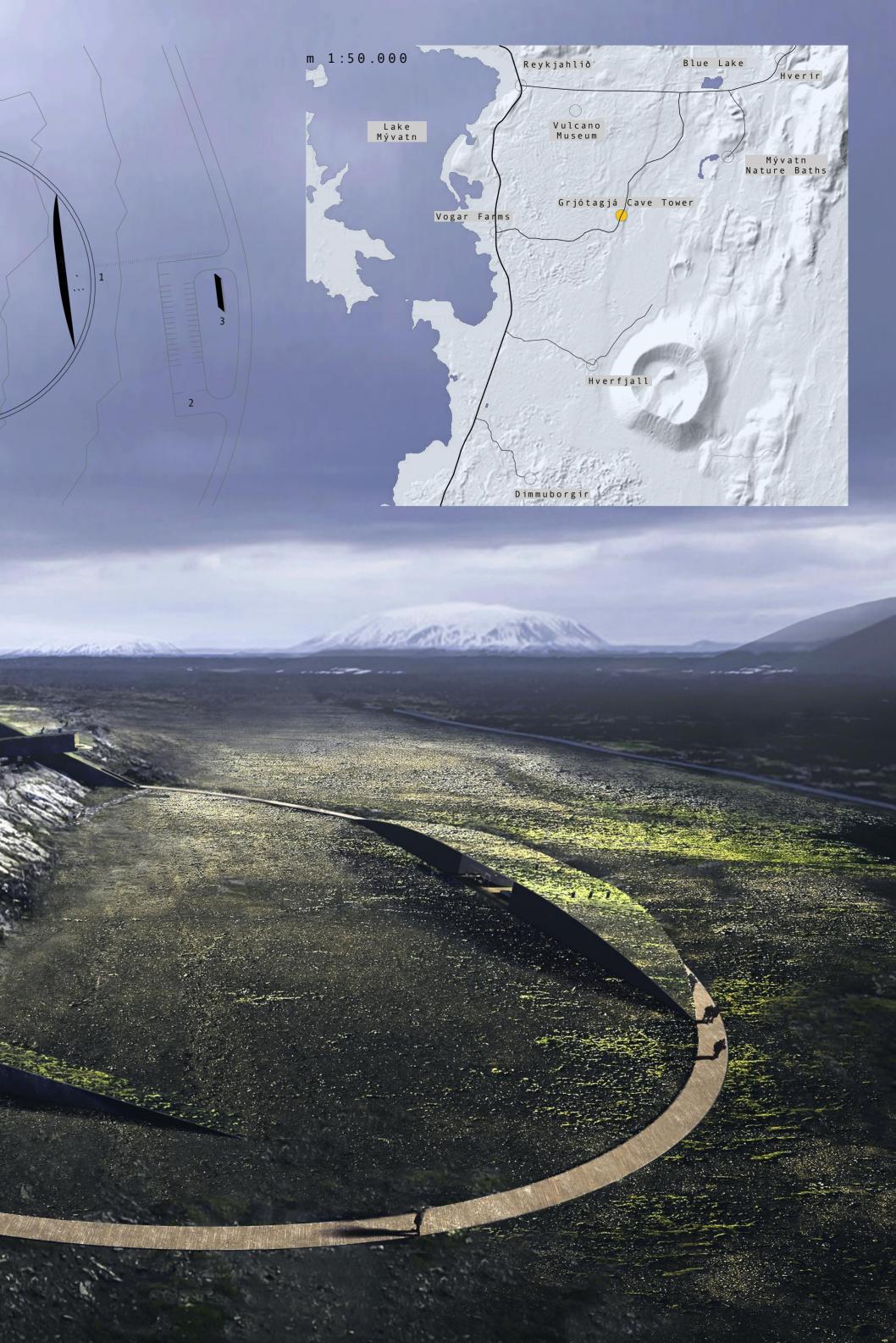
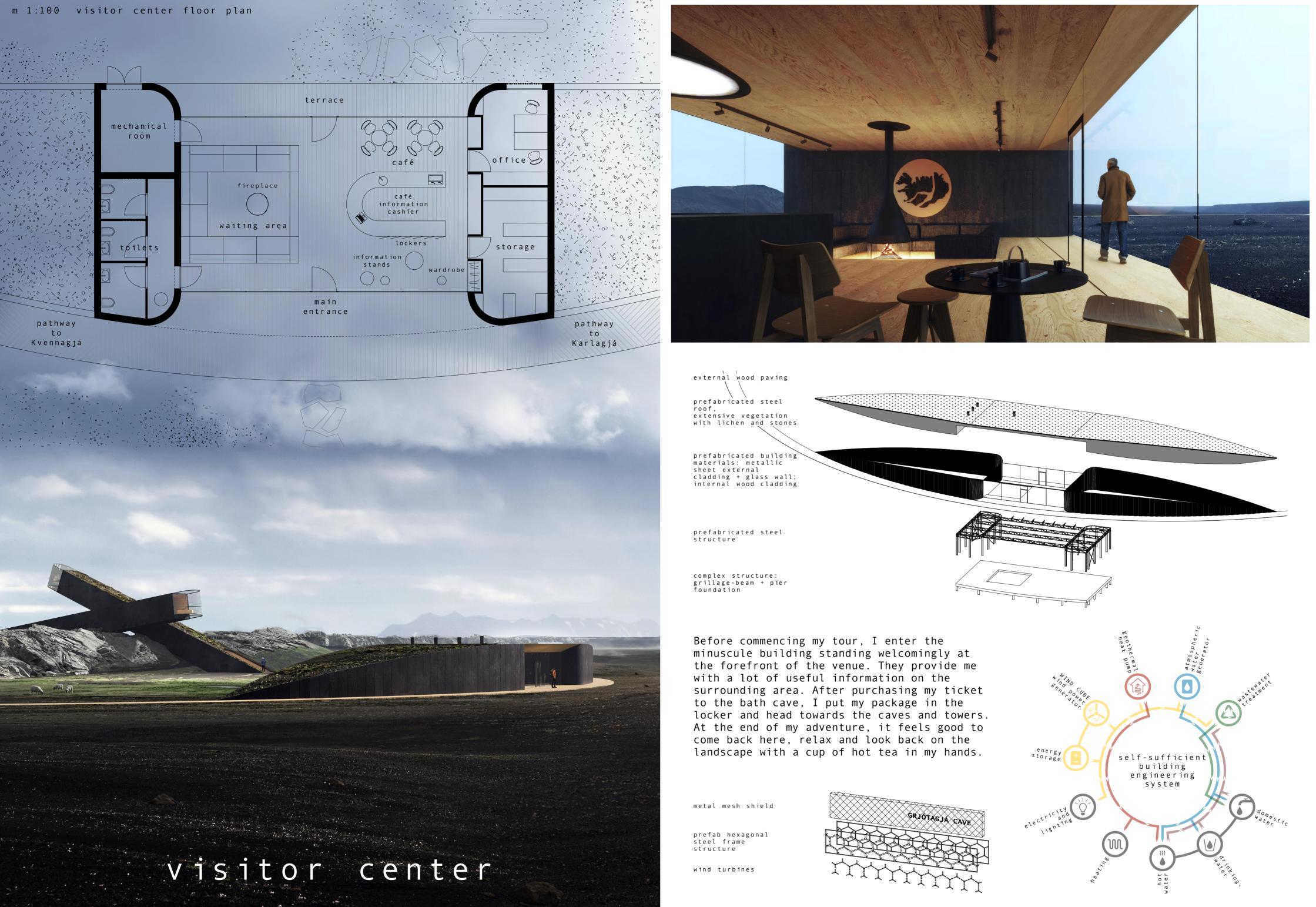
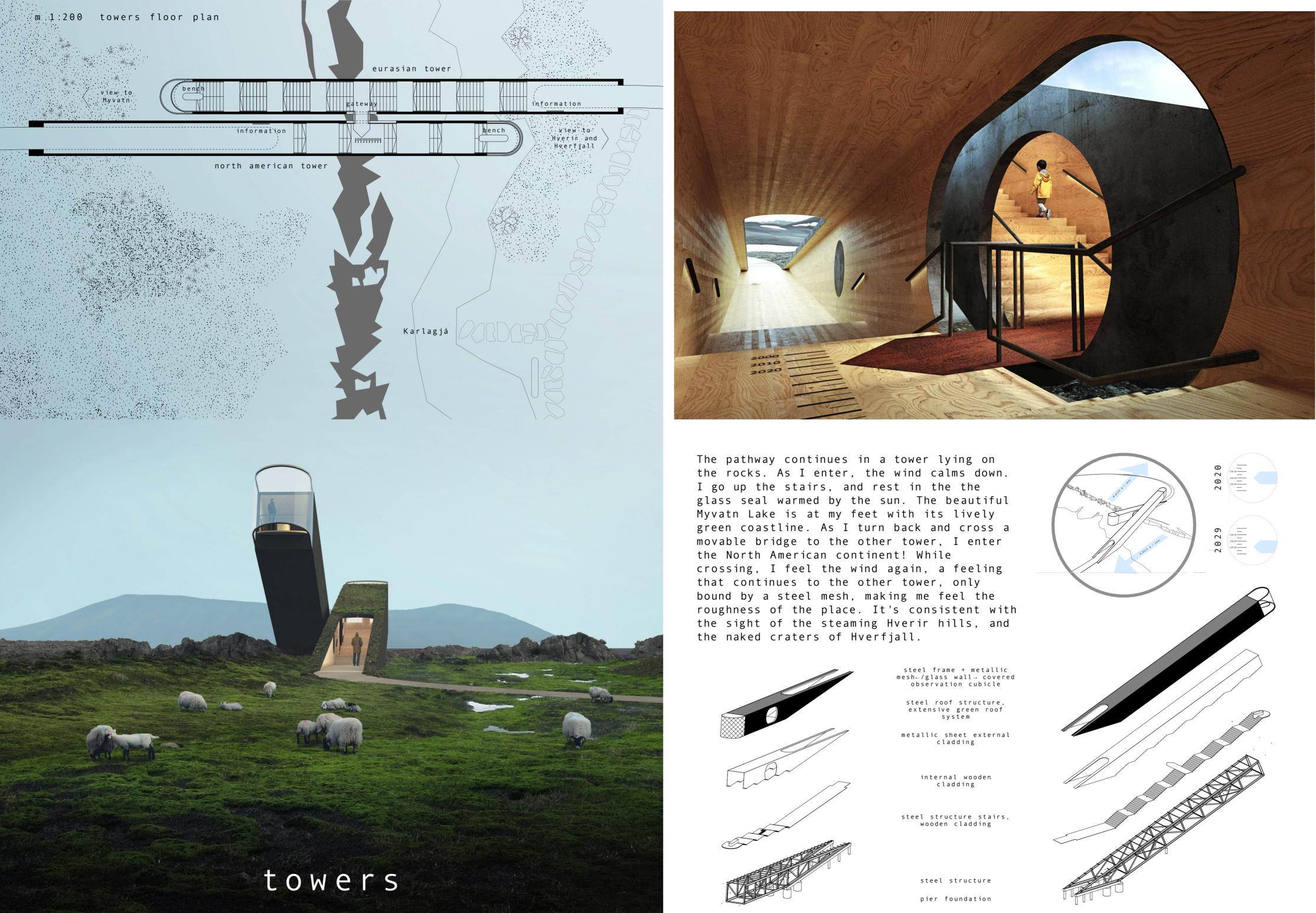
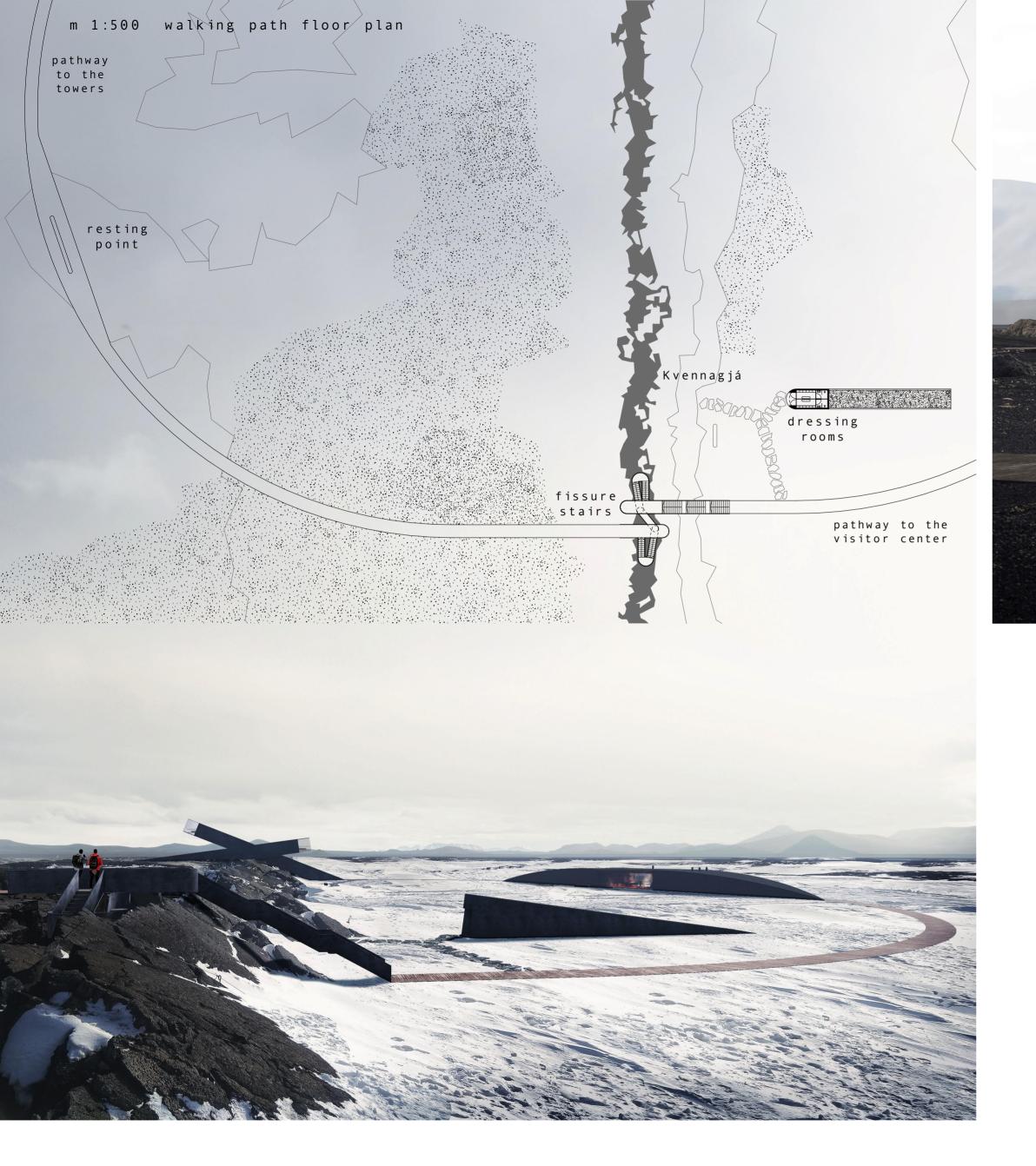
I set out on the pathway, admiring the exquisite patterns of Iceland. The quick breaks in the weather, the slow tectonic movements under my feet. In the cave, I feel the quiet warmth of the Earth, while back on the path, the loud cold of the winds. At first, the landscape is a lifeless black lava desert, then turning into a fresh green meadow. As I ascend the stairs, I rise above the whole landscape as if I'm flying, before descending beneath the ground, into the rock ravine. I can touch it, feeling as the Earth shares its secrets with me.

n 1:1.500









I rest for a moment. No rush, no flood of information, no artificial noises or lights. My senses awaken. Accepting the discomfort of nature instead of artificial comfort is liberating.

walking path



