

dialog with mum: a month with you
october to november, 2015

i started to realize our distance,
when we started this project.

maybe we are close to each other,
but we stay away from each other in most of the time.



yes, we do spend time having dinner together,
and before the moment comes,

i work on my computer,
and you are just off from work.

we have different schedules.







i really enjoy having dinner with you,
just i don't like to talk much,
i am tired from work.

and for the last photo that dad took of us,
i realize that we spend so many days with each other.

we look the so similar in this photo,
lighting travelling through us.

you always walk near me,
and i couldn't feel your heart.

the time for me to shower,
is the time for you to have a walk.







i told you about how i developed film in school,
and you told me how many clients you had.

i am an art student,
and you are a businesswoman.

how can we understand each other?







we rush and rush,
everyday we talk,
but we have no time for each other.

you don't care about what i do,
and so do i.









i thought you are the only one who always use phone.

i can't see myself better than photos do.

we don't have eye contact much,
sometimes i regard you as a stranger.







i laughed,
and then you laughed.

do you remember,
what did dad say?





we don't appear in our real home much.,



we have dinner in grandma's home,
we chat and we sit close to each other.

when we go back to our home,
a homeless home,
we don't feel each other.



i feel strange about you,
in the first ten years of my life,
you didn't appear in my mind.

i can't catch up with you,
i don't feel like you are my mum.

and when i see your photos,
it happens to a bigger picture of our lifes.

in this month,
camera is the only thing to link us up.

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special thanks to my mum, Connie Kong

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