

My Own Kind of Home is a series about people and the spaces that hold them — sometimes built, sometimes borrowed, sometimes falling apart. Each photograph sits somewhere between portrait and place study, presenting the subject in spaces that reflect their ideal state of being. These environments — garages, riversides, apartments, stages, vans, or fields — carry traces of who we are. They hold memory, work, love, struggle, and the subtle, psychological shapes of identity.

Through these portraits, I explore how people claim space — how they decorate it with who they are, or how it decorates them in return. A garage can become a battleground, a bathroom a stage, a field a refuge, a van a whole world on wheels. The images are complemented by the stories that accompany them, revealing the emotional and metaphysical landscapes that make a place feel like home.

In the end, *My Own Kind of Home* is about the emotional architecture of belonging — the ways we inhabit our worlds and the traces we leave behind as we move through them, despite hardship and struggle.

Some of the names of the portrait subjects have been altered at their request for anonymity.





Illina stands alone beneath a snowy overpass,
the world around her bleached to bone-white.
She has known luxury, beauty, and comfort —
but none of it reaches her. In the vast, silent
whiteness, her sadness feels absolute, a cold
she cannot escape.



A vertical photograph on the left side of the page shows a window with light-colored, patterned curtains. On the windowsill sits a vintage-style radio with a speaker grille and a small circular dial. The scene is softly lit, with light streaming through the window.

My grandma has lived through hardship that would have broken most — hiding underground for years, surviving whispers and judgment, carrying a past that never fully fades. Yet here she stands, warm light spilling across her, a smile lifting her face. On the windowsill, flowers bloom beside an old Soviet radio, quiet witnesses to a life that endured, that refused to be silenced.





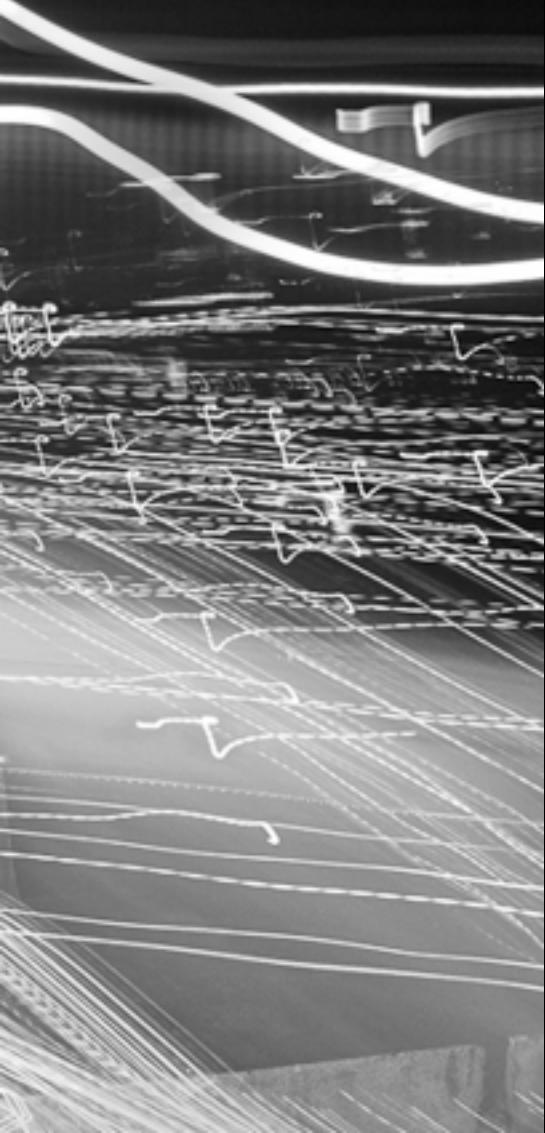
Constantine stands in the bar where he once performed, now sold and remodeled to cater to Mardi Gras tourists. The space that once pulsed with his energy feels quiet, yet he remains at home among its shadows.





AJ Poche's office sits frozen in time. His empty clothes drape the chair where he once worked, surrounded by clutter collected over a lifetime. He built lavatories for NASA spaceships — important work — but the people he loved never stayed. Achievement sits beside silence, a quiet testament to choices that left him alone.





Robert stands distant, eyes fixed beyond the frame. The city swirls behind him, almost swallowed by erratic bursts of light. He has been searching for his artistic voice for half a decade and finally found it in painting self-portraits — a constant introspection of himself reflected in every brushstroke.

Poe stands before the closet mirror, his partner steady at his side. Reflection and expectation collide, yet he holds quiet resolve. As a leader in Philadelphia's medical marijuana legalization movement, the pressures of the world press in — but here, he is seen, and supported, just like he wants to be.









Caroline attempts to fit herself into a small box, surrounded by objects that echo her past. Raised in a conservative Christian home and schooled in rigid tradition, she chose a different path. Yet the memories and expectations of that life linger, pressing against her. The box becomes both challenge and refuge, a space where she confronts who she was and who she has become.

Astrid lies curled in the shallow water, oak leaves floating around her. Eyes closed, she seems to sleep, though the peace is fragile. Law books, deadlines, expectations hover just beyond the stillness, a quiet anxiety threading the moment.







Laila smiles, vibrant and unsettling, shoulders bare against the charred forest behind her. She has lived like her mother, burning bridges and starting over again and again. She cannot explain why the cycle repeats, yet perhaps it is the restless pulse of creation urging her forward. She both hates it and revels in it, caught between destruction and renewal.





Michael was a former MMA fighter, sidelined by a knee injury that keeps him out of the ring. In his garage, he channels that same intensity into the punching bag. The space becomes his arena — a private battleground where sweat, effort, and familiar objects trace his past, his resilience, and the way he continues to reinvent himself on his own terms.

My mother, Helen, sits on a bench she built herself — logs, a plank, an iron bar weighed down with old car wheels. Her arms are strong, her hands worn, her gaze fixed with steel focus. There is no softness here — only the resolve forged by survival, by growing up in the Soviet Union, and enduring hardship without the luxury of looking away.





Alex stands proud before a wood chipper, clad in his arborist gear. Years of sweat, blood, and mastery brought him here — to the edge of life and craft. In the end, his expertise claimed him in a fatal fall he seemed to welcome — a life lived fast, burning bright like a flame.





Mackenzie lies in the ICU, tubes and machines around her like silent witnesses. She grips the morphine button, holding back from pressing it. Once a star sword swallower, a single mistake pierced her throat. Now a scar marks what she almost became, a life rebuilt from what remains.

Jessica sits uneasily, laughing as her gaze drifts upward. A worn teddy bear rests beside her, an odd companion at a Thanksgiving dinner with her children — who have chosen lives far from her suburban ideals. Her strained smile against the bear's stillness creates a quiet tension — a performance just beginning to crack in exposed light.



Alexandra presses her paint-covered hands into the wall, again and again. Schizophrenia has shaped her life, misunderstood by the people closest to her. The prints are all she leaves behind — a quiet testament that she existed, a presence held only by the wall.





Pistachio, barefoot and draped in a dark robe, sits on her father's grave, one shoe discarded nearby. She smiles with spectral playfulness, a strange joy rising above a history of abuse at his hands. The cemetery holds its breath as she defies the past, asserting life where pain once ruled.







A car wreck took his body's freedom, leaving him paralyzed from the waist down, yet he remains present. Shariff sits behind a beaded curtain in a bathroom turned quiet stage, his friend drawing it back — not out of pity, but recognition. He is still here. Still Shariff. The wheelchair is not shown — it is not important.



Jesse sits in a bathtub, cigarette in hand, letting ash fall onto a dying plant. Trapped in a toxic relationship, she finds a bitter solace in watching life fade. Quiet and cruel, the act gives her a fragment of control — a fleeting escape from a world that leaves her gasping.

Daryll stands in a dress, lifting it like Fantomas in the painting behind him. Near a Detroit biker bar, he has carved a life in the shadows of his desires. Repressed longing has turned to alcoholism — a quiet surrender, a form of belonging in self-destruction.





Scarlett screams, strapped in a straightjacket, teetering between performance and collapse. In her pink-plaid van—stage, shelter, chaos on wheels—she has always lived at the edge, a life of extremes in motion.

At an art party at the Ellen Powell Tiberino Museum, she sits in a full latex suit, cigar in hand. Paintings and sculptures clutter the room like half-finished dreams. Her red eyes lock on the lens, unblinking—she either owns the space, or has burned it down.







Isabella and Camila clash their fire staffs, long trails of flame tracing the night. They fight over their lover and mentor, yet their desire is not truly him — it is his craft. In the fire, passion and rivalry entwine, leaving only heat, light, and the fleeting trace of what they chase.





Ingrid performs as a clown on Bourbon Street during Mardi Gras, beads clinking, heart wide open. The crowd passes mostly unnoticed, chasing cheap thrills, but this street is her stage. Even reliant on strangers for income, she holds her space fully, unflinching, in a world that rarely stops to notice.





John's in the basement, screaming into the mic, every word rattling the air around him. The intensity is thick, almost physical. Behind him, a crocodile with its mouth wide open seems to scream right back. This is his release — chaos made deliberate, sound turned into something you don't just hear, but feel in your bones.





In front of a mural of musical notes, Matt strums his guitar while Titano draws a melody from a saw. Above them, Jelly's foot — his only visible trace — adds to the layered music. Once outcasts, the three found each other in Philadelphia, carving a space where chaos becomes home. The mural is more than a backdrop — it marks their shared rhythm, a fleeting dream made real, if only for a short while.





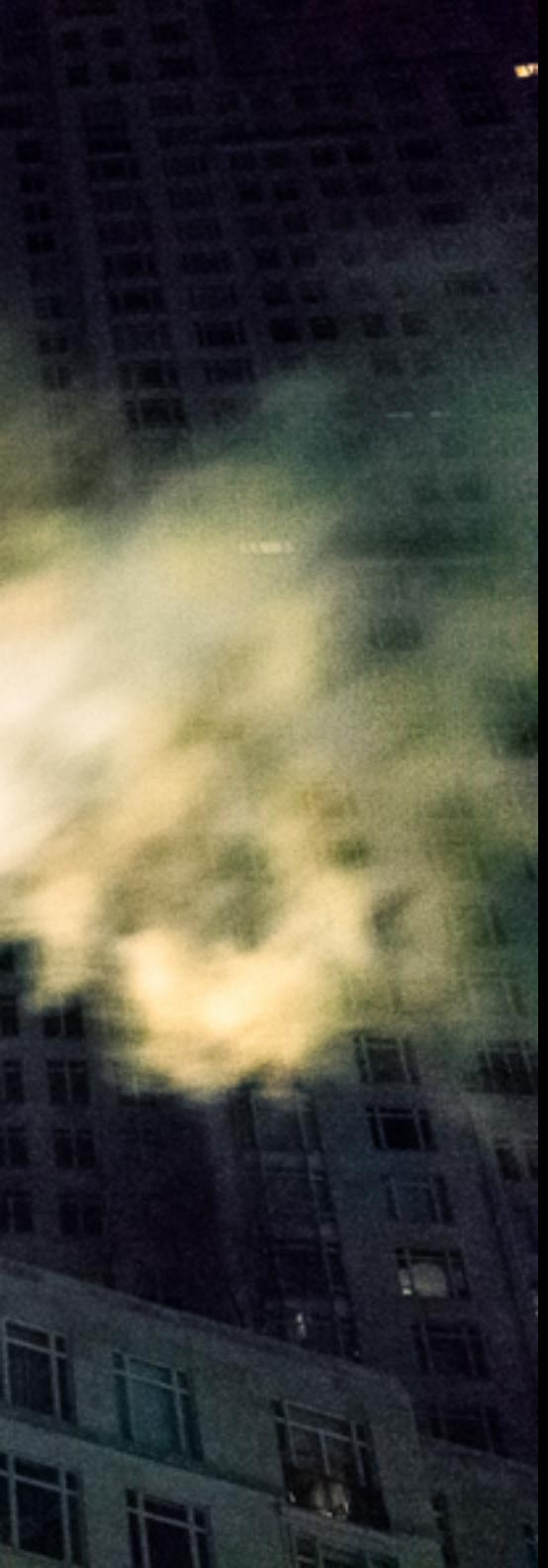
Leanne crawls from the shadows of a rooftop hatch toward the light above. A quiet escape, a move from hidden to revealed. Never fully fitting in, she chose a life in motion — teaching across distant corners of the world. Home exists in the fleeting clarity between departures.





Sabina sprawls in brittle, yellowed grass, surrendering to the day. Her backpack lies half-forgotten, a single rose peeking out — perhaps a promise, perhaps a remnant of intention. She has struggled with mental illness all her life. Her home, in this moment, is surrendering to the present and moving with its flow.





Darby walks Manhattan streets at night, a dolphin-shaped cloud escaping her vape. She is an aspiring fantasy writer, absorbing the city's quiet pulse. Each step becomes part of her story, the surreal moments between breaths guiding the next chapter.





Ryan sits with two dogs, tails wagging, eyes bright. They are not his, yet for a moment, their joy becomes his. He could have lived in these simple, candid moments, but instead chased wealth. In the end, his body failed, his networks crumbled. The dogs do not care — they simply play, free, leaving him to face the fleeting nature of happiness.



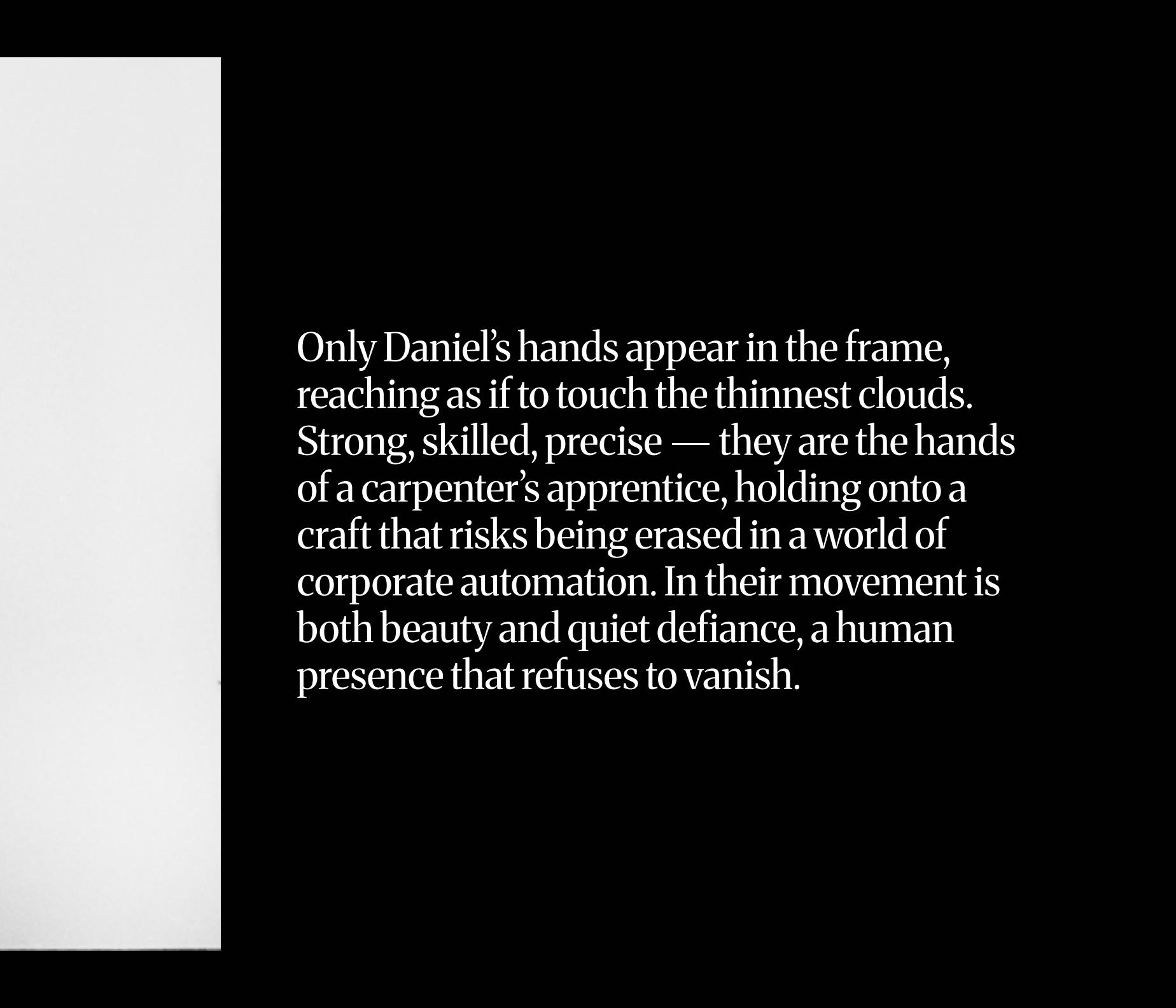


Down in the basement pasture, the cow-shaped house looms — a monument to Gritz's reality. He smokes, drinks, and strums his own anthem, a soundtrack to a country that exists only in his mind. Beer cans stack around him, nostalgia humming softly, a quiet echo of a past that never fully lets go.

Jim has seen a little and experienced a little too much. A frail man with many superstitions, he has settled into a mundane life of ritual and memory. From his minivan seat turned couch, he tells the stories of a past that lingers, quiet, untamed, and unforgotten.

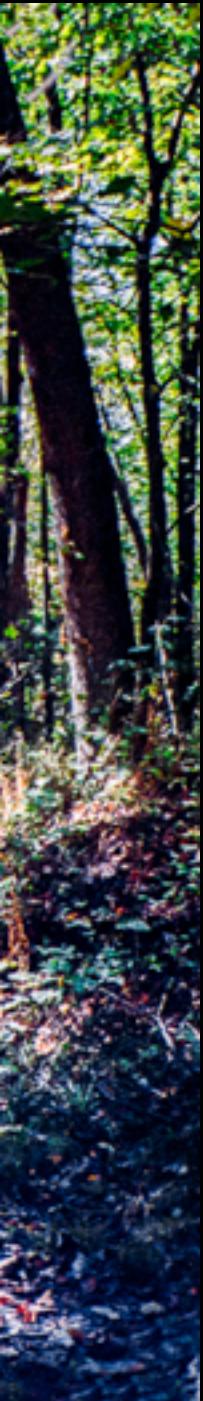






Only Daniel's hands appear in the frame, reaching as if to touch the thinnest clouds. Strong, skilled, precise — they are the hands of a carpenter's apprentice, holding onto a craft that risks being erased in a world of corporate automation. In their movement is both beauty and quiet defiance, a human presence that refuses to vanish.





Years of needles and nights chasing oblivion have left their mark, but Russ stands among the trees, arms inked in fading memory. He bites into bark as if it might bite back. He will work until the trees fall around him — or until he falls beside them. History rests in his jaw and skin.

Chainsaw in hand, Rebecca stands in the midst of noise and wood chips, teeth gritted. Raised to be the one who holds things together, she learned strength early. Every motion shapes her space, a survival born of necessity, a presence that refuses to yield.



Rai parts the curtain with measured force, red suit catching the light. A dancer in repose, her body coils with quiet control. Having survived years of abuse, she now claims her power fully, each line of her form embodying resilience and strength.



Torch moves like the world belongs to them, red hair catching sunlight as it bursts through. Actor, animation artist, and model, they navigate ADHD and gender identity while remaining vibrant and unrestrained. Their home is limitless, like the sky, and their presence nothing can hold back.







Leila tears through planks at a construction site, the debris piling behind her. Each pull, each break, adds to the chaos she creates. She is not just escaping — she is building her own path, reconstructing a life from fragments.





Rio sits nude on a clifftop, clothes scattered around them. Each drag of their cigarette seems to make the dizzying landscape spin, drawing it in, holding it, trying to make sense of it all. After years of brutality, this fragile moment of solitude is both overwhelming and entirely theirs.





Amid golden fields of Alabama, Stacy stands bathed in sunlight, hair dancing in the wind. She ran from city life to find this vast, empty landscape. Simple, beautiful, full of life — the open field is the home she chose for herself.





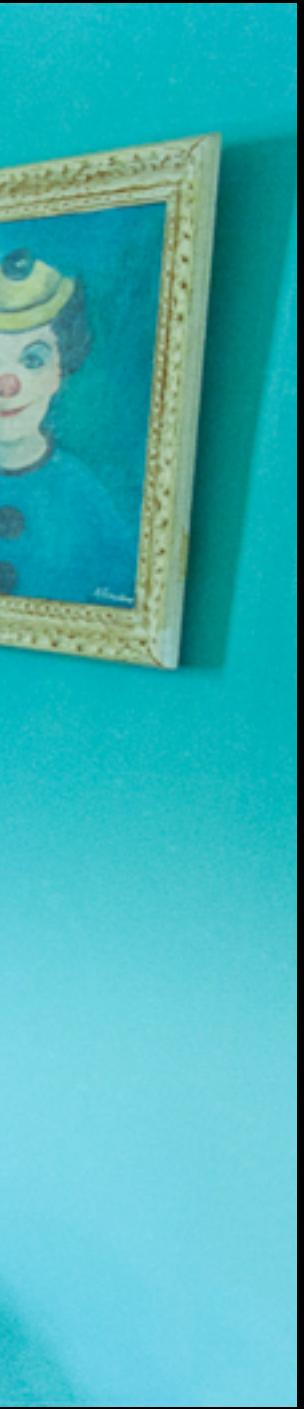
My parents in their element: Mom churning butter like it's the 1800s, laughing as if nothing else exists; Dad peeking from behind the sauna curtain, half - grinning, half - suspicious. They lost everything when the Soviet Union collapsed, yet fought tooth and nail to own something of their own. This small, homemade world is theirs—and they are happy.





Madeline swings her hoop from her hair bun, a wink thrown casually to the lens. It's a small, confident move — like she's showing off something she's been doing forever, without even trying. In that ease, the space around her feels secondary; her sense of home lives in the gesture itself.



A vertical strip on the left side of the page features a teal-colored wall. On the wall, a framed portrait of a clown with a yellow bowler hat and a red nose is displayed. The frame is gold-colored with a decorative pattern. The main text block is positioned to the right of this image.

Erin lounges with a glass of rosé, pups perched on her lap like colorful accessories. In a room filled with clown art, her hobby becomes sanctuary, a playful refuge from the world. Though she is an art therapist by profession, this space allows her to be fully herself — joyful, carefree, and unapologetically alive.





Kelly stands in her studio, surrounded by her creations, examining the fresh break in her nose from a punk rock concert. Blood drips across her chest, mingling with the scattered fragments of her imagination. In this space, among the objects she has made and the chaos she inhabits, she does not flinch.





Eden sits by the river, laughing into the wind. Her dress and hair thrown by the storm, she moves in sync with the water's energy. Free, untethered, and alive, the moment itself becomes her home.



“It’s the story behind the image that matters most”

Boris is a self-taught photographer from Minsk, Belarus, now based in Philadelphia.

Inspired by the darkroom while modeling in Berlin, he developed a storytelling-driven approach focused on emotion and intimacy. Working with the best studios in the tri-state area, he has contributed to shoots for Harper’s Bazaar and Vogue, while his personal work has been featured internationally. Specializing in documentary – style events and weddings, Boris captures moments with care and intuition, creating images that remain vivid and meaningful.

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