

In Merida Market (a series of market pictures taken)

The first time I went to Mexico was with my oldest daughter, Rachel. We were at odds, not much of a relationship. I picked Merida, asked her to go, she agreed. Merida it was; the Hotel La Reforma became our home base.

Merida. The bus rides with no air conditioning. The Mayan ruins all around. The Northwest coastal wild life reserves. The Cementerio that was like a small city clustered with grave sites of every variety. The colonial palaces, churches, neighborhoods. And the most wonderful, most colorful, most all inclusive market I have ever visited.

There, at around two thirty in the afternoon, the vendors begin closing shop for the day. A joyous comraderie is afoot on the market floor. Everyone is getting ready to leave another work day behind and go home to family and friends, some tired, some happy. And there, Rachel and I moved throughout the stalls asking to take pictures. The marketers were a receptive group. A liveliness at some stops became contagious. The vendors gave to me with no pretense. I think they were often as fascinated by us as we were by them.

These pictures are meant to reflect the singularity of the market atmosphere, and the relevance of a community that lived and worked under one wonderful roof, and absorbed me and Rachel like a song without words.

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