



systems of **care**

by

Marina Kathidjiotis

*Joris Luchinger
Rufus Van Den Ban
Aleksandar Stanicic*



Gester, Dr Georg. "Aerial View of Nicosia," Λευκωσία – Η Πρωτεύουσα της Κύπρου Άλλοτε και Τώρα, 1989.

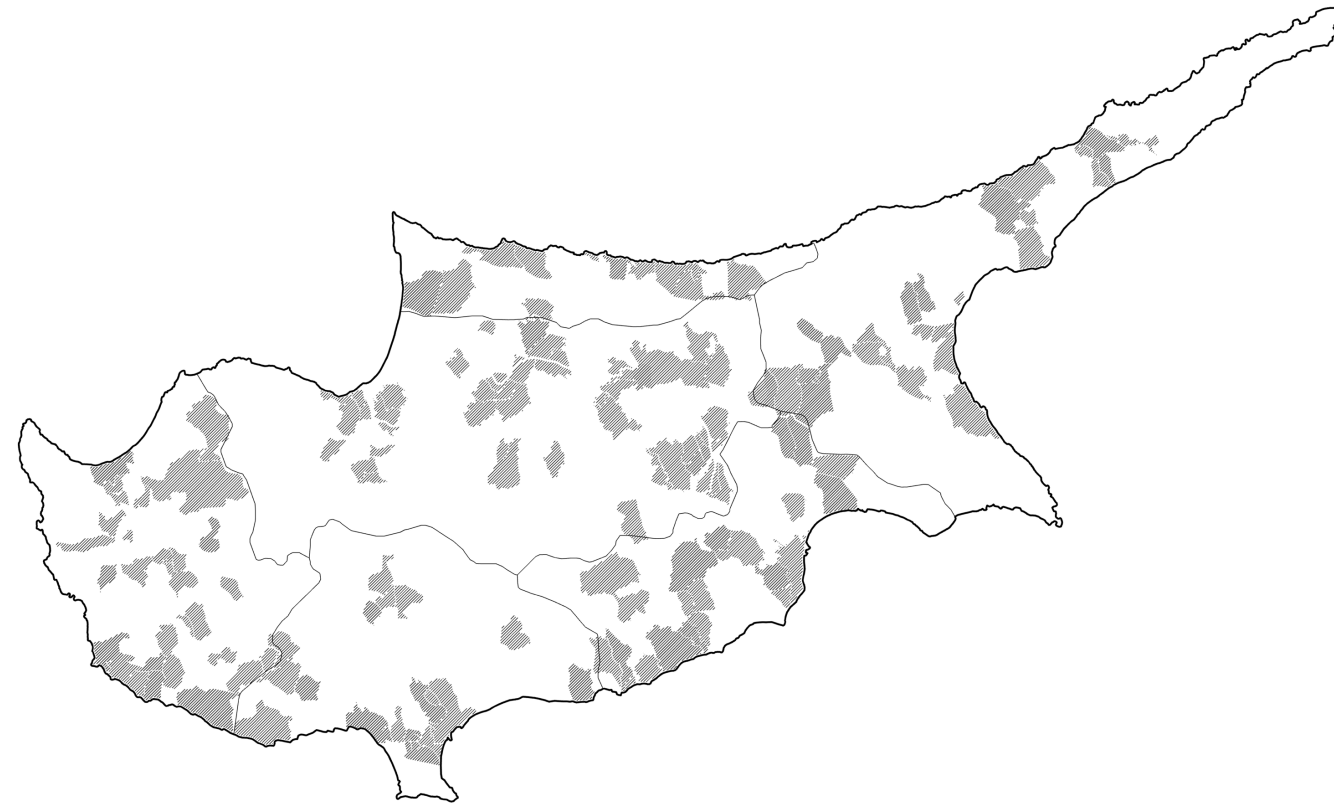


1931

1960

1974

2024



1931

1960

1974

2024



1931

1960

1974

2024



1931

1960

1974

2024



THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. "Leda Street Lends an Air to Modernity to the Capital", 1928.



Kolotas, Titos. Παιδικές αναμνήσεις, 2 Mar. 2010, limassolinhistory.blogspot.com/2010/03/.



THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. "More famous than silk of Cyprus is its lace and needlework, 1928.

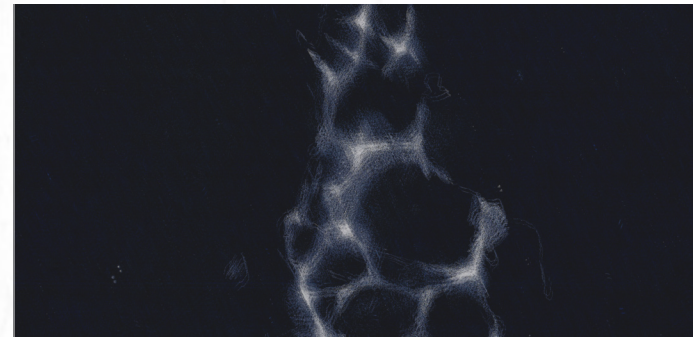
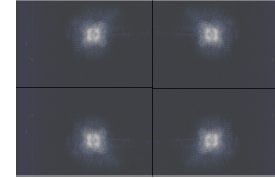






A Wall No More

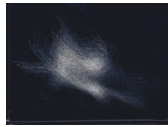
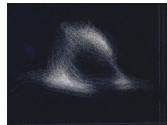
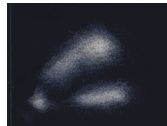
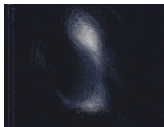
I'm sitting at the step of the garden, looking at the back wall. Its shadow stretches long across the brittle grass and earth as the sun sets. I know around the point where the shadow touches the
It's barely a whisper, but I know it's him. His voice rises just enough to cut through the evening hush. The sound stirs something in me, a mix of relief and determination.
I grab the weaved chair from the side of the house, its frame wobbling a little as I drag it to the wall. It's been here as long as I can remember, its once-bright paint now flaked off in dull patches. I place it just below the chipped part of the wall where we always climb. The wall is covered in something, I don't know what it's called, but it's rough and grainy, the kind that scrapes your hands if you aren't careful.
I climb onto the chair. My fingers find the chipped spot, where the smoother stone beneath has been exposed. My feet settle into familiar grooves in the wall, the same ones we've used over and over. Breath one: my right foot pushes up as I grab the edge of a stone just above me. It's cold, gritty, and solid beneath my hand.
I glance up to where the roof tiles line the top of the wall. We moved some of them weeks ago, just enough to make space for us to pass without breaking more. Even so, I always think we should've moved more of them, there's never quite enough room.



[21:02] my right foot pushes up as I grab the edge of a stone just above me. It's cold, gritty, and solid beneath my hand. I glance up to where the roof tiles line the top of the wall. We moved some of them weeks ago, just enough to make space for us to pass without breaking more.

[21:02] I pull myself higher. My left foot slips for a second before finding the groove again. My fingers reach the top edge, where the tiles meet the stone, and I can feel the uneven join of clay and rock beneath my grip.

[21:04] My right leg pushes up, and I hoist myself onto the wall. The top is thick, wide enough for me to sit, but not without a little fear. I swing my leg up first, then the rest of me follows, my chest scraping against the rough stone as I pull myself forward. The tiles shift slightly under my weight, and my heart skips.

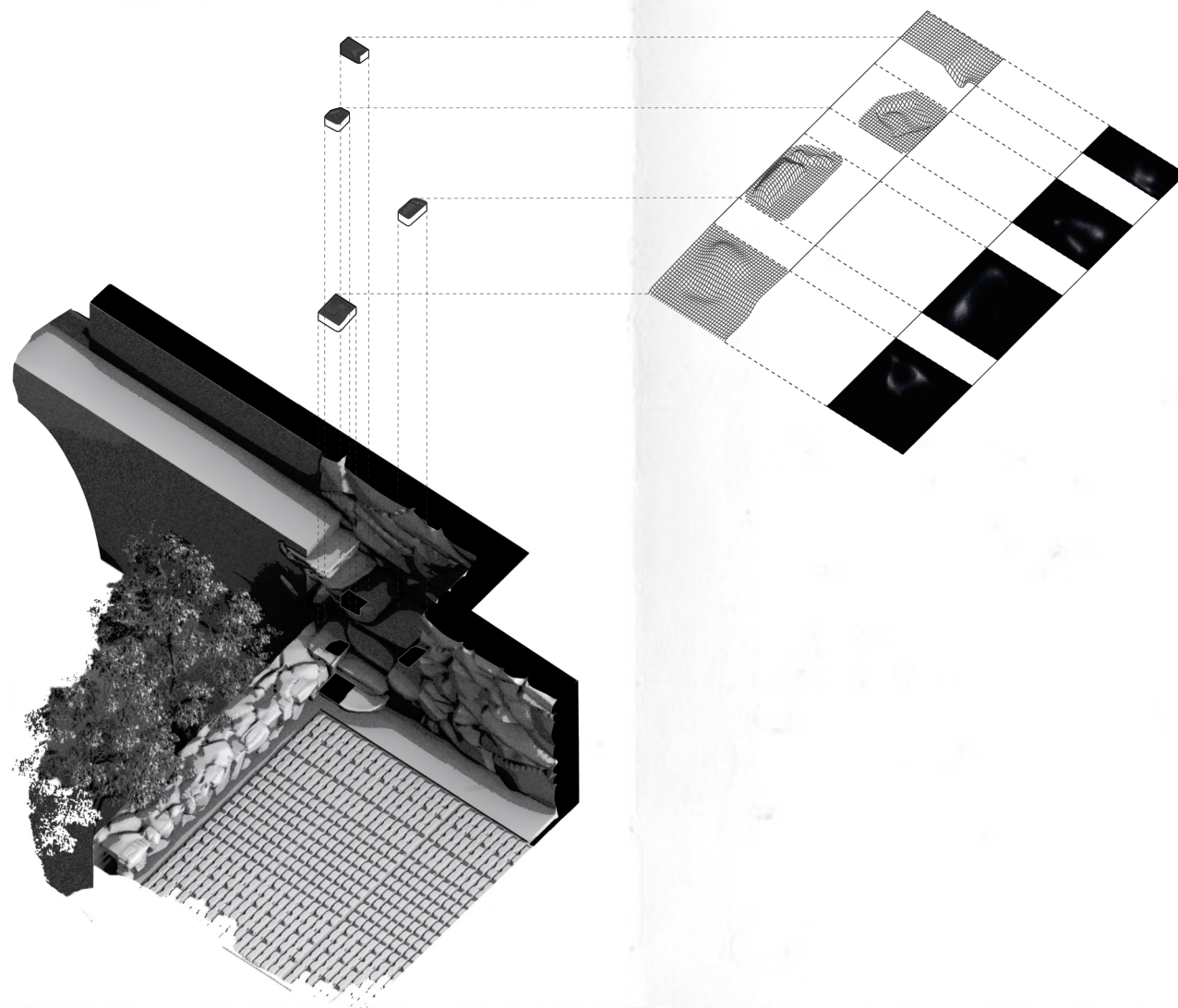


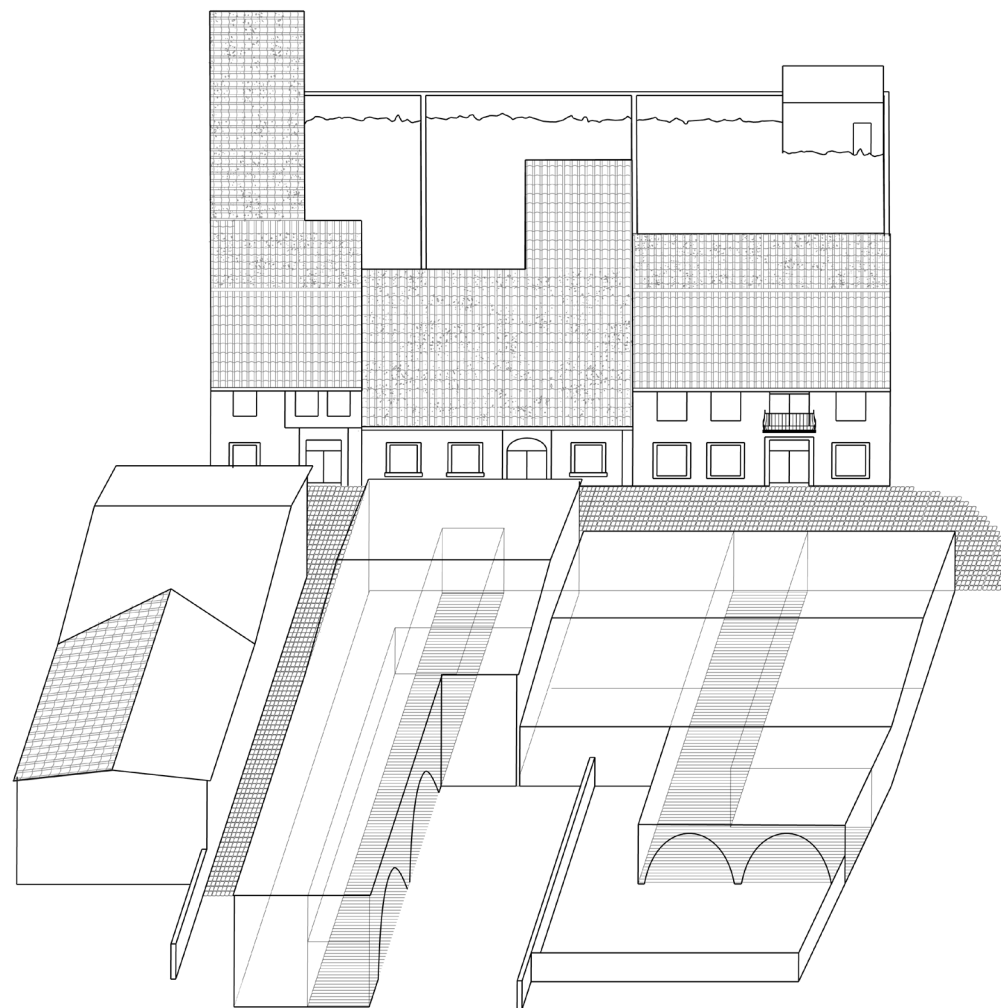
1/1

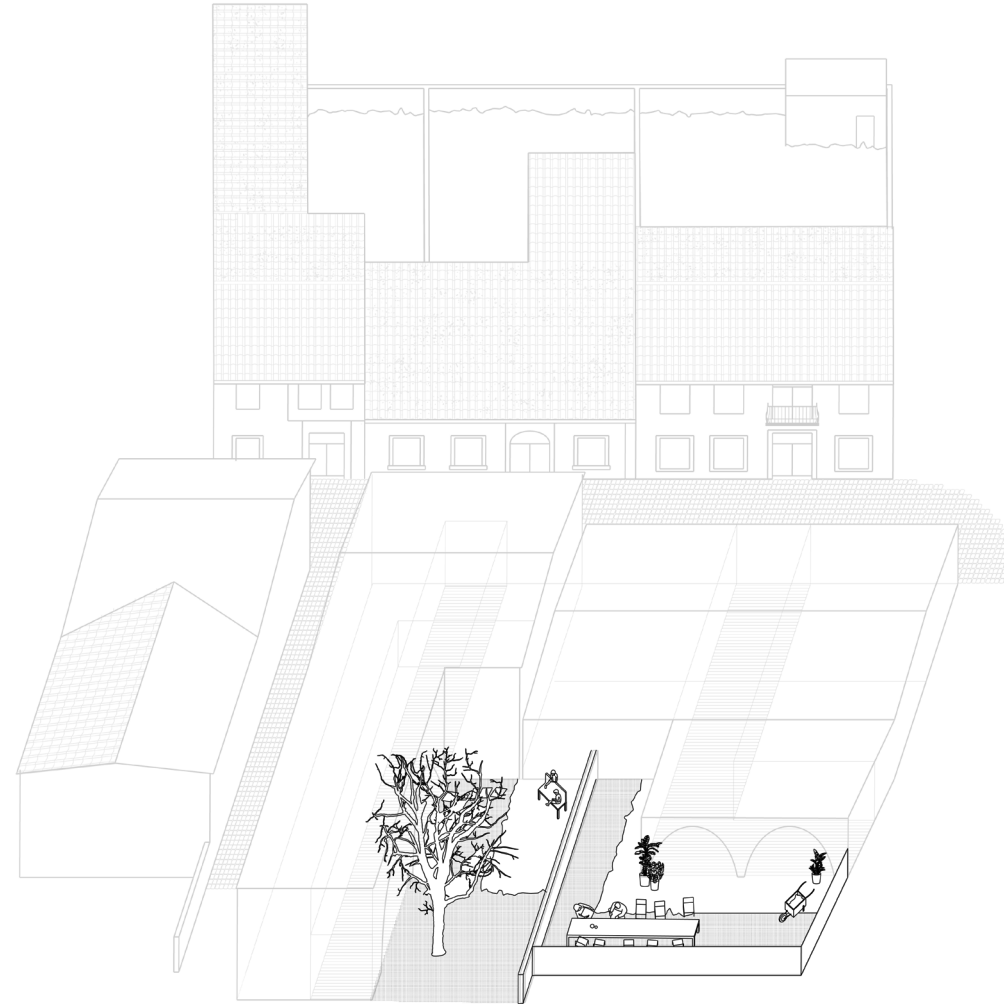
[21:06] I turn carefully to begin climbing down. My hands find the edge of the wall again, my fingers curling over the cool, jagged surface. The stool he set out for me is below, just within reach, but I can't see it from this angle.

[21:06] I lower myself slowly, my feet searching for a foothold. The descent feels harder somehow and I can't stop the thought that I might slip.

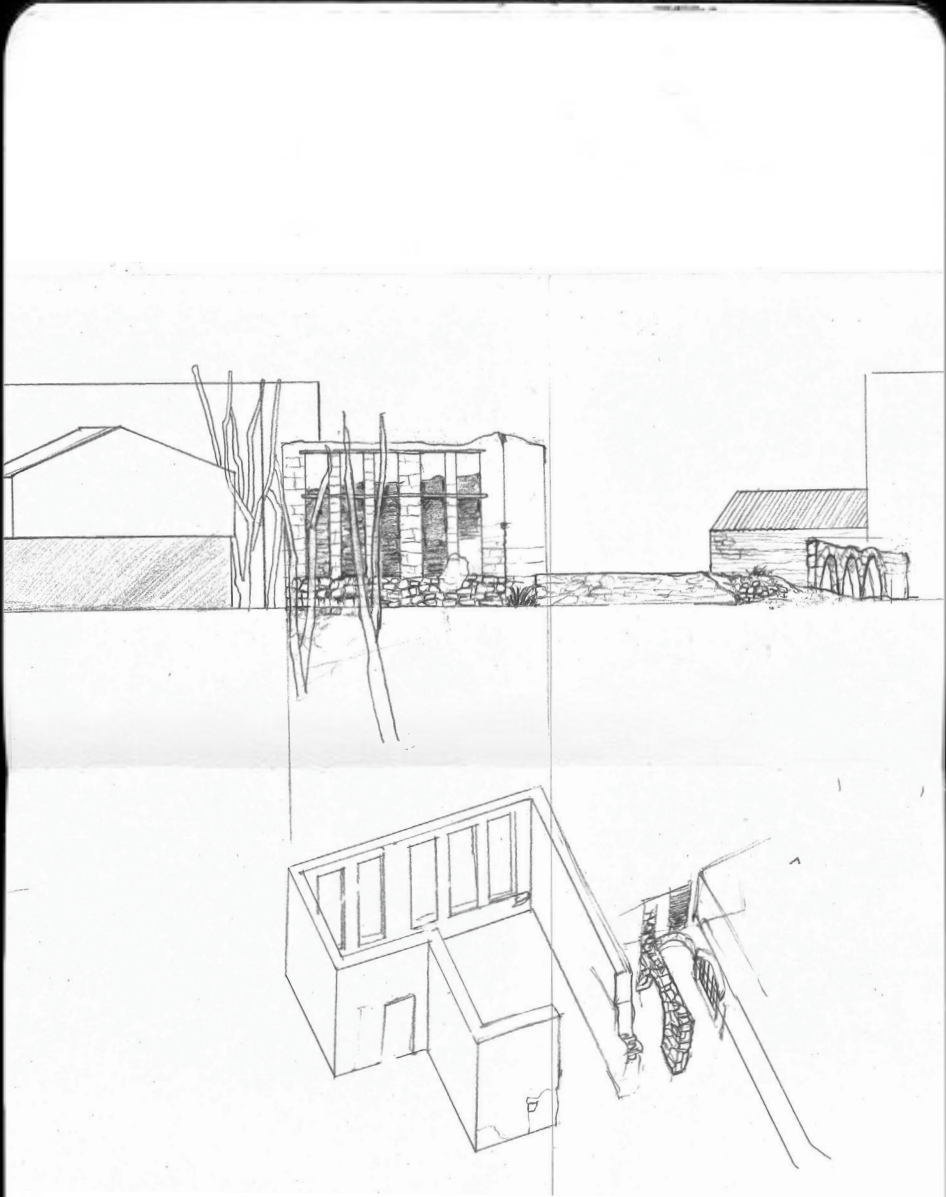
[21:10] My feet find the stool, and I land with a dull thud. The moment I feel the solid wood beneath me, relief washes over me. He grins, reaching out to steady me, and I step down onto the ground.













coexistence

disused sites

ruin

coexistence

disused sites



ruin

coexistence

disused sites

How can the reuse of materials from
damaged sites and ruins act as a catalyst
for cooperation between the two
communities?

ruin

coexistence

courtyard

disused sites

How can the reuse of materials from
damaged sites and ruins act as a catalyst
for cooperation between the two
communities?

ruin

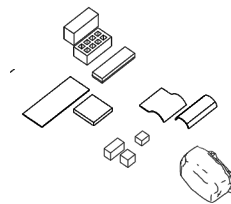
coexistence

courtyard

disused sites

How can the reuse of materials from
damaged sites and ruins act as a catalyst
for cooperation between the two
communities?

How can courtyards help reconnect
disused plots in Nicosia to the
surrounding urban fabric?



1 reclaimed material warehouse



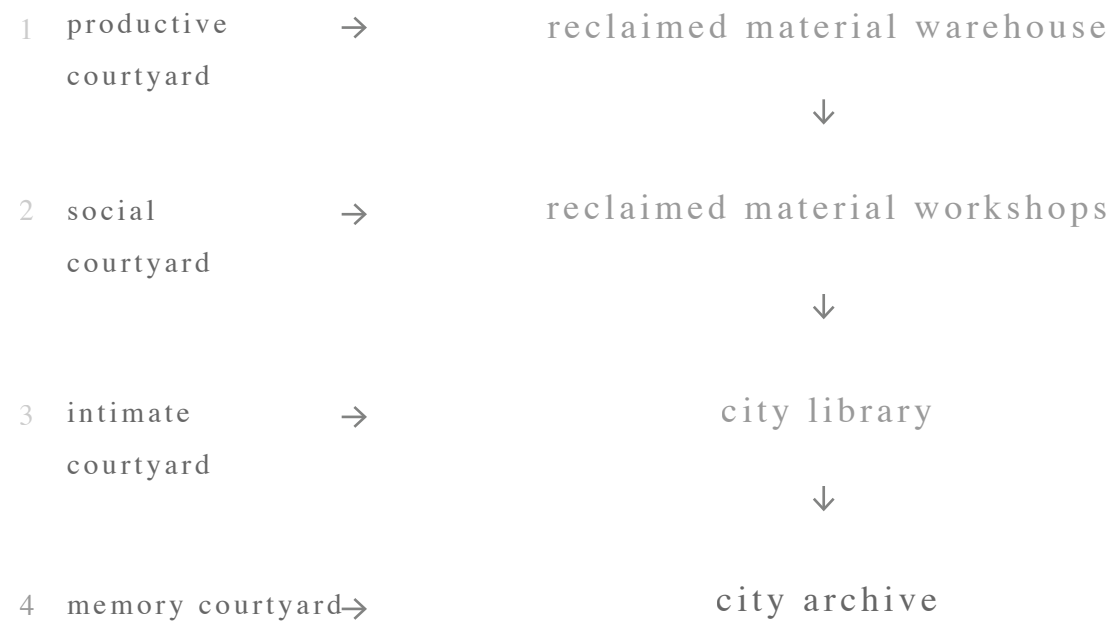
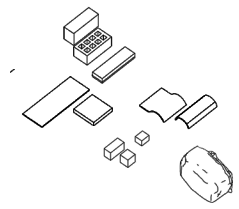
2 reclaimed material workshops



3 city library

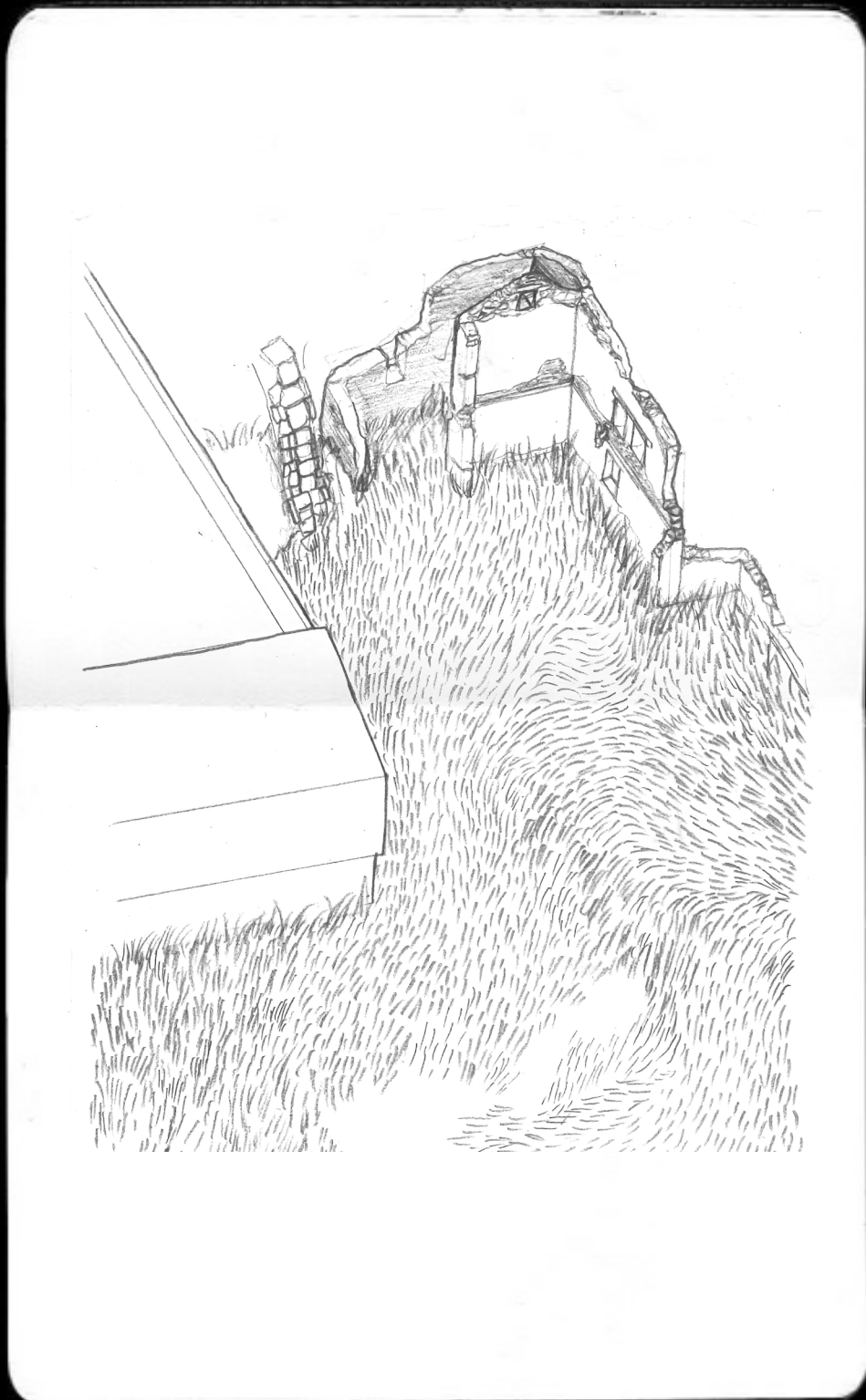


4 city archive



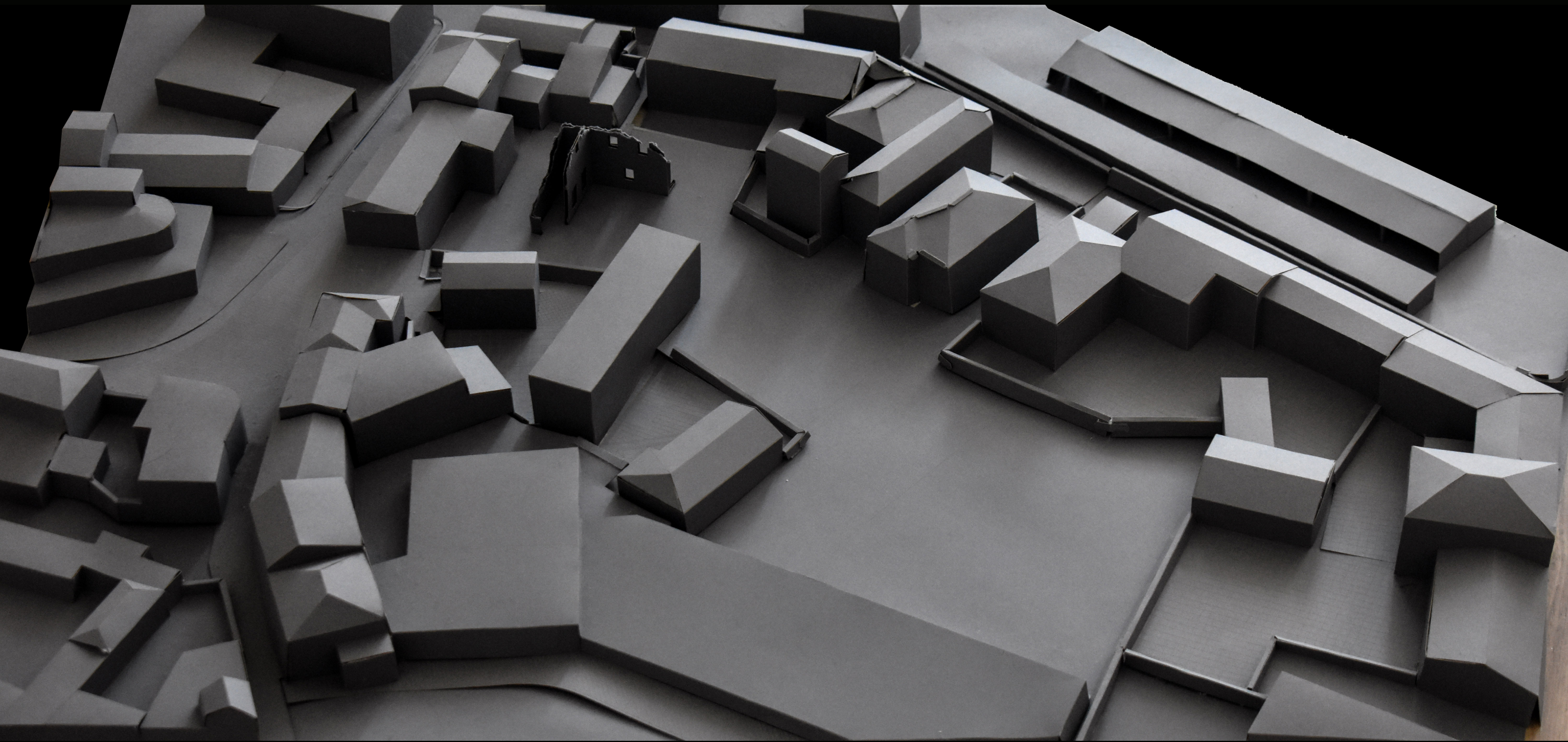


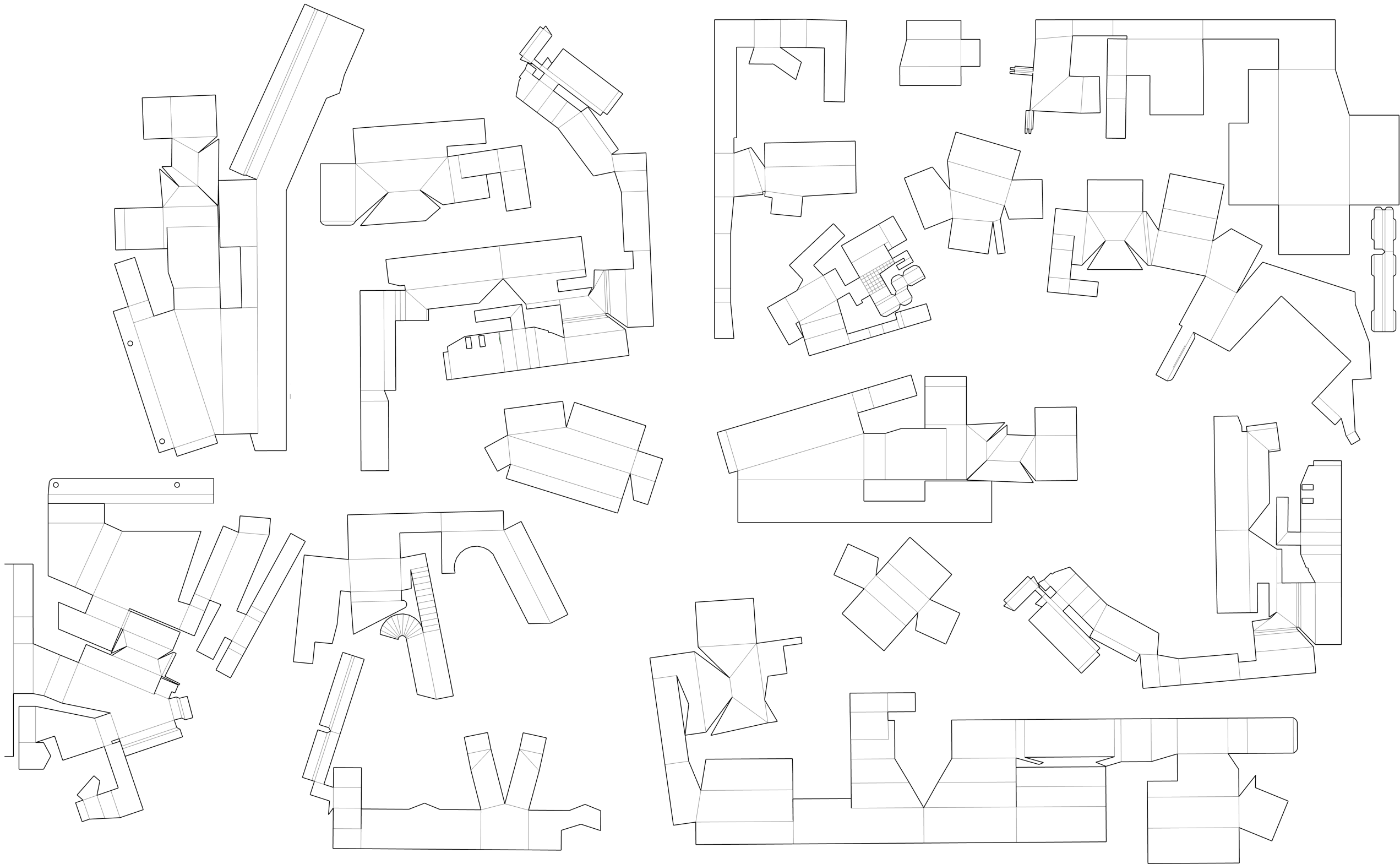


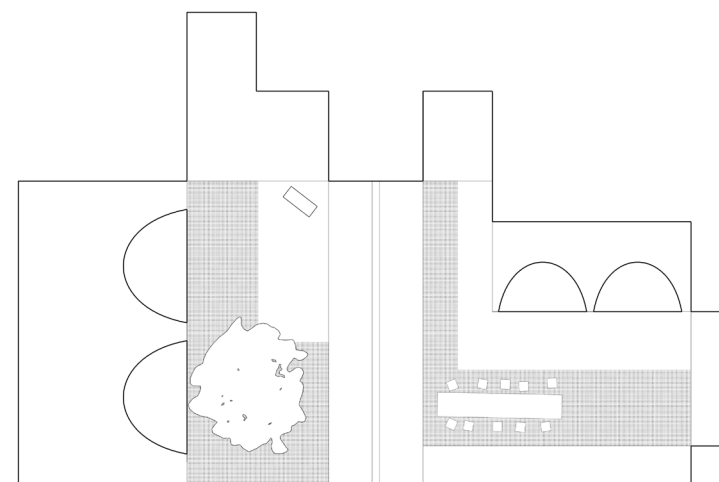
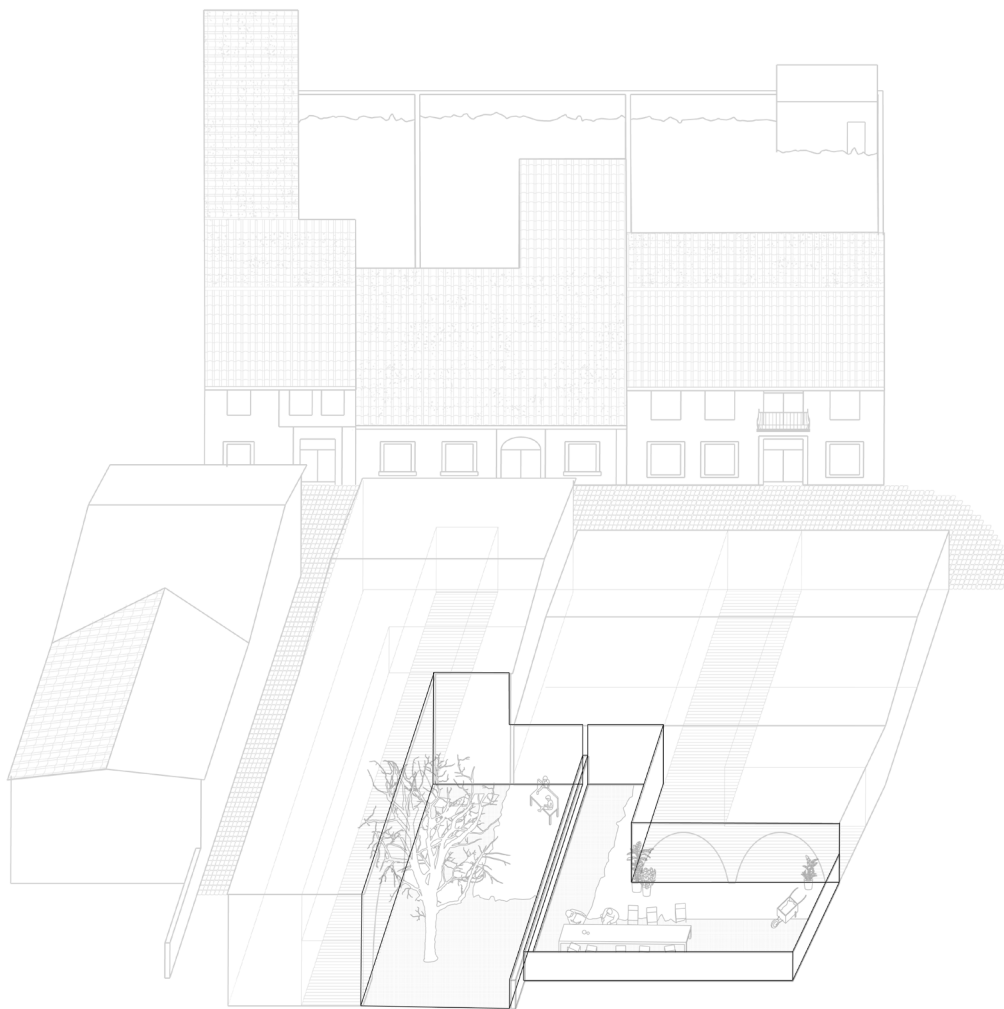














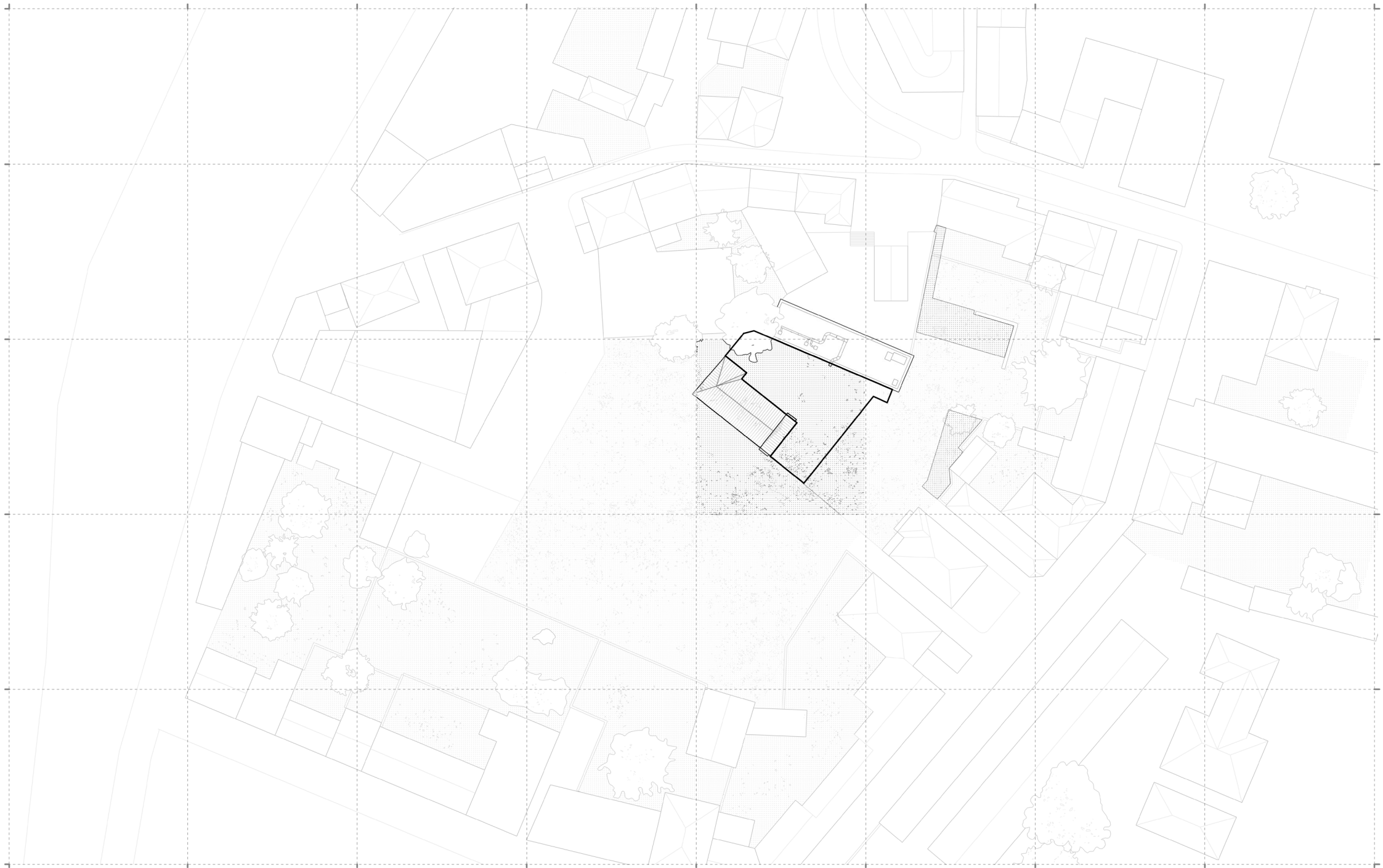








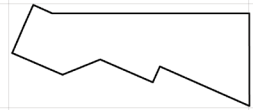








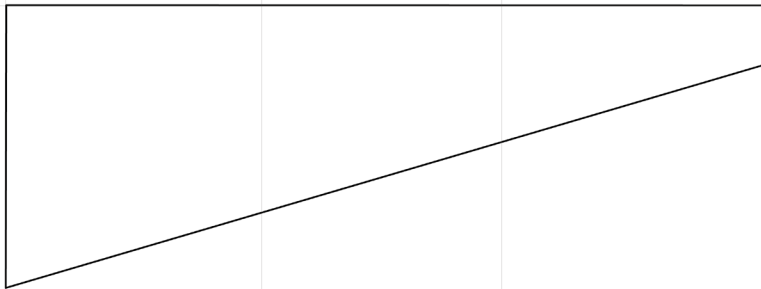
[a] collective garden



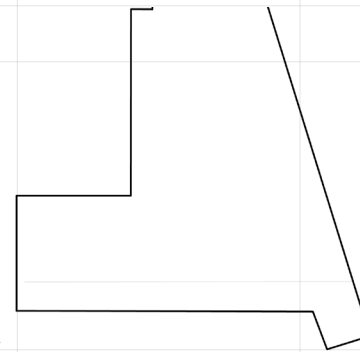
[a] jasmine garden



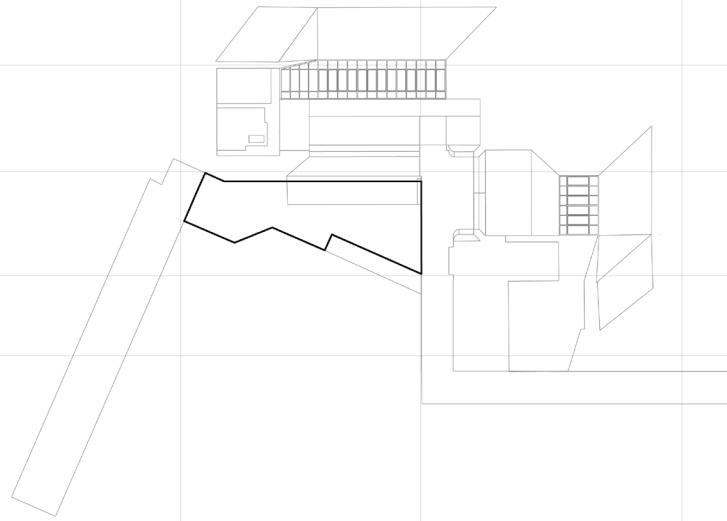
[a] reed garden



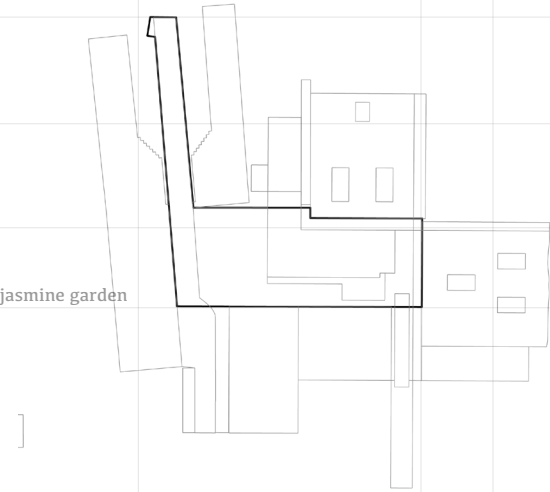
[a] fig garden



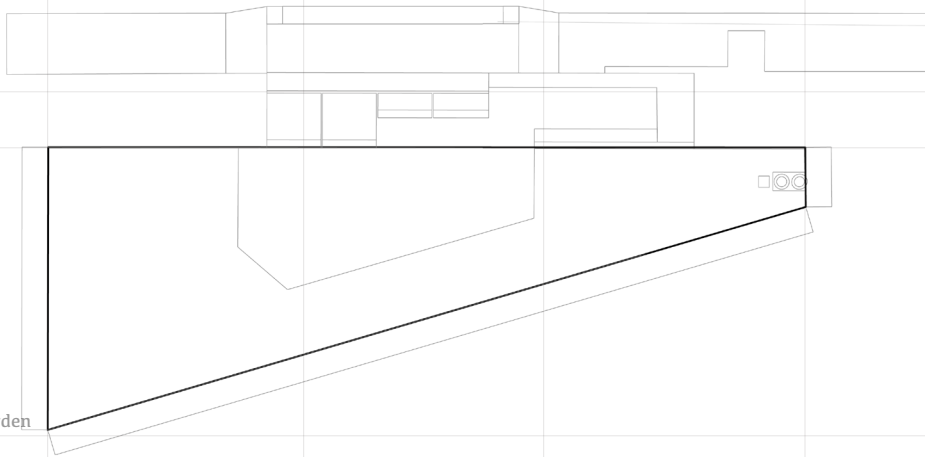
[a] collective garden



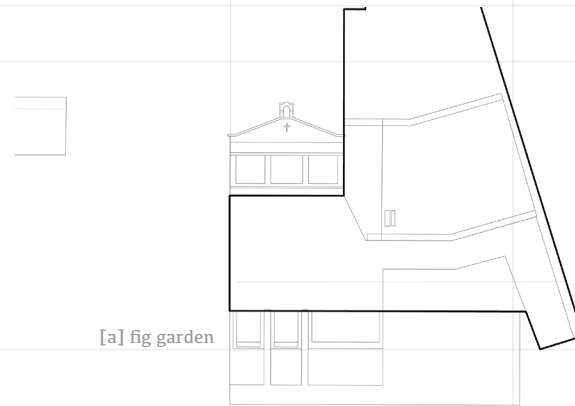
[a] jasmine garden



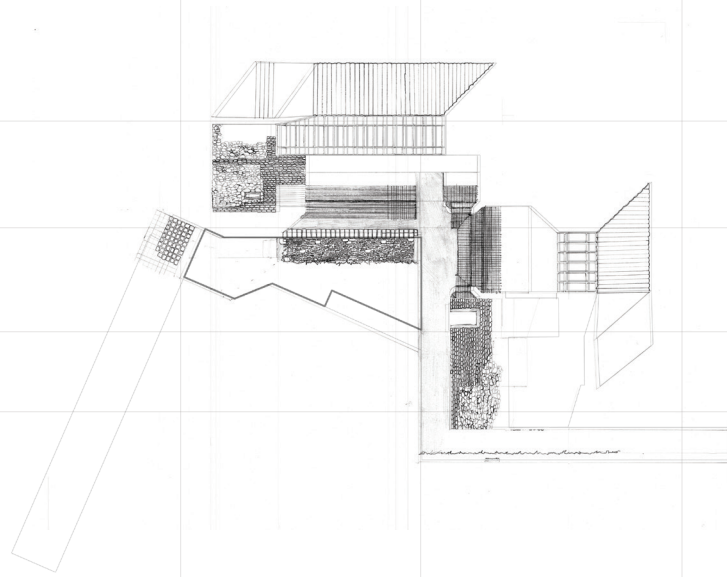
[a] reed garden



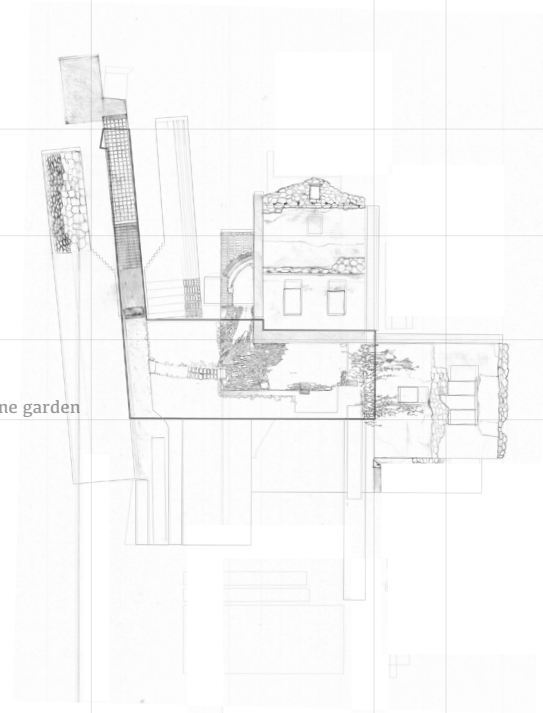
[a] fig garden



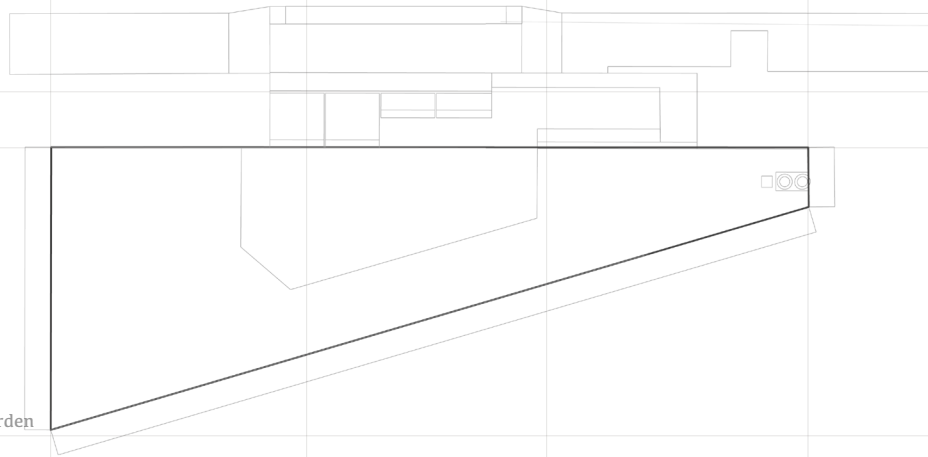
[a] collective garden



[a] jasmine garden



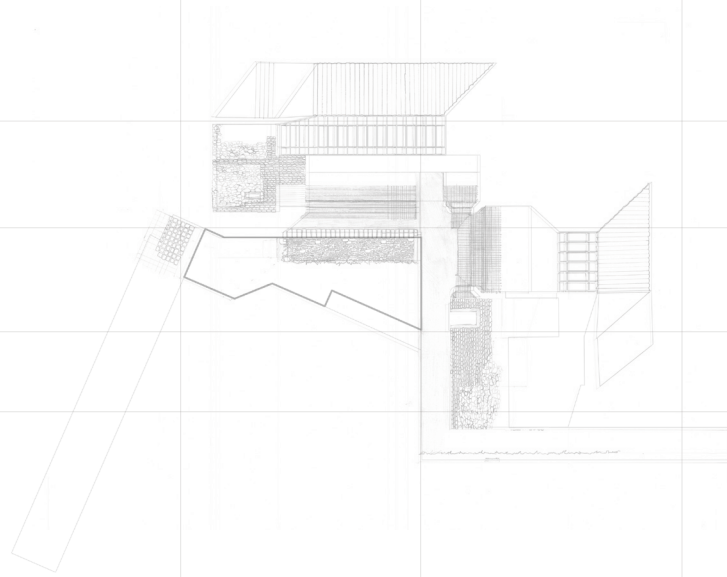
[a] reed garden



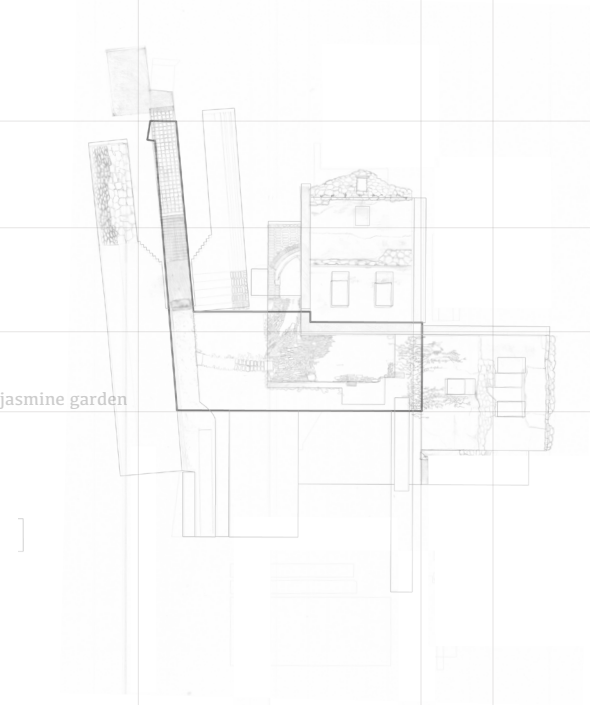
[a] fig garden



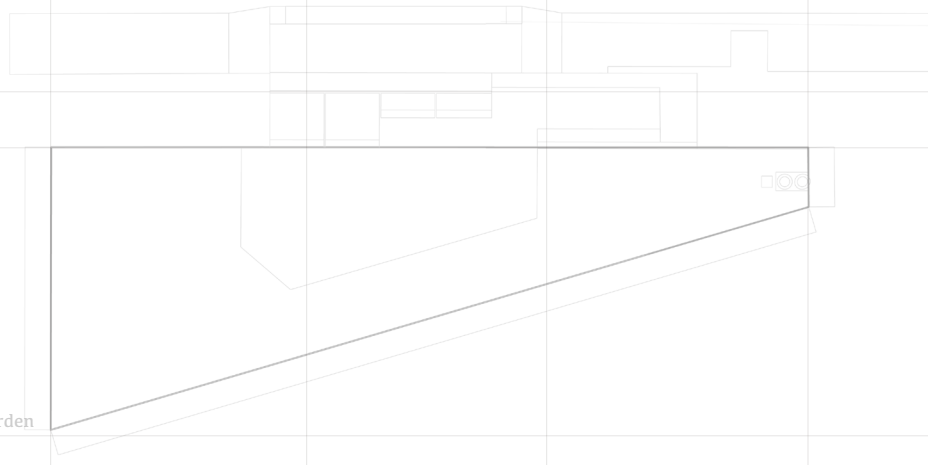
[a] collective garden



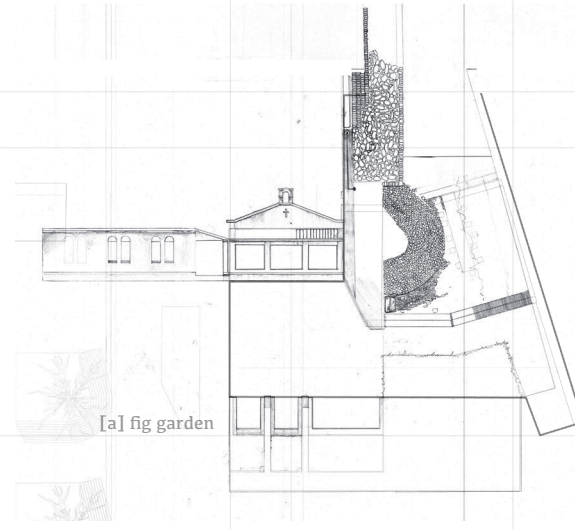
[a] jasmine garden

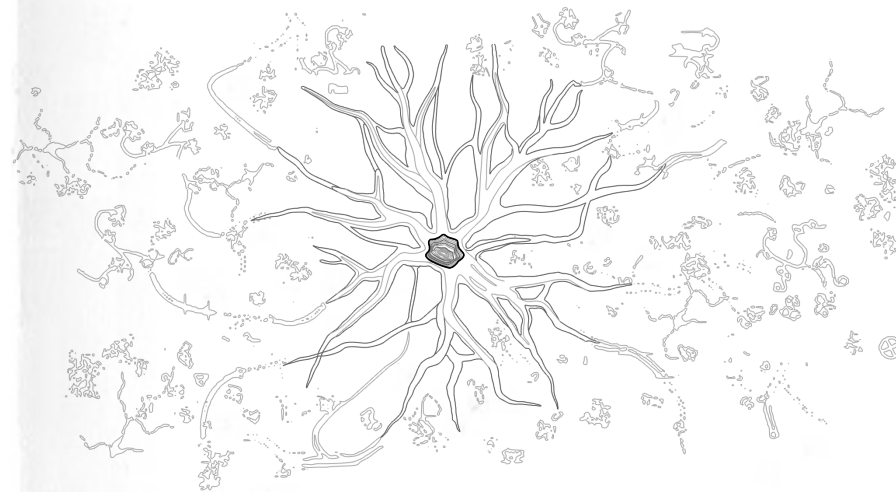
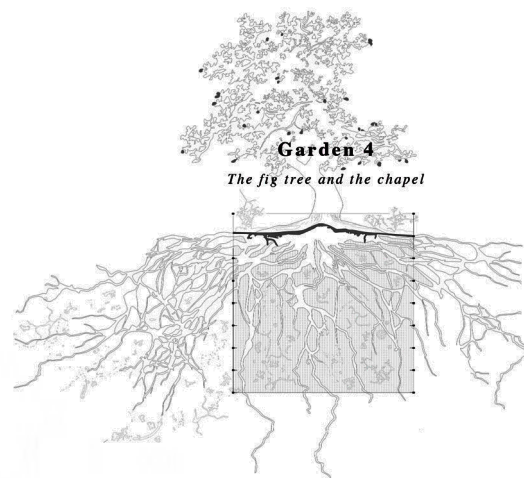


[a] reed garden



[a] fig garden





The Last Garden approaches nature through the lens of symbolism, the meanings carried by religion, myth, and poetry. At its heart stands the fig tree, a species of particular resonance in Cyprus. Its importance is written into the very map, with villages named after figs in both Greek and Turkish, a testament to how deeply the fruit has shaped cultural and social life across time.

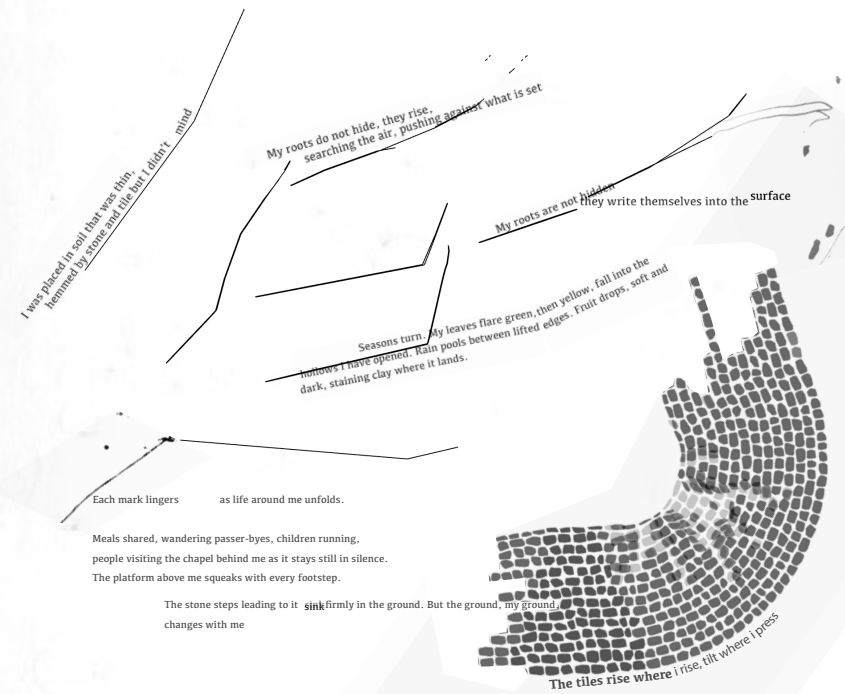
Across the Eastern Mediterranean, the fig has long stood for life, fertility, and continuity. In Cyprus, these associations are reinforced by religion. The Quran opens Surah al-Tin with the words, "By the fig and the olive," invoking them as emblems of creation and divine order. In the Gospels, the fig appears again with layered meaning: in Luke, its budding signals summer's nearness and the passage of time; in Mark, the barren tree is cursed for its fruitlessness. Fertile yet fragile, the fig holds a symbolism of the intricacies as life itself.

But most importantly, the fig tree reveals its relation to time in ways few other trees do. Its growth is written openly with vertical roots rising above the soil and inscribing their own chronology. The urgent ripening of the fruits, turning sweet and then falling into decay almost as fast. To harvest a fig is to capture this short-lived moment before it eludes you. The leaves, dropping with the seasons, announcing transitions. In this way, the fig makes visible the cycles it the overlapping cycles of growth and decline it undergoes.



Here, a small garden is already formed on site. The space between a small chapel and a new metallic prefab construction. The existing garden remains untamed, and unassuming, showing only the marks of the old path to the chapel, and dry vegetation. Once a centre for the Armenian community, later remade into a music school, it is now silent. Preserved yet obsolete, it inhabits another kind of time. It lacks the urgency of ruins that decay and crumble that act as reminders of a passing of the old ways of being. If the fig tree embraces time's advance, the chapel seems to withhold it.

Between these two conditions, the garden takes shape. The planting of the fig here is not merely horticultural but an act to begin a new cycle. As its roots will spread wide across the shallow soil, its fruits will ripen and fall, its leaves will signal each season as it passes. Around it, the tiled flooring will spread across the ground in porous clay, close to the place of planting. Their dislocation, and the marks left through cycles of fruition and shedding, become further inscriptions of the fig's temporal rhythms, while all else remains suspended. The garden, framed by the fig and the chapel, will hold these two temporalities in contrast and contradistinction, as life around it continues to unfold.

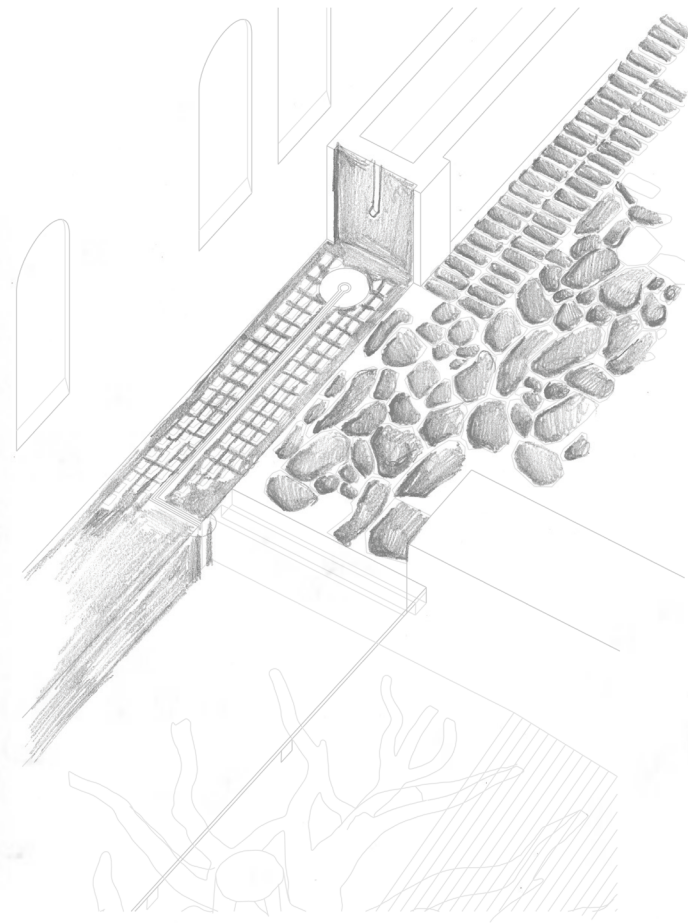


The water begins on the chapel's roof
it slides along the tiles gathers at the lip
an falls

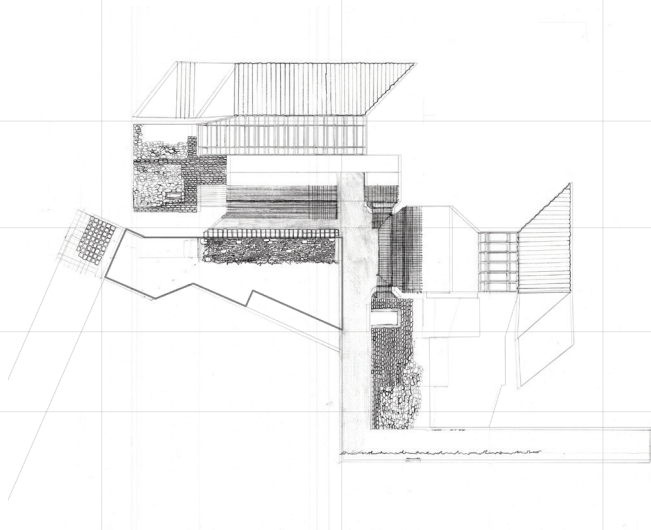
cold, metal runs along the yellow limestone wall. A think stream
traces the slope. A stream glistening amidst the rough concrete.
A turning sound creaks at the edge. A breath. Water is let out,
collects below, circles for a moment. And moves on. Moves on to
dissapear into a narroow passage,down into the roots that swallow
it whole. The smell of the earth releases with every drop, and the
moisture trapped between platform and root takes root.

Each mark lingers
unfolds

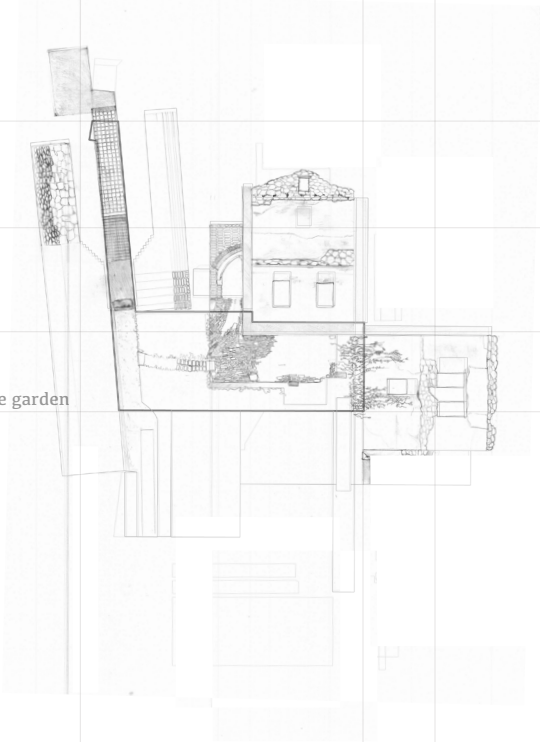
as life around



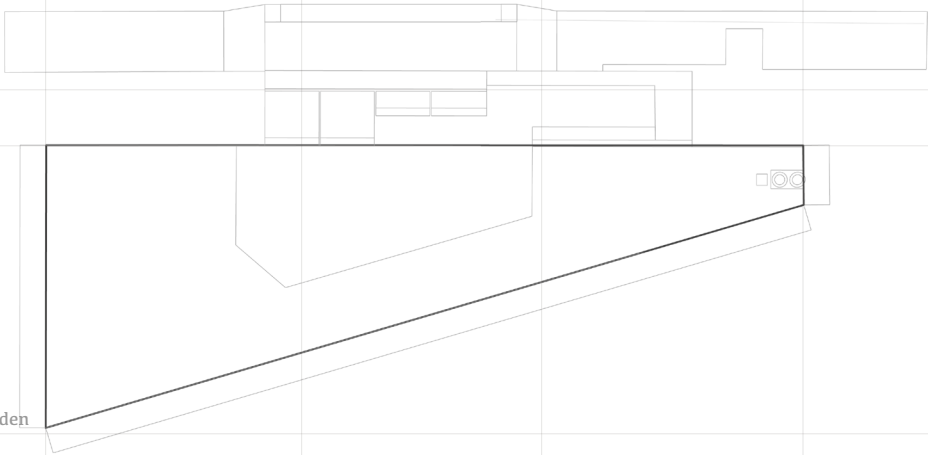
[a] collective garden



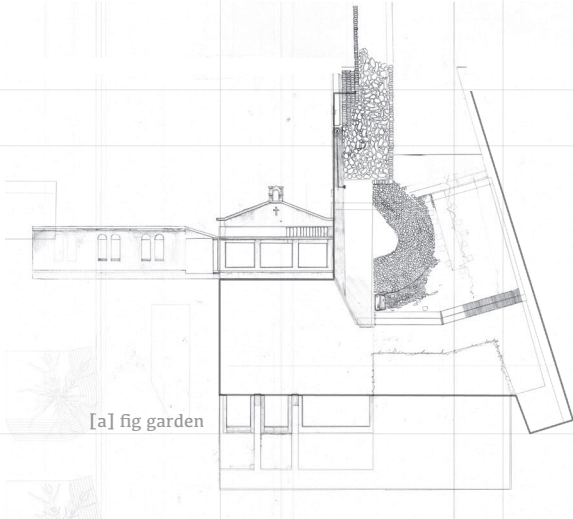
[a] jasmine garden



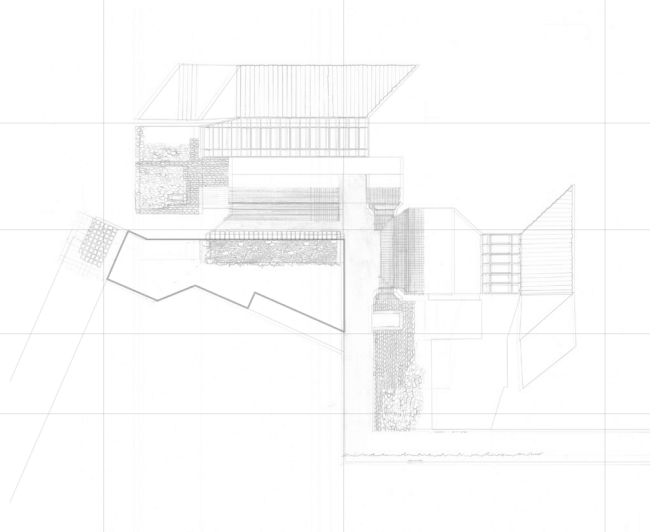
[a] reed garden



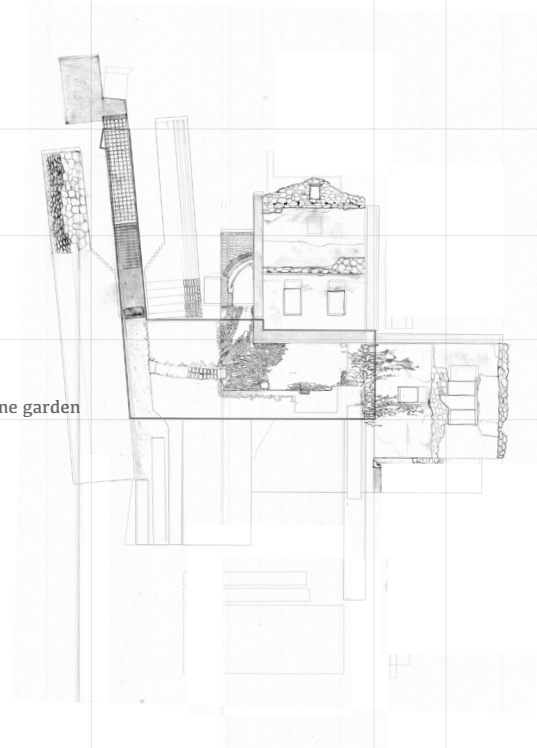
[a] fig garden



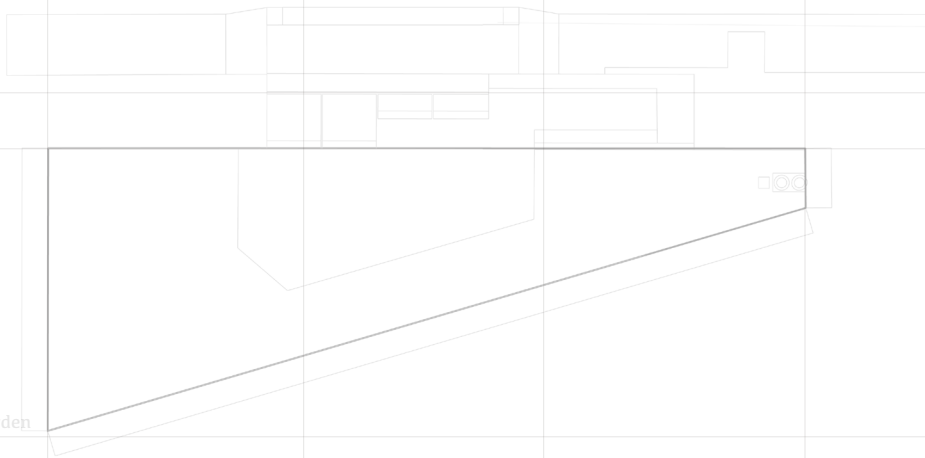
[a] collective garden



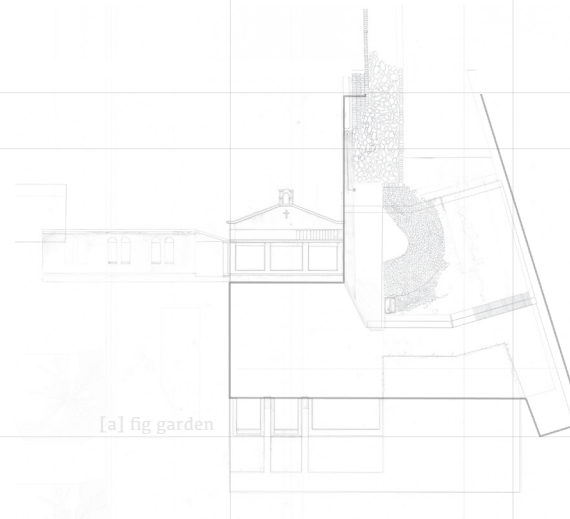
[a] jasmine garden



[a] reed garden



[a] fig garden



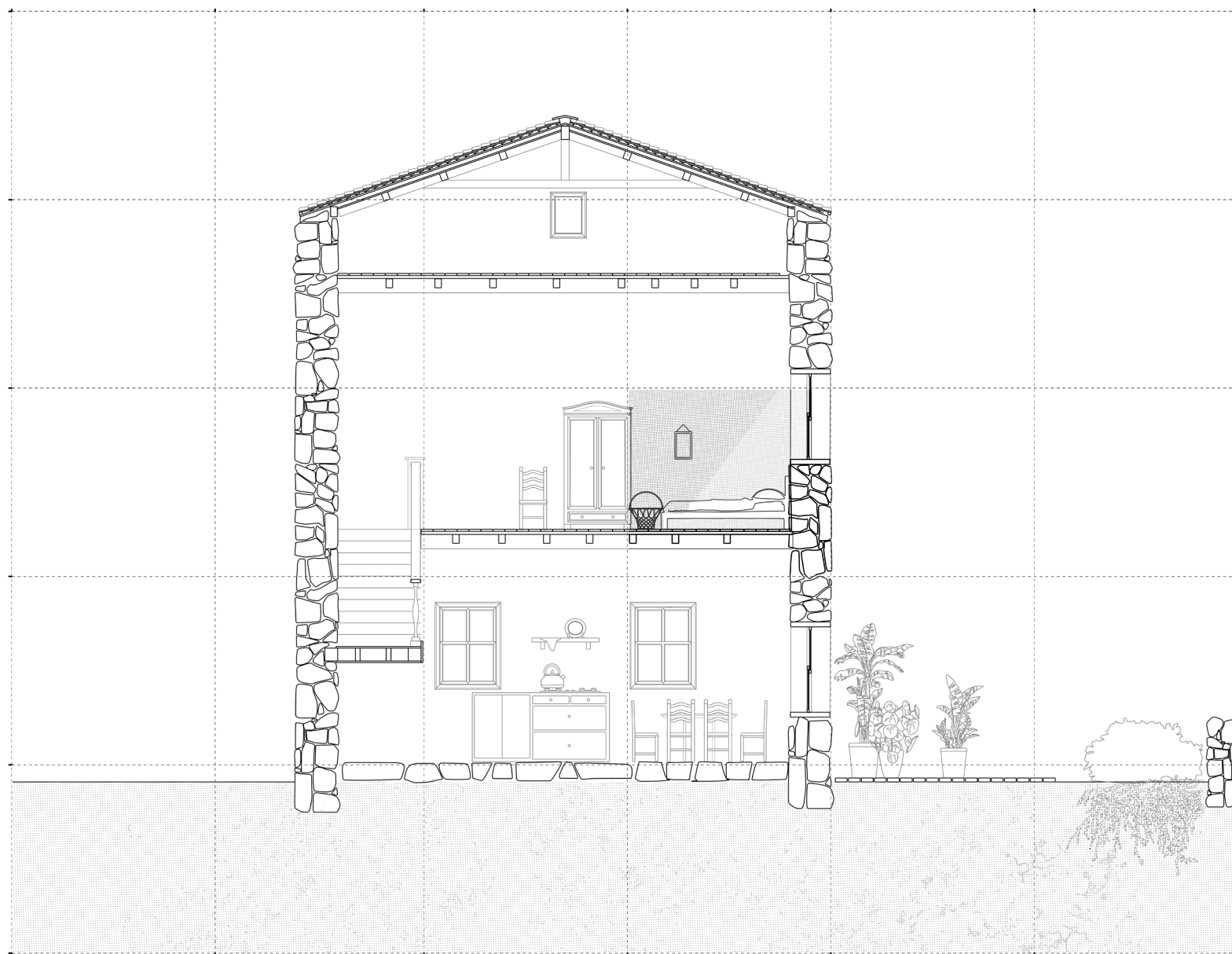


1937

1974

2025

2030

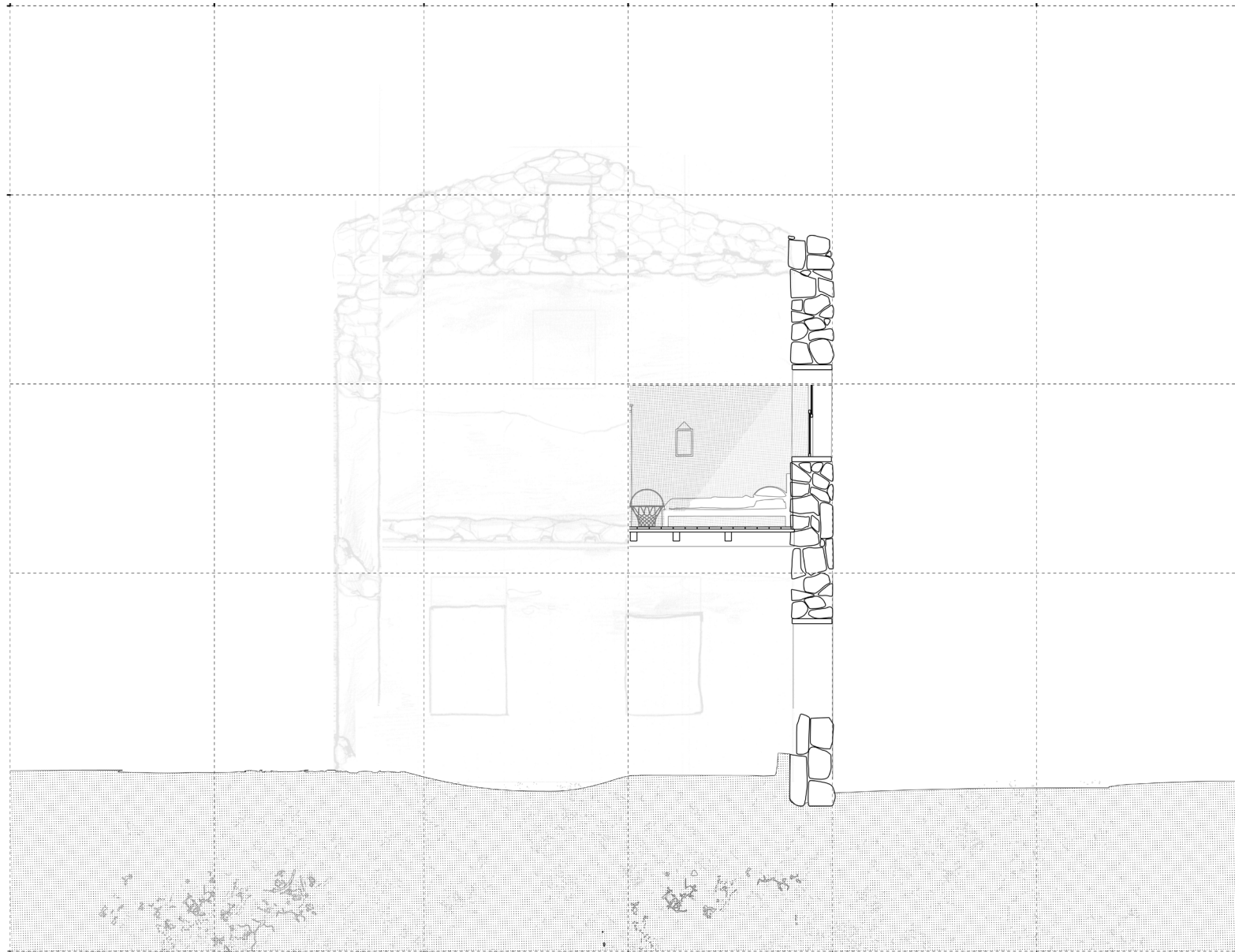


1937

1974

2025

2030

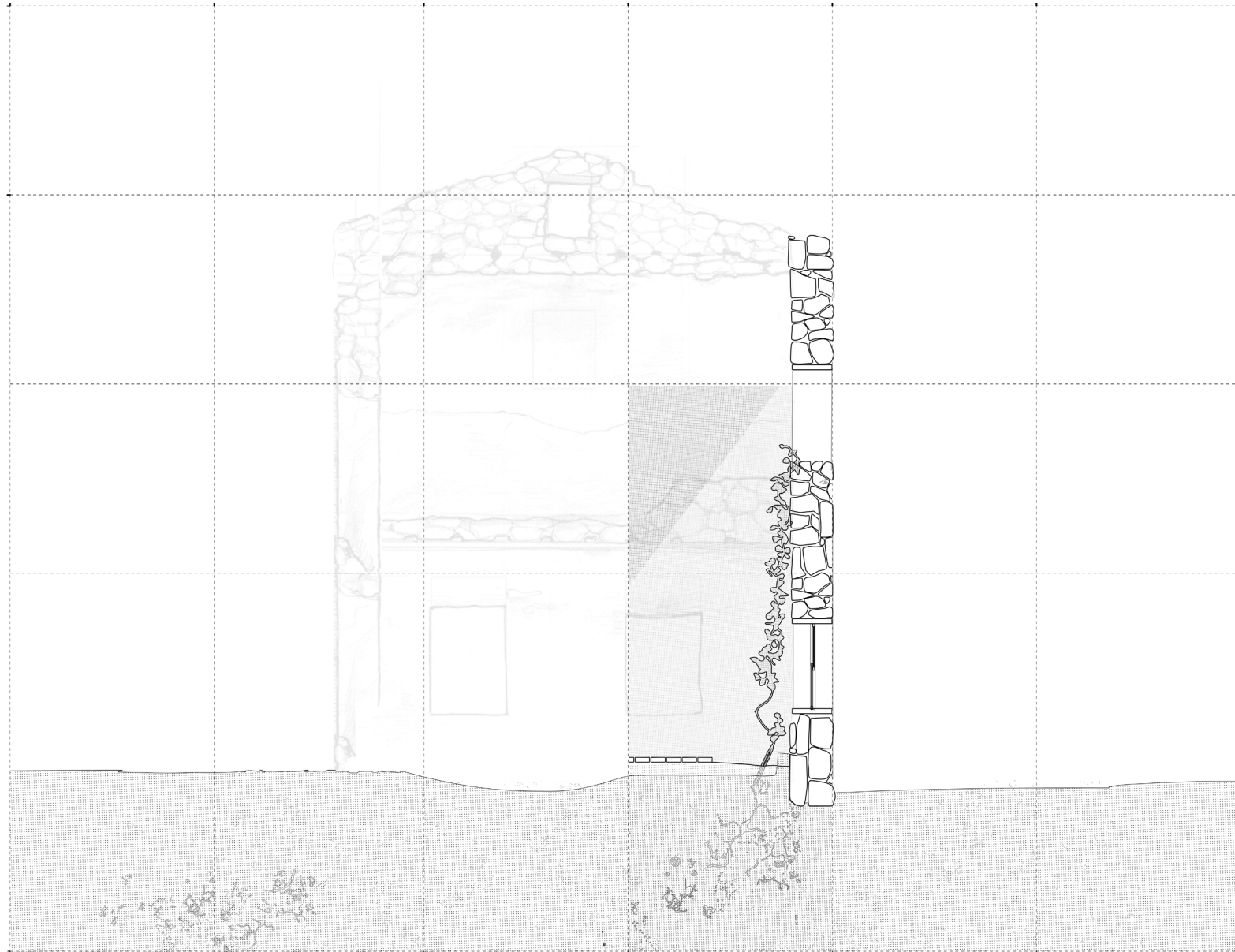


1937

1974

2025

2030

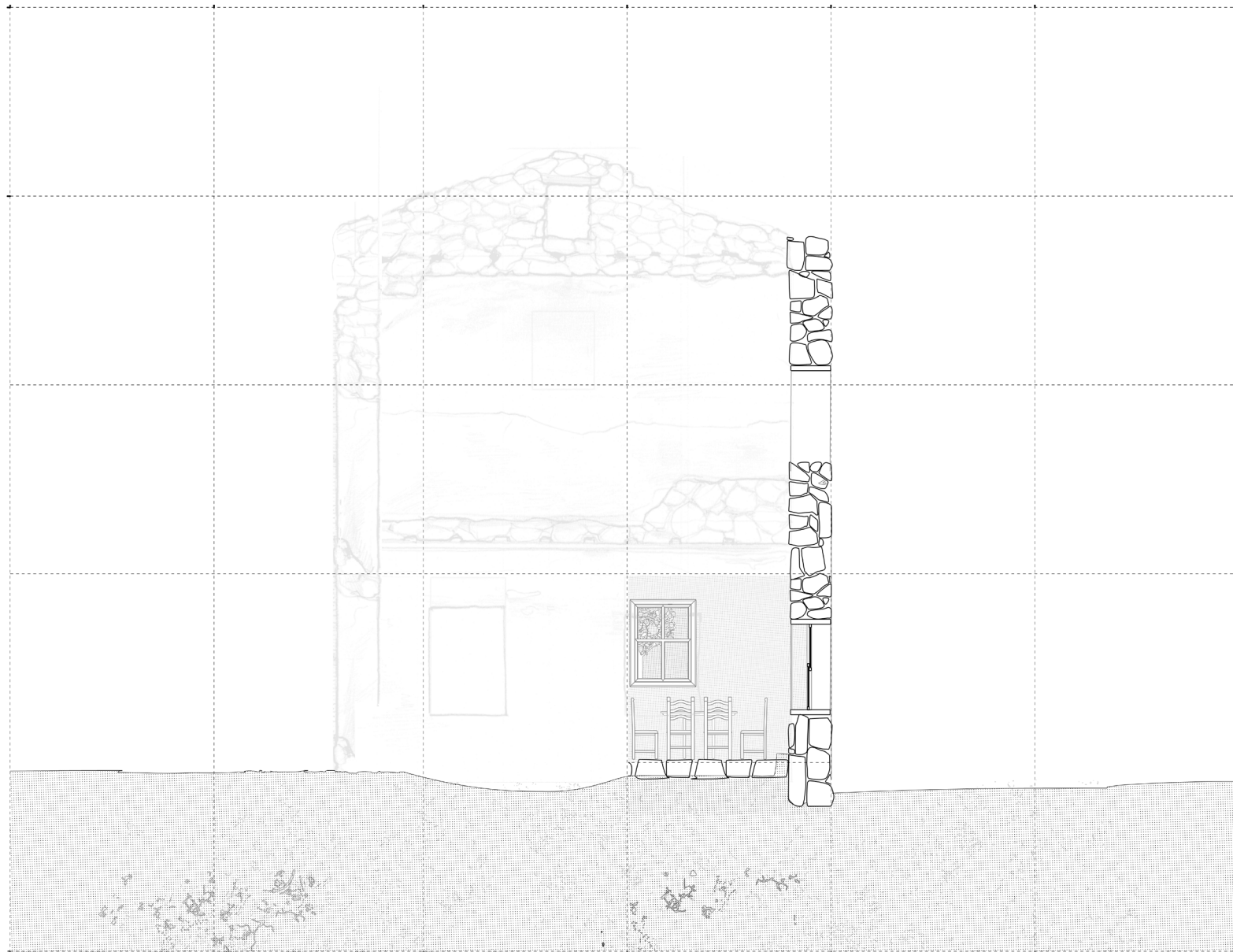


1937

1974

2025

2030

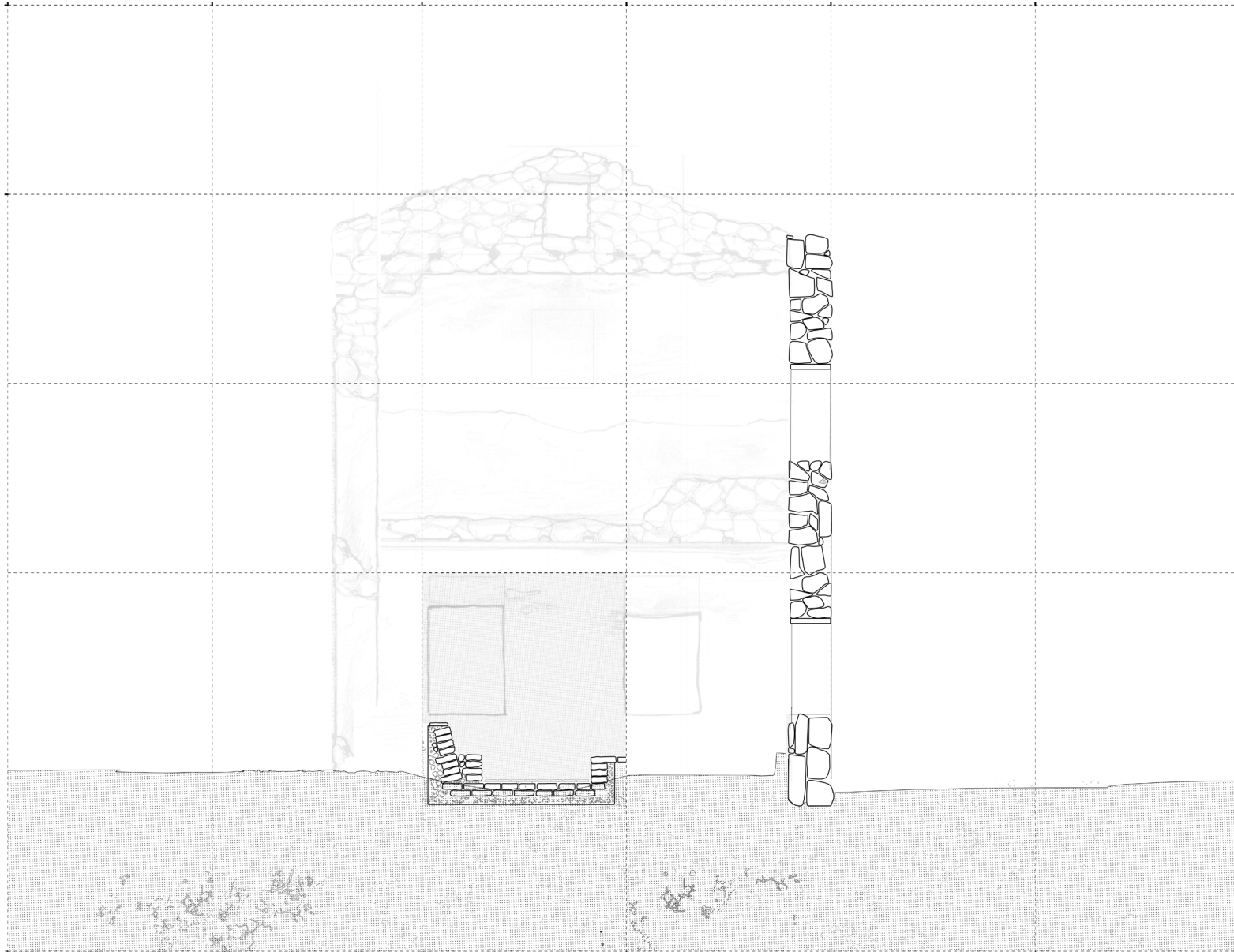


1937

1974

2025

2030



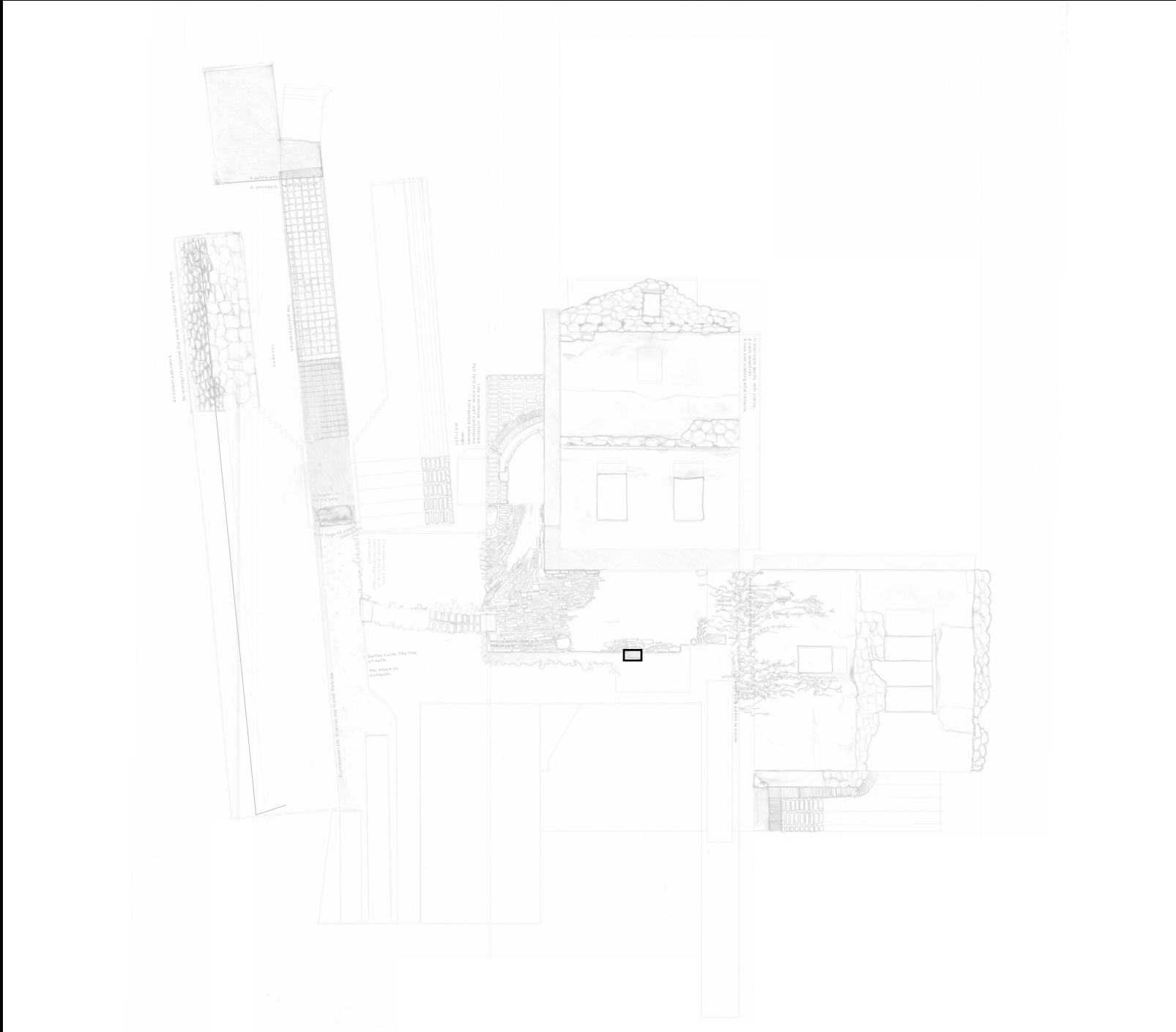
1937

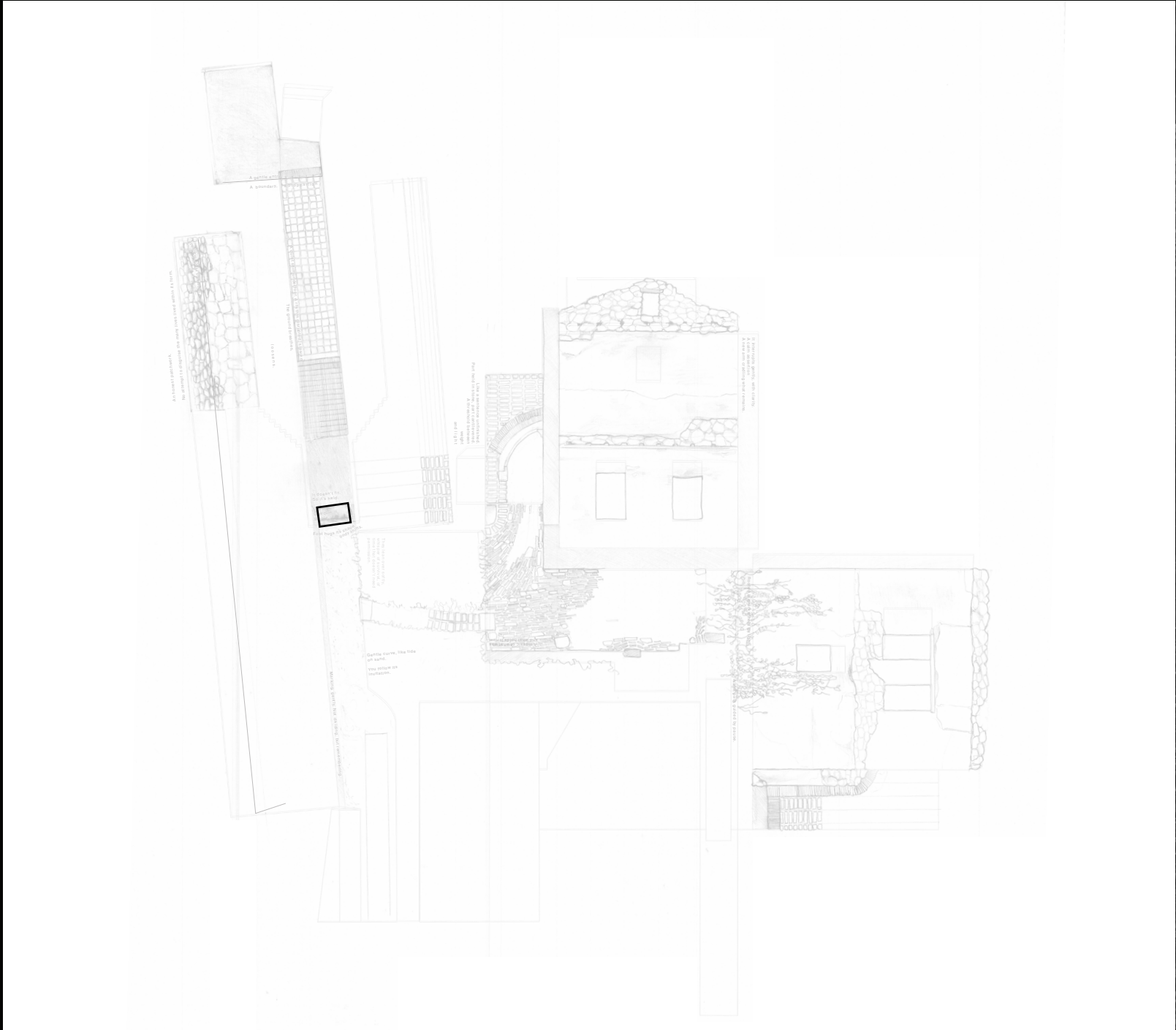
1974

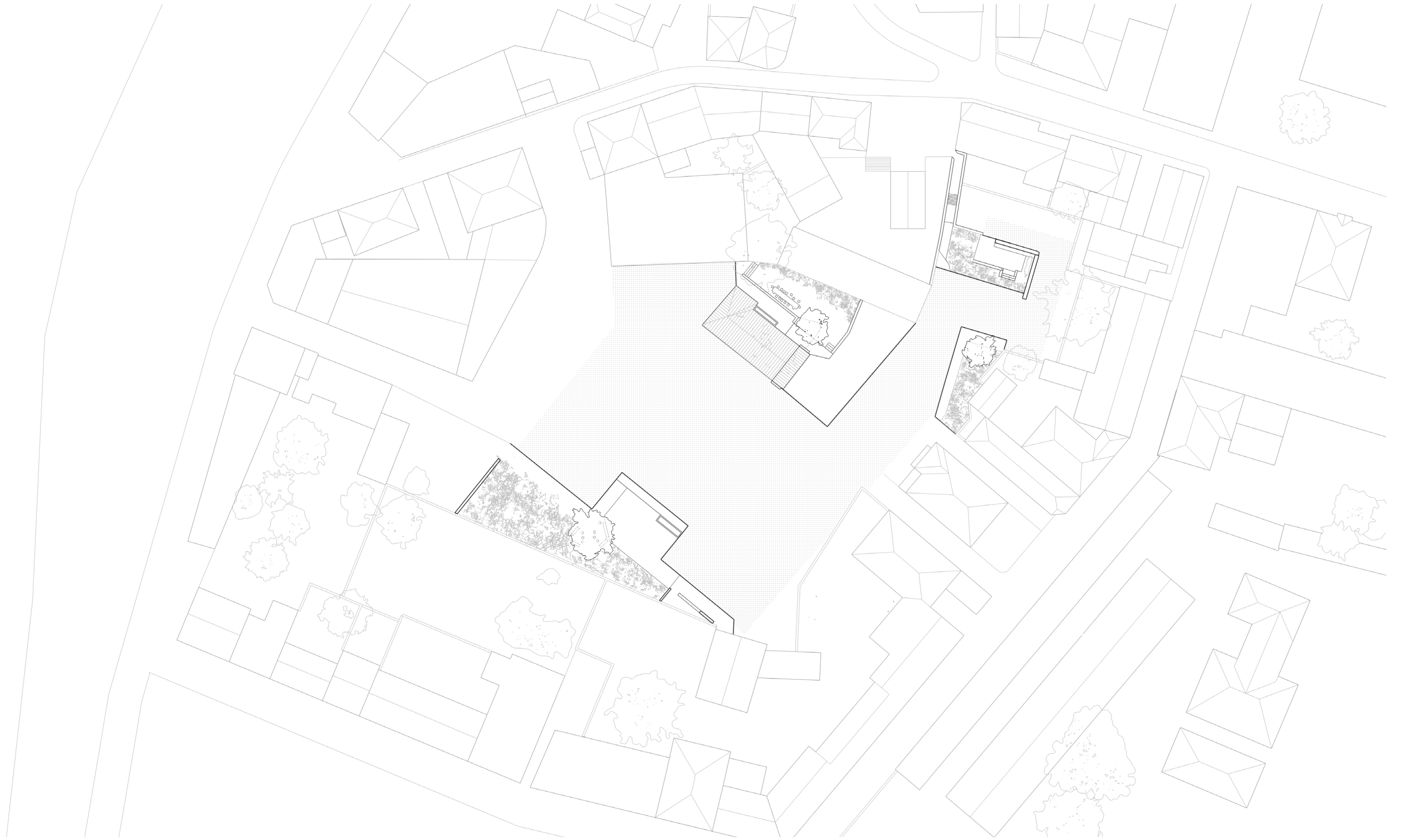
2025

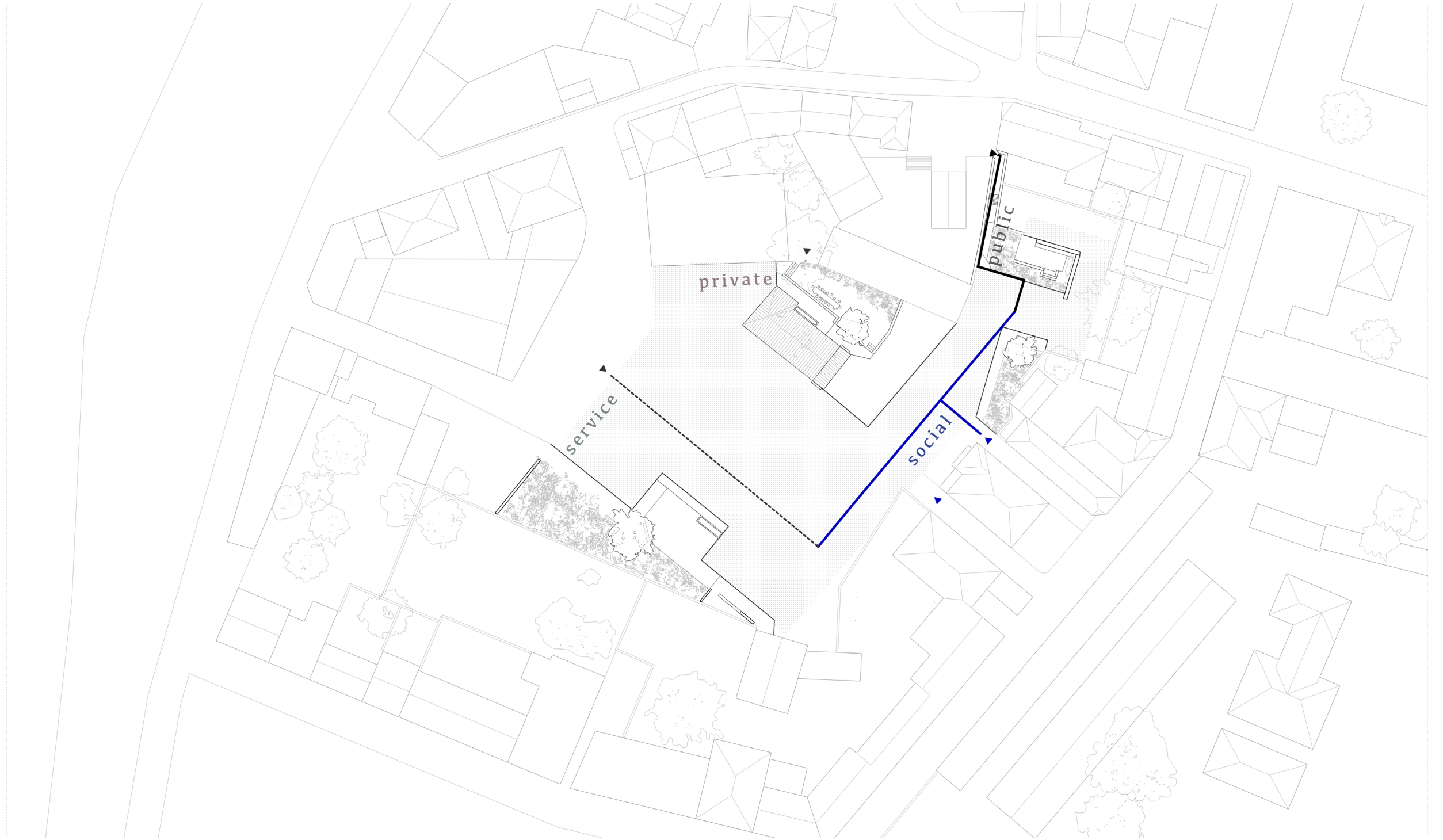
2030













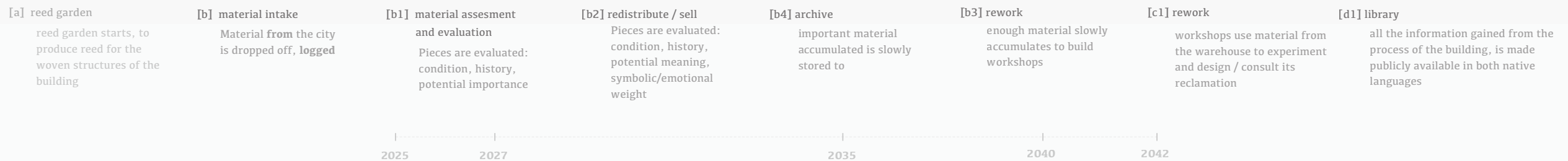
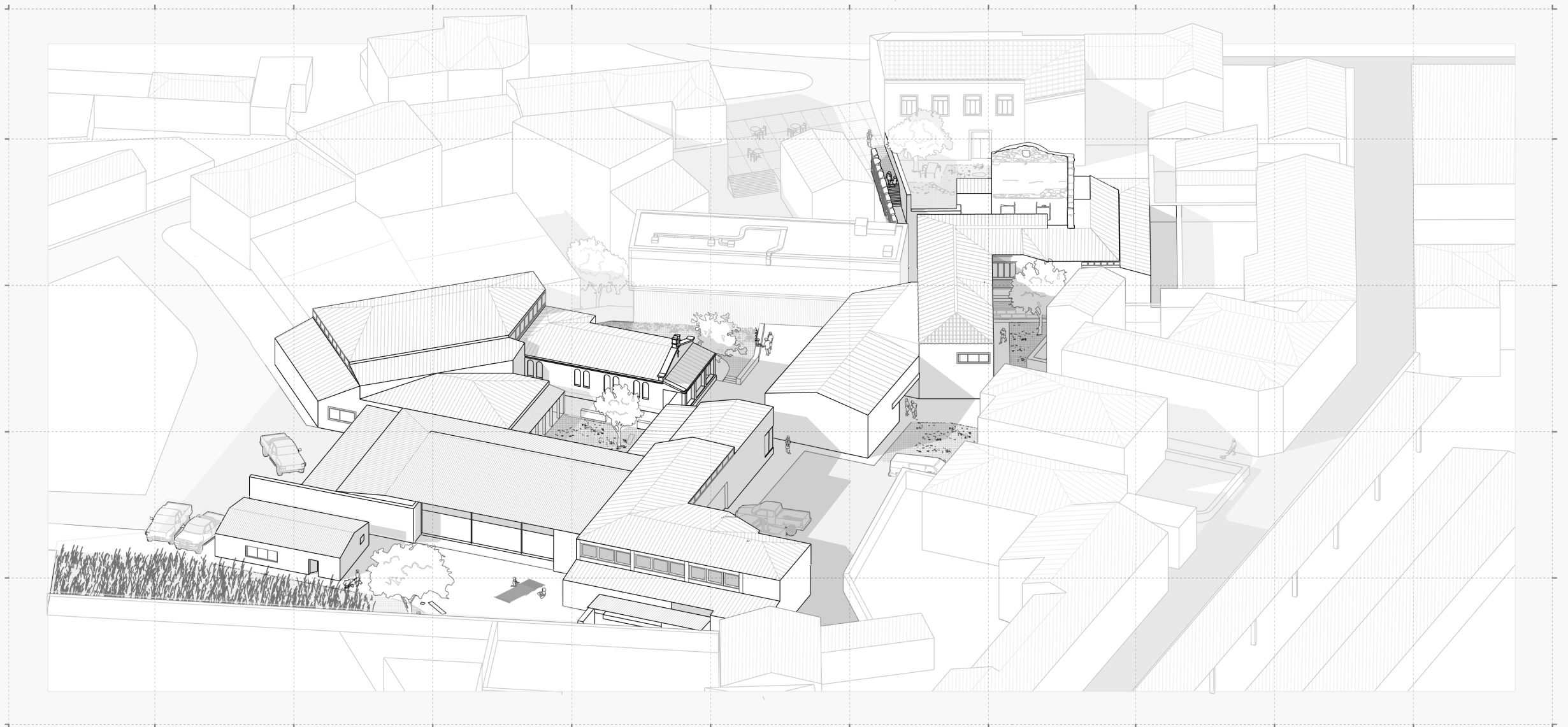


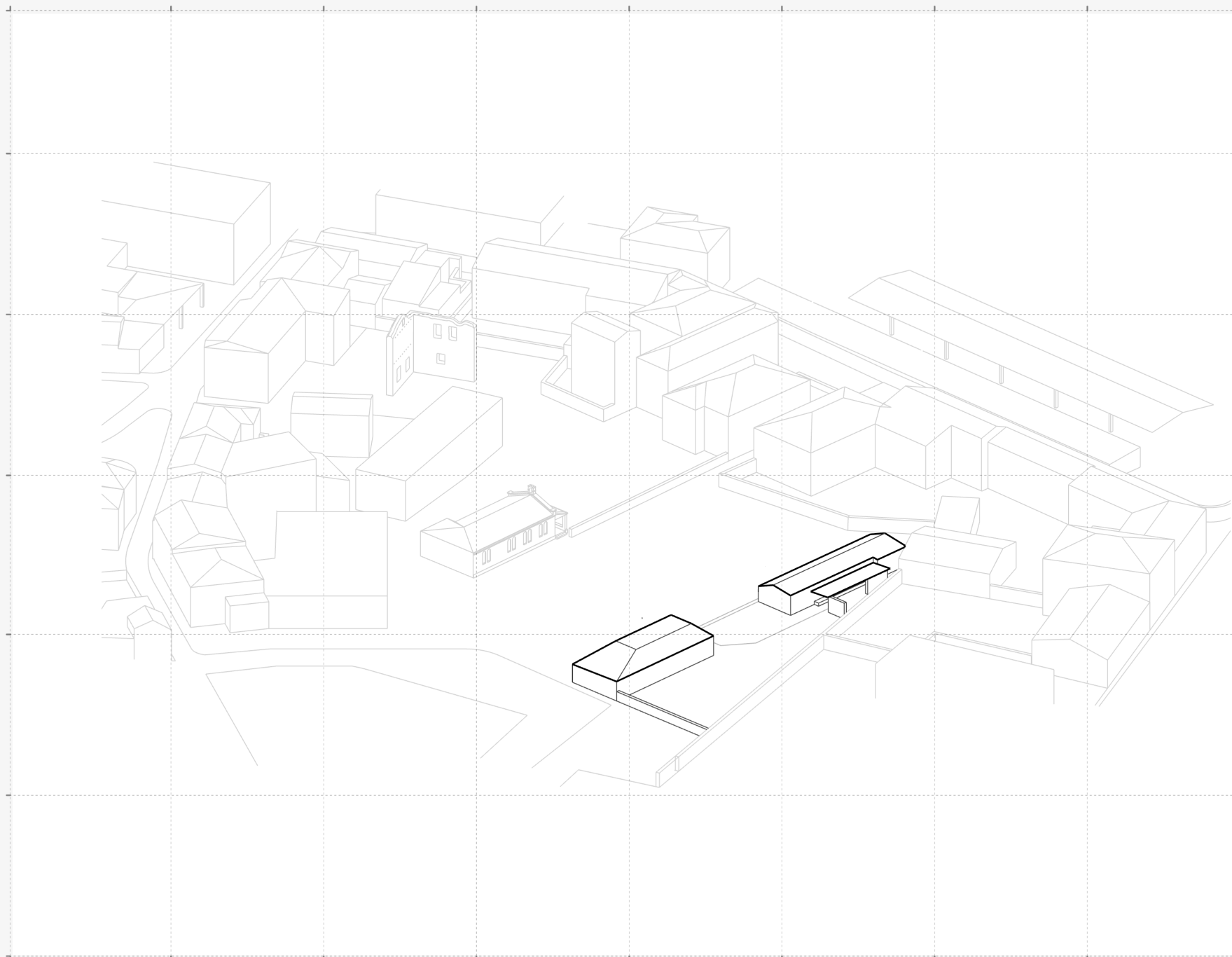




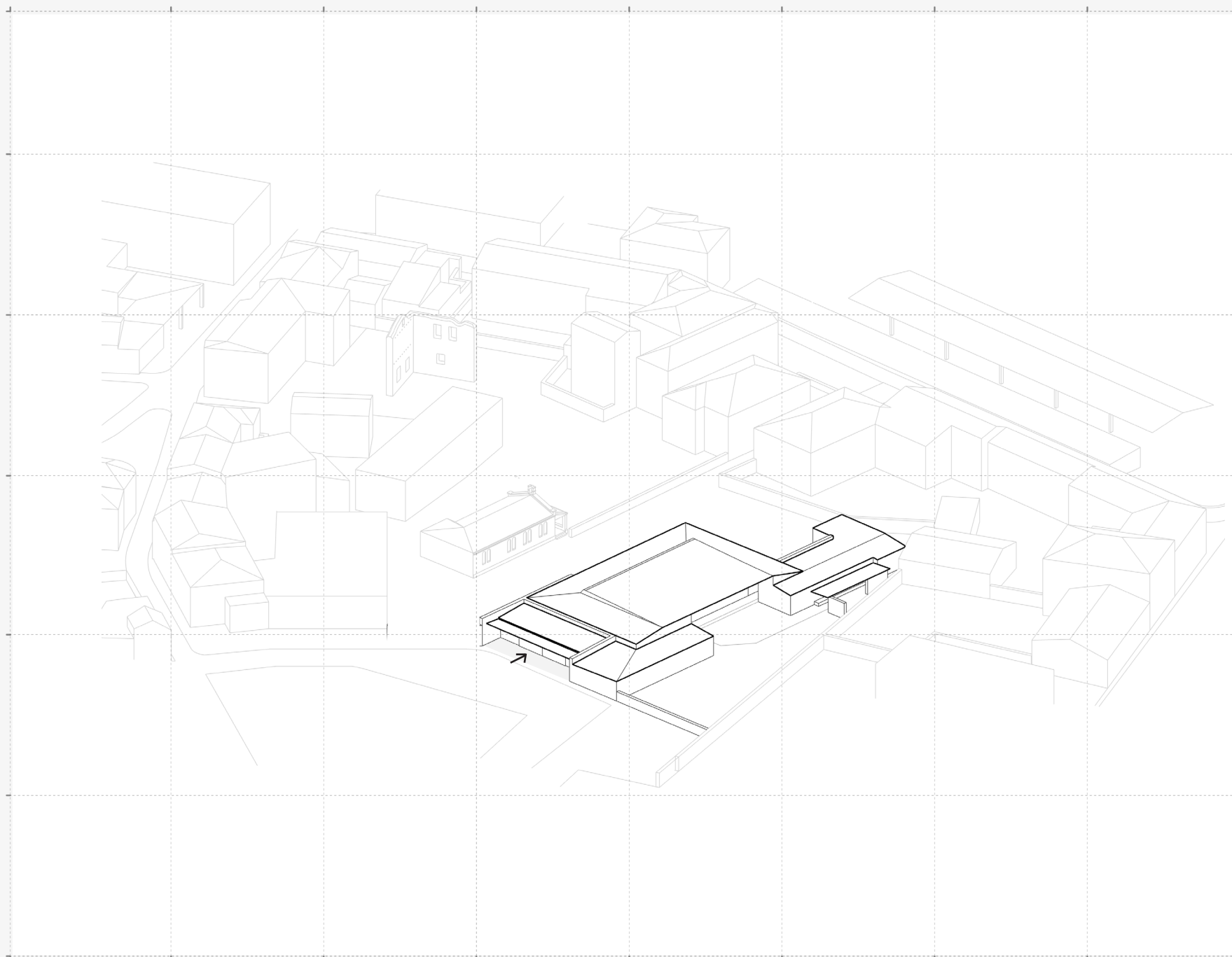




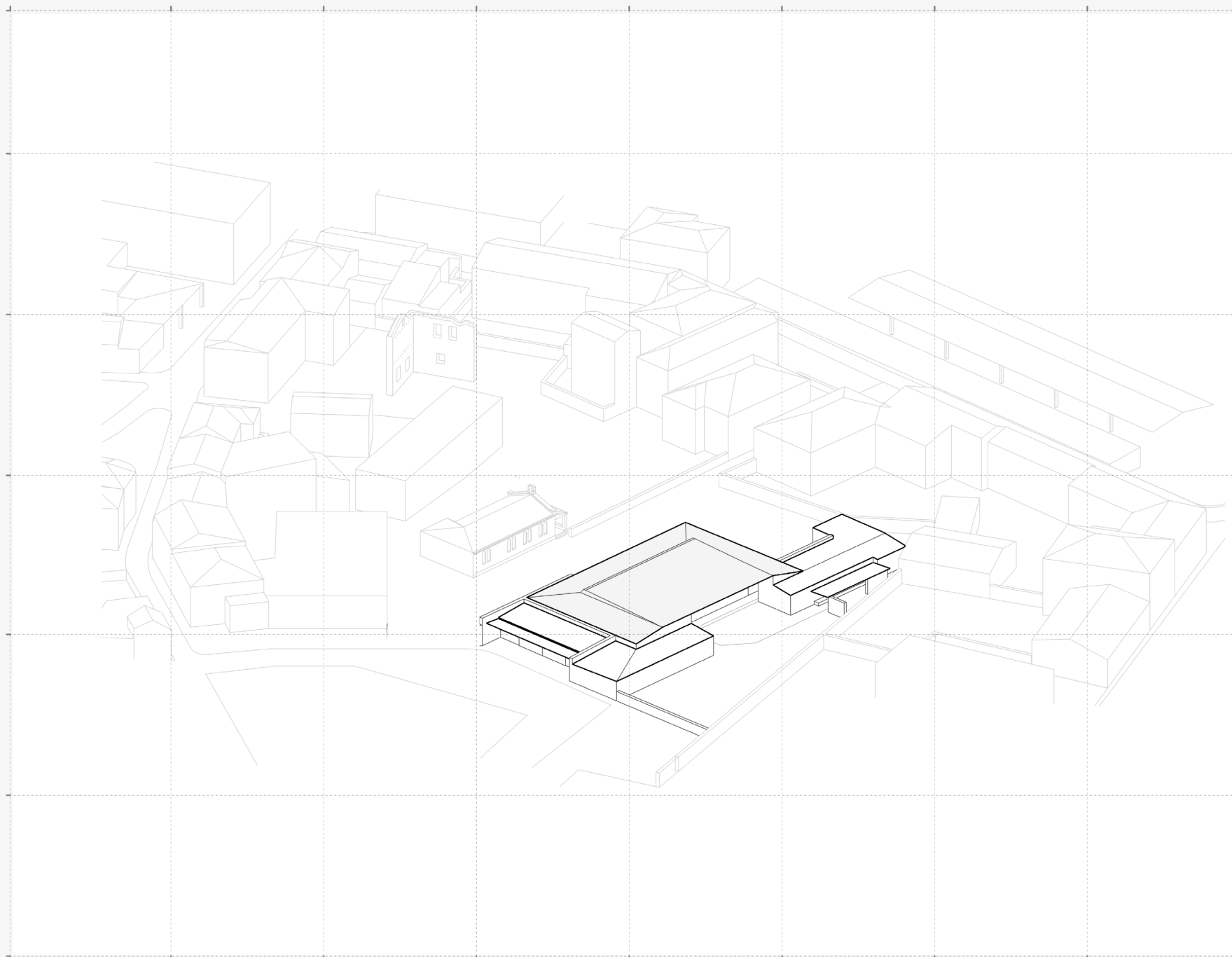




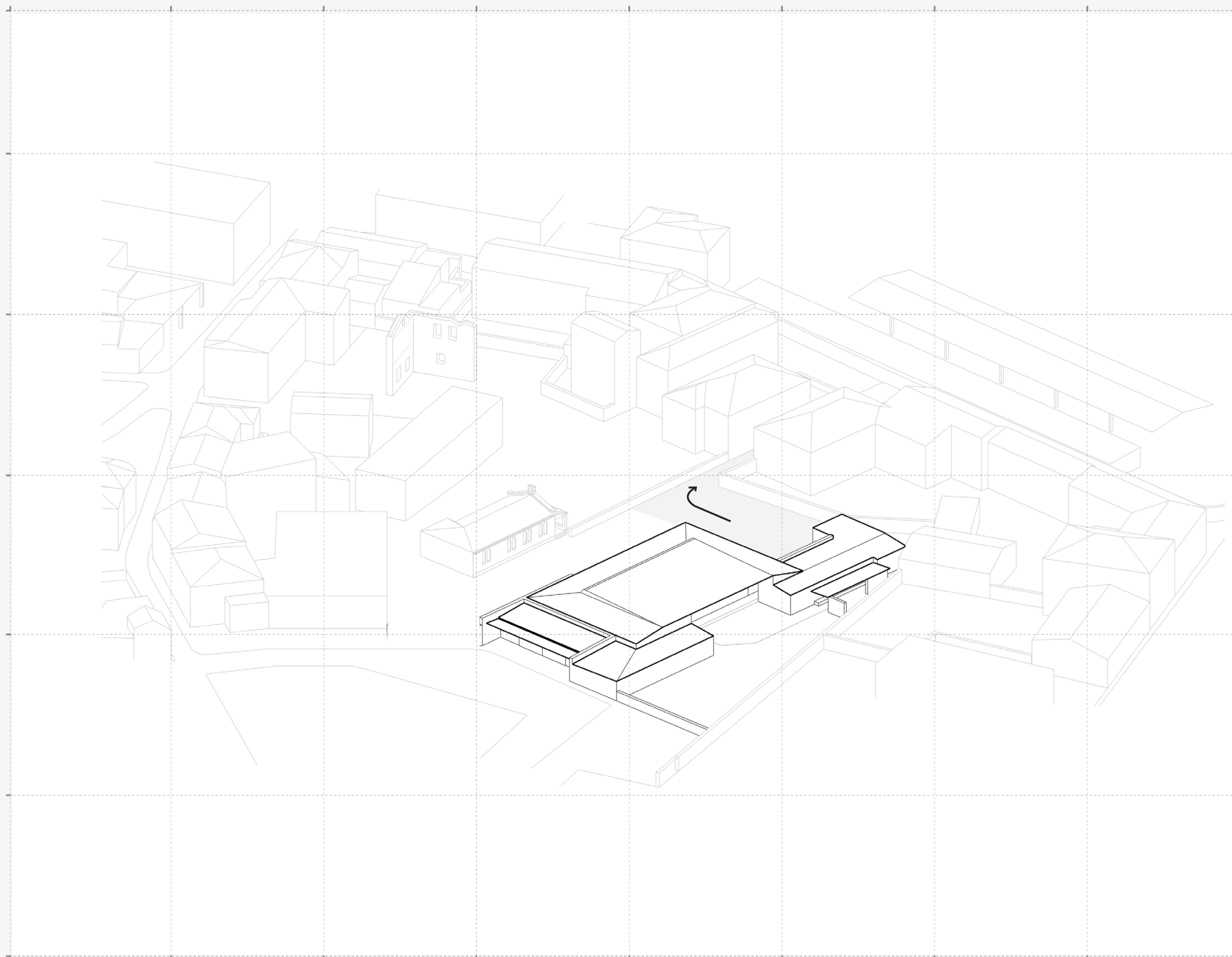
- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material from the city
is dropped off, logged
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



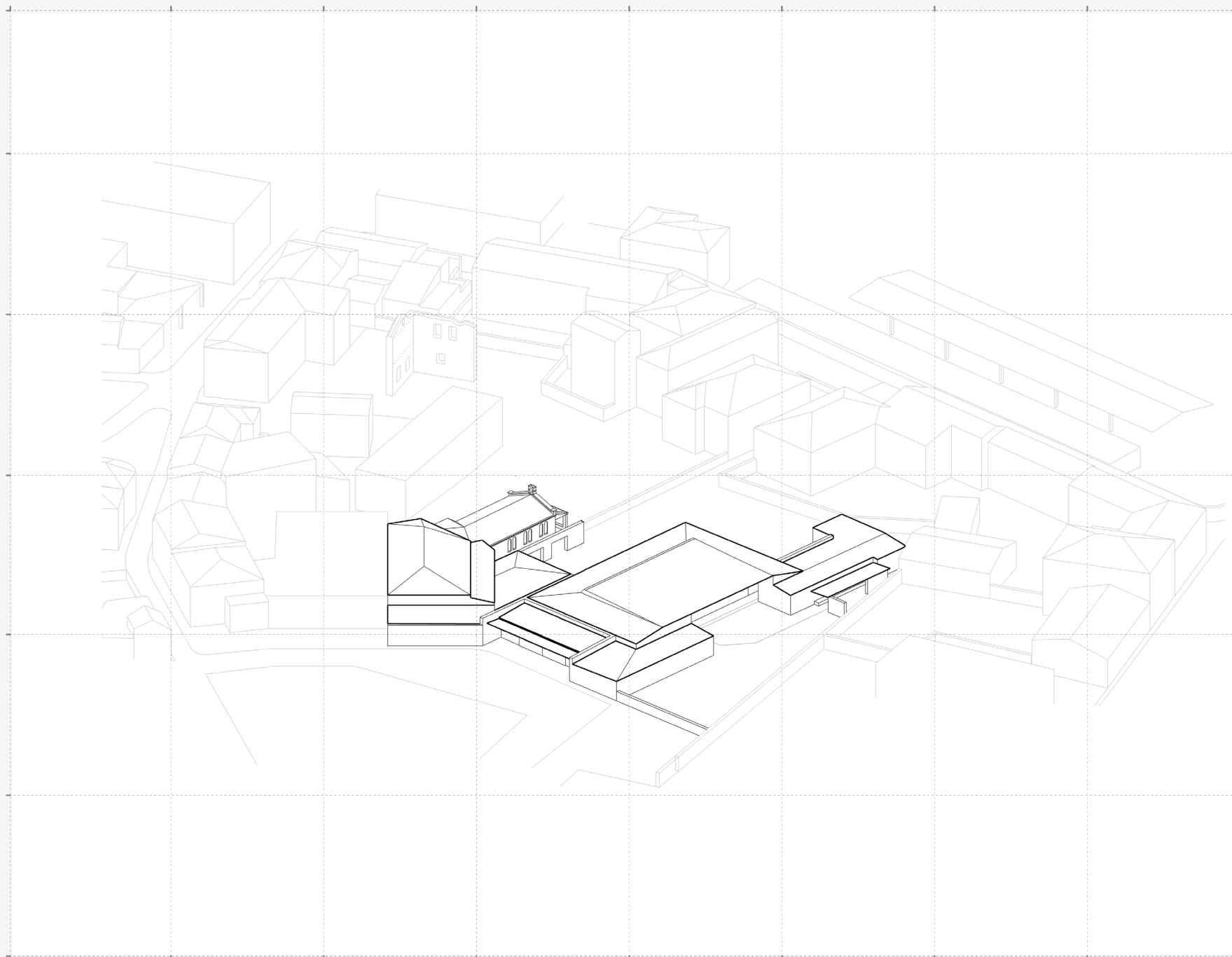
- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
**Material from the city
is dropped off, logged**
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



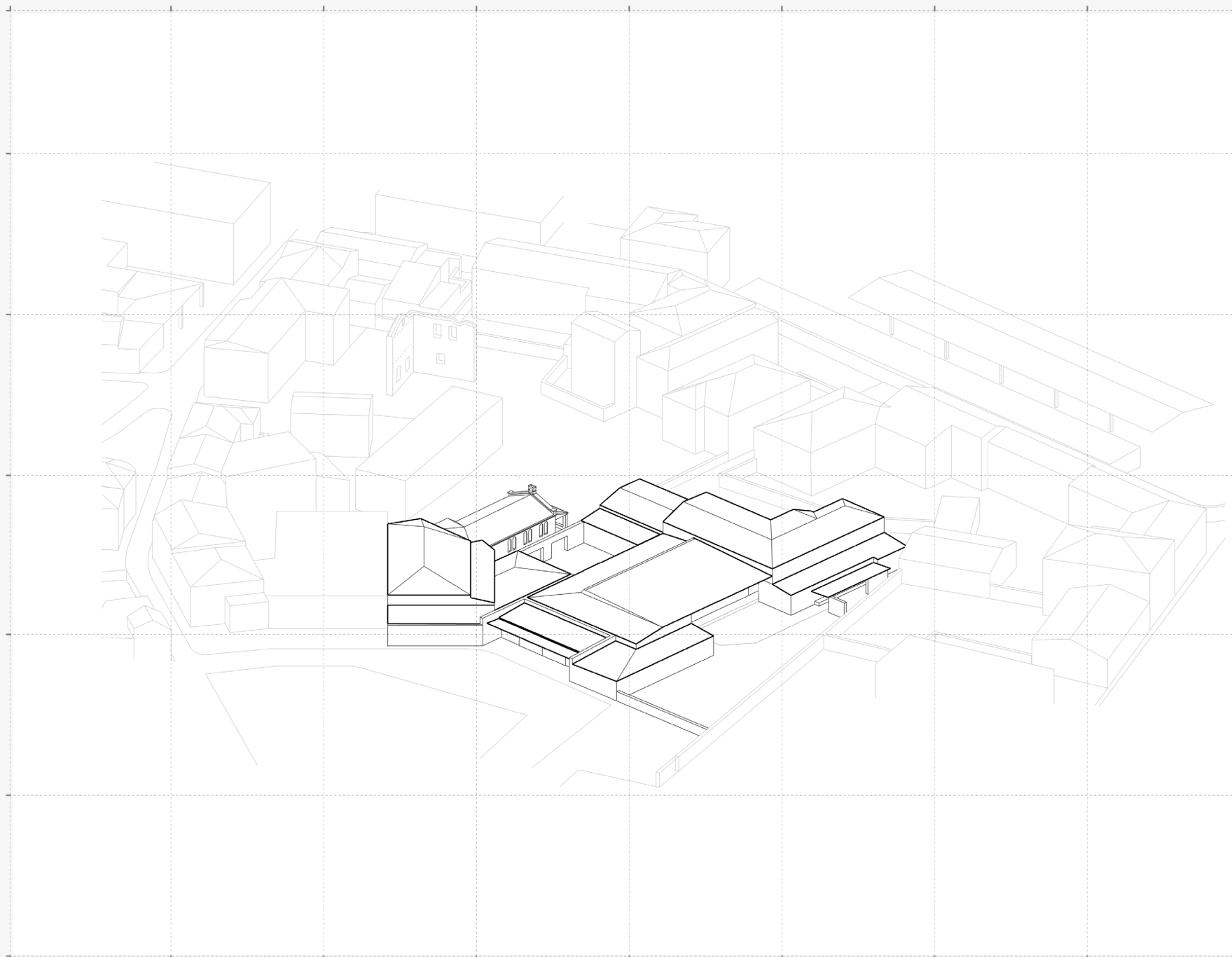
- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material **from** the city
is dropped off, **logged**
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
**condition, history, potential
importance**
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



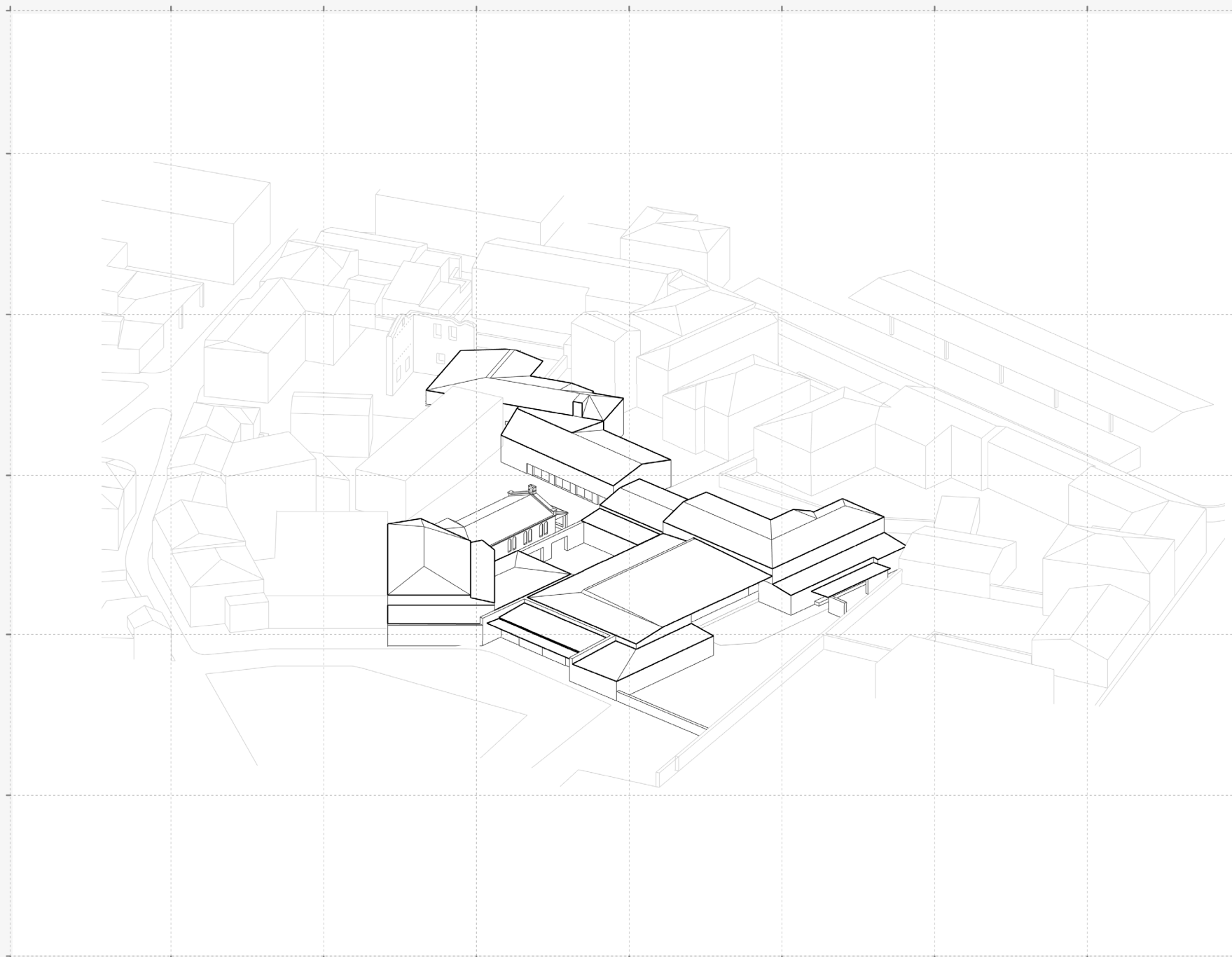
- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material **from** the city
is dropped off, **logged**
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



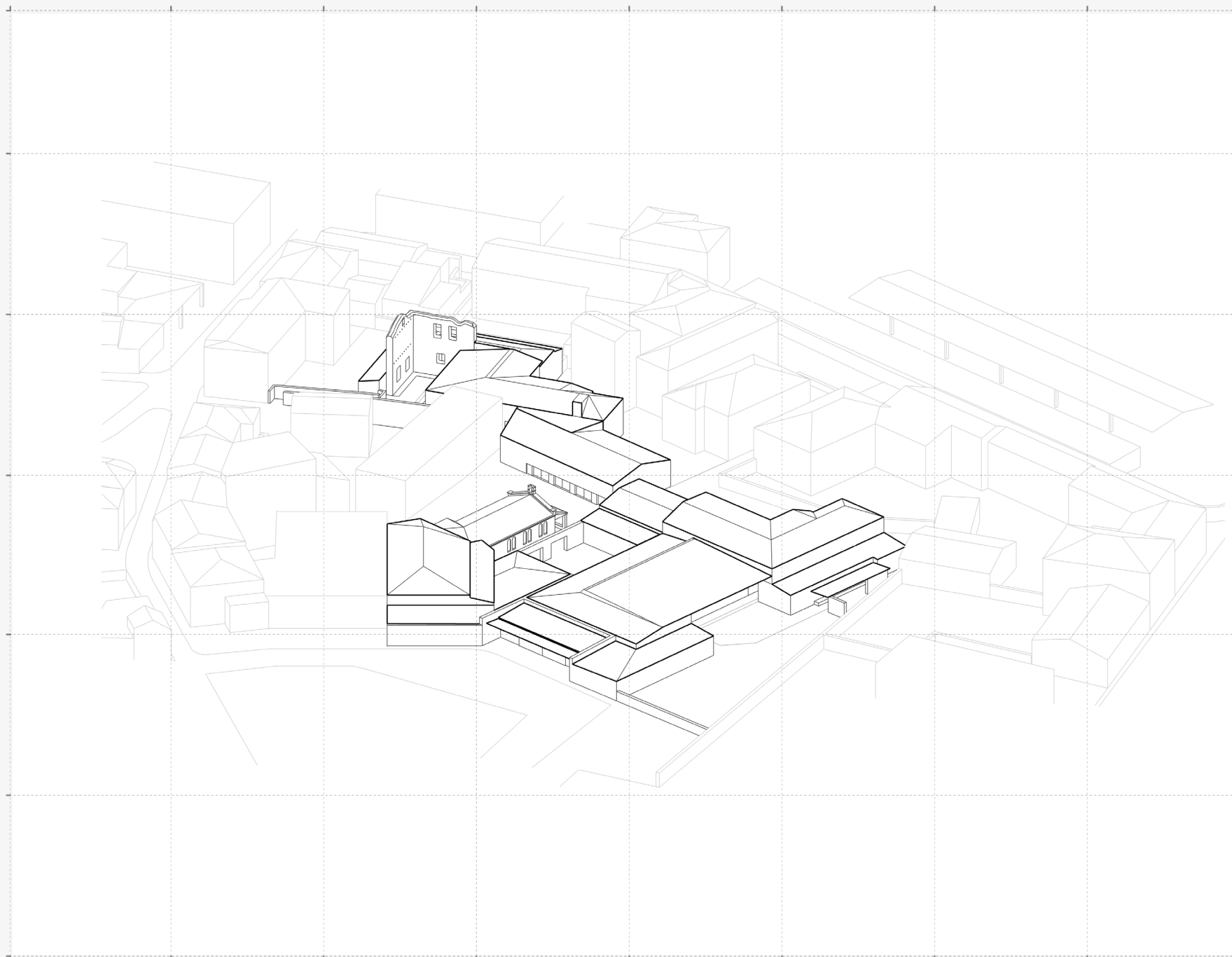
- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material from the city
is dropped off, logged
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material **from** the city
is dropped off, **logged**
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



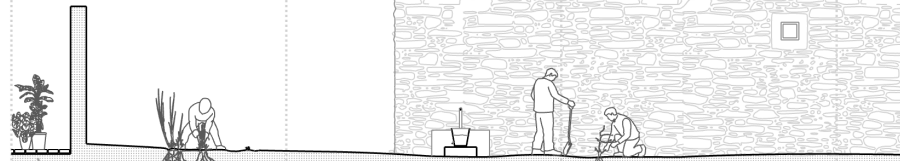
- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material from the city
is dropped off, logged
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages



- 2025 — [a] reed garden
reed garden starts, to produce
reed for the woven structures
of the building
- 2027 — [b] material intake
Material from the city
is dropped off, logged
- [b1] material assesment
and evaluation
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
importance
- [b2] redistribute / sell
Pieces are evaluated:
condition, history, potential
meaning, symbolic/emotional
weight
- 2035 — [b4] archive
important material
accumulated is slowly stored
to
- [b3] rework
enough material slowly
accumulates to build
workshops
- 2040 — [c1] rework
workshops use material from
the warehouse to experiment
and design / consult its
reclamation
- 2042 — [d1] library
all the information gained from
the process of the building, is
made publicly available in both
native languages

and it begins, with the first shed

bare stone, gravel underfoot
whatever could be found from the city's remains
cave material, already shaped by time
each piece carried by hand
each placed with
patience repair



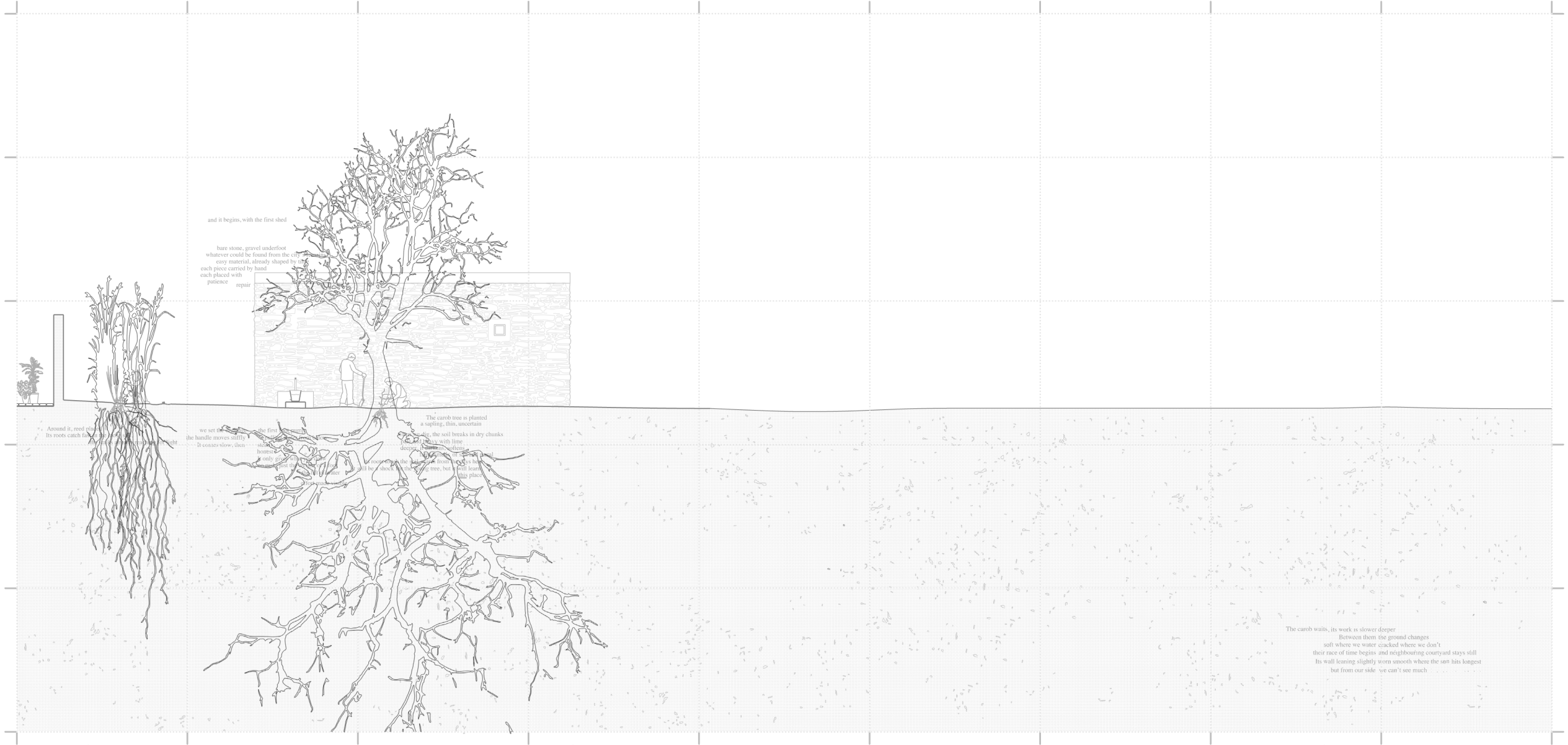
Around it, reed placed
its roots catch fast in the loose soil,
the stalks already reaching for light

we set the drainage
the handle moves stiffly
it cones slow, then

the first foot pump
pulling water from below
steadily
lowest
It only gives what you draw
no rush, just the weight of a foot
the lift of water
effort made visible

The carob tree is planted
a sapling, thin, uncertain
when we dig, the soil breaks in dry chunks
pale and heavy with time
deeper, it darkens, softens
faint smells of salt and metal
its roots touch the soil, warm from the days heat
it will be a shock for the young tree, but it will learn
this place

The carob waits, its work is slower deeper
Between them the ground changes
soft where we water cracked where we don't
their race of time begins and neighbouring courtyard stays still
Its wall leaning slightly worn smooth where the sun hits longest
but from our side we can't see much



and it begins, with the first shed

bare stone, gravel underfoot
whatever could be found from the city
clay material, already shaped by the
each piece carried by hand
each placed with
patience repair

The carob tree is planted
a sapling, thin, uncertain

the soil breaks in dry chunks

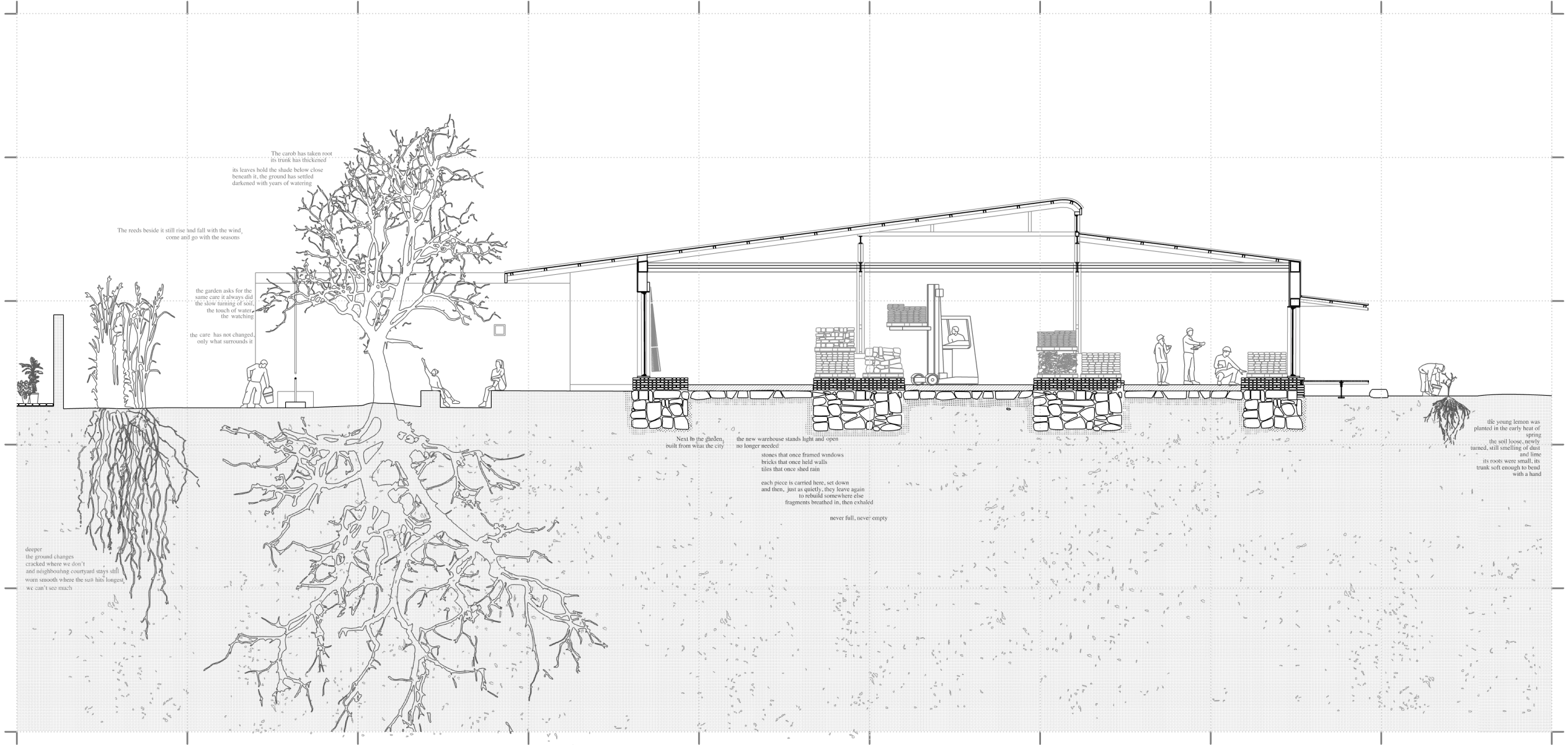
deeply with time

only grow

the tree, but a full leaf

the place

The carob waits, its work is slower deeper
Between them the ground changes
soft where we water cracked where we don't
their race of time begins and neighbouring courtyard stays still
Its wall leaning slightly worn smooth where the sun hits longest
but from our side we can't see much



The carob has taken root
its trunk has thickened
its leaves hold the shade below close
beneath it, the ground has settled
darkened with years of watering

The reeds beside it still rise and fall with the wind,
come and go with the seasons

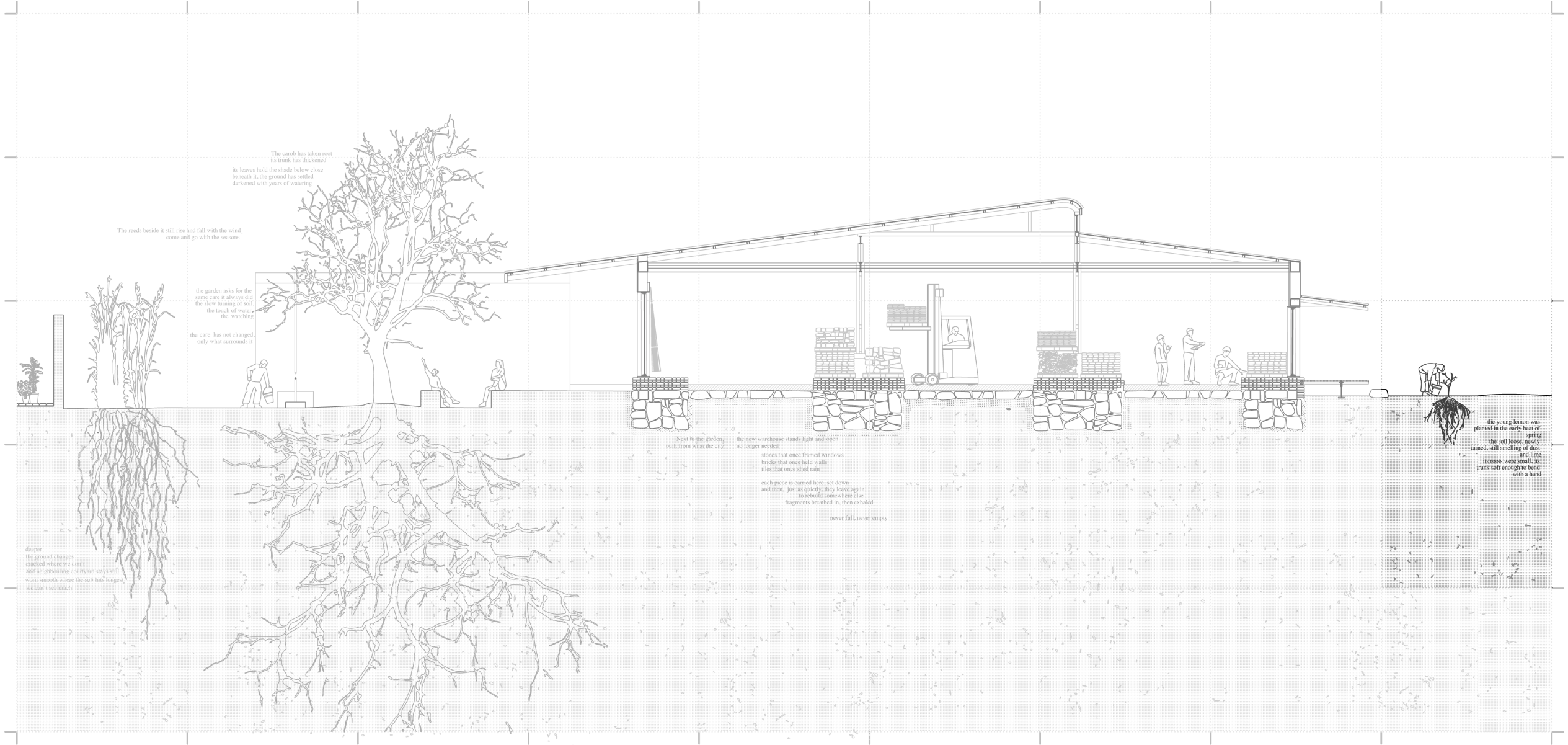
the garden asks for the
same care it always did
the slow turning of soil,
the touch of water,
the watching
the care has not changed,
only what surrounds it

deeper
the ground changes
cracked where we don't
and neighbouring courtyard stays still,
warm smooth where the sun hits longest,
we can't see much

Next to the garden,
built from what the city
no longer needed

the new warehouse stands light and open
stones that once framed windows
bricks that once held walls
tiles that once shed rain
each piece is carried here, set down
and then, just as quietly, they leave again
to rebuild somewhere else
fragments breathed in, then exhaled
never full, never empty

the young lemon was
planted in the early heat of
spring
the soil loose, newly
turned, still smelling of dust
and lime
its roots were small, its
trunk soft enough to bend
with a hand



The carob has taken root
its trunk has thickened
its leaves hold the shade below close
beneath it, the ground has settled
darkened with years of watering.

The reeds beside it still rise and fall with the wind,
come and go with the seasons

the garden asks for the
same care it always did
the slow turning of soil,
the touch of water,
the watching
the care has not changed,
only what surrounds it

Next to the garden,
built from what the city

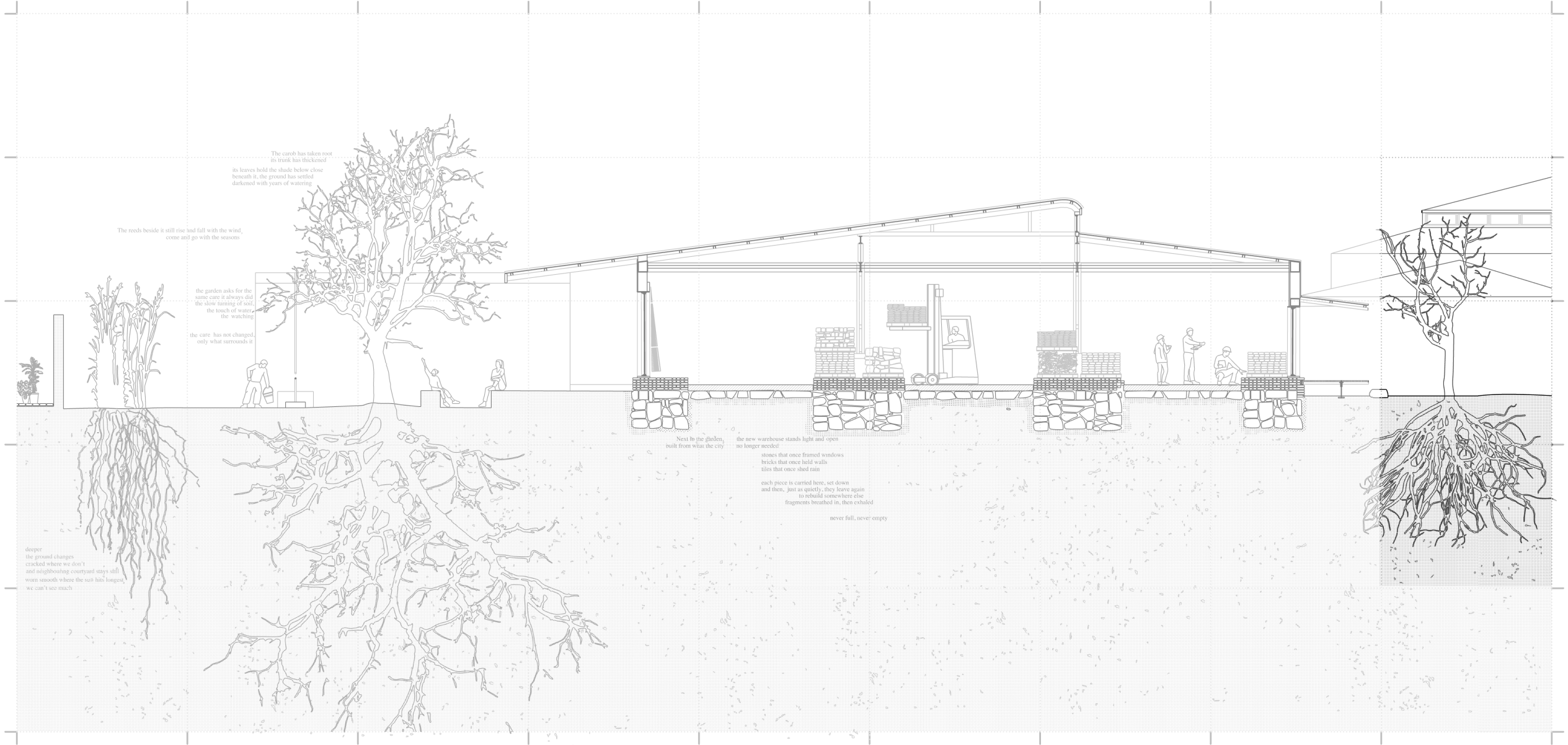
the new warehouse stands light and open
no longer needed

stones that once framed windows
bricks that once held walls
tiles that once shed rain
each piece is carried here, set down
and then, just as quietly, they leave again
to rebuild somewhere else
fragments breathed in, then exhaled

never full, never empty

deeper
the ground changes
cracked where we don't
and neighbouring courtyard says still
warm smooth where the sun hits longest
we can't see much

the young lemon was
planted in the early heat of
spring
the soil loose, newly
turned, still smelling of dust
and lime
its roots were small, its
trunk soft enough to bend
with a hand



The carob has taken root
its trunk has thickened
its leaves hold the shade below close
beneath it, the ground has settled
darkened with years of watering.

The reeds beside it still rise and fall with the wind,
come and go with the seasons

the garden asks for the
same care it always did
the slow turning of soil,
the touch of water,
the watching
the care has not changed,
only what surrounds it

Next to the garden,
built from what the city

the new warehouse stands light and open
no longer needed

stones that once framed windows
bricks that once held walls
tiles that once shed rain
each piece is carried here, set down
and then, just as quietly, they leave again
to rebuild somewhere else
fragments breathed in, then exhaled

never full, never empty

deeper
the ground changes
cracked where we don't
and neighbouring courtyard stays still
warm smooth where the sun hits longest
we can't see much

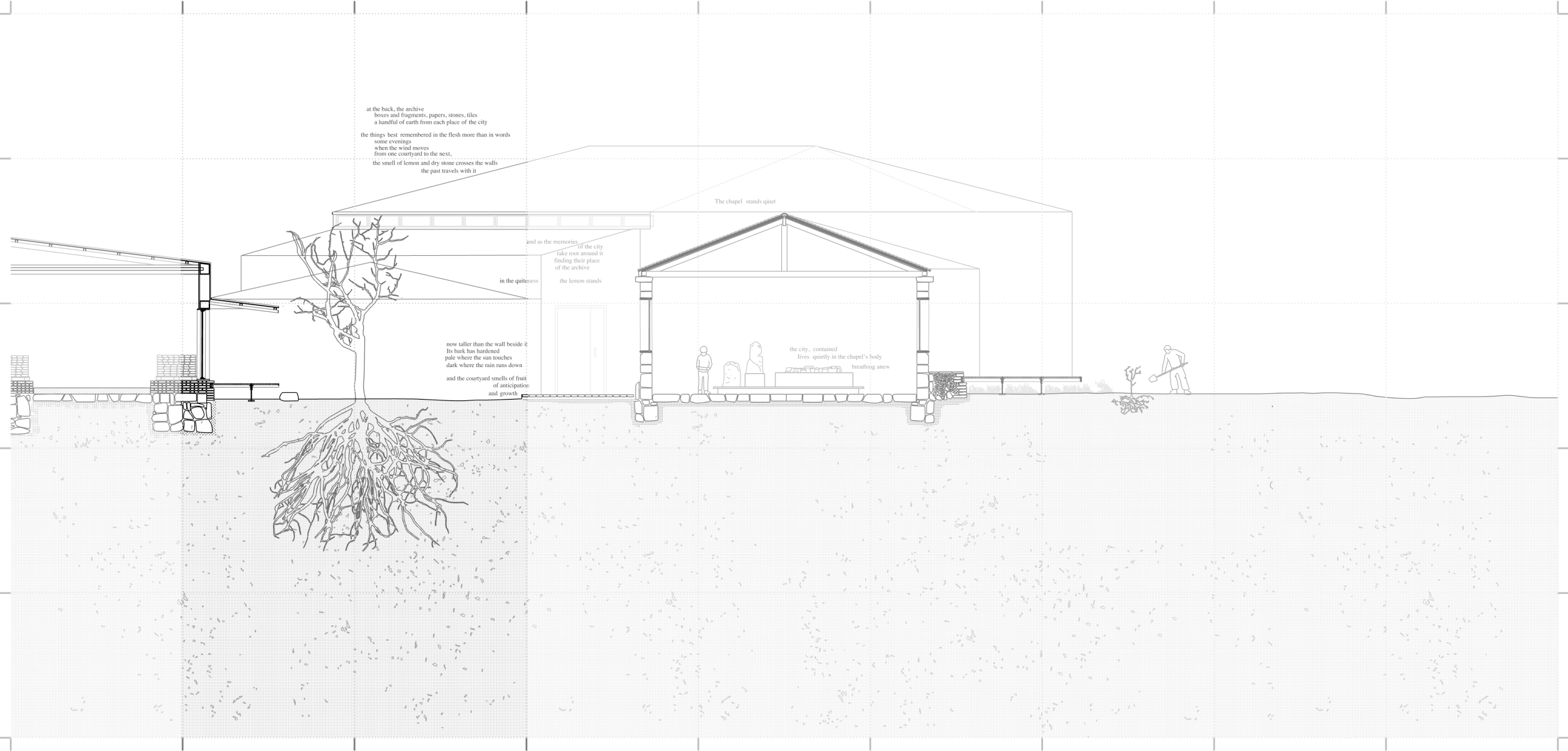
at the back, the archive
boxes and fragments, papers, stones, tiles
a handful of earth from each place of the city
the things best remembered in the flesh more than in words
some evenings
when the wind moves
from one courtyard to the next,
the smell of lemon and dry stone crosses the walls
the past travels with it

The chapel stands quiet

and as the memories
of the city
take root around it
finding their place
of the archive
in the quietness
the lemon stands

now taller than the wall beside it
Its bark has hardened
pale where the sun touches
dark where the rain runs down
and the courtyard smells of fruit
of anticipation
and growth

the city, contained
lives quietly in the chapel's body
breathing anew



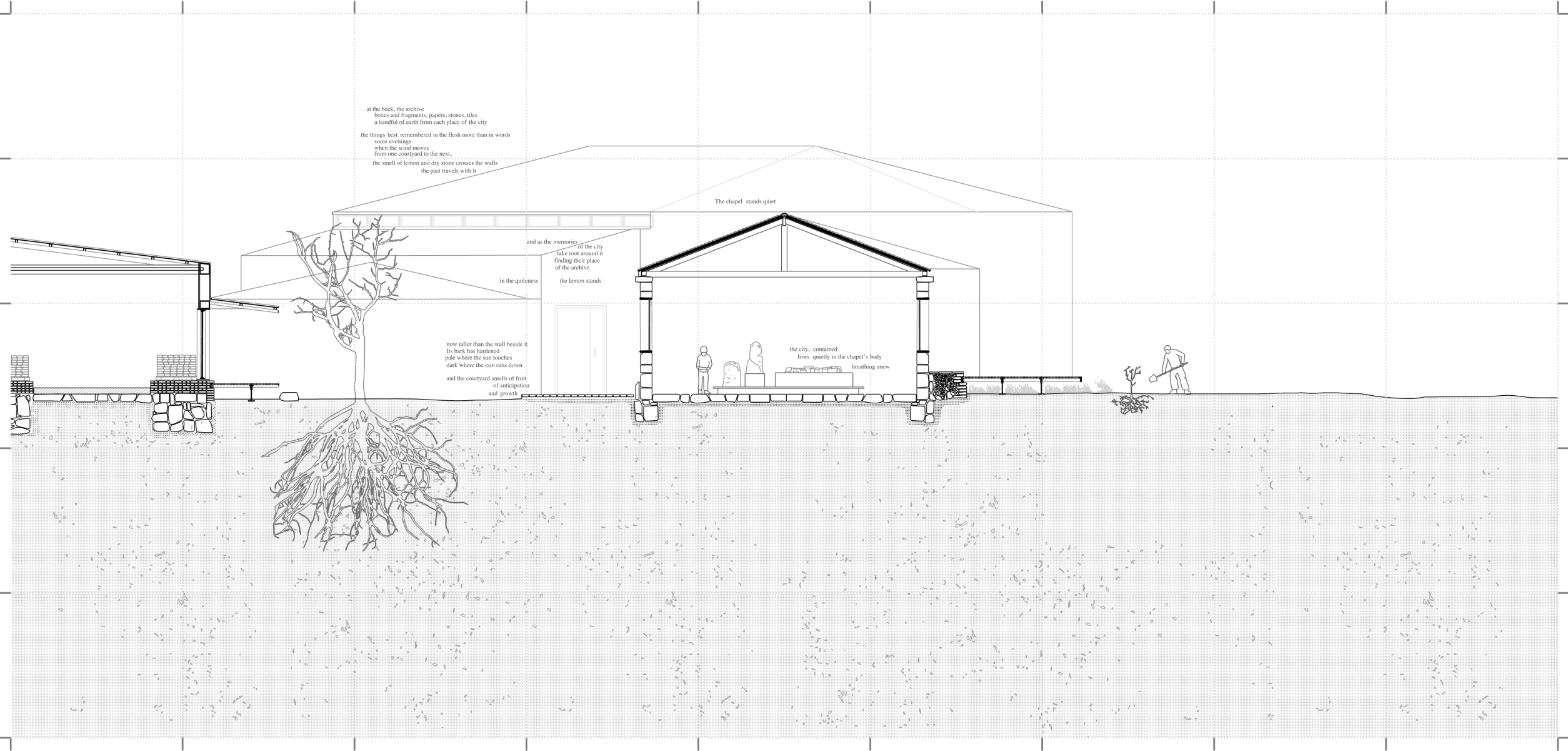
at the back, the archive
boxes and fragments, papers, stones, tiles
a handful of earth from each place of the city
the things best remembered in the flesh more than in words
some evenings
when the wind moves
from one courtyard to the next,
the smell of lemon and dry stone crosses the walls
the past travels with it

The chapel stands quiet

and as the memories
of the city
take root around it
finding their place
of the archive
in the quietness
the lemon stands

now taller than the wall beside it
Its bark has hardened
pale where the sun touches
dark where the rain runs down
and the courtyard smells of fruit
of anticipation
and growth

the city, contained
lives quietly in the chapel's body
breathing anew



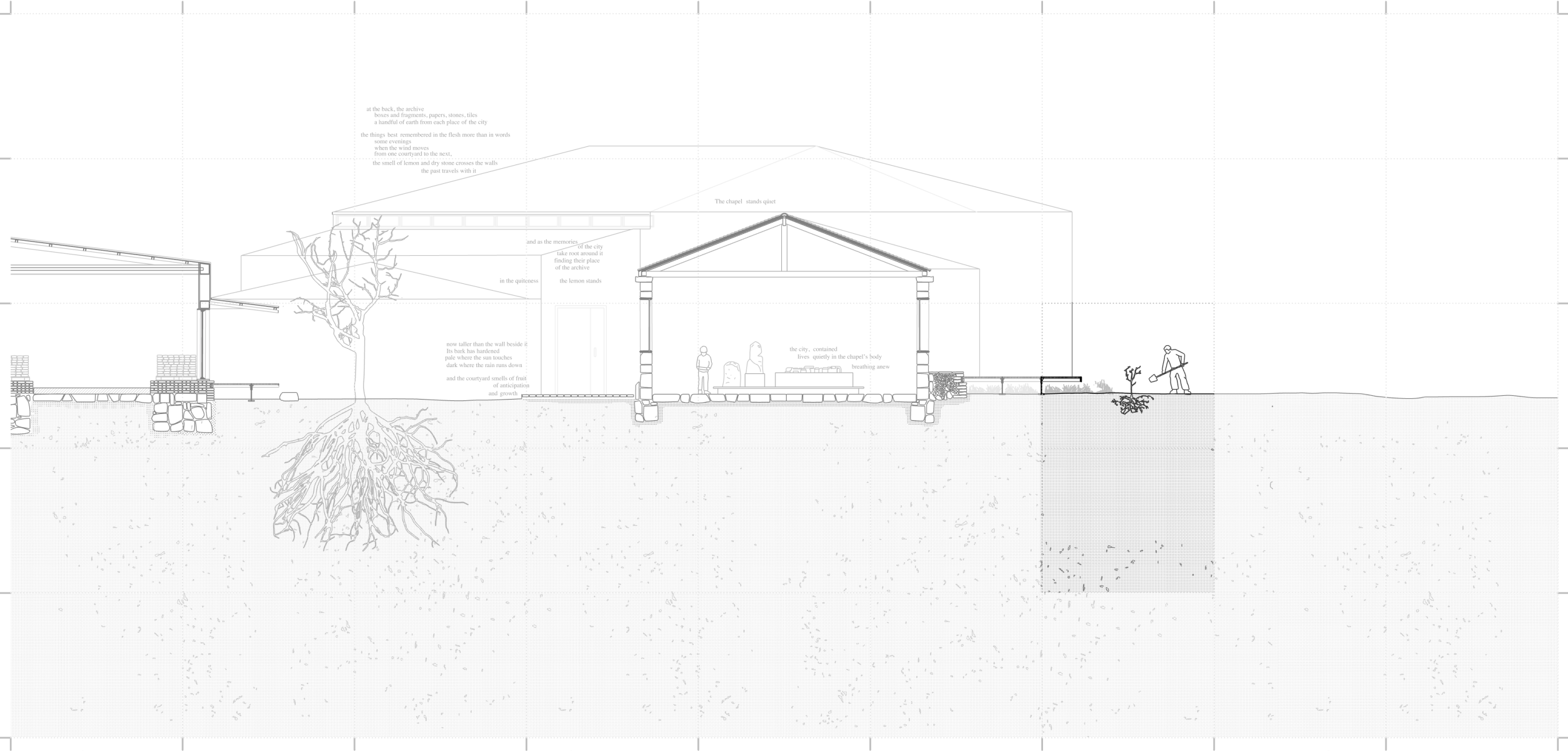
at the back, the archive
boxes and fragments, papers, stones, tiles
a handful of earth from each place of the city
the things best remembered in the flesh more than in words
some evenings
when the wind moves
from one courtyard to the next,
the smell of lemon and dry stone crosses the walls
the past travels with it

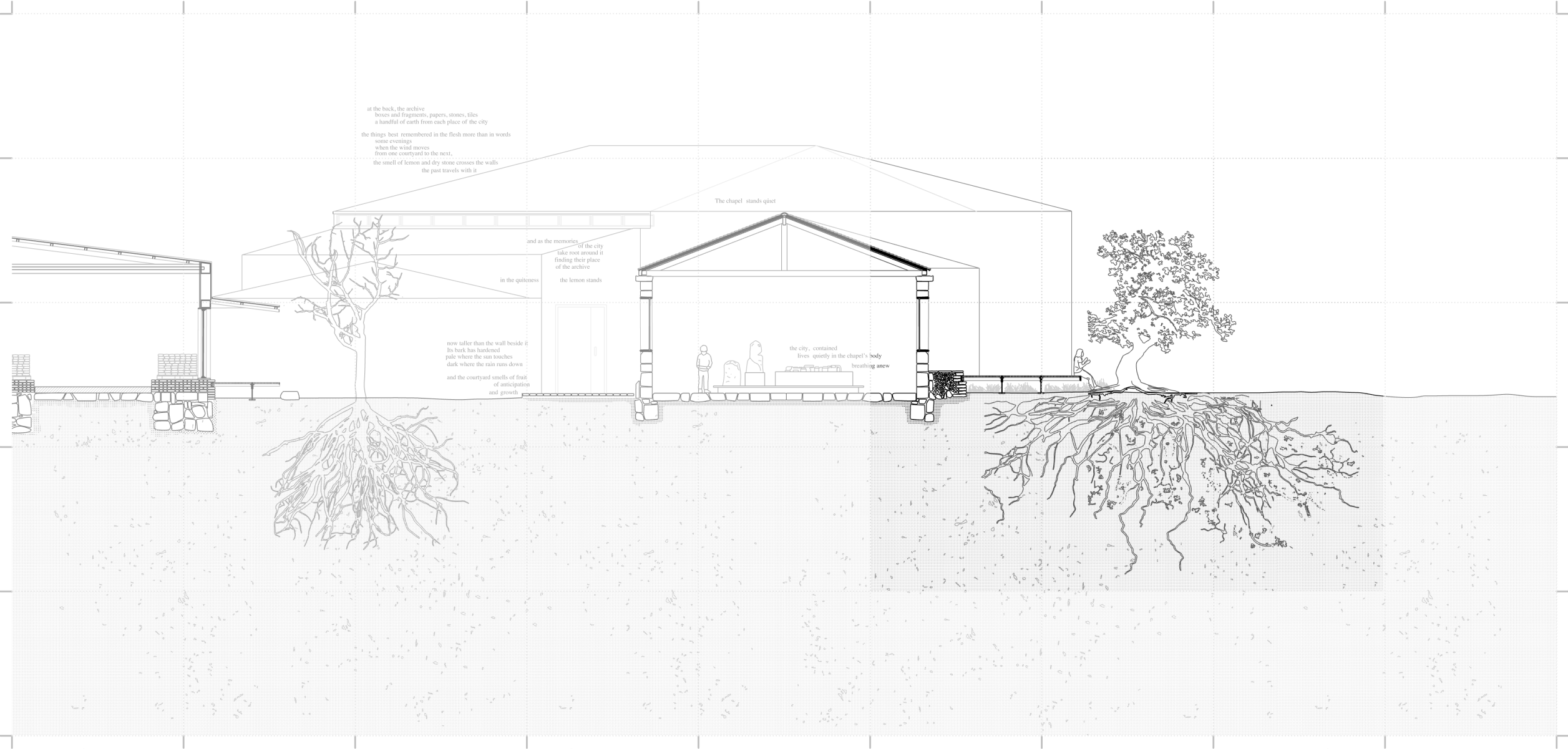
The chapel stands quiet

and as the memories
of the city
take root around it
finding their place
of the archive
in the quietness
the lemon stands

now taller than the wall beside it
Its bark has hardened
pale where the sun touches
dark where the rain runs down
and the courtyard smells of fruit
of anticipation
and growth

the city, contained
lives quietly in the chapel's body
breathing anew





at the back, the archive
boxes and fragments, papers, stones, tiles
a handful of earth from each place of the city

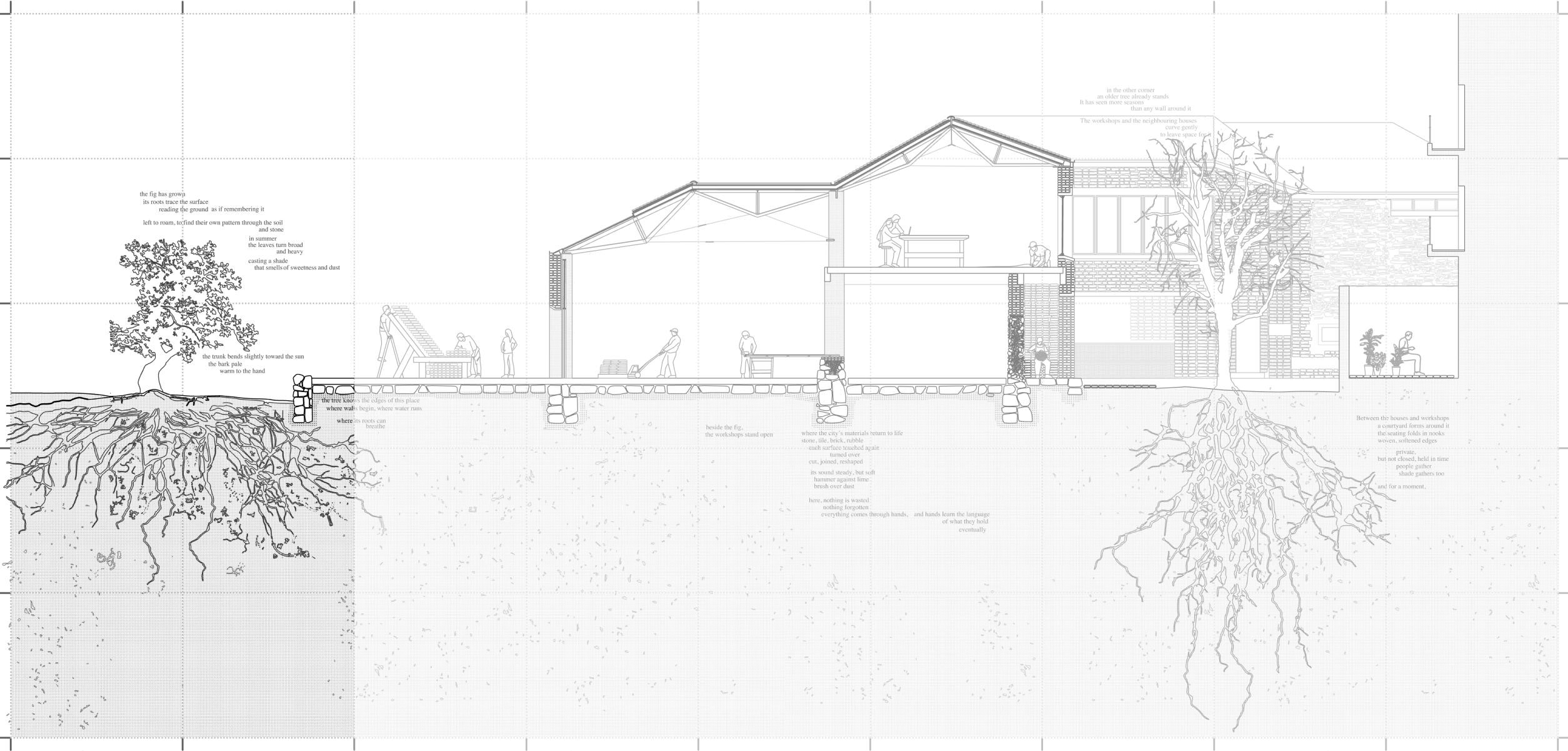
the things best remembered in the flesh more than in words
some evenings
when the wind moves
from one courtyard to the next,
the smell of lemon and dry stone crosses the walls
the past travels with it

The chapel stands quiet

and as the memories
of the city
take root around it
finding their place
of the archive
in the quietness
the lemon stands

now taller than the wall beside it
Its bark has hardened
pale where the sun touches
dark where the rain runs down
and the courtyard smells of fruit
of anticipation
and growth

the city, contained
lives quietly in the chapel's body
breathing anew



the fig has grown
its roots trace the surface
reading the ground as if remembering it
left to roam, to find their own pattern through the soil
and stone
in summer
the leaves turn broad
and heavy
casting a shade
that smells of sweetness and dust

the trunk bends slightly toward the sun
the bark pale
warm to the hand

the tree knows the edges of this place
where walls begin, where water runs
where its roots can
breathe

beside the fig,
the workshops stand open

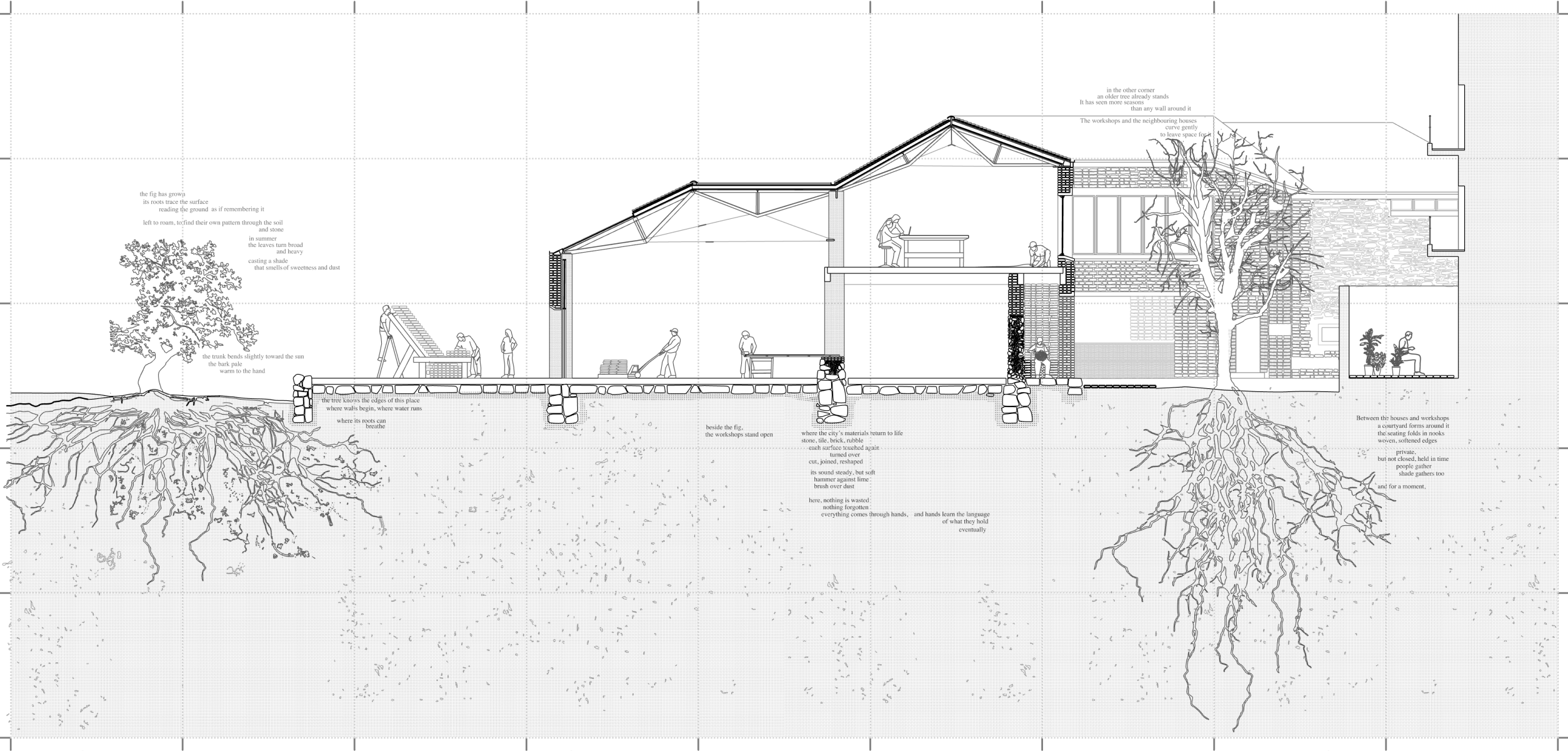
where the city's materials return to life
stone, tile, brick, rubble
each surface touched again
turned over
cut, joined, reshaped
its sound steady, but soft
hammer against time
brush over dust

here, nothing is wasted
nothing forgotten
everything comes through hands, and hands learn the language
of what they hold
eventually

in the other corner
an older tree already stands
It has seen more seasons
than any wall around it

The workshops and the neighbouring houses
curve gently
to leave space for

Between the houses and workshops
a courtyard forms around it
the seating folds in nooks
woven, softened edges
private,
but not closed, held in time
people gather
shade gathers too
and for a moment,



the fig has grown
its roots trace the surface
reading the ground as if remembering it
left to roam, to find their own pattern through the soil
and stone
in summer
the leaves turn broad
and heavy
casting a shade
that smells of sweetness and dust

the trunk bends slightly toward the sun
the bark pale
warm to the hand

the tree knows the edges of this place
where walls begin, where water runs
where its roots can
breathe

beside the fig,
the workshops stand open

where the city's materials return to life
stone, tile, brick, rubble
each surface touched again:
turned over
cut, joined, reshaped
its sound steady, but soft
hammer against time:
brush over dust

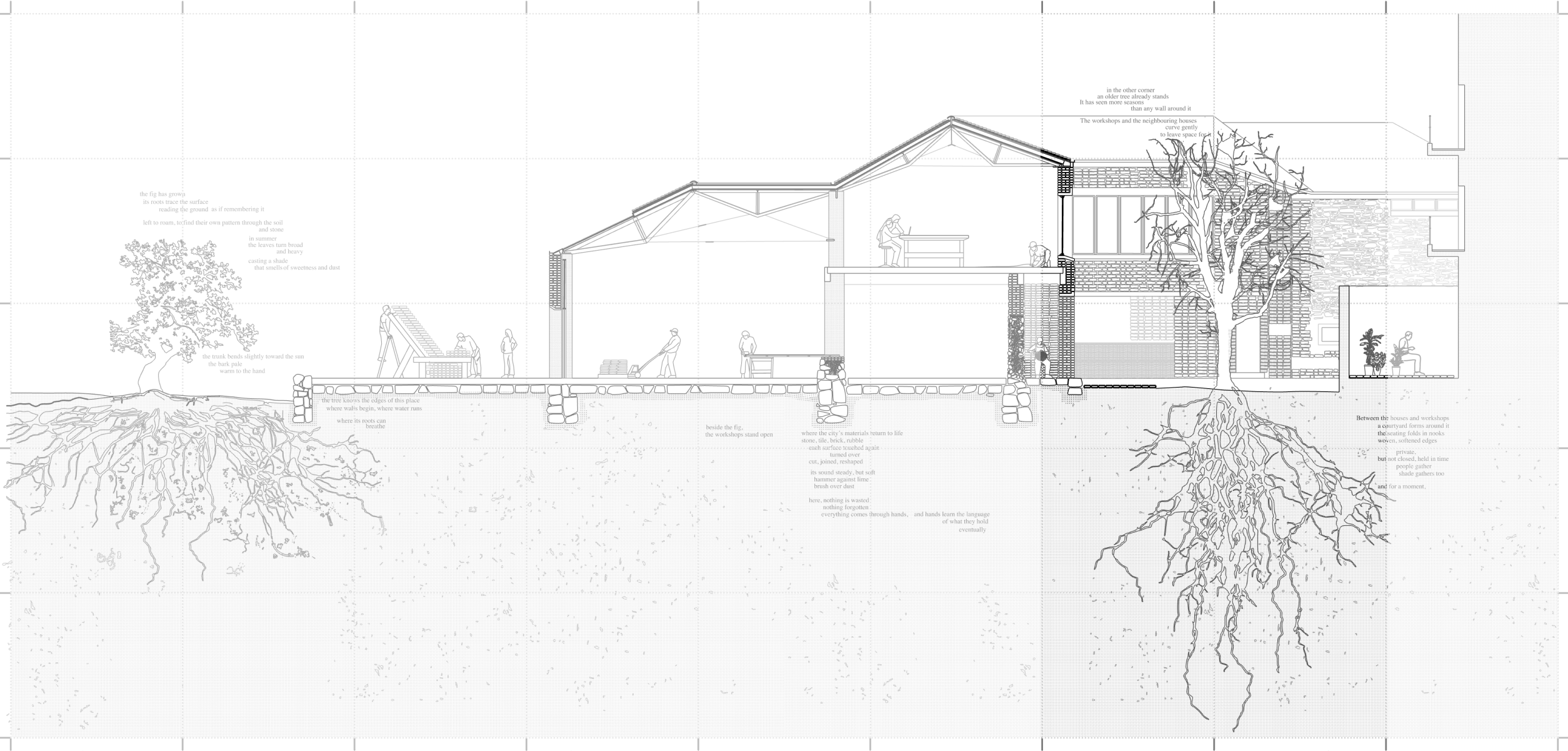
here, nothing is wasted:
nothing forgotten:
everything comes through hands, and hands learn the language
of what they hold
eventually

in the other corner
an older tree already stands
It has seen more seasons
than any wall around it

The workshops and the neighbouring houses
curve gently
to leave space for

Between the houses and workshops
a courtyard forms around it
the seating folds in nooks
woven, softened edges

private,
but not closed, held in time
people gather
shade gathers too
and for a moment,



the fig has grown
its roots trace the surface
reading the ground as if remembering it
left to roam, to find their own pattern through the soil
and stone
in summer
the leaves turn broad
and heavy
casting a shade
that smells of sweetness and dust

the trunk bends slightly toward the sun
the bark pale
warm to the hand

the tree knows the edges of this place
where walls begin, where water runs
where its roots can
breathe

beside the fig,
the workshops stand open

where the city's materials return to life
stone, tile, brick, rubble
each surface reached again
turned over
cut, joined, reshaped
its sound steady, but soft
hammer against time
brush over dust

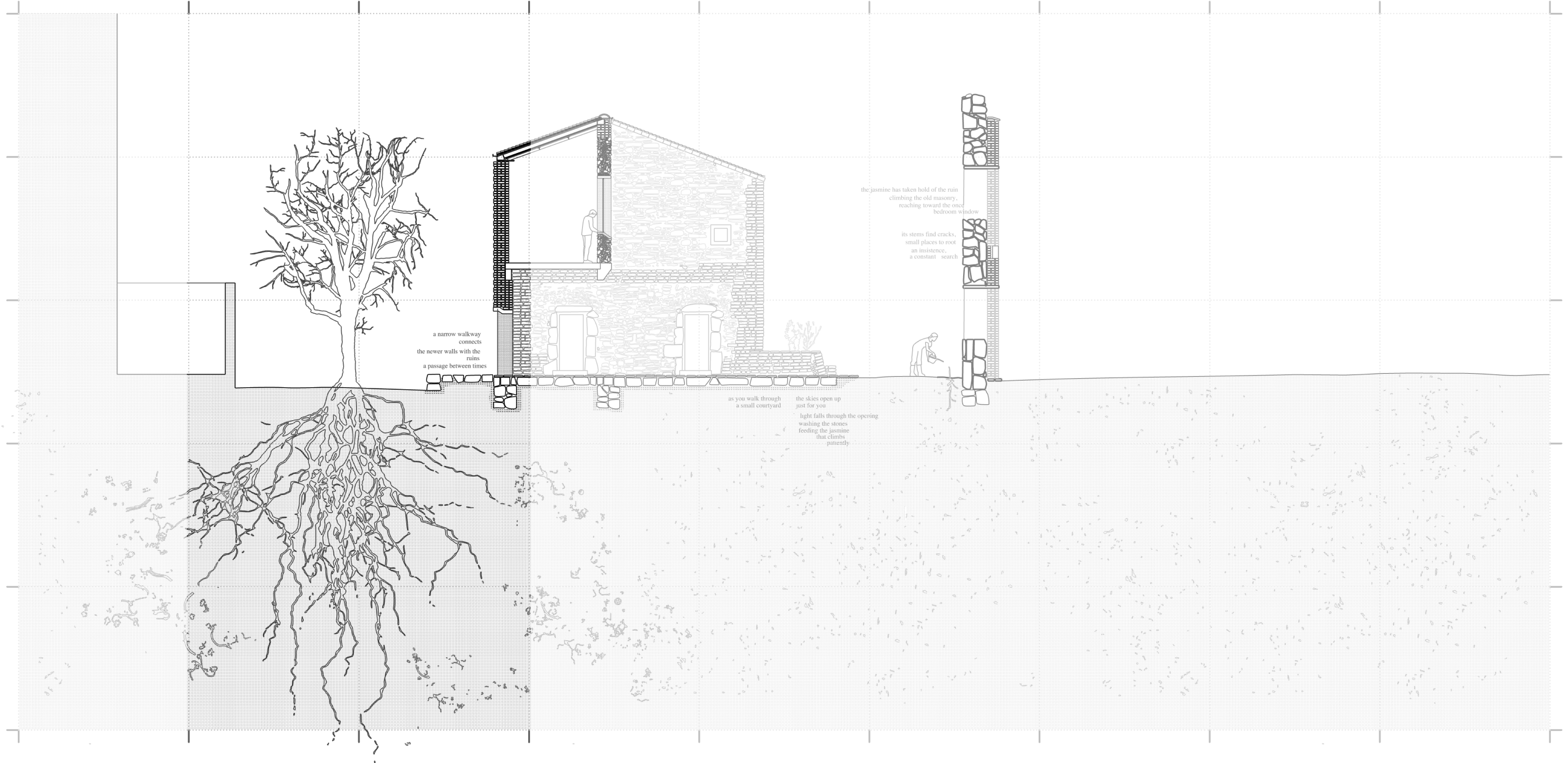
here, nothing is wasted
nothing forgotten
everything comes through hands, and hands learn the language
of what they hold
eventually

in the other corner
an older tree already stands
It has seen more seasons
than any wall around it

The workshops and the neighbouring houses
curve gently
to leave space for

Between the houses and workshops
a courtyard forms around it
the seating folds in nooks
woven, softened edges

private,
but not closed, held in time
people gather
shade gathers too
and for a moment,



a narrow walkway
connects
the newer walls with the
ruins
a passage between times

as you walk through
a small courtyard

the skies open up
just for you
light falls through the opening
washing the stones
feeding the jasmine
that climbs
patiently

the jasmine has taken hold of the ruin
climbing the old masonry,
reaching toward the once
bedroom window

its stems find cracks,
small places to root
an insistence,
a constant search



a narrow walkway
connects
the newer walls with the
ruins
a passage between times

as you walk through
a small courtyard

the skies open up
just for you
light falls through the opening
washing the stones
feeding the jasmine
that climbs
patiently

the jasmine has taken hold of the ruin
climbing the old masonry,
reaching toward the once
bedroom window

its stems find cracks,
small places to root
an insistence,
a constant search



a narrow walkway
connects
the newer walls with the
ruins
a passage between times

as you walk through
a small courtyard

the skies open up
just for you
light falls through the opening
washing the stones
feeding the jasmine
that climbs
patiently

the jasmine has taken hold of the ruin
climbing the old masonry,
reaching toward the once
bedroom window

its stems find cracks,
small places to root
an insistence,
a constant search



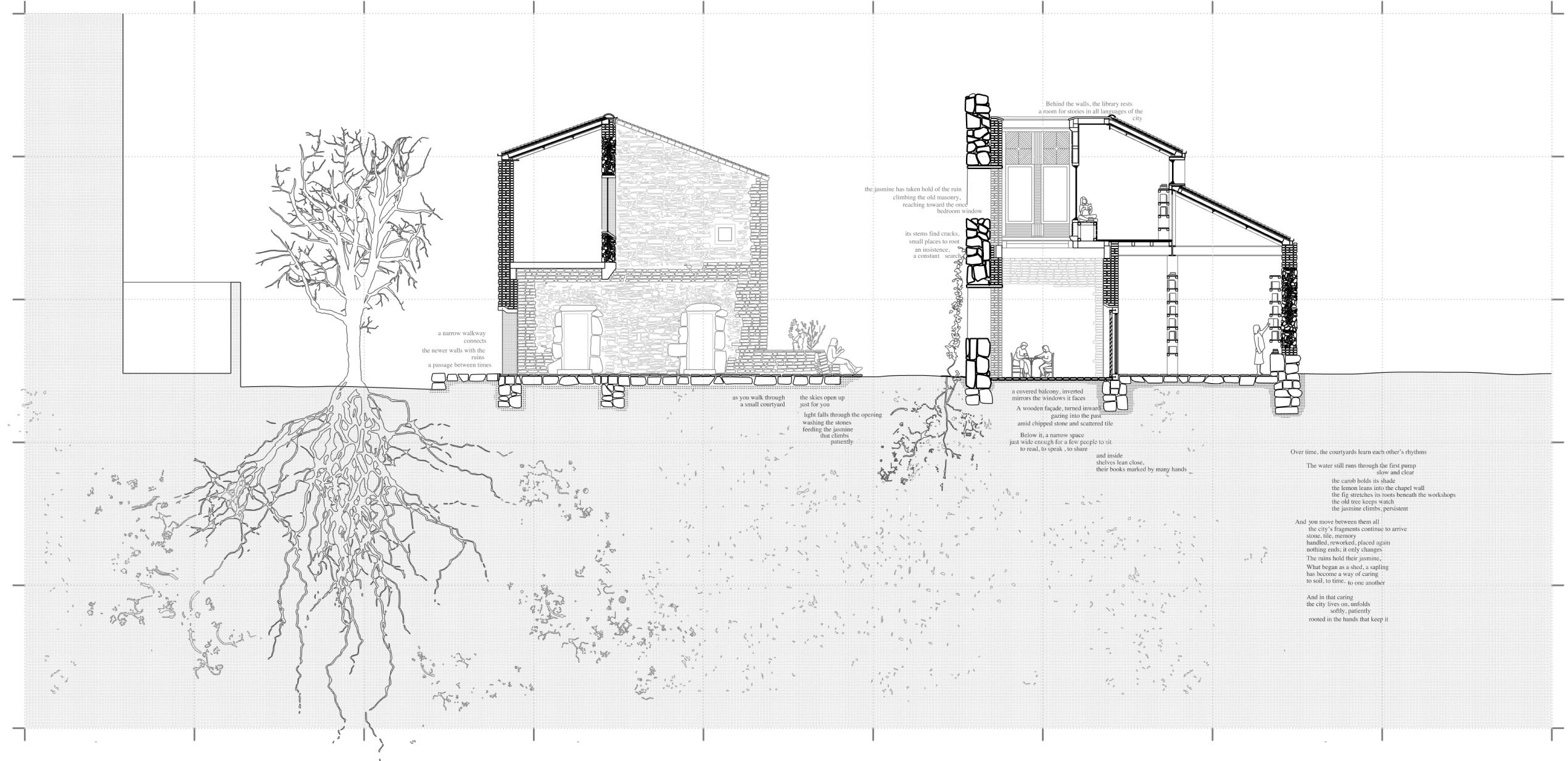
a narrow walkway
connects
the newer walls with the
ruins
a passage between times

as you walk through
a small courtyard

the skies open up
just for you
light falls through the opening
washing the stones
feeding the jasmine
that climbs
patiently

the jasmine has taken hold of the ruin
climbing the old masonry,
reaching toward the once
bedroom window

its stems find cracks,
small places to root
an insistence,
a constant searching



a narrow walkway
connects
the newer walls with the
ruins
a passage between times

as you walk through
a small courtyard

the skies open up
just for you
light falls through the opening
washing the stones
feeding the jasmine
that climbs
patiently

the jasmine has taken hold of the ruin
climbing the old masonry,
reaching toward the once
bedroom window

its stems find cracks
small places to root
an insistence,
a constant search

a covered balcony, inverted
mirrors the windows it faces
A wooden façade, turned inward,
gazing into the past
amid chipped stone and scattered tile

Below it, a narrow space
just wide enough for a few people to sit
to read, to speak, to share

and inside
shelves lean close,
their books marked by many hands

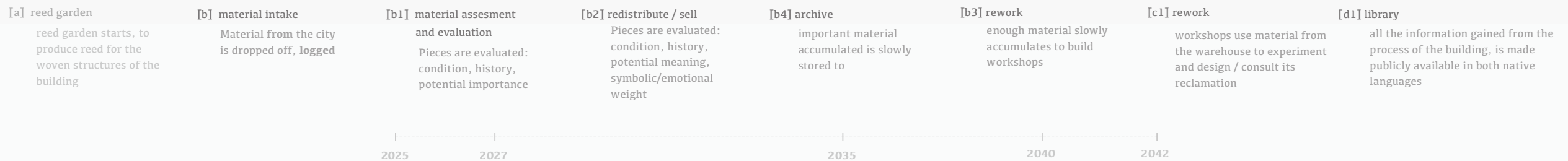
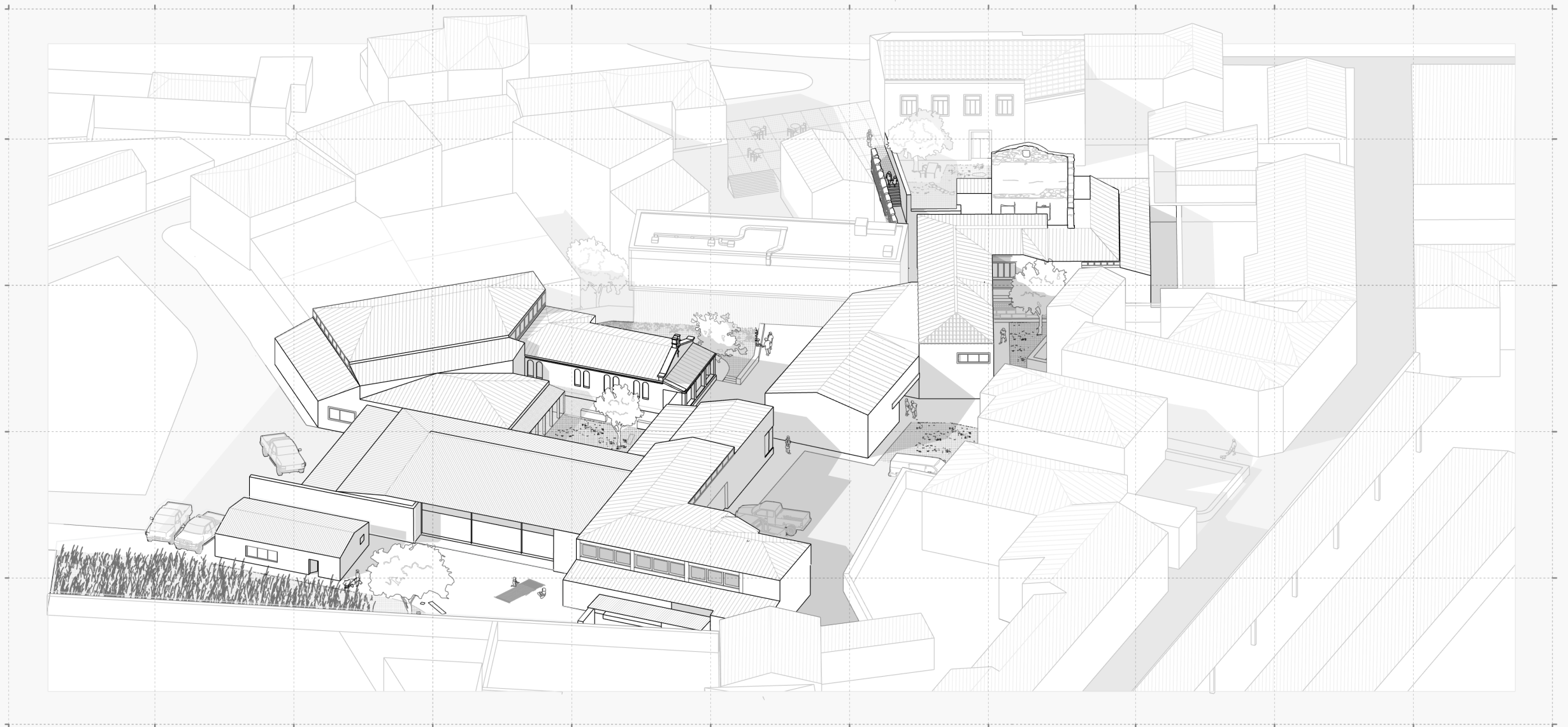
Behind the walls, the library rests
a room for stories in all languages of the
city

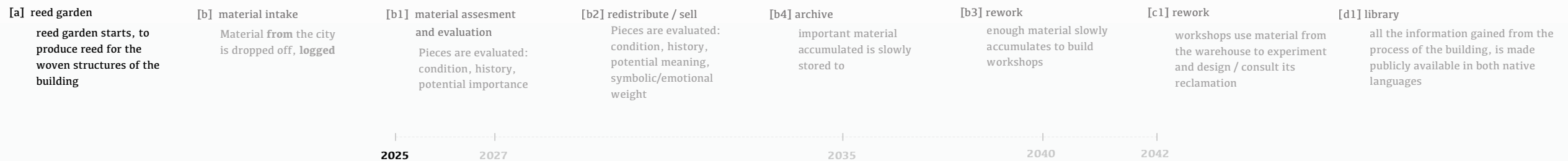
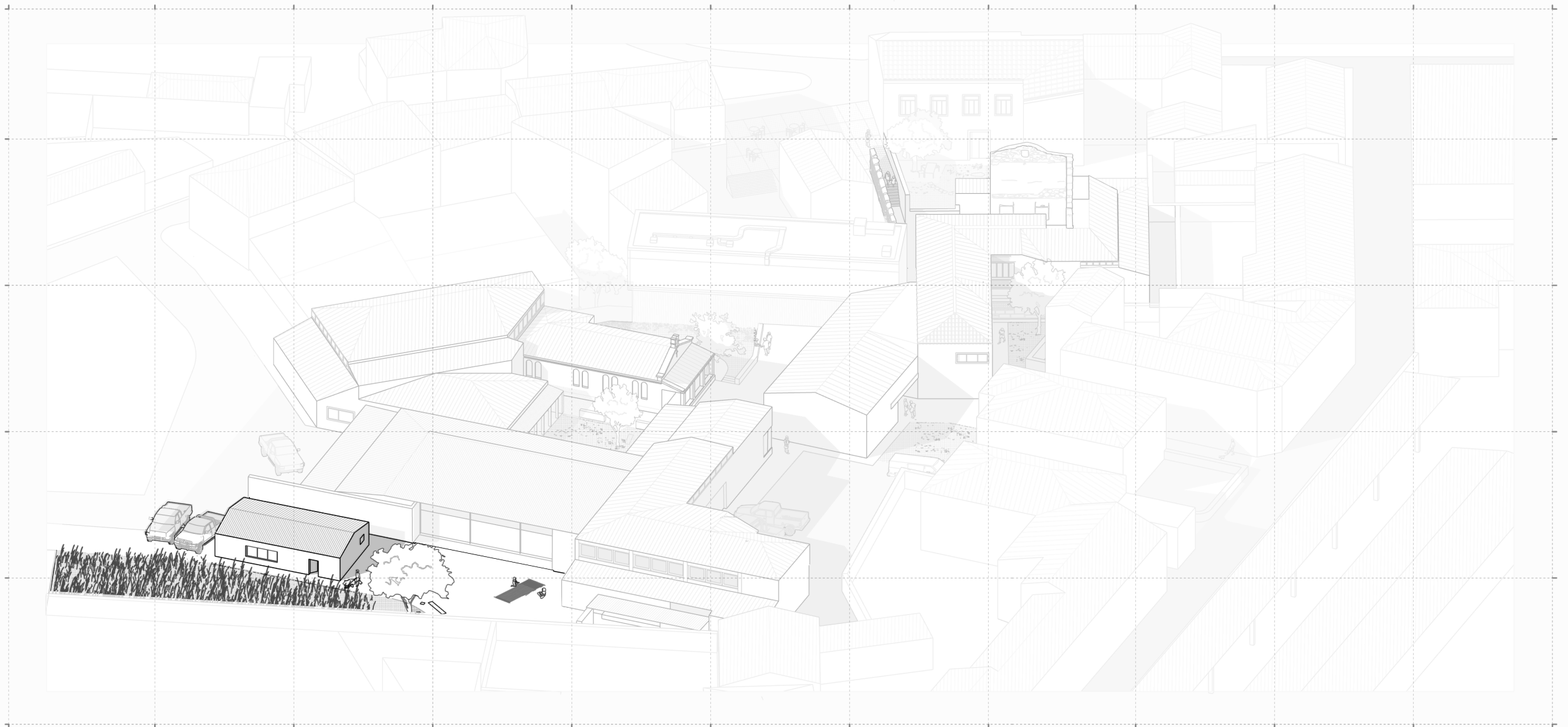
Over time, the courtyards learn each other's rhythms

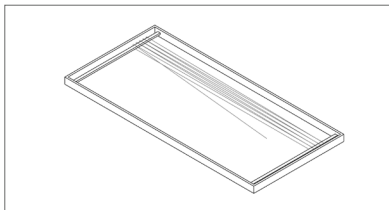
The water still runs through the first pump
slow and clear
the carob holds its shade
the lemon leans into the chapel wall
the fig stretches its roots beneath the workshops
the old tree keeps watch
the jasmine climbs, persistent

And you move between them all
the city's fragments continue to arrive
stone, tile, memory
handled, reworked, placed again
nothing ends; it only changes.
The ruins hold their jasmine;
What began as a shod, a sapling
has become a way of caring
to soil, to time- to one another

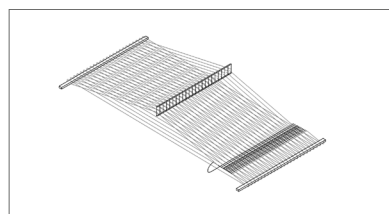
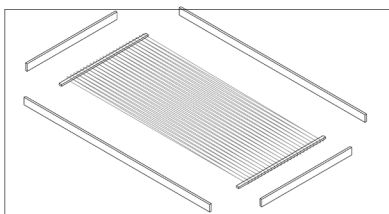
And in that caring
the city lives on, unfolds
softly, patiently
rooted in the hands that keep it



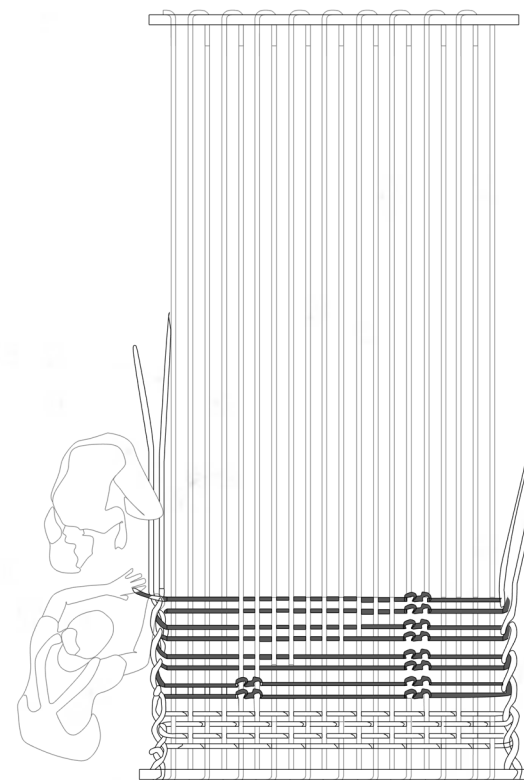
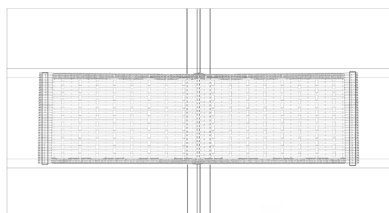


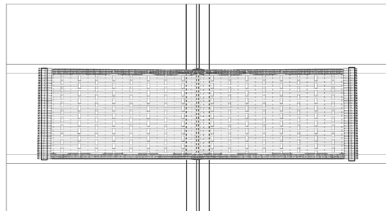


This reed is woven into panels within a temporary wooden frame.
 Turn after turn, it bends and twists, guided by patient hands.
 All of this can be read on its surface, every knot, every crease, every hour spent
 in its making.
 The material holds the memory of touch, the rhythm of labour, the quiet persistence
 of care.

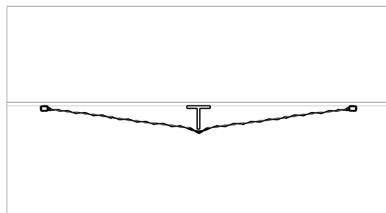


The act repeats: weaving, unweaving, weaving again. It becomes a ritual that
 mirrors the life of the building itself. Through this, the panels become more than
 shelter. They are witnesses to time, to labour, and to the fragile coexistence
 between nature and the built world.



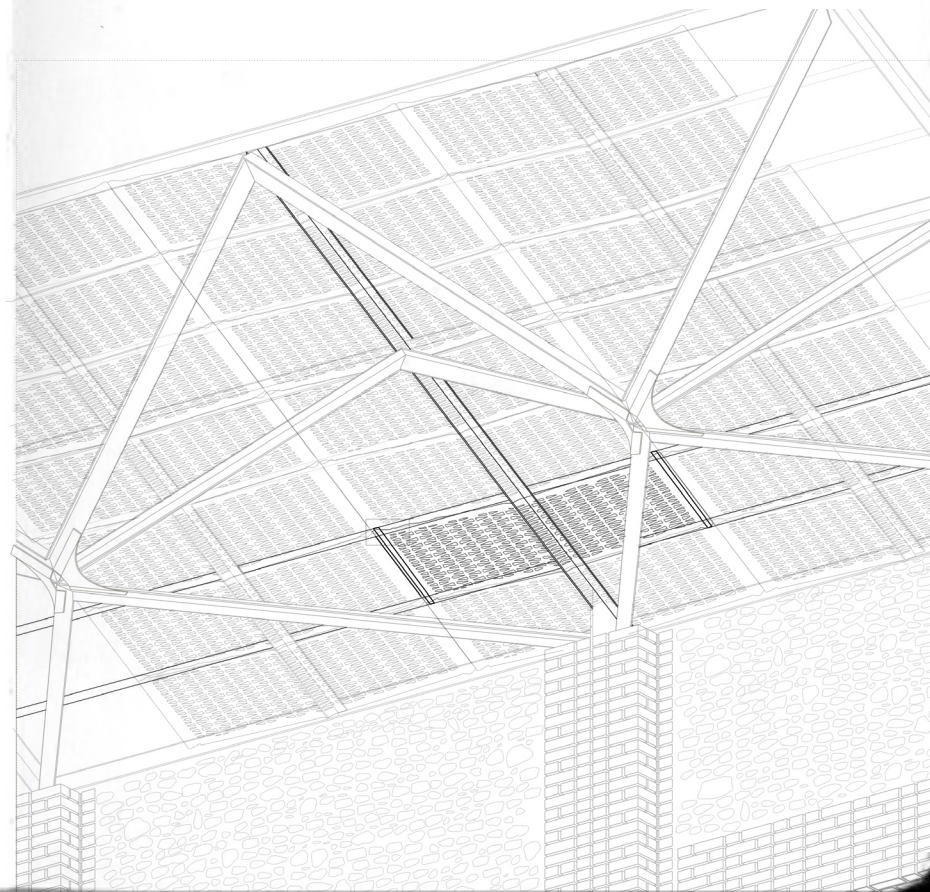
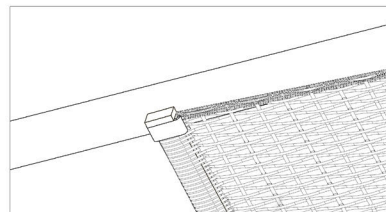
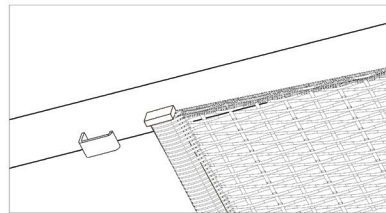


Panels of woven reed hug the steel roof, reclaiming it and softening its cold, hard edges. The metal, once sharp and unyielding, finds a quiet companion in the reeds' warmth and irregular texture. Each panel is held within a temporary wooden frame, its fibres bending and turning under careful hands. Every knot and twist carries the trace of time, a record of hours spent weaving, gestures repeated until rhythm becomes form.



They stand above the workshops, filtering light strand by strand. The sun passes through their weave, scattering shifting patterns across the floor, light that moves with the day and reminds the space of its own transience.

Suspended overhead, the panels begin to age. Slowly, they loosen, their fibres silvering and fraying at the edges. The change is not decay but renewal, a quiet reminder that everything here is alive and demands care. When their strength fades, the reeds are gathered again and reoven from the start.



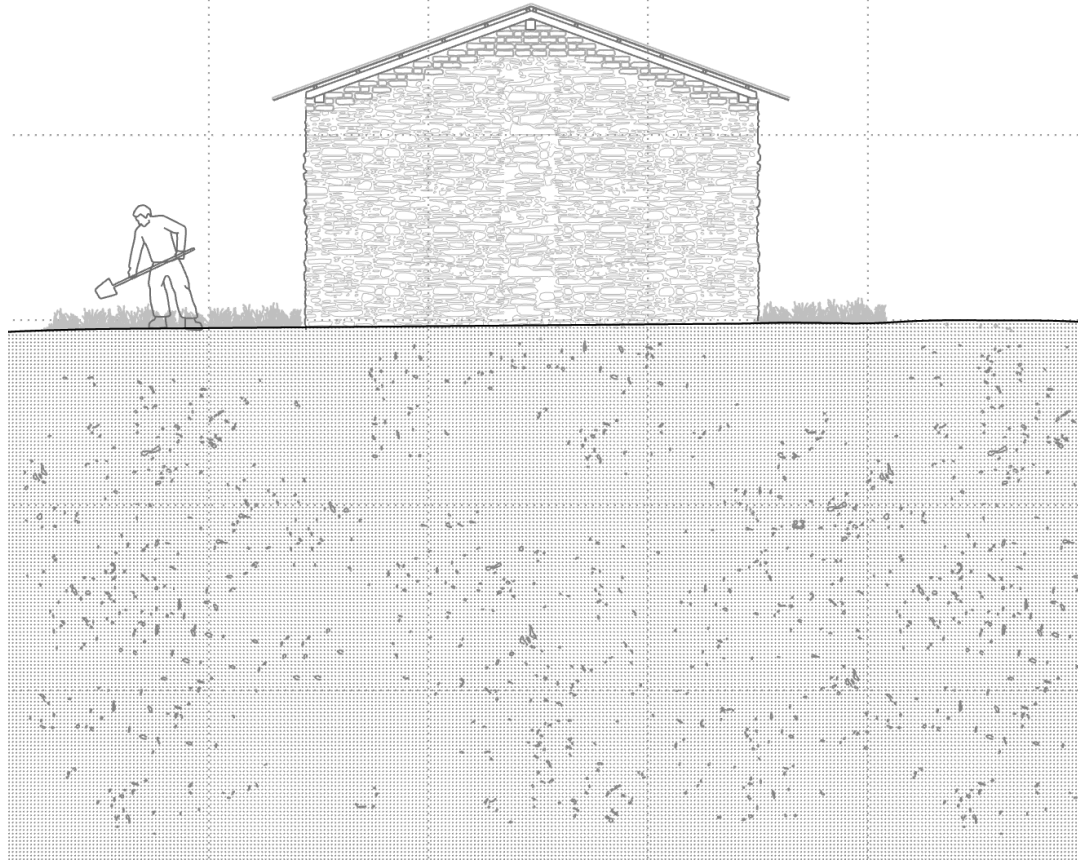




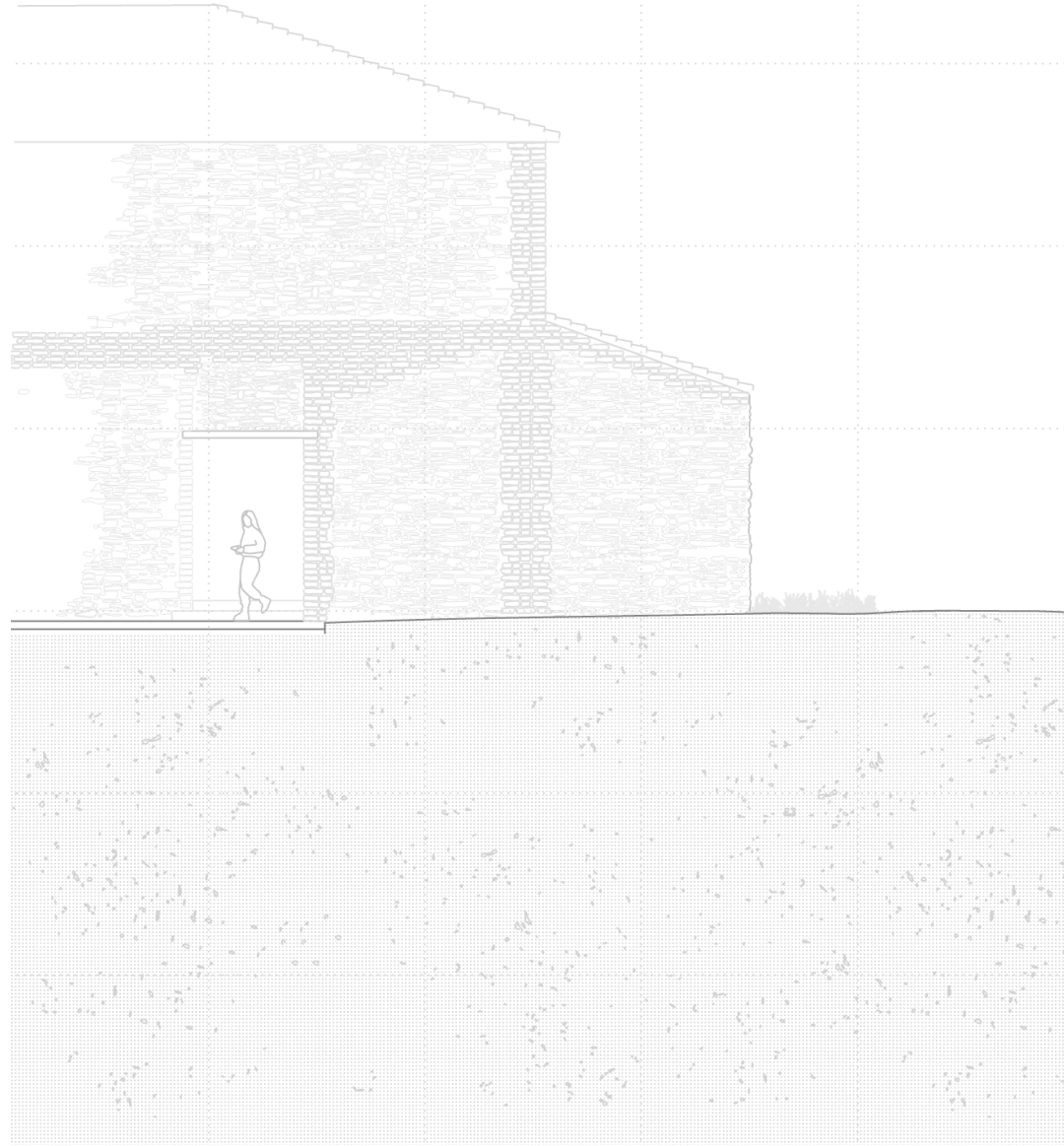




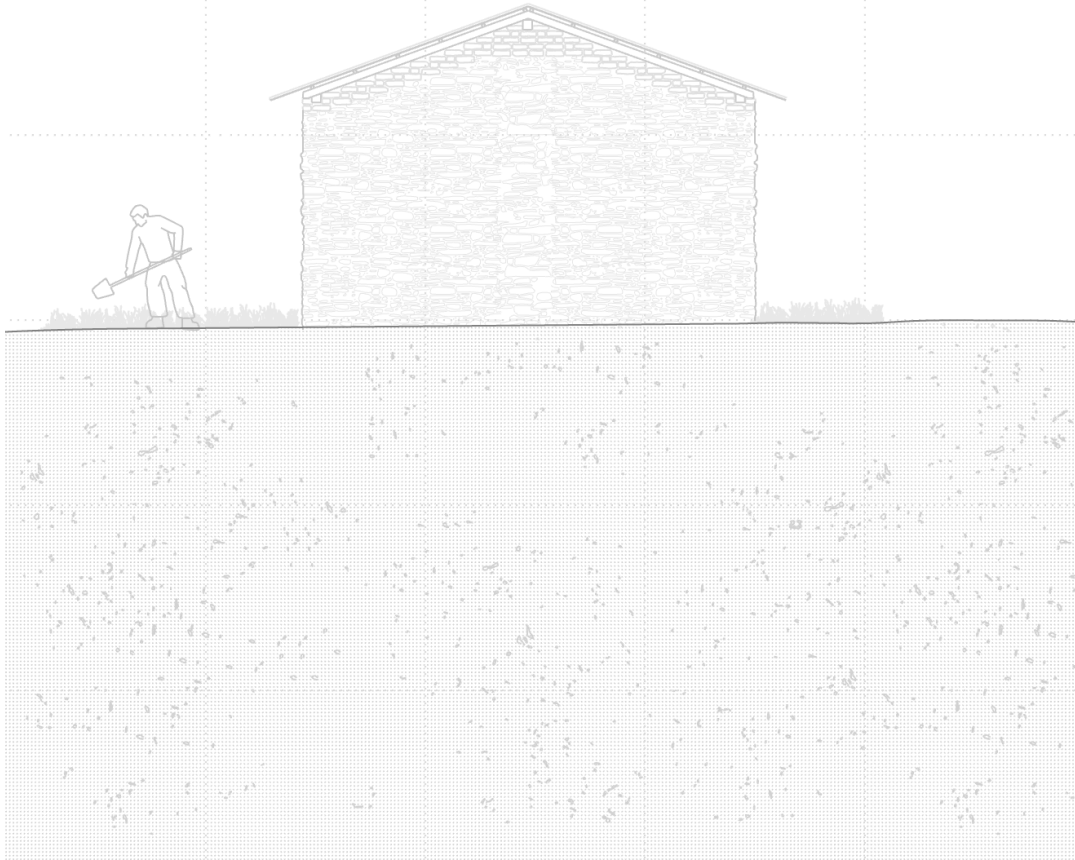
2025



2035



2025



2035

