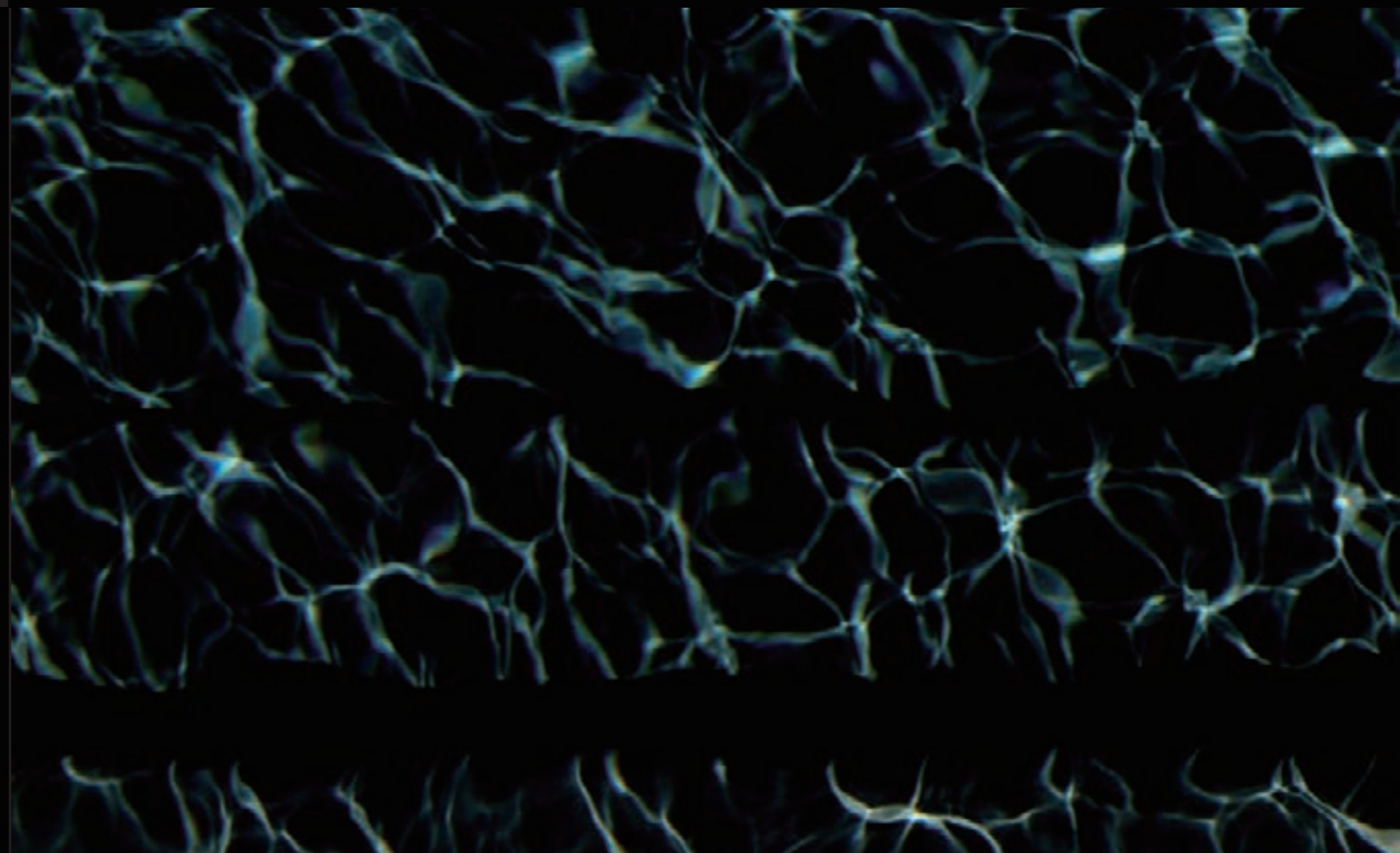
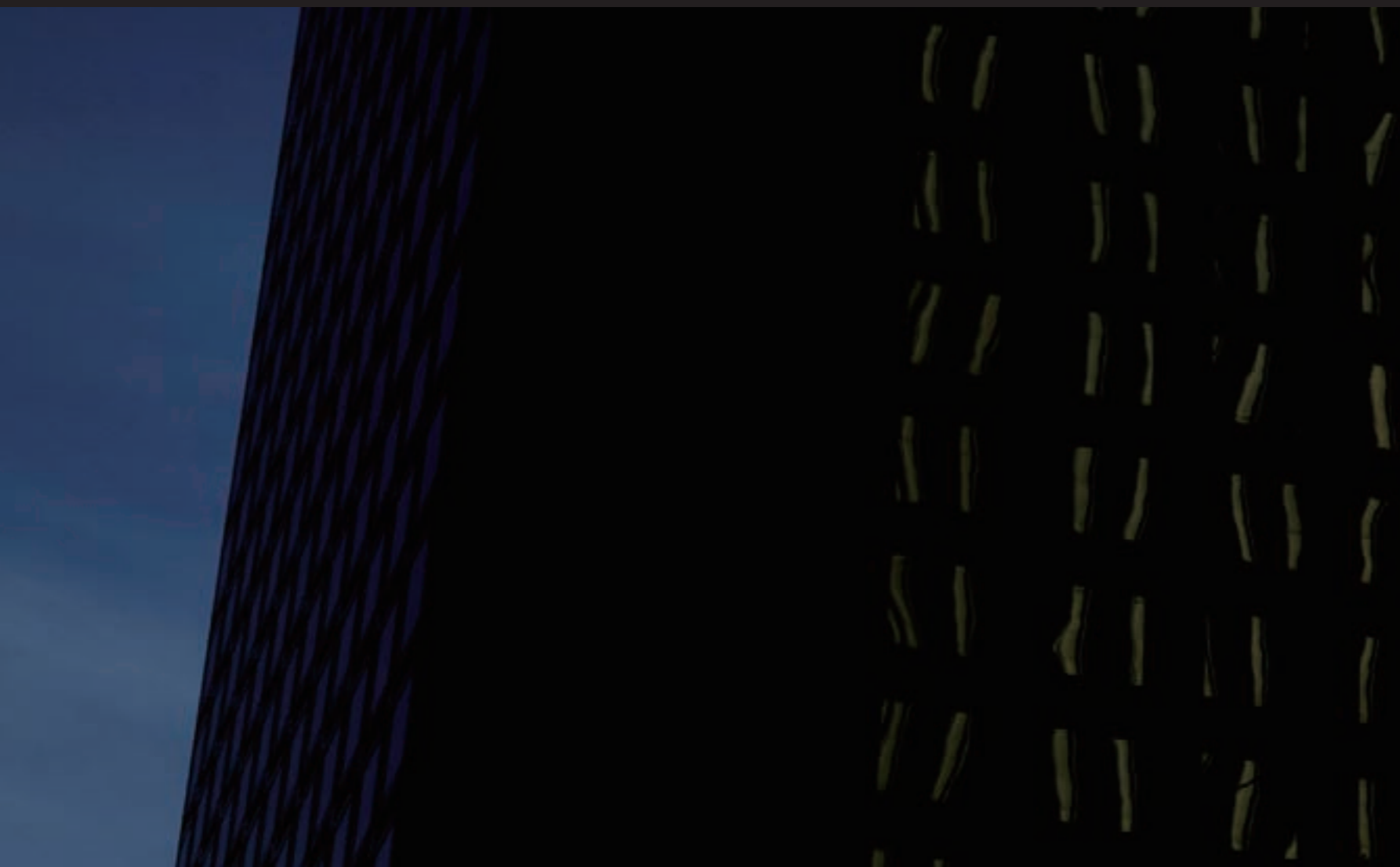


A celestial eye, worshipped as a god in eons past, the imperishable Sun beats down on our lazy California day as oppressively belligerent as ever. Its nuclear rays, unfazed by the struggle below, militantly strike the land below, indiscriminately marking each of its denizens below. Every day we look up to the skies, like herded sheep, to our master of light and every day he looks back ablaze and unaffected. He is our everything and we are nothing.

This "Little" Light

Photography by Fanco Lai Words by Edwin Lai







The christians say that God made light on the First Day, but perhaps light is what created this world. From our earliest of primal instincts as humans, we have hunted in the light, created our imitations to protect us, and looked to it for guidance. For it was in the dark void of the night where we were weak, where we found the dangers of the world ready to prey upon us. And even with the most primitive of intellect it became clear to see that we were nothing without light. Centuries past and while generations upon generations of humans underwent the process of birth, life, and death, our light in the sky held its place, unwaveringly peering down upon us below. Light reveals the world and beyond to us, and without it, we would be trapped in perpetual darkness as just another indistinguishable speck in the vast universe. Light is the beginning and the end of our universe and it is everything in between. From the great burning stars and the brilliantly bright supernovae, to the smallest of atoms, light is everywhere. Light is everything. 🌌