The track . . . extends through the site, weaves through the bracken (natural), meets and touches the hut (architecture), and continues its journey.

The "visitor" acts in the same way. The visitor's arrival is passive: to pass by, maybe, a place to rest, a place to pause, to catch one's breath.

Architecture (hut) is also revealed as a moment in time; to pause, to escape from the grandeur and shelter amongst a minute part of the whole.

. . . this is a point, a moment, where architecture and the visitor(track), relate and meet, and share a mutual dialogue - (both are in the act of pausing). Both the visitor and hut leave the ground - to retreat.

The relationship amongst site, visitor and architecture is "understood".

. . . a log lies silent
Once a tree,
frozen, gentle, quietly sleeping,
peaceful and harmless.
A detail.
A detail of architecture?
A detail amongst the grandeur of the site,
lost, forgotten, a memory, protected.
A hidden detail (that no one sees),
undisturbed, waiting.
Waiting to be found; discovered.
. . . Architecture to be disclosed,
discussed, and realised.
. . . To look beneath the skin,
to unravel, unearth, realise,
the potential, a secret
Nature, the rhythms of time,
texture, colour, form, structure.
To witness a thousand years,
before people.
I ask is this history, is this ancient times?
. . . To reflect to stop, to rest, to pause.
I am a visitor, greetings.