family walk around a waterfall in the valley. Skiing to high-altitude lakes. On a tour of Mont Blanc in the freshness of the summer valleys. A drive to the ski stations. Renting a chalet in the forest, away from the noise of the valley. Opening the hotel window to let in the fresh morning air. Going to the waste collection centre.

In concrete hues, a silent form, Camouflaged amidst the storm.

Concrete caverns, time's travail. A new soil where stories dwell.

In the earth's embrace, a memory etched, Of wars waged and history stretched. Bunker's silhouette, a relic to find, Lost in the landscape, a key to the mind.

A time capsule buried, tales unfold, Heritage hidden, yet stories retold.
In echoes of conflict, a memory's grace,
A bunker stands, a silent embrace.

In shadows deep, a fortress stands, Concrete guardian, crafted by hands.
A shelter once, in battles grim, A refuge firm, for souls within.

Now echoes linger, whispers say, Nature claims its due, finds its way.

A bunker's shell, a haven new, Where flora blooms and creatures strew.

Silent witness, through time it's passed, A shelter transformed, a role recast.











































































