



Part 1 – Crossing the edge

In the heart of the busy Schaerbeek, the pulse is fast,
Cars vibrating, ambulances rush, horns honking loud,
The streetlights pulse in the misty air,
Traffic crawls, a bus door opens with a hiss.

Above, grey clouds drift, the sky monotone, calm,
Trees sway gently, their branches hold birds singing,
Cherry blossoms move in the cool breeze.
Shadows dance softly, wind whispers through leaves.

Ahead, the building's façade appears light,
Its see-through surfaces blend with the air.
People murmur, voices low, passing by,
Autumn leaves glow, their colors rich and soft.

The smell of damp earth rises from the ground,
Trees breathe, and nature feels close to the skin.
In the in-between space, people gather,
Workers sit on benches, resting their minds.

Children laugh, their footsteps echo and run,
A wheelchair moves slowly toward the wide door.
The truss structure rises, steady, strong,
Uniting the parts, giving rhythm to form.

The texture of hempcrete speaks to the hand,
Its surface is rough but warm under the touch.
Rainwater runs down the gutter, extending,
Reaching out the chaos, toward the city.

Two entrances wait, one aligned with the path,
One invites you inward, to meet, to share.
Fresh air flows in, passing through openings,
Breathing life into the heart of the building.

Gaze inside: the space feels open, alive.
The first drops of rain fall, softly at first,
The rhythm quickens, drumming on the roof.
And then, \ open the door, step inside.

Warmth



Part 2 – Meeting

Opening the door, warmth greets the skin,
A sense of protection, of calm repair.
The rain outside fades, protected by the walls.

A straight path lies ahead, leading gently
To the Friche beyond, open and serene.
Light filters softly from the central patio,
Smell of hemp and wood fills the quiet air.

Fingers trace the texture of hempcrete walls,
Its warm roughness providing a sensorial touch.
From the distance, voices rise from the bar,
Murmurs of life, muffled laughter and talk.

Curtains sway lightly, ready to divide,
Creating spaces for rest and retreat.
The wooden floor, floating above the earth,
Echoes the gentle sound of steps on wood.

A person walks towards the commons ahead,
Opening the door, passing through with ease.
Inside, the space feels calm, earth blocks soft,
Muted, inviting moments of repose.

They sit down, slipping off shoes, resting feet,
Reaching for binoculars, in quiet thought.
Stepping outside once again, under the roof,
The rain taps softly on buckets below,
Filling them to water the plants nearby.

Outside, silence reigns, the world holds its breath,
Only the sound of raindrops touching leaves,
While bees and birds find shelter, undisturbed,
Protected under the roof, near the trees.

On the other side of the building, life stirs, (fast)
The bar sounds lively around the busy patio.
Tables, chairs in chaotic disarray,
Glasses, bottles scattered on the counter.

Coffee cups sit empty, beer crates on the ground,
While tables come alive, buzzing with talk.
Laptops and books, posters for theater
Detached slightly, dancing on the walls.

People gather, voices rehearsing lines,
Soft music plays in the background, subdued,
Steam from a coffee machine whistles sharp.

A person observes this scene from afar,
Moving slowly along the wooden path.
Their steps fall into the rhythm of the beams,
Fingers patting the walls as they walk by.

The pull of nature grows strong with each step,
The rain begins to fade, drops slow to none.
Opening the door, the world is bright,
Sunlight bursts through clouds, blinding

Sunlight



Part 3 – Walking the Promenade

Opening the door, fresh air surrounds the walkers,
A light wind dances, playful and soft.
The rhythmic structure invites your gaze,
Lines of wood catching the sun's golden rays,

As it filters through the shading lamellae,
You lift your eyes to the vastness above.
A plane cuts through clouds, a momentary sound,
Its noise fading as it vanishes from view.

The scent of wood wraps around you warmly,
A familiar fragrance that draws you in.
Trees stand tall, bringing your focus to earth,
Their roots intertwined with mud and fallen leaves.

Birds sing sweetly, resting upon the branches,
Their melodies weave through the gentle breeze.
Dogs barking on the other side of the fence,
Rabbits and foxes hiding beneath the wooden boards.

The wall guides you, the path cradle you,
Leading gently down to the earth below.
Stairs touch the ground softly, inviting exploration,
Where people wander to touch nature's elements.

Cats weave through the flowers, playful and free,
Chasing whispers of petals, bright and alive.
In the shade, others gather, sharing a meal,
Voices rise, recounting stories of city life.

Chairs and benches invite moments of rest,
While eyes peek through windows, eager and bright,
Sneaking a glimpse, ready for therapy's start,
To find comfort in community's warm embrace.

A feeling settles, giving warmth to the soul,
Smiles exchanged, serene faces at ease,
Thoughts drifting softly to the day ahead,
In the air, a hush falls—then...

Silence



Noise

Part 4 – Starting/Arriving Point

Construction hums around, a lively scene,
Workers shouting, their voices filling the air,
Giving directions, helping one another,
As materials pile high along the path.

The contrast sounds like a reminder of the everyday life,
Yet within this safe space, all feels at peace,
A serene stillness settles, breathing slowly,
As calmness wraps around like a gentle hug.

Earth bricks stand strong, walls rising with purpose,
Wooden structures brace against the daylight,
Ready to hold the warmth of hempcrete close,
Pressed and sprayed, glued, attached with care.

Linseed oil waits to shield, protect the grain,
Doors and window frames lean, eager for placement,
Ready to open to views yet unseen.

The scent of wood mingles with dirt on the path,
Dust dances lightly, fills the air around.
Shovels and buckets clank, busy sounds thrive,
While music spills from workers’ speakers nearby.

But then, at last, a shift— (slow) nature breaks through,
Uncontaminated, wild, always changing,
High trees rise in the background, guarding the space,
Dividing the Friche from the bustling city.
Small trees sway gently, offering shelter,

A clear path appears, guiding footsteps with ease.
Runners dash, their breaths mingling with air,
Another plane roars, a reminder of time running.
A dog barks joyfully during its stroll,
While a birdwatcher hides, hoping to see,
The beauty of birds in their dance.

People converse softly with therapists near,
And here, every city sound fades away,
Swallowed by nature’s embrace, quiet and calm.

In the distance, a subtle sound emerges,
A train arriving, wheels clattering down,
Then leaving, carrying whispers to the city.

Walking in the wild wasteland of the Friche



