



## The Fisherman's Refuge

There is a shape across the lake,  
by chance perhaps, without a choice,  
A cruciform to be precise,  
devoid of walls, roof and voice,  
But wait! There is a soul that seeks  
to fill, an ever growing void within,  
And asks the house aloud;  
"Is this the master of my kin?"

As shallow waters give way  
to meadows green and pure,  
The fisherman, wearily, treads  
gently on the cold grey floor,  
The boat sways back and forth;  
"Fret not, for it is safe",  
"My master has made me whole again,  
and that I will embrace."

The home is now a house  
And lies quiet, dull and still,  
While the warmth that once the bulb brought forth  
has gone out and claimed its due,  
But as the nascent rays creep  
upwards and liven up the hill, there's hope,  
Until another, o' house divine,  
seeks shelter and craves to share the view.

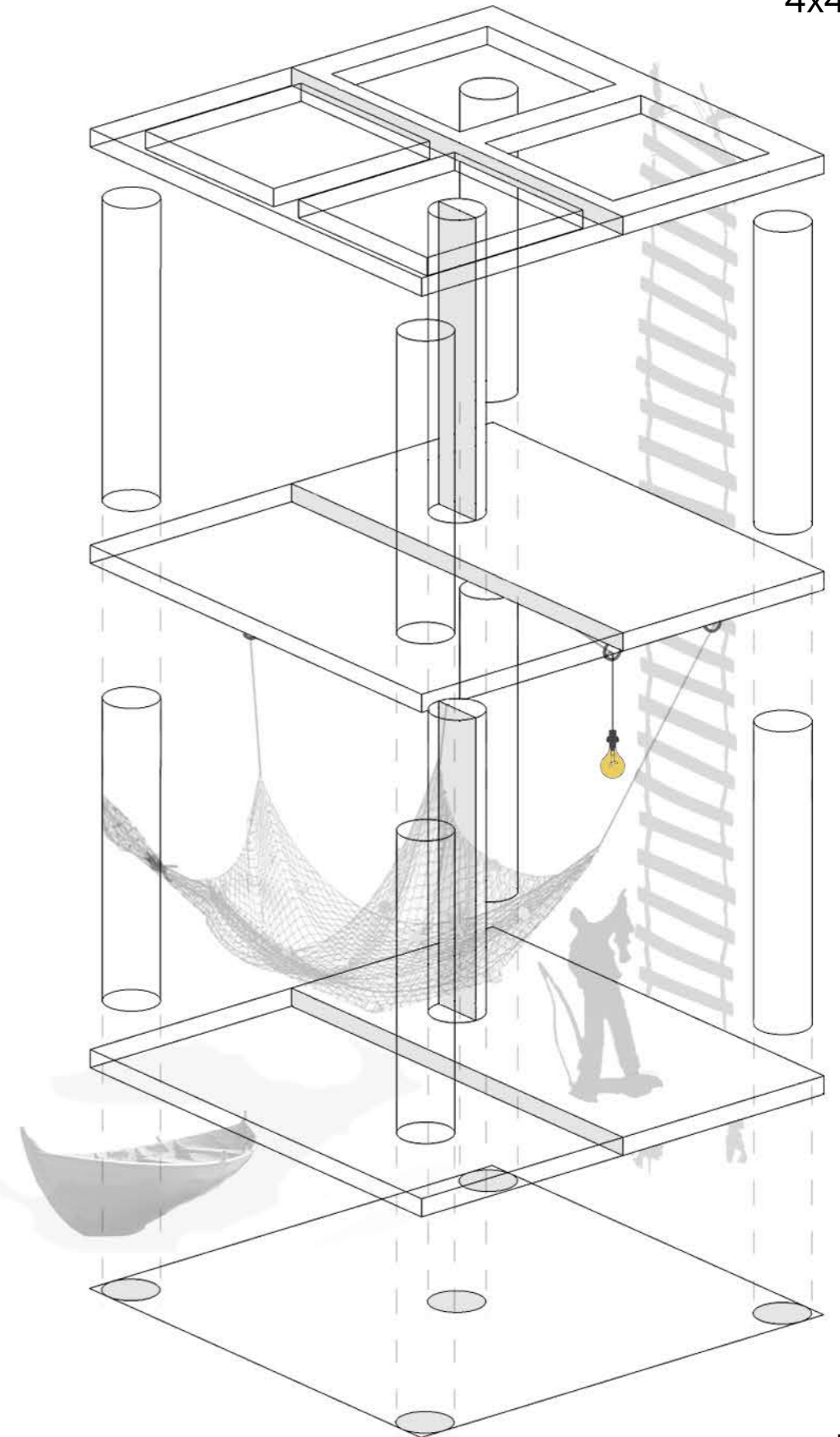


5.5 m high  
4x4 m plan

A **HOUSE** WITHOUT **FUNCTION**?

OR

A **HOME** WITH **PURPOSE**?



scale - 1:50

team 2155

