

Backstory: Over the last five years while riding my bicycle through New Orleans in the morning, I have shot a couple of thousand pictures of people sleeping on the streets. All on my phone. I have only ever asked one of them his story: he had moved away from his family and the situation at his temporary residence was so unbearable that he often went down to the river to spend the night fully clothed sitting upright on a bench. After that I never presumed to call them homeless or bums or to think badly of people who had nowhere to go. If I was one of them, I would have some good stories to tell about my life. Maybe they do too.