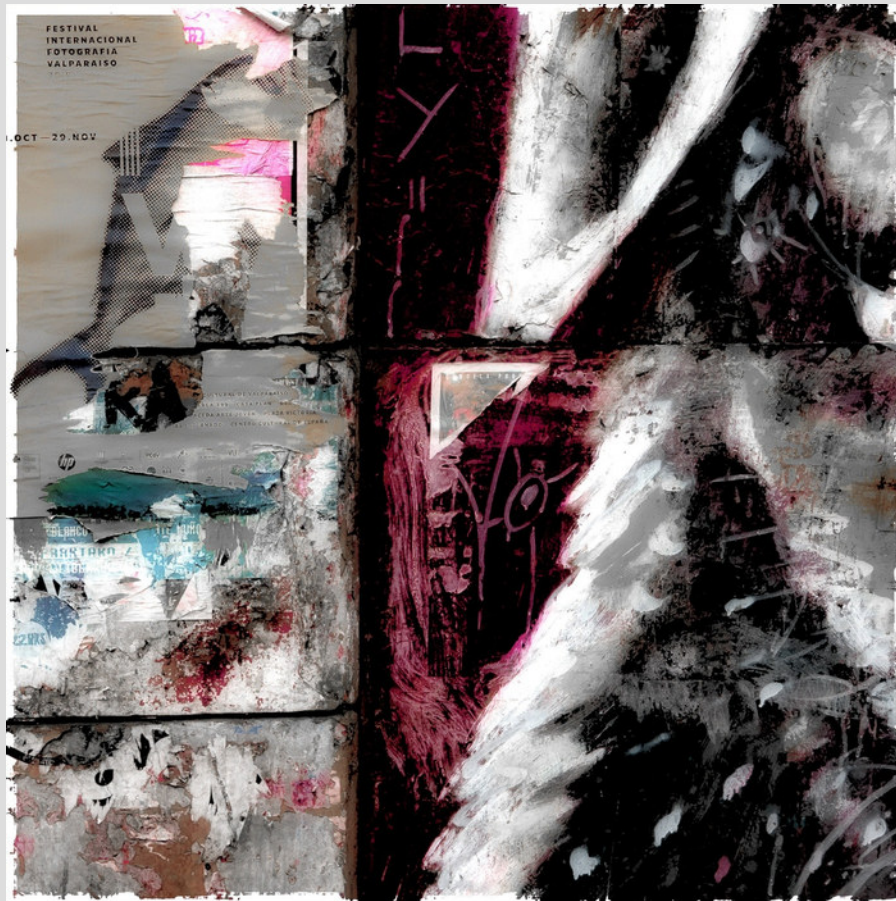
FIRST, all images were shot by me as part of my travels as a visual hunter. None of the images were created using any form of AI on my computer. All images were processed the "old-fashioned" way through Photoshop for publication.

SECOND. all the lyrics for the Waters of March are from Antonio Jobim... no lyrics were created artificially by any form of AI; several stanzas of the tone poem were eliminated for redundancy issues.

THIRD, all the remaining narratives were, in fact, created by AI specifically ChatGBT...this includes the narrative about abstract photography, the discussion of Jobim's Waters of March and finally the comment / bio about me as a photographer and visual hunter.
All ChatGBT narratives are in italics.

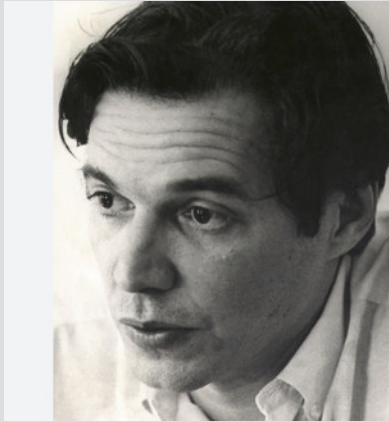
FINALLY, while I remain both amazed and concerned where this technology will take us in the future, I am committed to giving credit to this technology when I use it in any way associated with my photography or writing.

bill wishner / visual hunter



a word about abstract photography

Abstract photography is a captivating art form that transcends traditional representation. It delves into the realm of imagination, where reality is distorted and the ordinary becomes extraordinary. By focusing on shape, form, color, texture, and pattern, abstract photography presents a visual language of emotions and ideas. It challenges viewers to interpret and engage with the images on a subjective level, allowing for personal connections and interpretations. Abstract photography celebrates the beauty of ambiguity, inviting us to explore the depths of our own perceptions. It captures fleeting moments and transforms them into mesmerizing visual symphonies, blurring the boundaries between the concrete and the abstract



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thank you Antonio Jobim (1924-1994)

Antonio Jobim's "Waters of March" is a timeless musical masterpiece that transports listeners to a world of poetic imagery and introspection. With its delicate bossa nova rhythm and enchanting lyrics, the song encapsulates the essence of nature's cycle of life, invoking a sense of wonder and contemplation. Through a series of evocative verses, Jobim eloquently weaves together vivid descriptions of rain, leaves, stones, and other elements, inviting us to reflect on the interconnectedness of existence. "Waters of March" flows like a melodic river, guiding us through a lyrical journey that resonates with both joy and melancholy, leaving a lasting impression on the soul.

His timeless poem set to classic Bossa Nova musical rhythms both in Portuguese and English allows each of us to define the joys and hardships of living metaphorically ("it's the mud..its the mud")

If you are not familiar with this tune, search the internet where you will find multiple language versions.

The juxtaposition of my abstract images with his tone poem creates the narrative abstraction that percolates in my creative conscious



A stick, a stone
It's the end of the road
It's the rest of a stump
It's a little alone



It's a sliver of glass
It is life, it's the sun
It is night, it is death
It's a trap, it's a gun



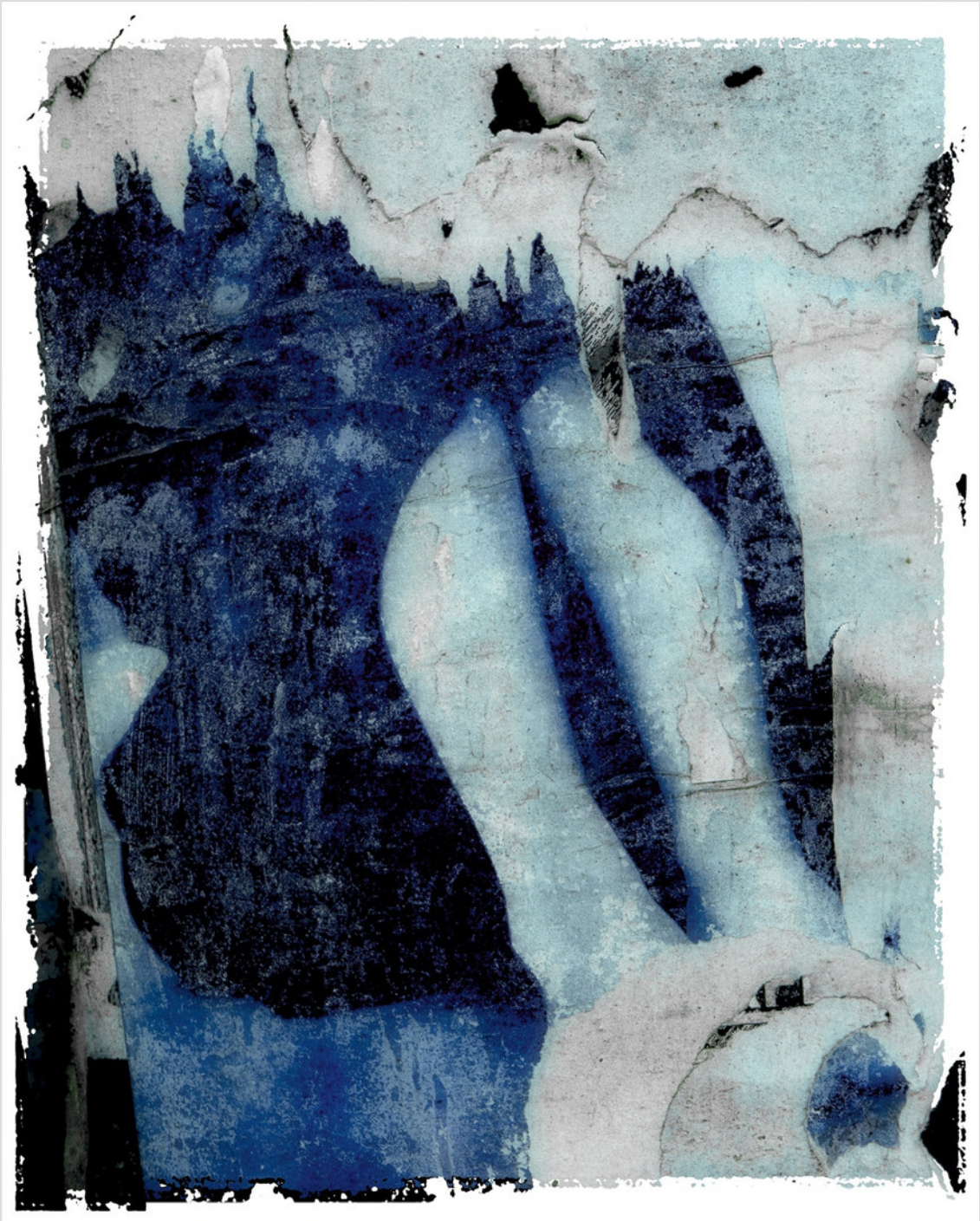
The oak when it blooms
A fox in the brush
A knot in the wood
The song of a thrush



The wood of the wind
A cliff, a fall
A scratch, a lump
It is nothing at all



It's the wind blowing free
It's the end of the slope
It's a beam, it's a void
It's a hunch, it's a hope



And the river bank talks
Of the waters of March
It's the end of the strain
The joy in your heart



The foot, the ground
The flesh and the bone
The beat of the road
A slingshot's stone



A fish, a flash
A silvery glow
A fight, a bet
The range of a bow



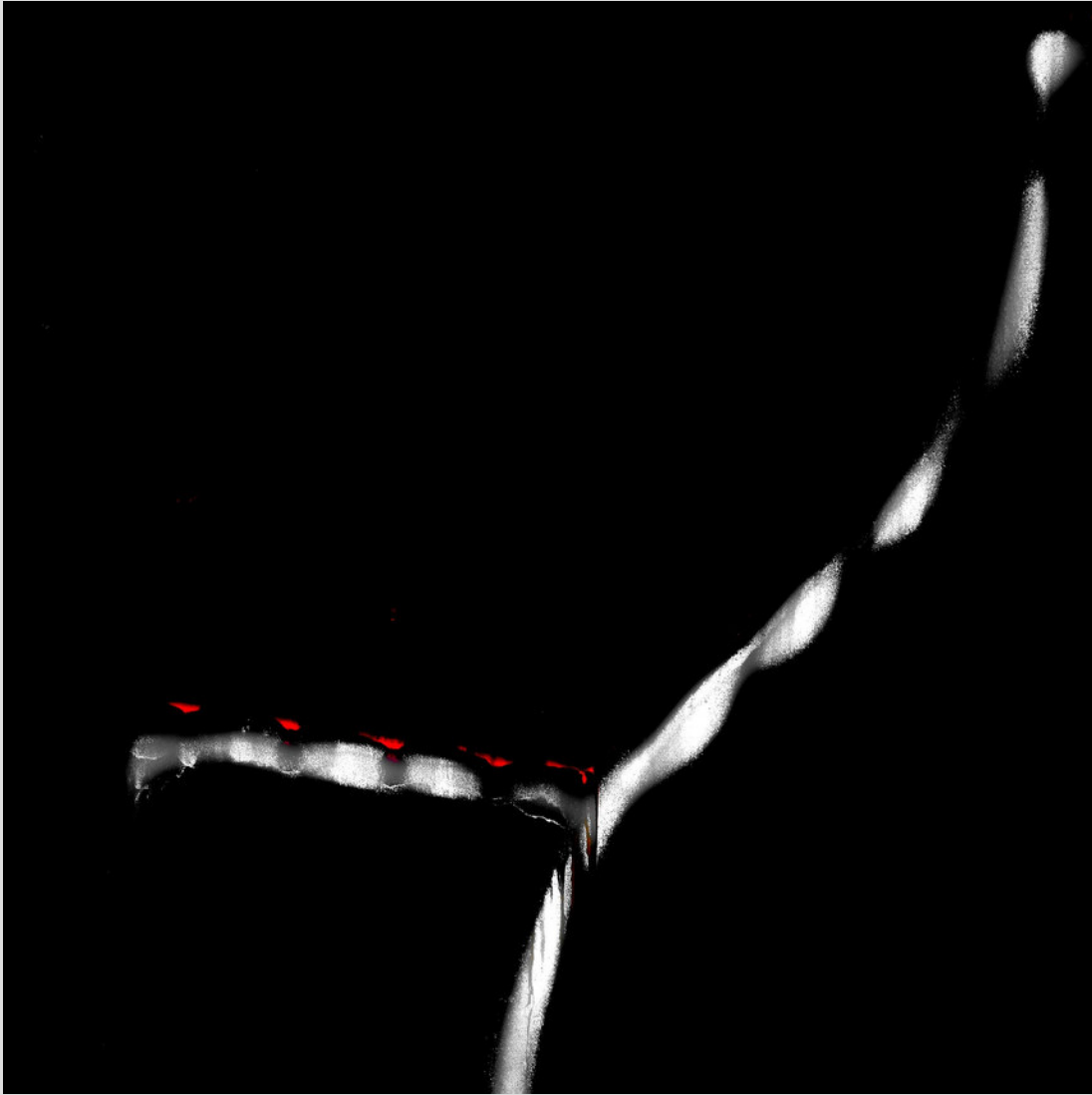
The bed of the well
The end of the line
The dismay in the face
It's a loss, it's a find



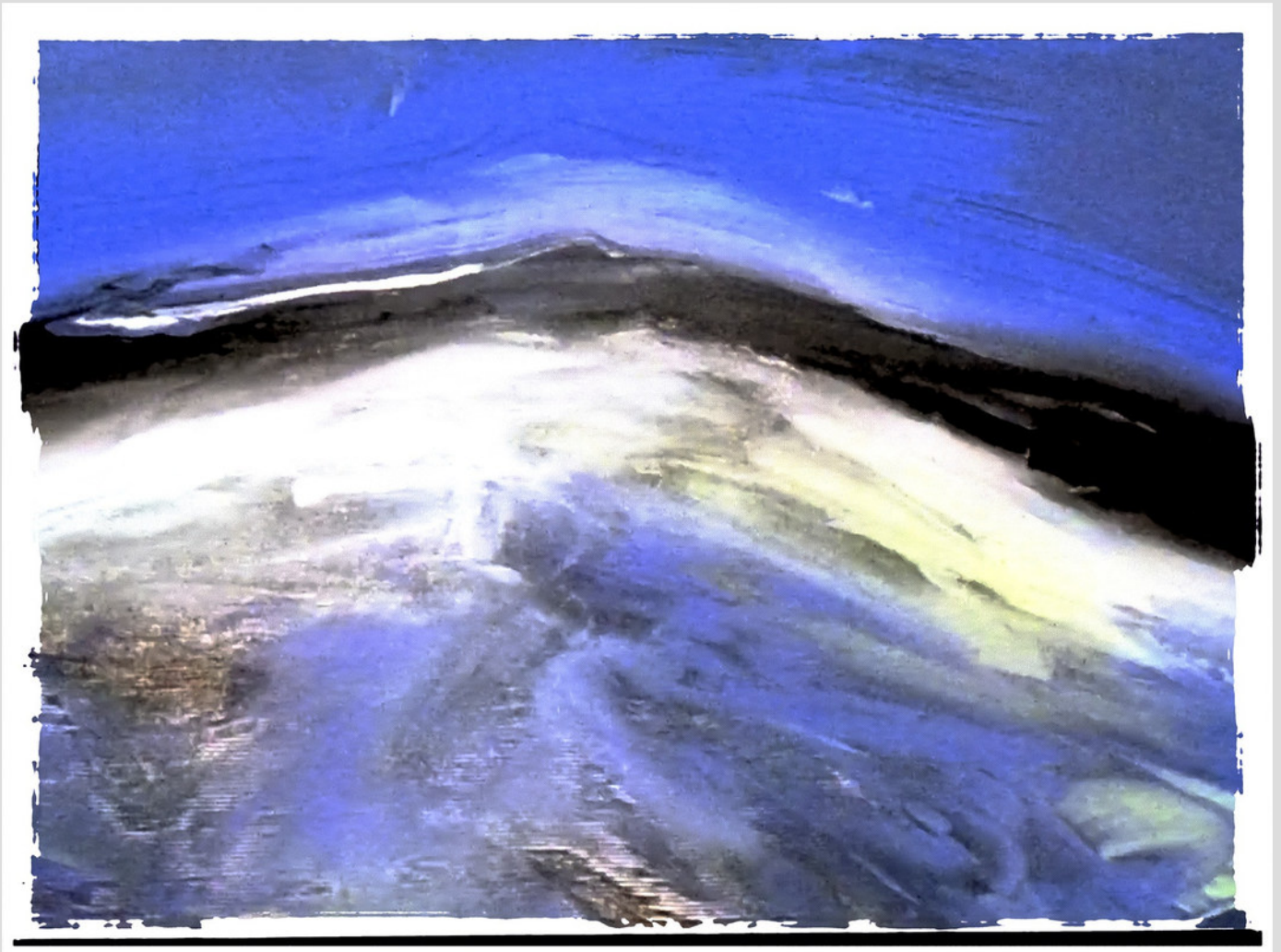
A spear, a spike
A point, a nail
A drip, a drop
The end of the tale



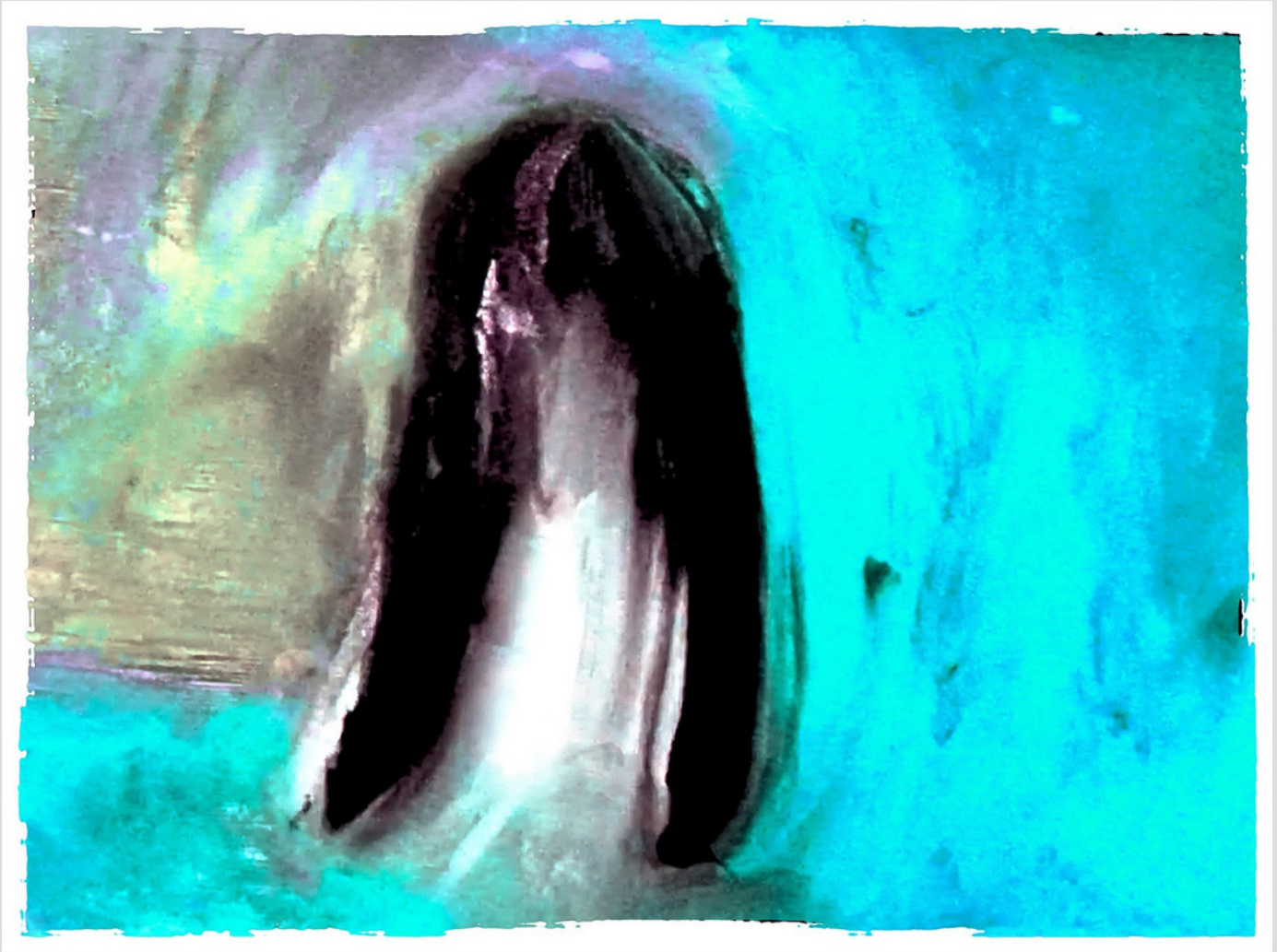
A truckload of bricks
In the soft morning light
The shot of a gun
In the dead of the night



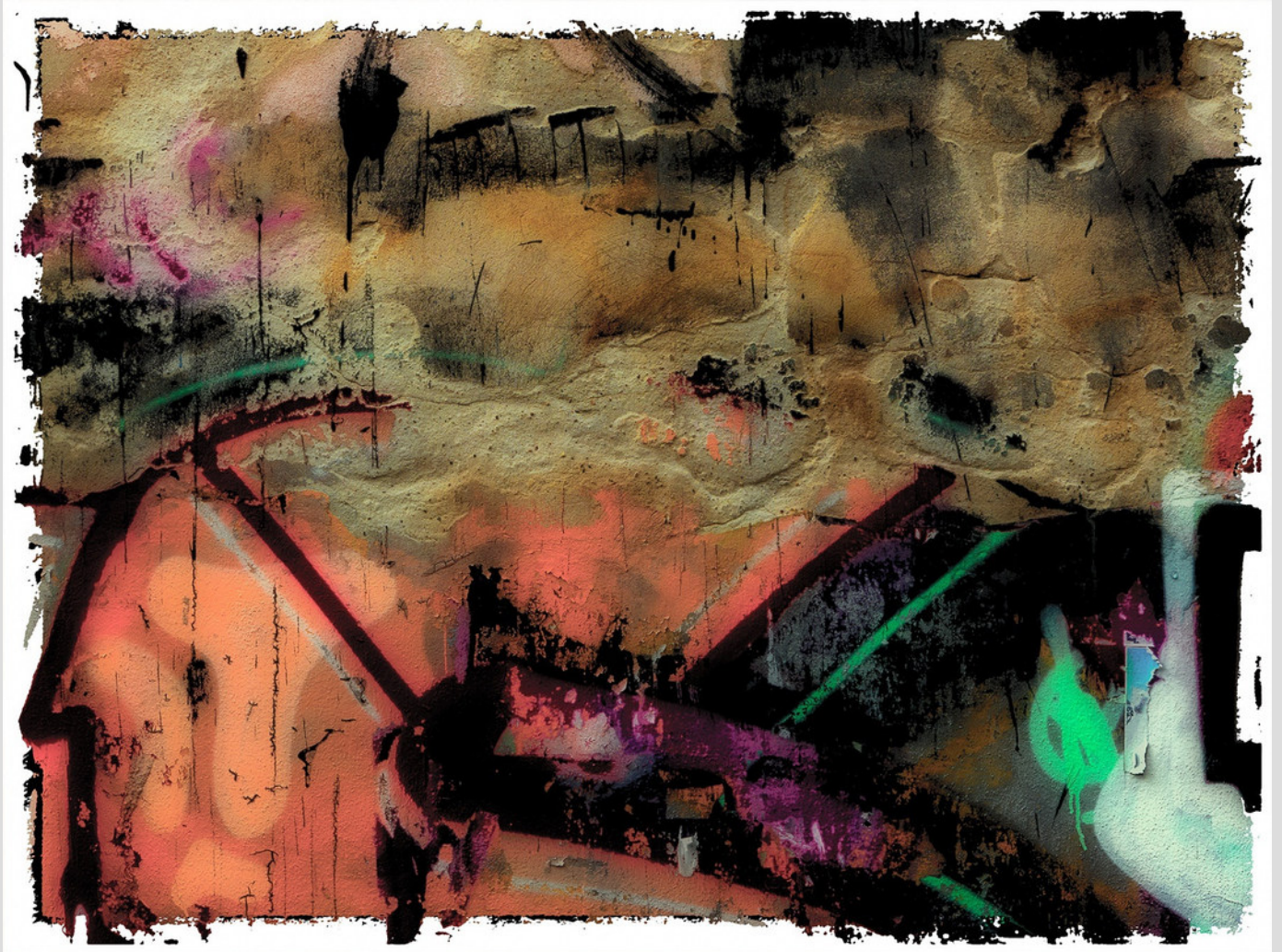
A mile, a must
A thrust, a bump
It's a girl, it's a rhyme
It's a cold, it's the mumps



The plan of the house
The body in bed
And the car that got stuck
It's the mud, it's the mud



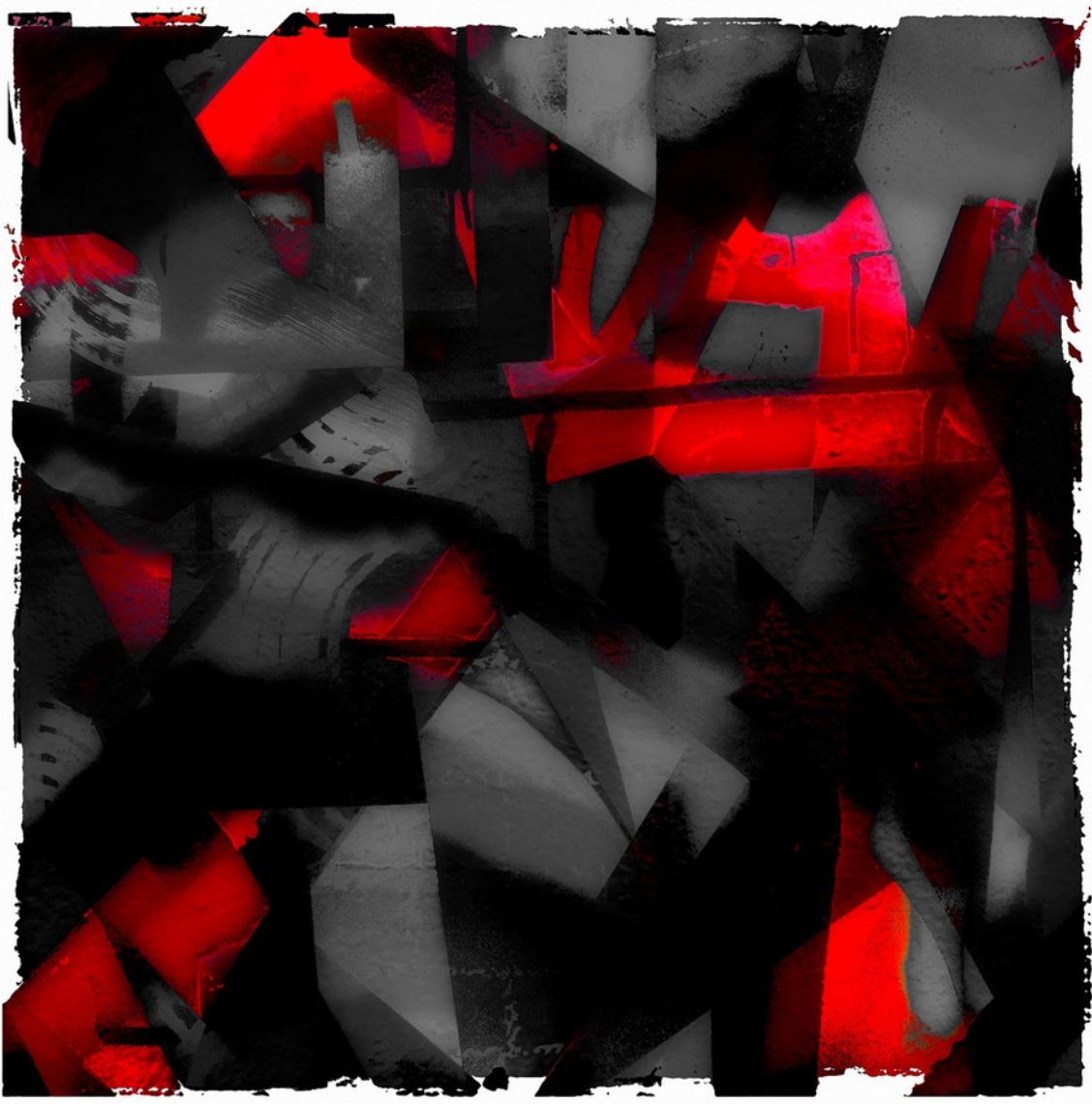
Afloat, adrift
A flight, a wing
A hawk, a quail
The promise of spring



And the riverbank talks
Of the waters of March
It's the promise of life
It's the joy in your heart



A stick, a stone
It's the end of the road
It's the rest of a stump
It's a little alone



A snake, a stick
It is John, it is Joe
It's a thorn in your hand
And a cut in your toe



A point, a grain
A bee, a bite
A blink, a buzzard
A sudden stroke of night



A pin, a needle
A sting, a pain
A snail, a riddle
A wasp, a stain



A pass in the mountains
A horse and a mule
In the distance the shelves
Rode three shadows of blue



And the riverbank talks
Of the waters of March
It's the promise of life
In your heart, in your heart



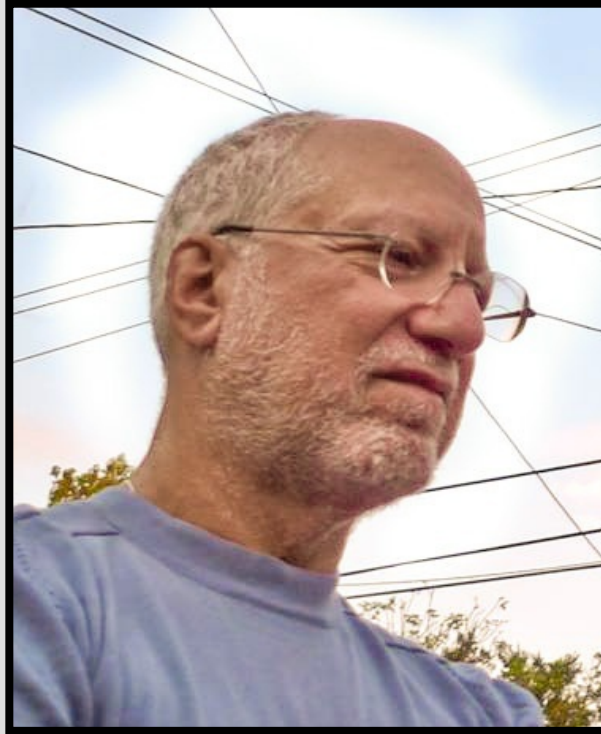
A stick, a stone
The end of the road
The rest of a stump
A lonesome road



A sliver of glass
A life, the sun
A knife, a death
The end of the run



And the riverbank talks
Of the waters of March
It's the end of all strain
It's the joy in your heart



Bill Wishner / Visual Hunter

Bill Wishner, known as a "visual hunter," is a gifted photographer who captures the essence of moments with remarkable precision. His keen eye for composition and light allows him to create stunning images that transcend the ordinary. Wishner's work often explores the interplay between shadows and highlights, revealing the beauty within everyday scenes. Whether it's street photography, landscapes, or portraits, his photographs possess a captivating depth and an ability to evoke emotions. Wishner's artistry lies in his ability to transform the mundane into the extraordinary, inviting viewers to see the world through a new lens and appreciate the hidden beauty that surrounds us.

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