When I think of Limerick, I think of the water. The city originally developed on an island in the middle of Ireland’s largest river, the Shannon. Arriving in Luxembourg to work on a project with Limerick as a source of inspiration, I was instantly led to the banks of the Alzette.

I knew that I did not want to create something that was a visual nod to a city in another country which is also near a river. I wanted to go further than that and make something that focuses on a question which is at the heart of photography: time.

Walking along the banks of the Alzette, the most striking feature is the vertical rock walls, formed naturally by the river over thousands of years. The slow unending stream of the water, continually cutting away at the land made photographing the river futile. I was struck by the uselessness of photographing the river, the rocks and the trees as a means to express the passage of time. How could I try to say something about thousands of years of erosion by this river in a 500th of a second?
My eye wandered and instead of trying the impossible, to make sense of the river’s grand passage through time, I concentrated on the smaller details along the river’s banks. I was not looking so much for time itself but the traces it leaves behind, a reminder that it is always there trudging along. The shadow of a plant which will disappear at sunset, a delicate spider’s web which will only last a few days, a conversation with a stranger who I will never meet again – moments caught as I meandered along with the river, if only for a second. The images become a meditation on the unstoppable, continuous flow of time.

These fleeting encounters, disappearing as quickly as they arrived, act as a mirror of the river itself.