

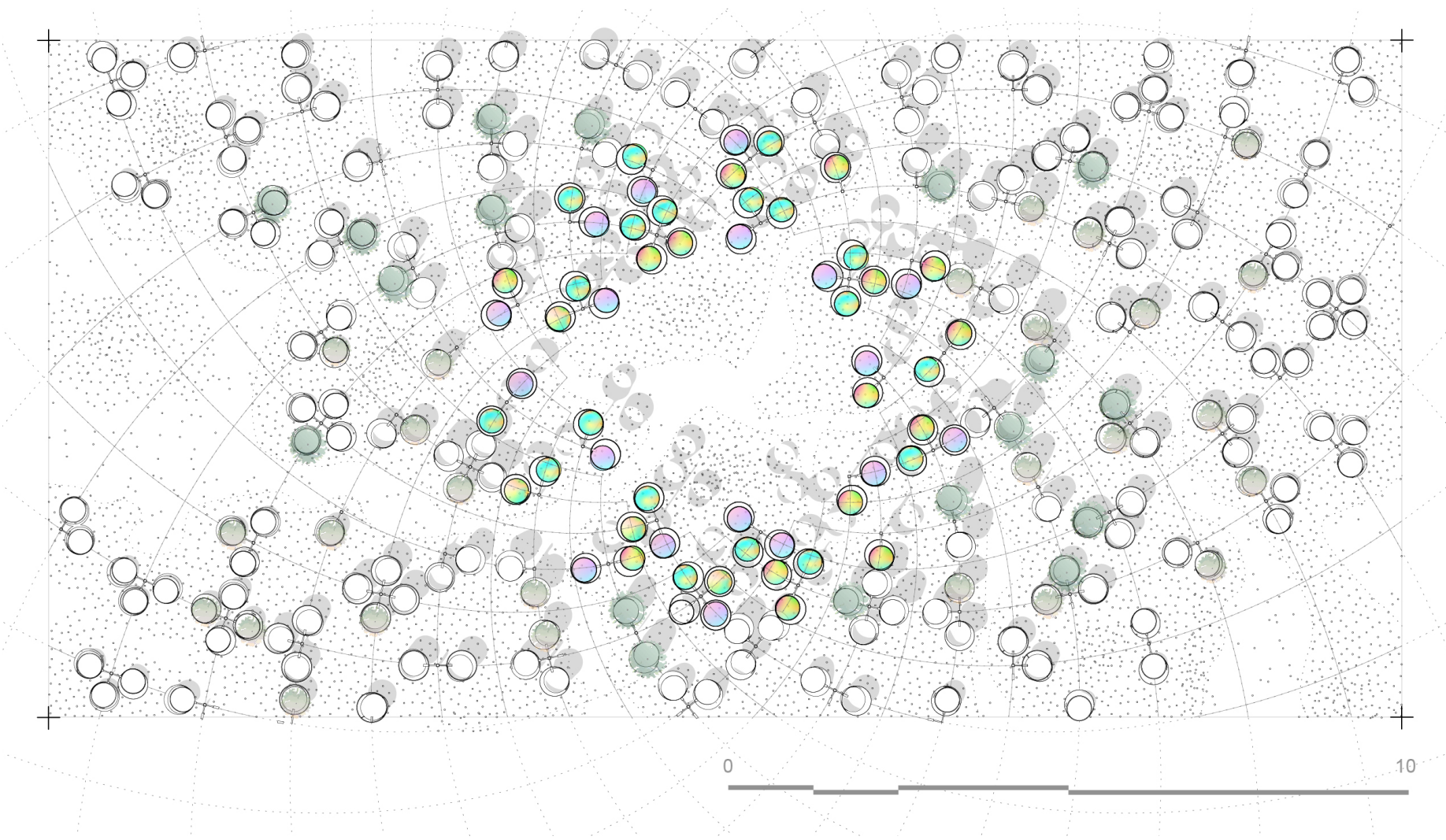
SWEET BUCKETS

Perched on a maple syrup bucket, idle for fifty winters, I reminisce the taste of the first drop of syrup, swallowed as the season's chill began to wane - a flavour that held an entire winter's tale. Today, capitalism and environmental degradation have silenced the maples, leaving no syrup to harvest. The buckets, once filled with nature's sweetness, now sit idle.

Younger souls, curious, touch these idle vessels, their minds filled with wonder at the ancient ritual of tapping maples for their sweet nectar.

I rise, following the forest path. I marvel at the microcosm within the barrels - a tranquil, beautiful world. My thoughts drift to two centuries ago, when mankind discovered the Fibonacci Sequence in nature, bridging the gap between man and nature. Today, we turn to the Fibonacci Sequence, hoping to reconnect with nature

Above me, the sun's rays dance a vibrant waltz, casting a warm, sweet scent around me. I gaze out of the window, where golden syrup flows freely - a dream, thankfully.



Plan



Tanacetum vulgare



Achillea Millefolium



Anthemis Tinctoria



Lavandula



Satureja Hortensis



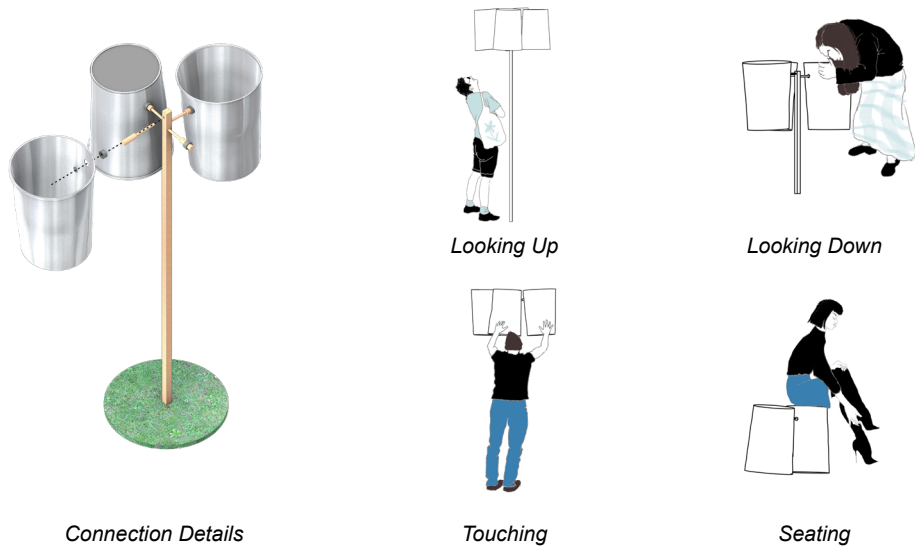
Parsley



Elevation View



Looking Up View



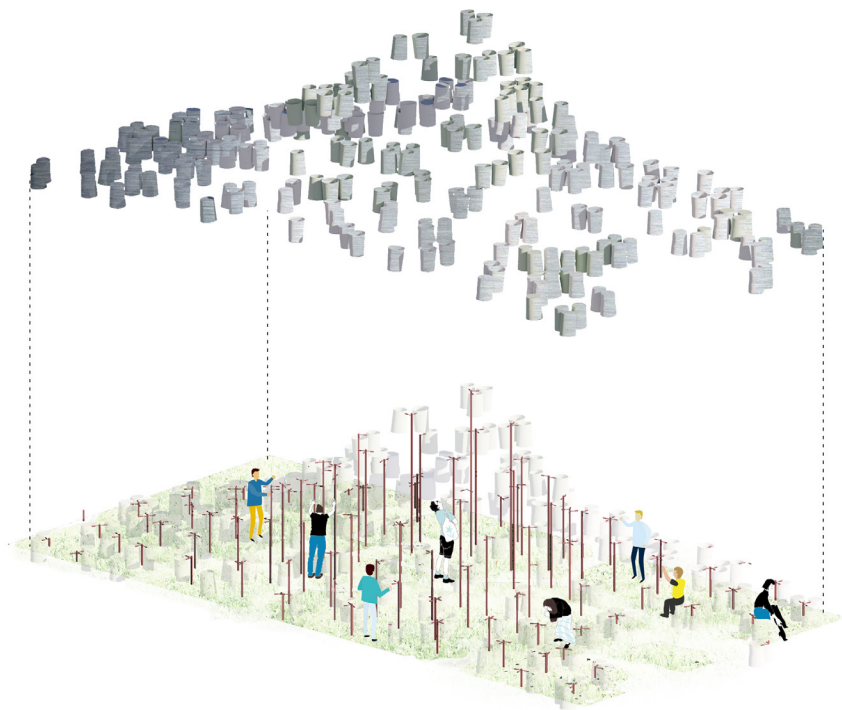
Connection Details

Touching

Seating



Centre Area View



AXO View



Bucket Garden View