

## SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF



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Photographs and text by

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*For mom*

*Without you,  
I'd be an only child.*



I have always been intensely curious about people and nature, and I love discovering new things. My work has always focused on opposite pairings of depression and happiness, awkwardness and confidence, darkness and light. I still have the inner freedoms of a child, except they are now constrained by adulthood, experience, and responsibility.

The photographs in *Suspension of Disbelief* explore the idea that each individual possesses an inner child. It aims to show how many of us lose sight of these younger selves as we move through our hectic daily lives. By placing fantastical objects in everyday settings, these images offer a symbolic narrative about the rediscovery of one's inner child.

The little girls in these images are a representation of myself when I was young, playing parts in scenes that I would fantasize about. I believe that most people were imaginative children with fantasies similar to mine; thus, these photographs offer visual stories to help people find emotional connections between one another. Most importantly, these images are meant to reconnect people with childhood hopes and dreams that they may have forgotten about.

I

My mother always forgets every year  
To send out our greetings of joy and cheer  
So I gather the cards and tie them together  
And **overnight express** all of her letters  
  
I hope one day her memory gets better.











If she felt I would have eventually missed her...

So that was the day that I **rescued** my sister.

My parents really hate video games  
Cause they suck you in and addle your brains

But on long car rides I am allowed  
As long as the volume isn't too loud

And I think one day the game became bored  
With similar storylines being explored  
So all of the characters gathered around  
And on the display they began to pound

Until the screen could take no more  
And everyone tumbled out onto the floor  
The hero, the villain, the princess, the levels  
Were all in a jumble and completely disheveled

But they quickly stood up to complete their escape  
As I stared in confusion with my mouth agape  
They jumped on my dress past the screen still aglow  
They climbed up my shoulders and out the window

But I know how to fix this, I know it by heart,  
To continue the game I just need to "Press Start."











IV

Growing knowledge is like growing flowers

It takes patience, and care, and countless hours

But somehow adults seem to know everything

From the black to the white (but not in between)

They boast and they brag and they scorn and they shout

They scream their own side and hear nobody out

And how can anyone make out a sound

With heads in the clouds and feet off the ground?

I often feel I will have no fun

Growing up disagreeing with everyone.

V

There's a land where people stand on the ceiling

Their food is bland and not very appealing

If they walk outside they'll fly into space

So they are usually stuck just in one place

But one day a rainbow spanned the ground,

It fell through the floor and continued around

It crossed through the worlds and left a large hole

And people were scared it would grow out of control

But from this place came a blinding bright light

And a smell of sweetness that was such a delight.

So one of the people poked his hand through  
And was left with an object when he withdrew  
He looked at it carefully and took a small bite  
And across his face there spread true delight  
  
But while the others ate their fill,  
He wanted to see this land of goodwill  
So he pushed in his head to take a quick look  
To see from who the sweetness was took  
And before leaving he said with a frown,  
“Why is your world so **upside down?**”















VI

They said not to open the chest in the attic

I thought they were just being overdramatic.

Now I've cracked the floor,

And I've blocked the door

I think this will be problematic.

VII

There's a monster living under my bed.

He only comes out when the world is asleep,  
When dreamers are dreaming and counting their sheep.

My sister told me he likes to eat feet  
And elbows and eyeballs and even the sheets.

But I'm not afraid because I am awake  
And eating me would be such a mistake

And I know he really wants to be fed  
So I'll give him a lick of my candy instead.

There's a monster living **under my bed.**







VIII

I've been **waiting** all day for this phone to ring

I'm bored and I'm tired and I've done everything

I've eaten my lunch and I've watched some TV

I've played with my dog and I've climbed up a tree

I've done homework and yard work and took a long nap

And have read a book while in my mom's lap

I've ridden my bike and I've drawn with some chalk

And I've cleaned up my room and I've gone for a walk

I'm tired of waiting, what else can I do?

Wait! It's finally ringing! This can't be true!

Who is it? Who is it?!...

...It's for you.



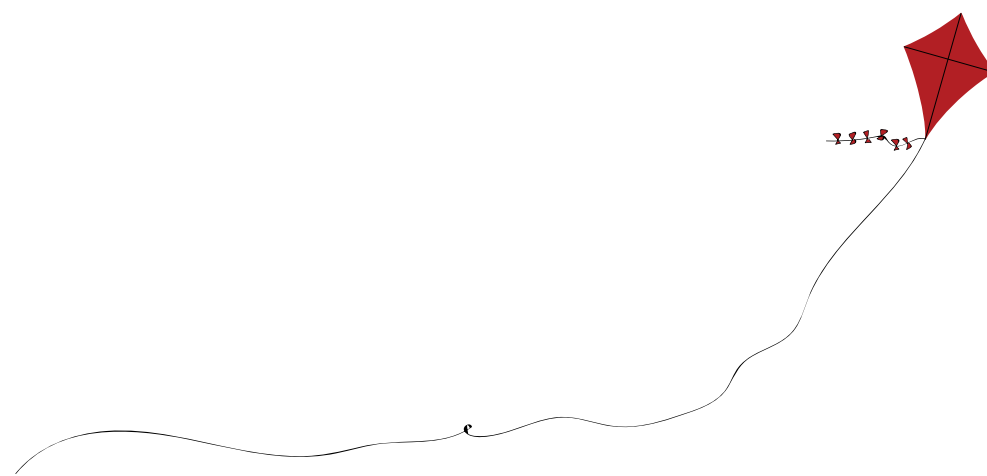




PLATE LIST

I	Overnight Express
II	Rescued
III	Press Start
IV	Growing Knowledge
V	Upside Down
VI	The Chest in the Attic
VII	Under my Bed
VIII	Waiting





## WITH THANKS

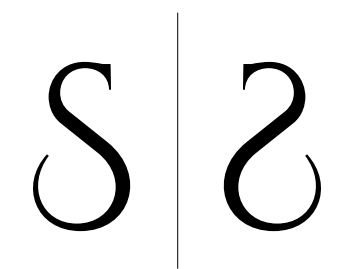
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