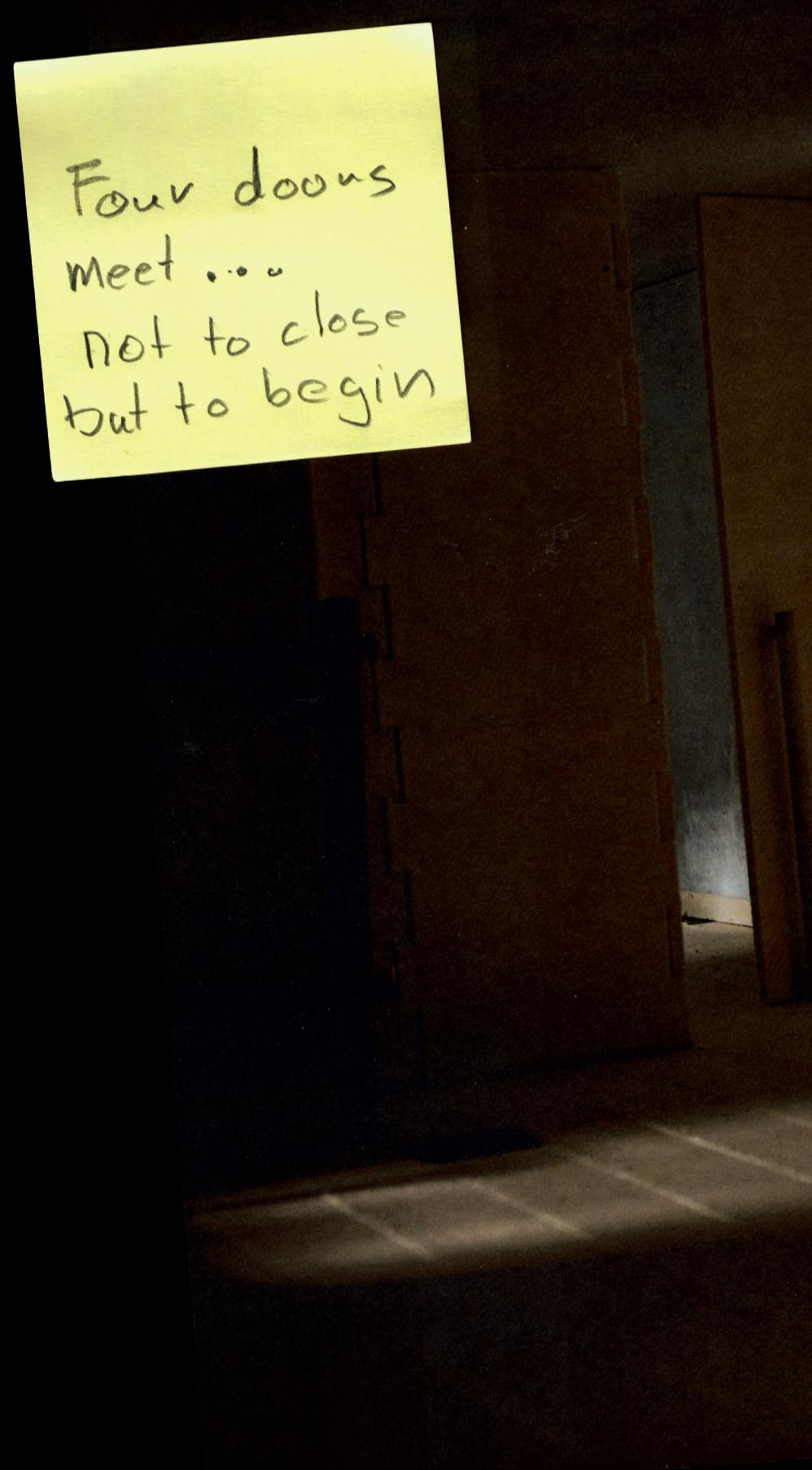
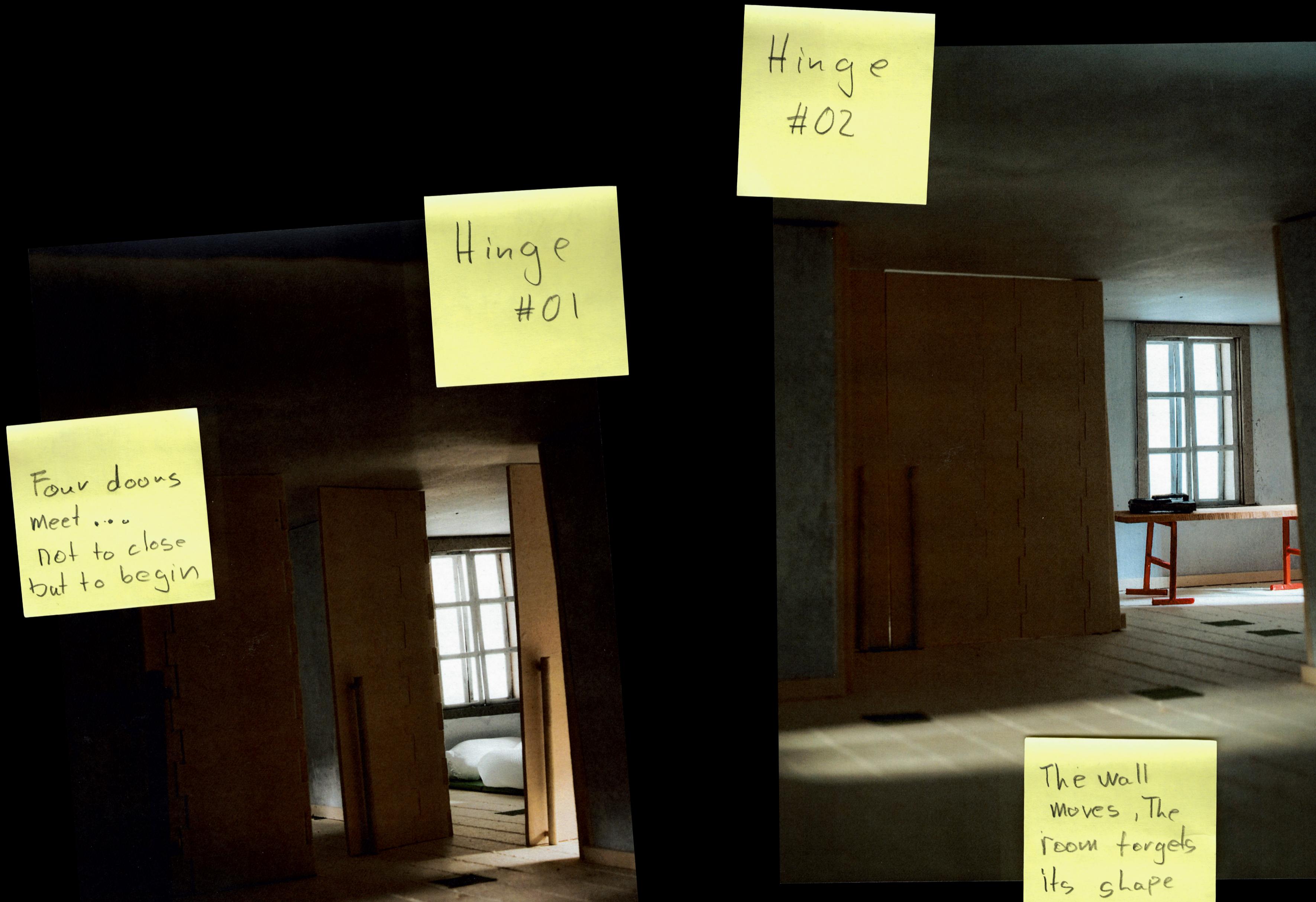


Hinge  
Stand in the center  
One room becomes four  
Four doors meet – not to close but to begin  
Turn one  
A passage opens  
Turn two  
A corner folds  
Choose to be inside or among  
Let the door decide  
The wall moves  
The room forgets its shape  
Now you are  
in a square  
in a cross  
in a circle of choices  
Arrange your solitude  
Connect your silence  
Watch space become soft like a table of mirrors, like the folding memory of work and rest  
folded back into form

Moving rafter  
Climb softly into the room above rooms  
Let your eyes follow the frame the old wooden ribs the bones of storage  
Watch the light move across rafters like actors the ceiling becomes a script  
Now the attic listens  
Now it begins  
Open a view  
Close a shadow  
Tilt the day  
Reframe the world  
Stay long enough and the scene changes  
The attic once silent becomes a stage  
Not to perform but to witness  
Touch the beam not for support but for change  
Pull – and a window lifts the sky answers

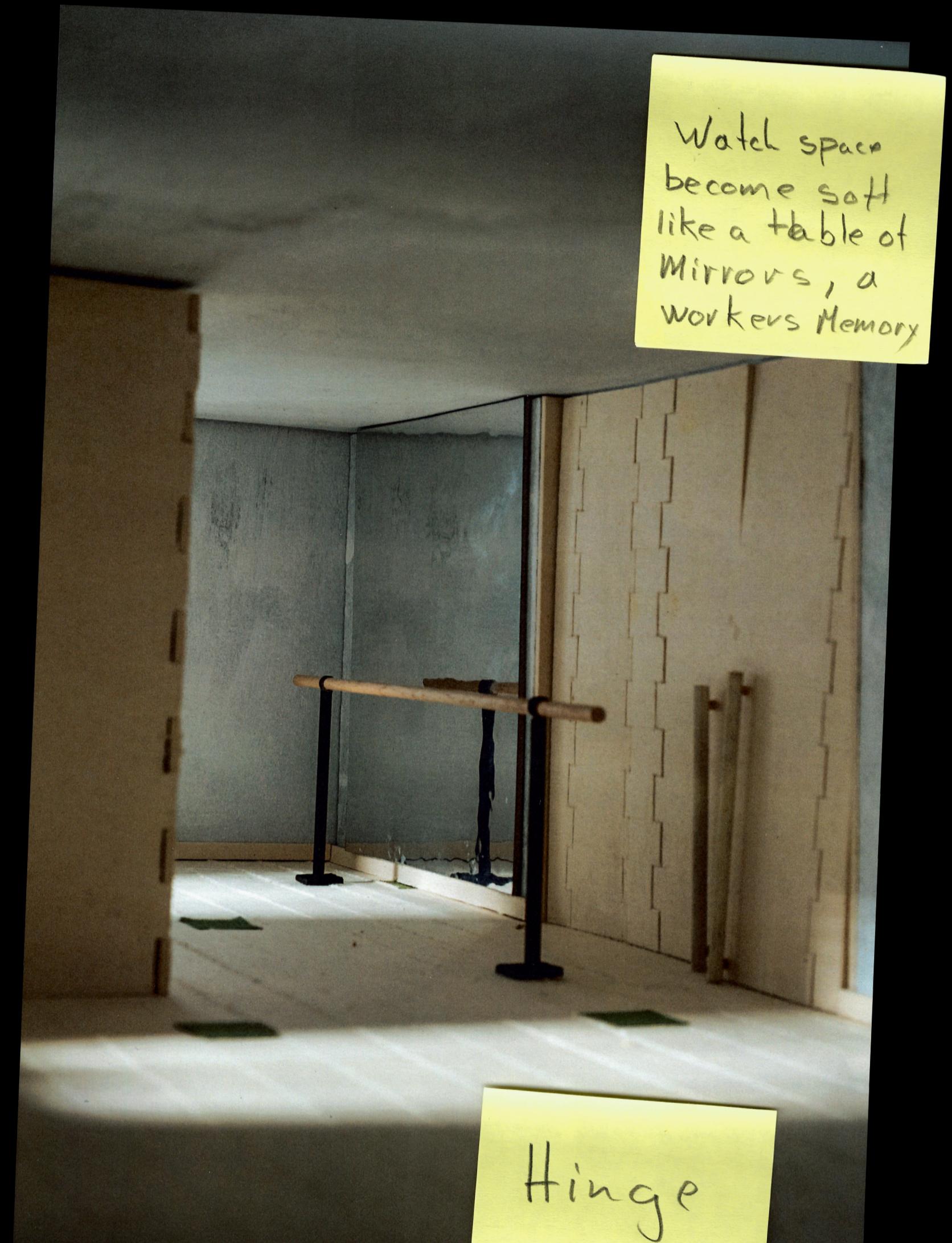


Hinge  
#01

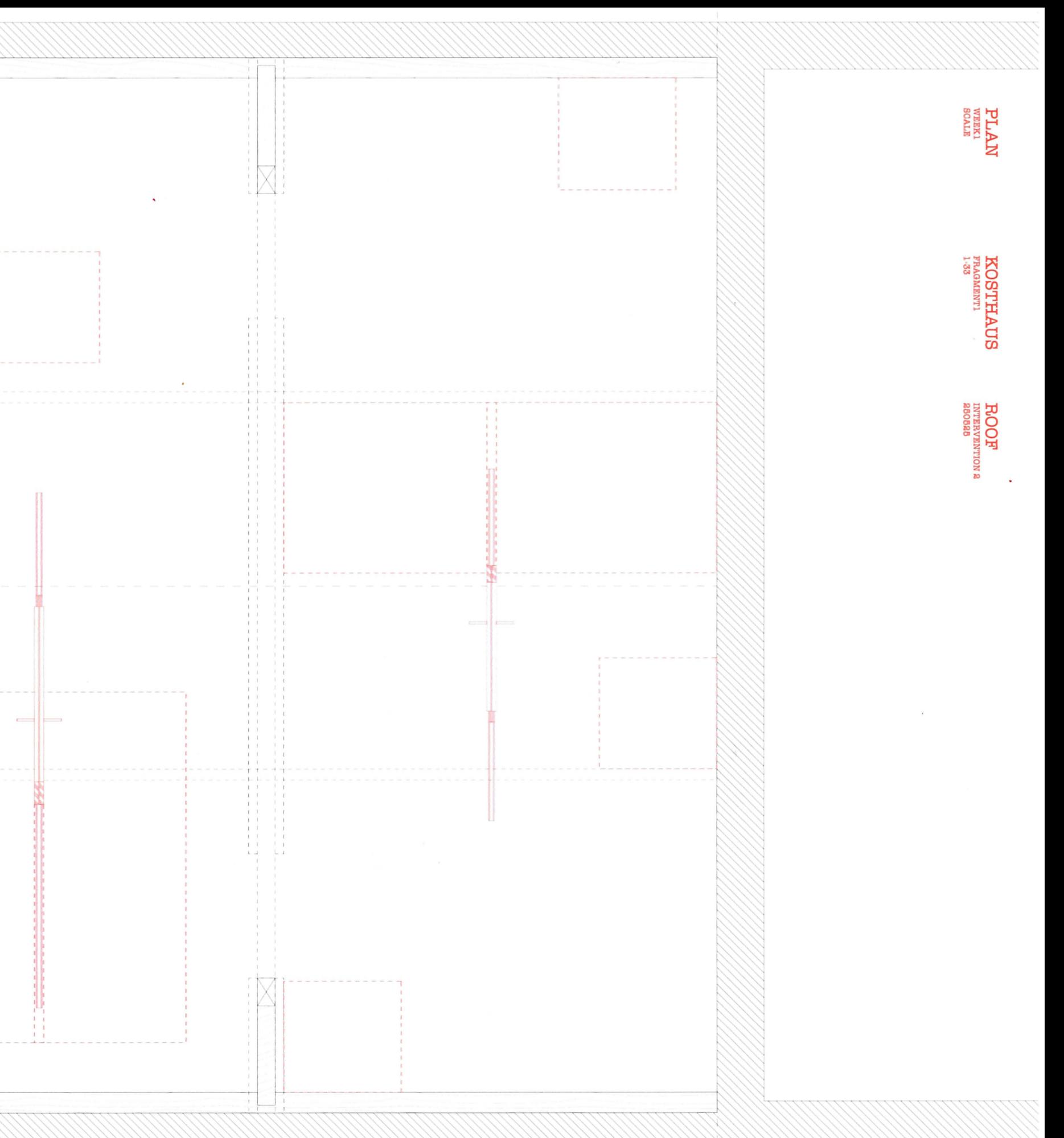
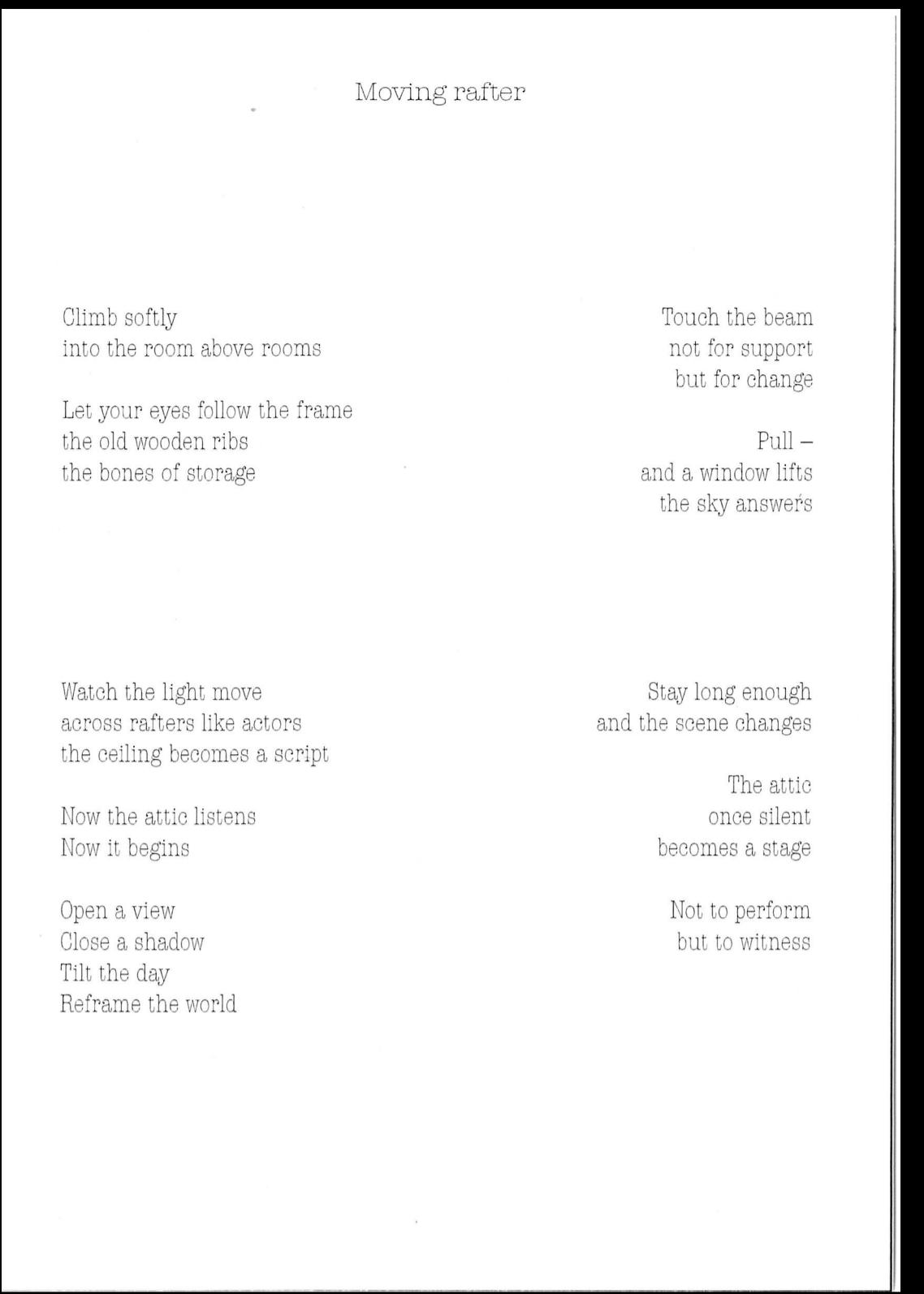
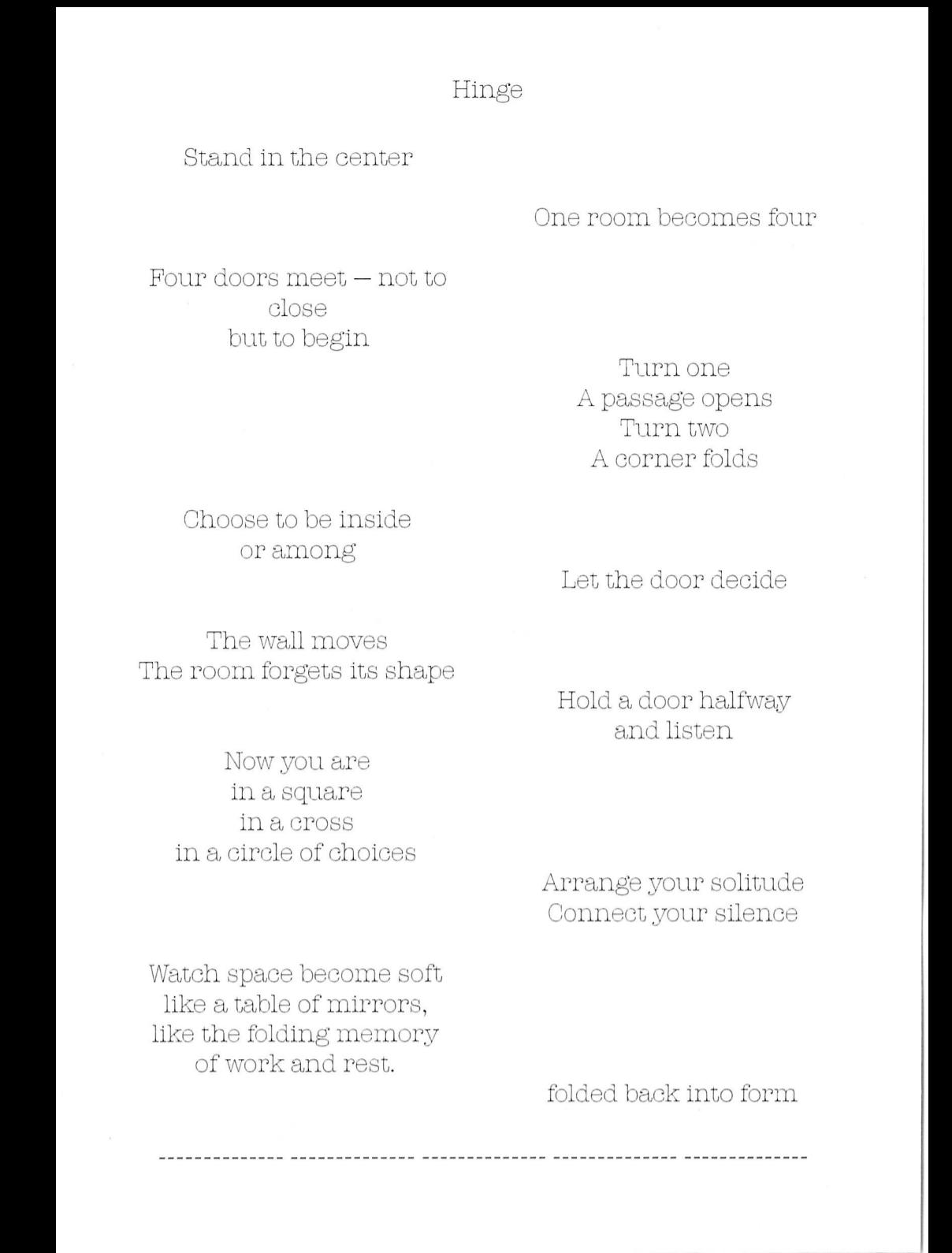
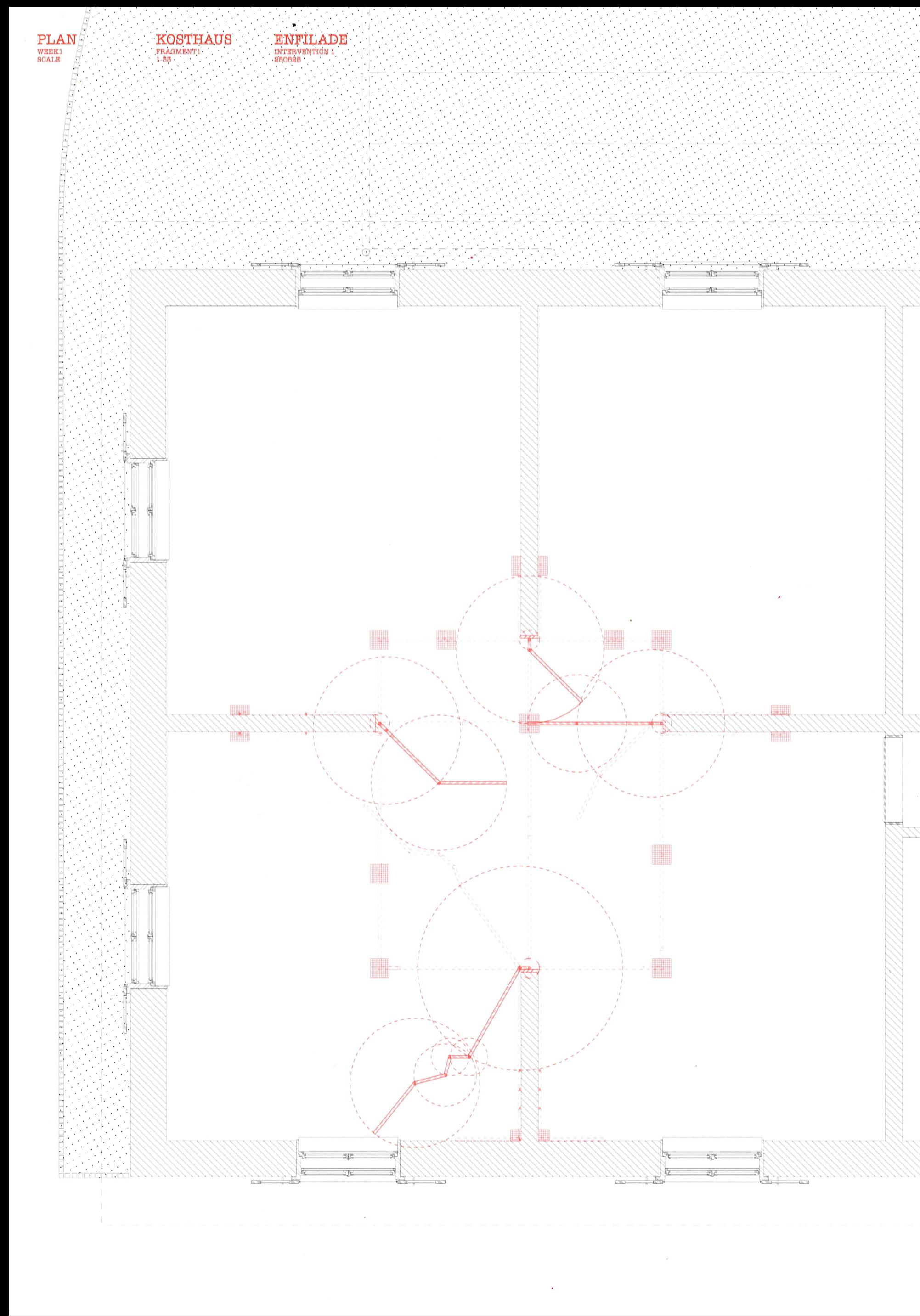


Hinge  
#02

The wall  
moves, The  
room forgets  
its shape



Hinge  
#03







Bank to bank

\*\*\*\*\*

Face the wall

Stand where the river doesn't reach

Place one boulder

Then another

Let them mimic what water once left behind

Stack – not to build, but to bridge

Sit

Climb

Pause

Trace the line where sediment might have been

Rest your back against the barrier

Step up where the stones allow it

Look across

Look down

Descend on the side that remembers the flood

Let the weight of boulder echo the flow of silt

Let the wall be less a division

More a terrain

#### Steel Branches / Rooted Walls

Walk west where the factory leans toward the orchard

Stand between trunk and pillar root and footing

Follow the line –  
the gutter extends like a branch  
steel becomes limb  
timber becomes beam

Water moves where fruit might fall

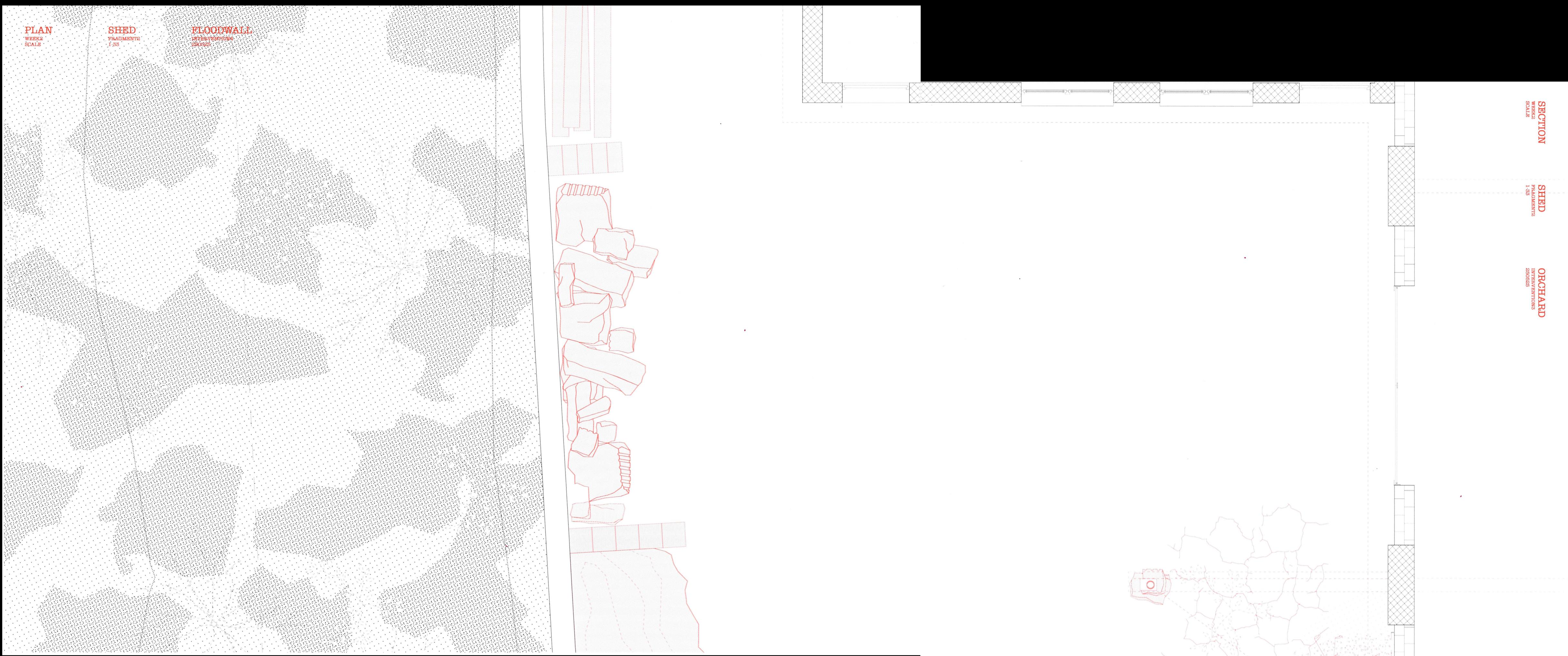
Ask:  
Who supports whom?  
What feeds what?

The tree shades the wall  
The wall stores the warmth  
The gutter catches rain  
The root drinks it slow

Touch the pillar  
Trace its vertical reach  
Feel the dance –  
of held and holder

Tend to the branch  
Tend to the building  
Tend to the soil

You are not outside this  
You are also part  
A seesaw of care  
a choreography of leaning  
a structure that grows  
a grove that builds



Bank to bank

\*\*\*\*\*

Face the wall

Stand where the river doesn't reach

Place one boulder

Then another

Let them mimic what water once left behind

Stack – not to build, but to bridge

Sit  
Climb  
Pause

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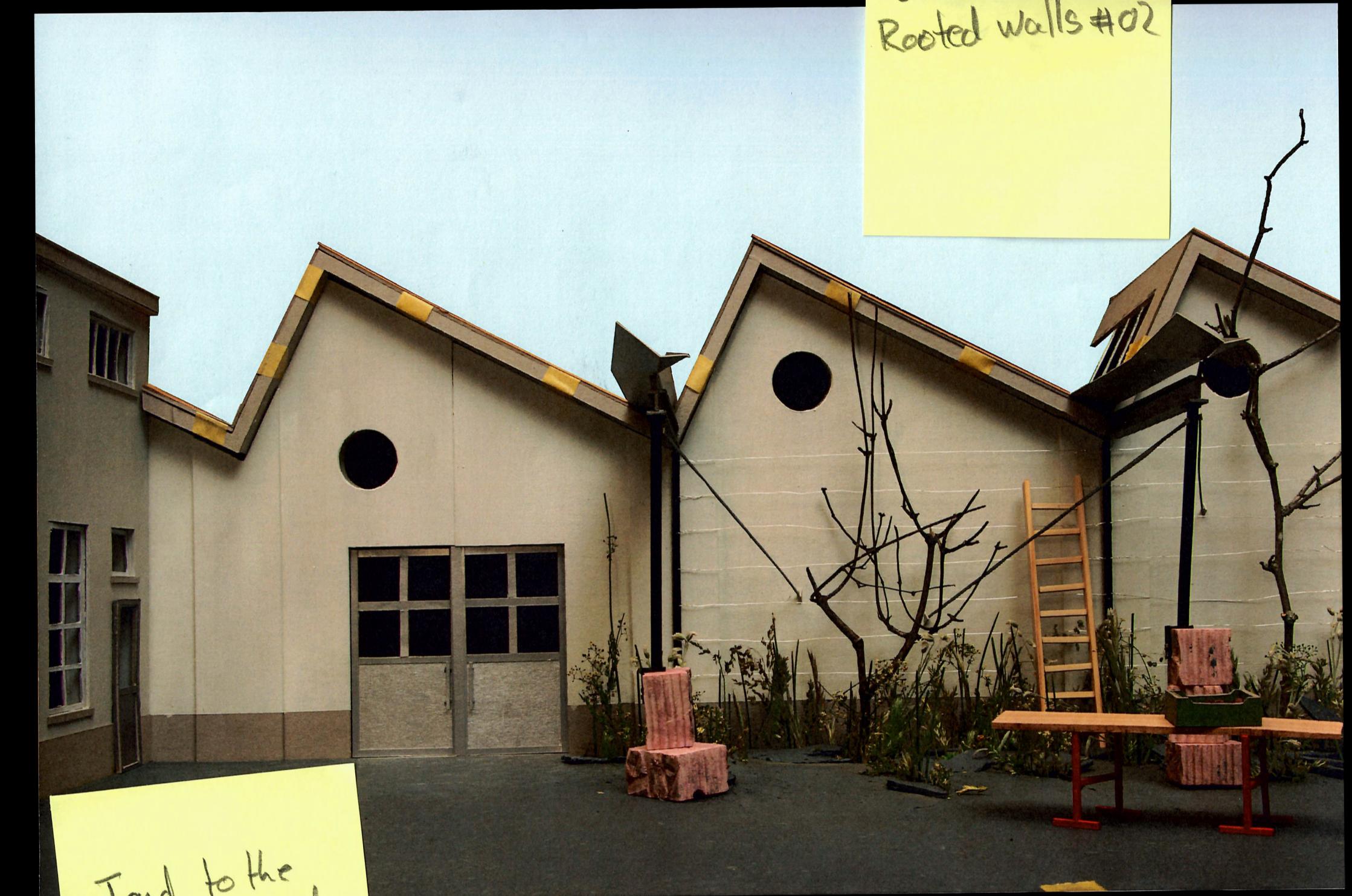
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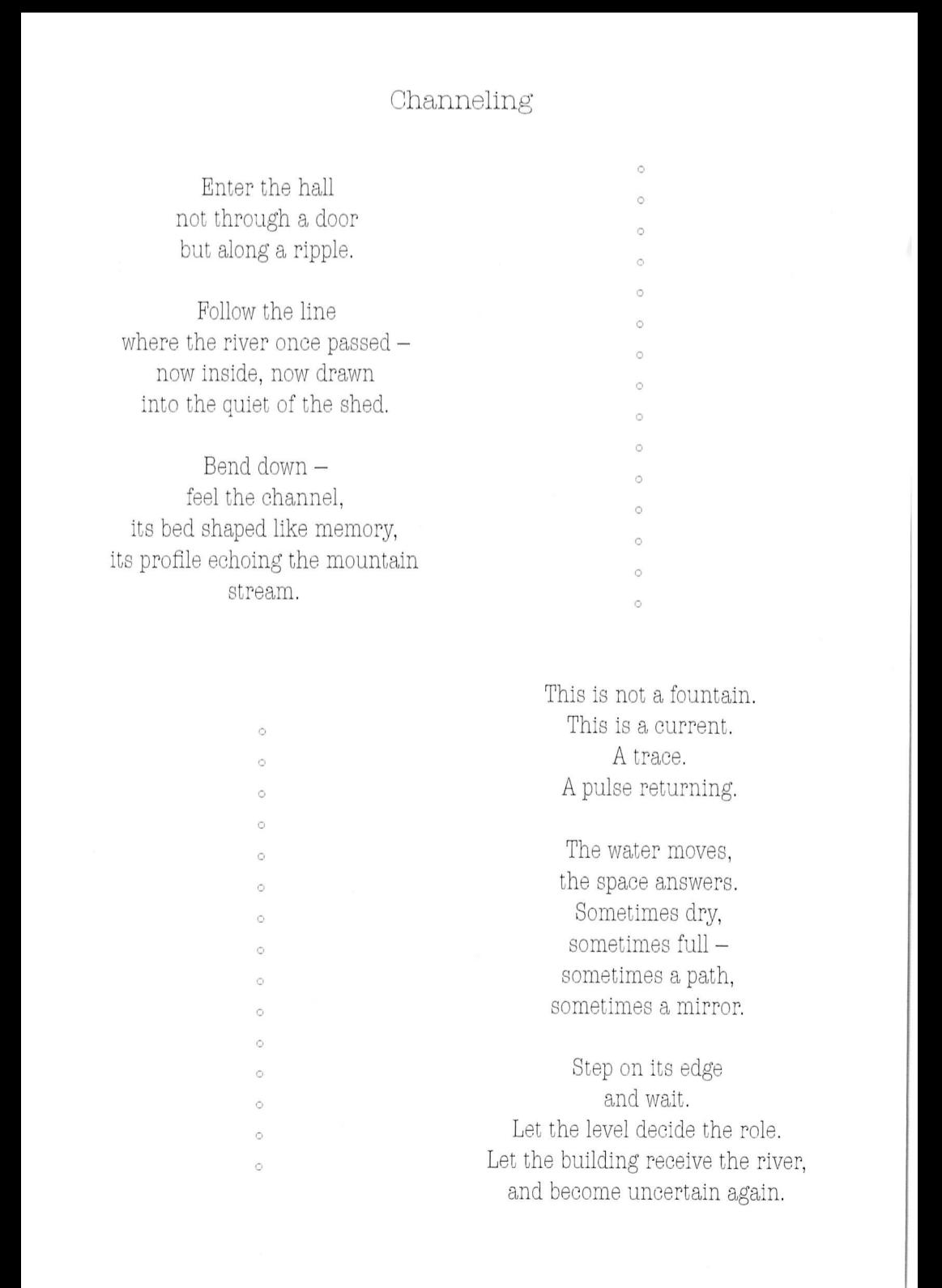
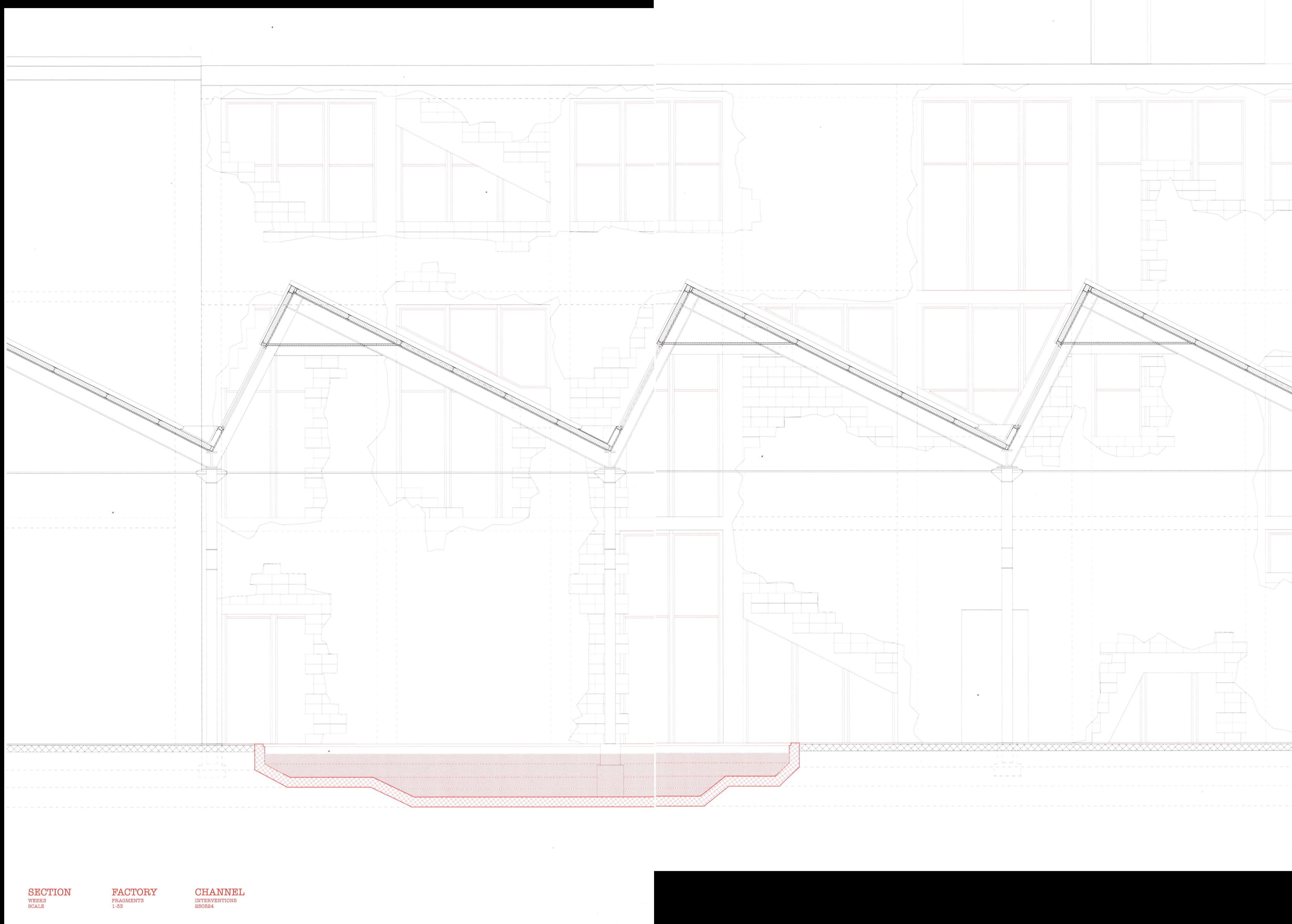
You are not outside this  
You are also part

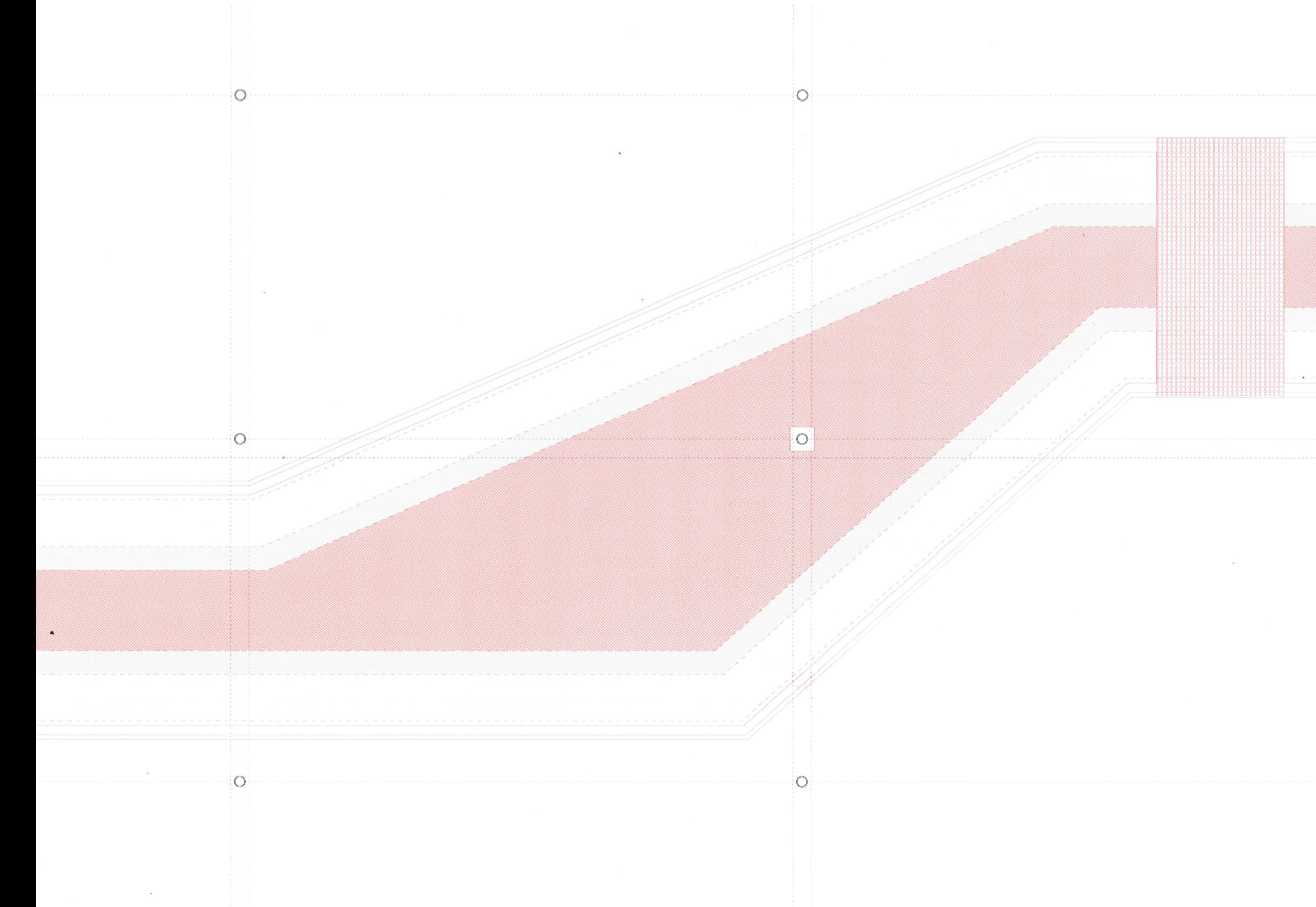
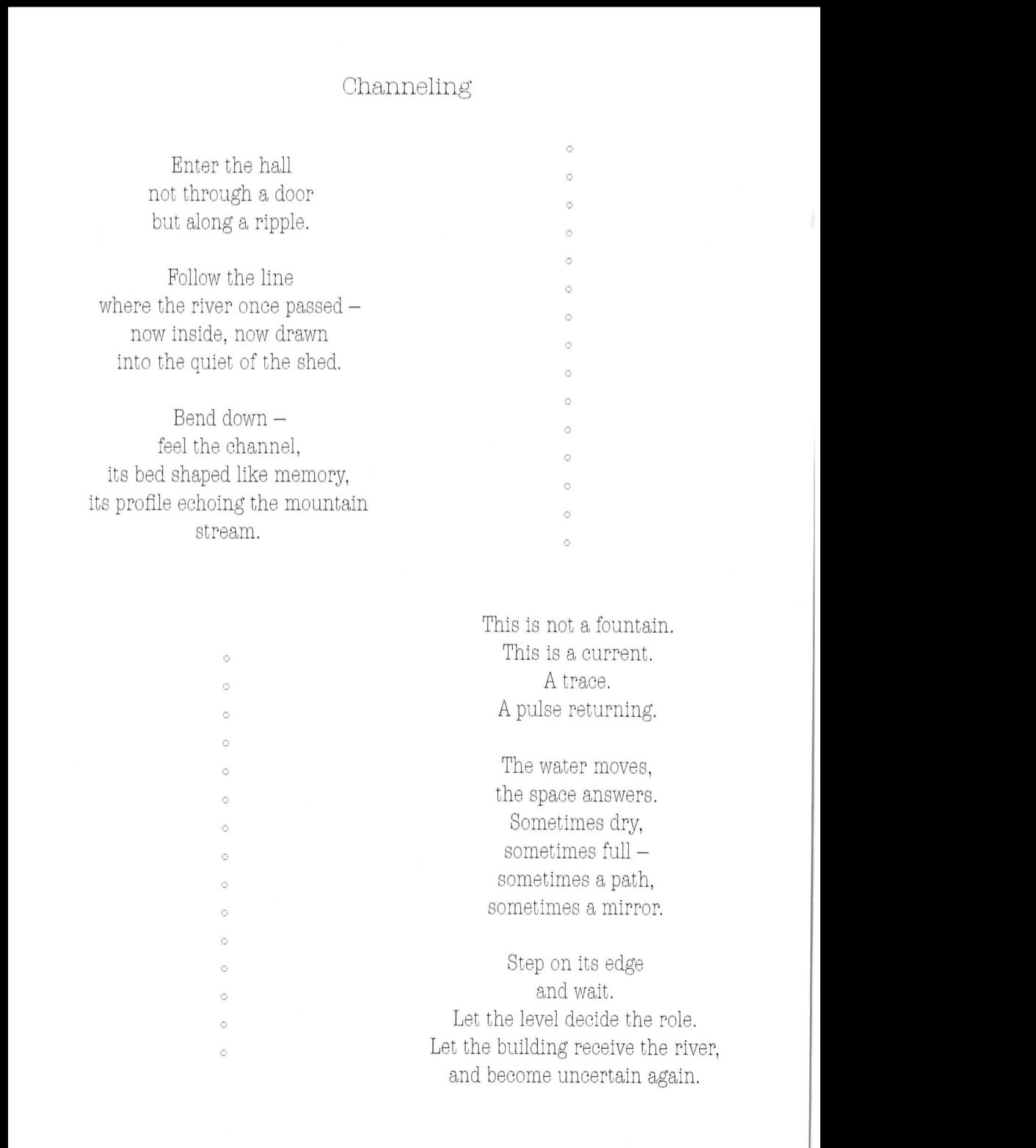
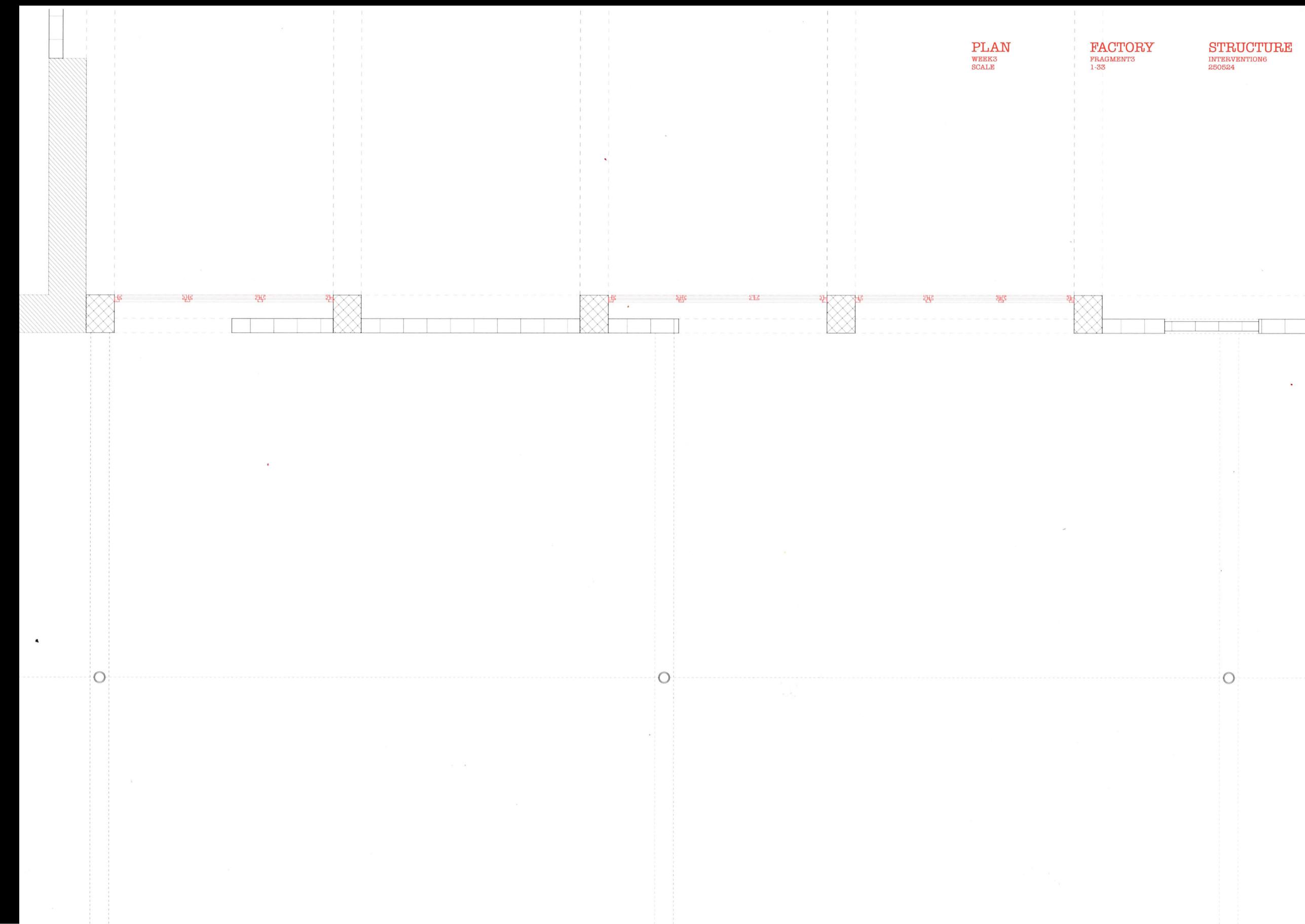
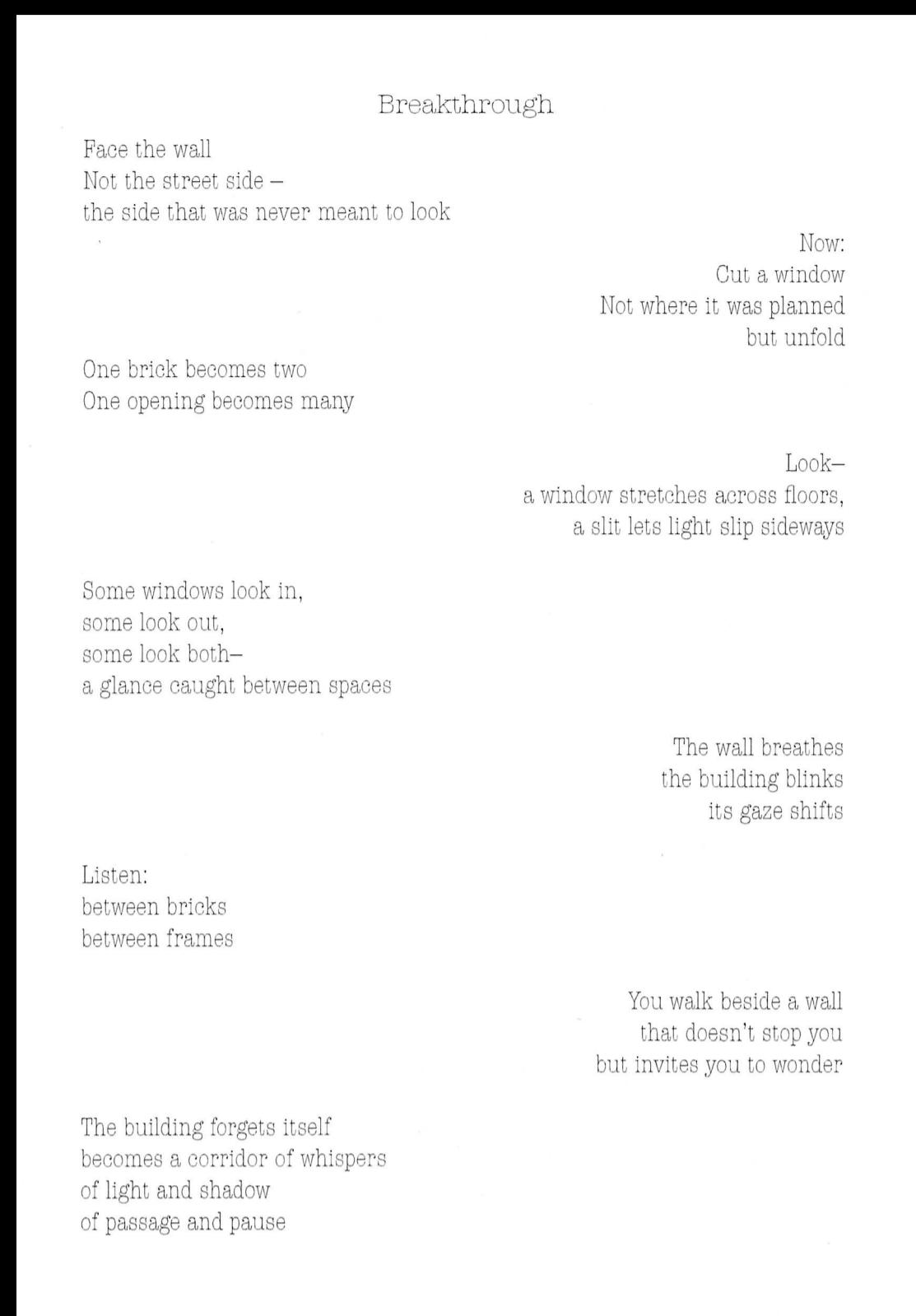
A seesaw of care  
a choreography of leaning  
a structure that grows  
a grove that builds

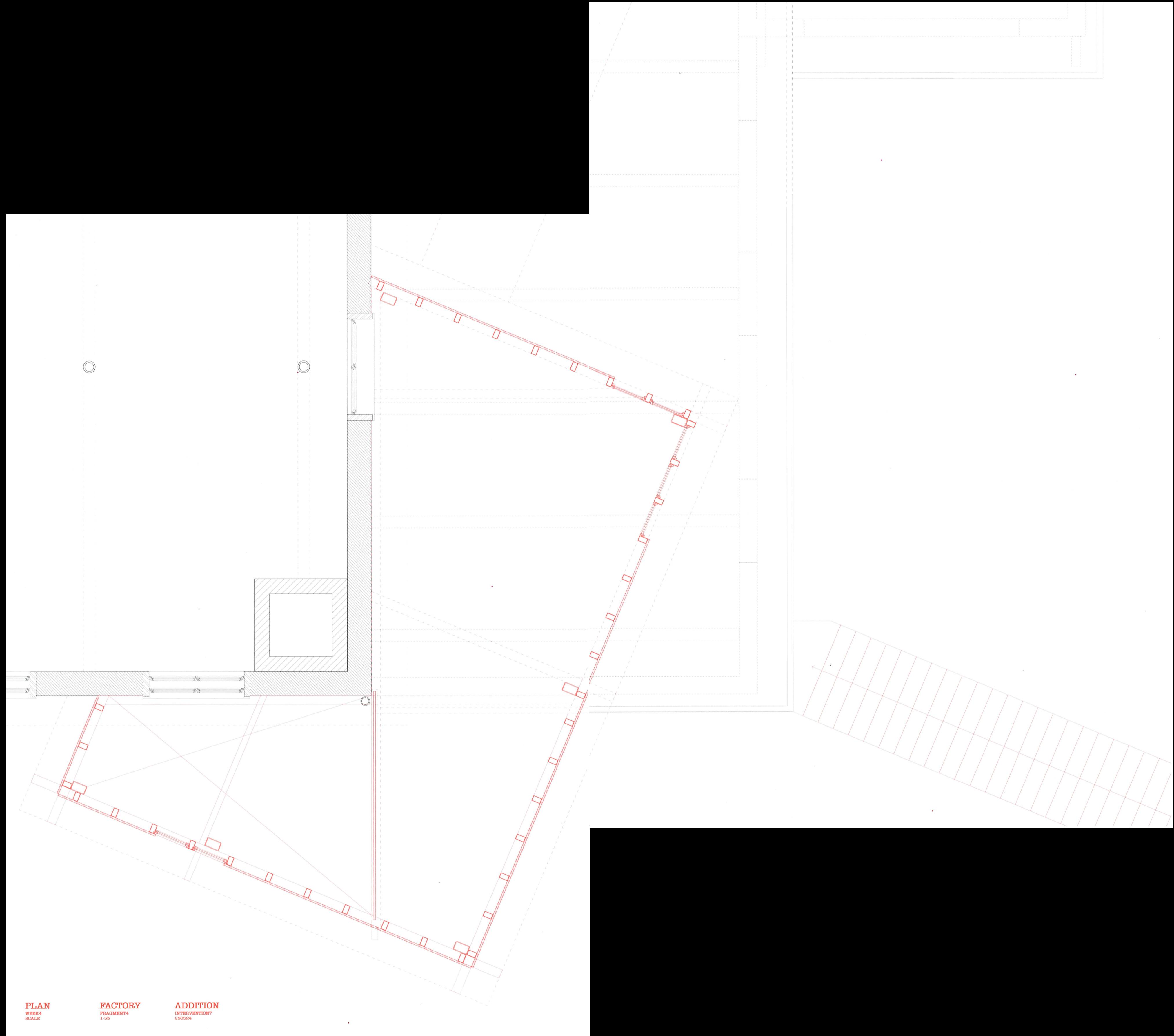


A structure  
that grows  
A grove that  
builds









Addition Rendition

A deck appears above the old attachments like a sentence added mid-paragraph

Observe: the building is still speaking through new surfaces through new acts

Begin with a need Let it press against what's already there

You are the next movement You complete the volume

Step, pause, gesture Let the roof perform you Let the sky become your ceiling

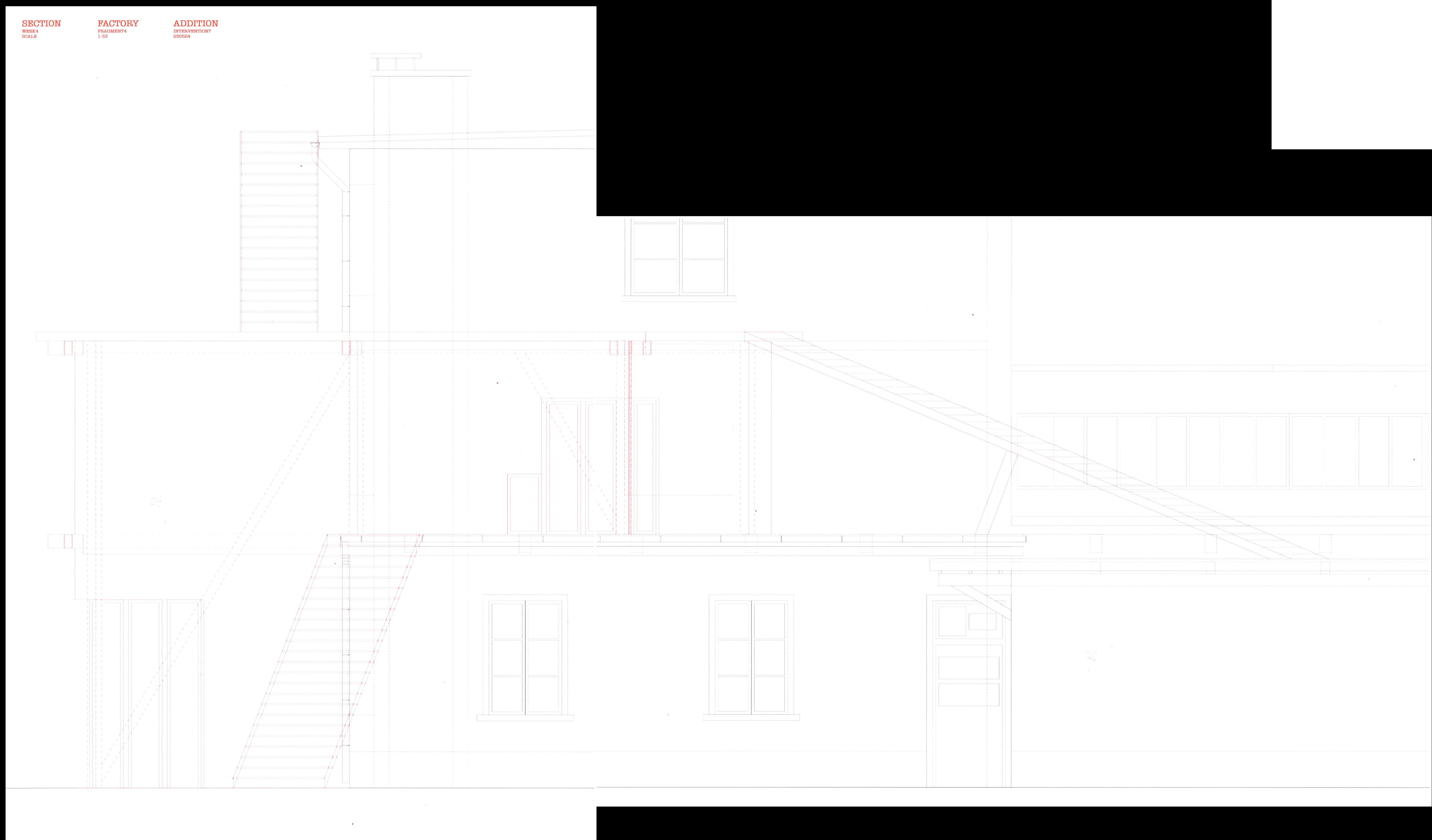
Here, adaptation is not repair—it's choreography in wood, in concrete, in bodies

Climb up onto through

A roof becomes a floor A floor becomes a stage

Stand where no one watched before Move where no one walked before

Extend the body to the edge Signal across rooftops Work becomes gesture Leisure becomes rhythm



Addition Rendition

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like a sentence added mid-paragraph

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Here, adaptation is not repair—  
it's choreography  
in wood, in concrete, in bodies

Climb up  
onto  
through

Begin with a need  
Let it press against what's already  
there

Add—  
not to cover  
but to continue

One volume leans  
another rises  
a third wedges itself into the gap

A roof becomes a floor  
A floor becomes a stage

Stand where no one watched before  
Move where no one walked before

Extend the body to the edge  
Signal across rooftops  
Work becomes gesture  
Leisure becomes rhythm