Pieces of the Heart

Wall labels for Vislyy

Each frame has two pages. Layout A places the story on the left and the QR on the right, with a dashed cut between them. Layout B is two separate cards: a QR label to paste beside the frame, and the wall text to paste next to it. Cut on the dashed lines.

Every QR opens that piece on vislyy.tarsusstudios.com so the visitor can pay with Paystack.

Woman of the North

In Wa, she asked to be seen.

In Wa, in the far north of Ghana, I was making a documentary when she found me before I found her. "You can take my picture," she said, "because I feel good today." No one had ever asked me that before. People usually turn away from the lens, but she stepped into it, glowing and sure of herself. The people of the north carry a warmth that stays with you long after you leave, and she gave me hers freely. All of that joy is in her smile, and a piece of my heart stayed there with her.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/woman-of-the-north

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

Woman of the North

In Wa, she asked to be seen.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

Woman of the North

In Wa, in the far north of Ghana, I was making a documentary when she found me before I found her. "You can take my picture," she said, "because I feel good today." No one had ever asked me that before. People usually turn away from the lens, but she stepped into it, glowing and sure of herself. The people of the north carry a warmth that stays with you long after you leave, and she gave me hers freely. All of that joy is in her smile, and a piece of my heart stayed there with her.

We Start Young

Two boys, a canoe, and the Volta.

On the river at Akosombo, between frames of a client shoot, two boys slid past in a canoe. They were maybe ten, maybe fourteen, with no adult and no hesitation, just small hands and a long paddle against the current. I grew up in Tema, where childhood asks different things of you. Watching them, I was starstruck. Here, strength is not something you grow into. It's something you are handed early, and these boys carried it like it weighed nothing.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/we-start-young

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

We Start Young

Two boys, a canoe, and the Volta.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

We Start Young

On the river at Akosombo, between frames of a client shoot, two boys slid past in a canoe. They were maybe ten, maybe fourteen, with no adult and no hesitation, just small hands and a long paddle against the current. I grew up in Tema, where childhood asks different things of you. Watching them, I was starstruck. Here, strength is not something you grow into. It's something you are handed early, and these boys carried it like it weighed nothing.

We Rise with the Sun

Dawn, and a friend facing the new day.

Dawn, a quiet shoreline, and a friend standing where the sea meets the land. The sky was breaking open in soft gold and blue, and her figure stood still against all that movement, facing the new day head on. Some frames you plan. This one simply appeared, and I knew I couldn't let it go to waste. It's a reminder that every morning is an invitation to begin again.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/we-rise-with-the-sun

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

We Rise with the Sun

Dawn, and a friend facing the new day.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

We Rise with the Sun

Dawn, a quiet shoreline, and a friend standing where the sea meets the land. The sky was breaking open in soft gold and blue, and her figure stood still against all that movement, facing the new day head on. Some frames you plan. This one simply appeared, and I knew I couldn't let it go to waste. It's a reminder that every morning is an invitation to begin again.

Warmth Man

Tomiwa, in a field of dust and wind.

This is Tomiwa, an indie Afro artist and one of my dearest friends. He carved time out of his schedule to create with us, and we met him in a field full of dust, wind and dry grass bending in every direction. Through all of it, he stayed open, patient and willing, and that is the warmth this photo is named for. Some people bring the sunshine with them even when the day doesn't. Tomiwa is one of them.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/warmth-man

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

Warmth Man

Tomiwa, in a field of dust and wind.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

Warmth Man

This is Tomiwa, an indie Afro artist and one of my dearest friends. He carved time out of his schedule to create with us, and we met him in a field full of dust, wind and dry grass bending in every direction. Through all of it, he stayed open, patient and willing, and that is the warmth this photo is named for. Some people bring the sunshine with them even when the day doesn't. Tomiwa is one of them.

The Joy of Being a Kid

An umbrella, and a laugh that would not wait.

I was in the middle of a client shoot when I saw her, spinning an umbrella over her head and laughing at something only she could see. I asked everyone to pause. Some moments won't wait, and this was one of them. She welcomed the camera with the same ease she welcomed the day. Before we grow up and learn to carry the world, there is this: pure, unguarded joy. I wanted to hold on to it for all of us.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/the-joy-of-being

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

The Joy of Being a Kid

An umbrella, and a laugh that would not wait.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

The Joy of Being a Kid

I was in the middle of a client shoot when I saw her, spinning an umbrella over her head and laughing at something only she could see. I asked everyone to pause. Some moments won't wait, and this was one of them. She welcomed the camera with the same ease she welcomed the day. Before we grow up and learn to carry the world, there is this: pure, unguarded joy. I wanted to hold on to it for all of us.

The Son Will Set

For every son who was taught to stay silent.

Growing up as a boy in Ghana, you learn early to keep your feelings quiet. You carry them, you swallow them, and you let them grow in silence. This figure stands against a sky caught between day and night, between holding on and letting go. The title is my message to every son who was taught to stay silent: it will be okay. Even the heaviest day ends. The sun will set, and you will rise again.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/the-son-will-set

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

The Son Will Set

For every son who was taught to stay silent.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

The Son Will Set

Growing up as a boy in Ghana, you learn early to keep your feelings quiet. You carry them, you swallow them, and you let them grow in silence. This figure stands against a sky caught between day and night, between holding on and letting go. The title is my message to every son who was taught to stay silent: it will be okay. Even the heaviest day ends. The sun will set, and you will rise again.

The Hands That Feed Us

Shea, patience, and the hands that feed a nation.

My first journey to the north began with a car accident. I arrived shaken and unable to do all the work I had come to do. The women I was there to photograph met me with patience and grace, and made room for me when I had little to give. These are their hands, deep in the shea nuts they gather and work every day. Every line on these hands tells a story of labour, of care and of the quiet strength that feeds a nation. I was honoured to be trusted with it.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/the-hands-that-feed-us

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

The Hands That Feed Us

Shea, patience, and the hands that feed a nation.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

The Hands That Feed Us

My first journey to the north began with a car accident. I arrived shaken and unable to do all the work I had come to do. The women I was there to photograph met me with patience and grace, and made room for me when I had little to give. These are their hands, deep in the shea nuts they gather and work every day. Every line on these hands tells a story of labour, of care and of the quiet strength that feeds a nation. I was honoured to be trusted with it.

Sunset in Akosombo

The Volta, from above, holding the light.

From above, Akosombo looks like a dream that decided to stay. The Volta bends through the land, islands scattered across the water like thoughts, and the sky set on fire for just a few minutes before letting go. I made this with my drone, and it remains one of the most beautiful images I have ever created. If you ever come to Ghana, come here. Let it take a piece of your heart the way it took mine.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/sunset-in-akosombo

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

Sunset in Akosombo

The Volta, from above, holding the light.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

Sunset in Akosombo

From above, Akosombo looks like a dream that decided to stay. The Volta bends through the land, islands scattered across the water like thoughts, and the sky set on fire for just a few minutes before letting go. I made this with my drone, and it remains one of the most beautiful images I have ever created. If you ever come to Ghana, come here. Let it take a piece of your heart the way it took mine.

The Calamitous Sea

Two people, and a sea that cannot move them.

A river is calm, but the sea never is. It is restless, harsh and always pulling at the shore. People can be like that too, rough with each other and pulling one another apart. But place two people side by side in the waves, one seated and one standing guard, and something changes. This photo is my belief that when we stand together, no sea is strong enough to move us.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/the-calamitous-sea

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

The Calamitous Sea

Two people, and a sea that cannot move them.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

The Calamitous Sea

A river is calm, but the sea never is. It is restless, harsh and always pulling at the shore. People can be like that too, rough with each other and pulling one another apart. But place two people side by side in the waves, one seated and one standing guard, and something changes. This photo is my belief that when we stand together, no sea is strong enough to move us.

Piece of Heaven

Morning mist at River Cottage, Akosombo.

Morning at River Cottage in Akosombo. Mist on the water, light pouring through the palms, and a stillness you can almost hear. Most of this collection was born in Akosombo, and this place is the reason why. It's one of the most beautiful places I've ever been, and one day I hope to say "I do" here. Until then, I keep it in this frame, my own small piece of heaven.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/piece-of-heaven

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

Piece of Heaven

Morning mist at River Cottage, Akosombo.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

Piece of Heaven

Morning at River Cottage in Akosombo. Mist on the water, light pouring through the palms, and a stillness you can almost hear. Most of this collection was born in Akosombo, and this place is the reason why. It's one of the most beautiful places I've ever been, and one day I hope to say "I do" here. Until then, I keep it in this frame, my own small piece of heaven.

From the Mountain Top

Sunrise above Aburi, the town still waking.

At sunrise in Aburi, I climbed to the top of the mountain and looked down at a whole town still waking up. The rooftops, the hills and the clouds all moved slowly together in golden light. From that height, everything seemed quiet and connected. Sometimes you have to rise above a place to truly see how beautiful it is.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/from-the-mountain-top

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

From the Mountain Top

Sunrise above Aburi, the town still waking.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

From the Mountain Top

At sunrise in Aburi, I climbed to the top of the mountain and looked down at a whole town still waking up. The rooftops, the hills and the clouds all moved slowly together in golden light. From that height, everything seemed quiet and connected. Sometimes you have to rise above a place to truly see how beautiful it is.

How Mighty the Waves

Lomé, from above, the ocean breathing.

Above the coast of Lomé, I sent my drone over the sea and watched the waves gather, break and race to the shore in white and deep green. From up there, the ocean looks like it's breathing. Lomé is one of the places I love most, and I hold it close to my heart. I made this piece with love, as a tribute to its power and its beauty.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/how-mighty-the-waves

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

How Mighty the Waves

Lomé, from above, the ocean breathing.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

How Mighty the Waves

Above the coast of Lomé, I sent my drone over the sea and watched the waves gather, break and race to the shore in white and deep green. From up there, the ocean looks like it's breathing. Lomé is one of the places I love most, and I hold it close to my heart. I made this piece with love, as a tribute to its power and its beauty.

Accra Nights

Accra after dark, a sky turned over.

When the sun goes down, Accra doesn't sleep. It glows. From above, the city spreads out like a sky turned upside down, with roads of red and gold light flowing through the dark. This is my city at night, in its quietest and most beautiful hour.

Scan to purchase

https://vislyy.tarsusstudios.com/works/accra-nights

QR LABEL · PASTE BESIDE THE FRAME

Accra Nights

Accra after dark, a sky turned over.

Scan to purchase

WALL TEXT · PASTE NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPH

Accra Nights

When the sun goes down, Accra doesn't sleep. It glows. From above, the city spreads out like a sky turned upside down, with roads of red and gold light flowing through the dark. This is my city at night, in its quietest and most beautiful hour.