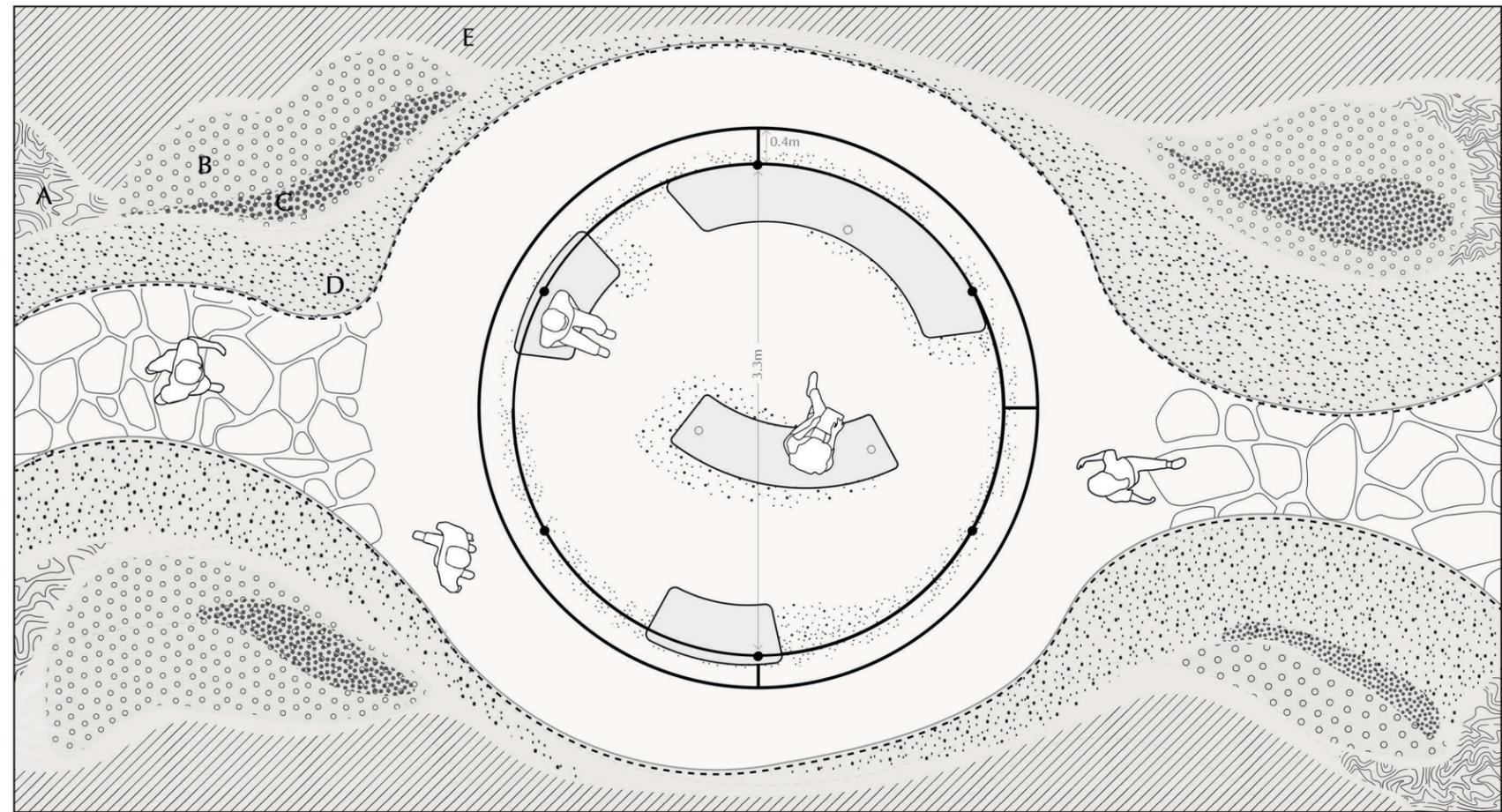


Unspoken Awakening

Again I see the curtains drift,
whispering softly in the air.
They stir a quiet openness in my heart,
a sensitivity that dwells within this place.

Again I hear the chimes sing clear,
their tender voices in the breeze.
They weave the fragrance of the flowers,
with echoes of a tranquil past.



A
Catmint



B
Lady Fern



C
Hydrangeas



D
Million Bells



E
Kentucky Bluegrass



1m

Site Plan

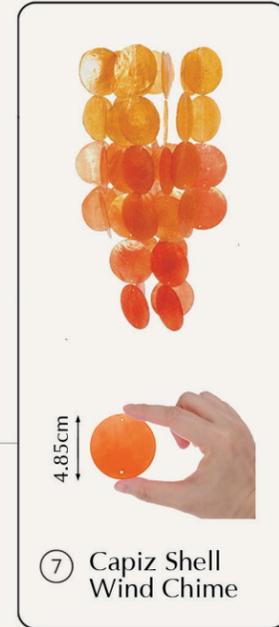
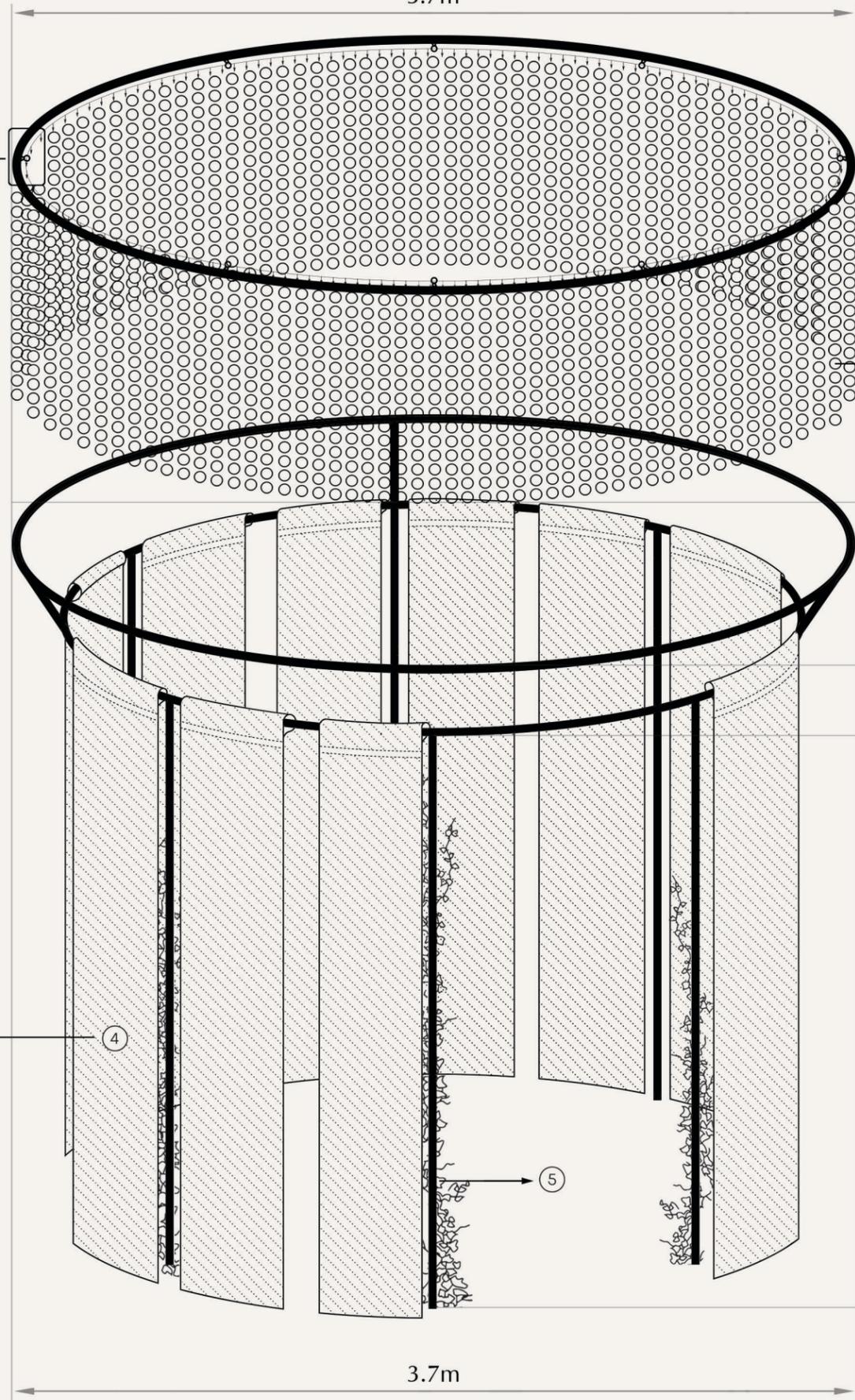
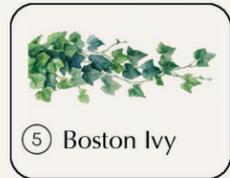
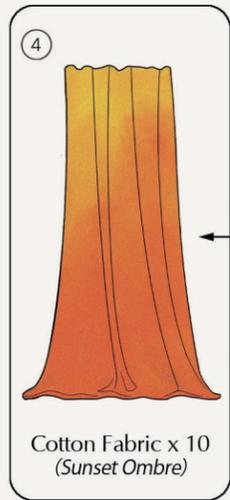
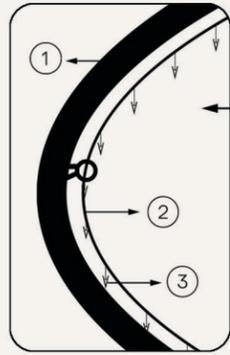
There are rare moments when silence drowns out the noise, and the world sharpens into clarity—moments when we feel rather than think. *Unspoken Awakening* is conceived to cultivate such states of presence.

Guided by stepping stones along the garden's edge, visitors are invited to slow their pace, preparing for immersion. Within this shifting atmosphere, the sanctuary dissolves its boundaries, becoming less a structure than a medium for listening, touching, smelling, and sensing. The installation consists of two parallel circular welded-steel frames, supported by six evenly spaced pillars. From the lower ring, ten cotton panels descend to the ground, their surfaces dyed in a gradient from orange to yellow. Irregular pigment saturation reveals the unique trace of the manual process. Along the outer ring, seashell wind chimes—tinted in the same hues as the fabric—form a gentle acoustic field, stirred by every breeze.

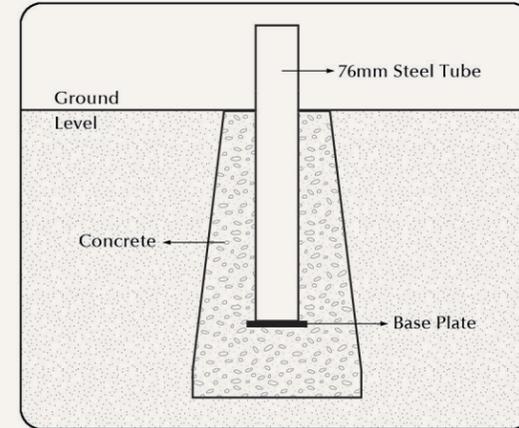
Inside the semi-open space, customized curved benches provide layered horizons: places to look through and beyond the structure, as well as inward and outward across the space. Curtains drift with the slightest breath of air, tracing invisible currents. Wind chimes tremble softly, their tones dissolving into silence. Light moves across surfaces in quiet rhythms, mapping an unspoken cartography of sensitivity. The experience is neither monumental nor fixed, but fragile and fleeting—just like the present. Here, the unspoken awakens: a pause for the body to perceive the world anew.



3.7m



Burying footing:



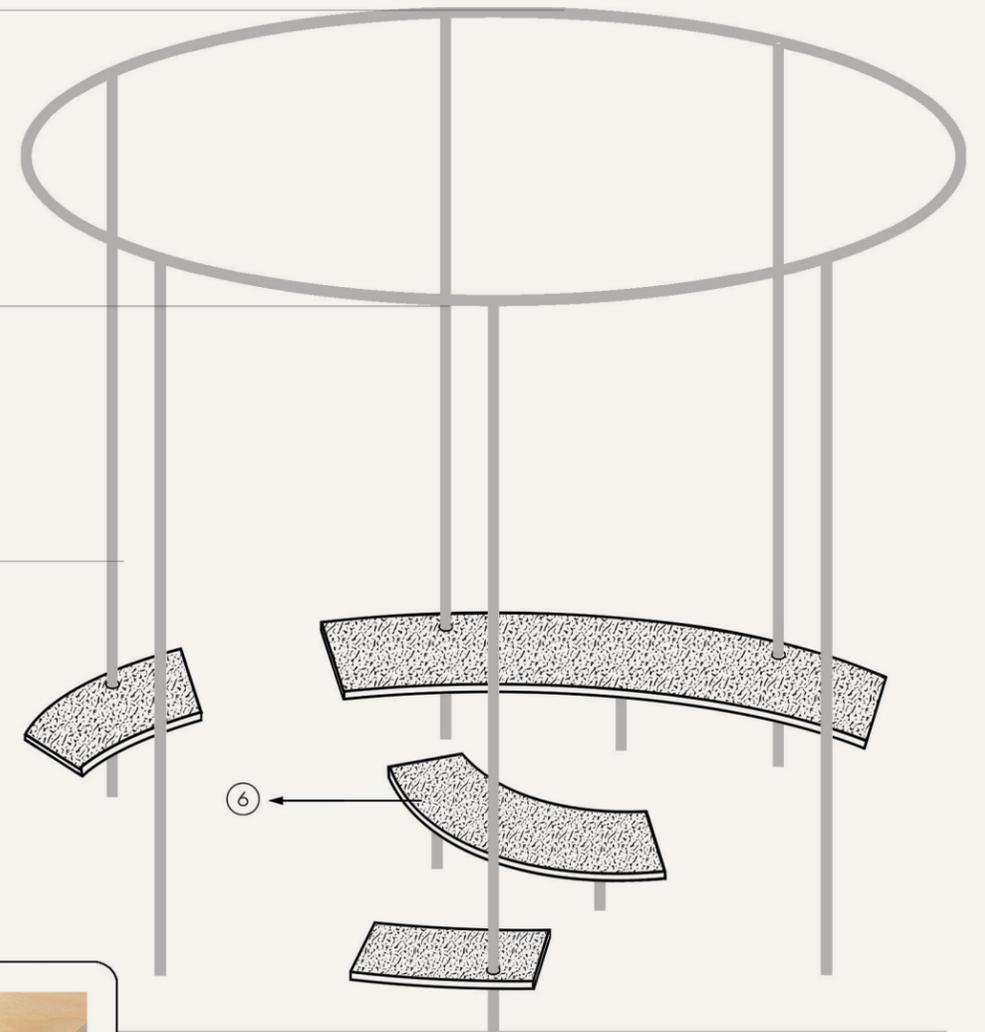
As the Boston ivy reaches toward the sun through the passing summer, a quiet trace of time unfolds within the installation—a living record inscribed in the mapping of sensitivity. Time holds visitors captive in the present, endlessly shifting from what has been into what is yet to come. Through the interlacing of sound, scent, motion, and the slow rhythm of time, the space awakens a fragile dialogue between human and nature, between the inner and the outer world.

0.3m

2.8m

1.8m

0.45m



Exploded Isometric Drawing: