

# Golden Hour

~ \*sub descriptor\* ~



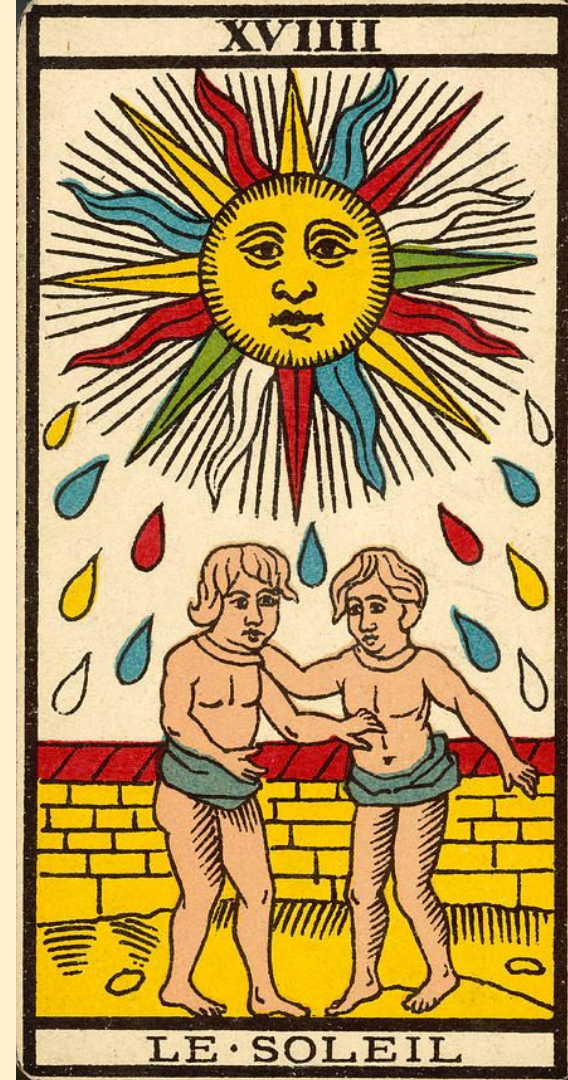
senior thesis by rose letsinger

## *Everything under the sun....*

The sun fuels everything. She is the giver of life. *Le Soleil* is light, love, life, happiness, warmth. She brings all of life together as one. We are one under the sun and her creation. We follow her movement: rising as she does, lying as she does. She governs our existence.

*She is creation and evolution. She is the greater light which governs the day. She is universality and unity. She illuminates; she is wisdom. She is harvest and richness. She is new beginnings, youth, birth.*

And so we begin with the rising sun, with the first morning light. Though golden hour is often known for that hour before sunset, that golden light appears just as ardently with sunrise--for those birds who are lucky enough to catch the morning show.



**golden hour** - the hour leading up to sunset when everything has a soft, yellow-reddish tone, causing the light to appear golden.

*Golden hour is beautiful yet fleeting, serendipitous even. When a day is clear enough for golden hour to have its full effect, one must take advantage of the warm light. Relationships are much like golden hour. One never knows when good people will come into their life or how long they'll be there. So, one must take advantage of the time they have with the people they care about, because before you know it, they'll be gone. Before you know it, the sun will disappear behind the horizon, bringing its soft, warm light with it.*

# Threads & Collages

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Tarot & the Fool

Lavender

South of France

Adrian

Endings

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*Amour? Deal.*

This graffiti is tucked behind a corner of an apartment building of Le Marais district in Paris. I try to imagine who might litter these historic walls with the words, and *why*. How maybe they just wanted to be loved, or how they must have understood that everyone is pining to escape the lonely nature of this world.

I imagine Paris is a lonely place. Or at least it must start to feel lonely after a while. Somehow, the more people there are, the more isolated you feel. Real human connection is hard to come by. The *artiste de graffiti* must be one of many Parisians just hoping to find someone to be lonely and isolated with them, someone who will agree *to love, à l'amour*



# ANNIE

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Annie takes her morning coffee with herb.

Annie is exposed bones.

Annie says she loves me.

*...how is your heart?*

Annie sings of the things she loves.

Annie takes coffee with herb.

# la lune

The sun has set, golden hour has faded with the last slice of lemon dropping beyond the horizon. One must trust that it will return in the morning once again. Just as we began with sunrise, we will end with sunset. We move into the evening, and in comes the moon: *the lesser light*.

We must follow the wheel as it moves, the daily cycle taking us from light to dark. For the sun to come to fruition, one must break with the past to make room for new beginnings. One must accept the dark along with the light. Without darkness there is no light.

