

I will take you on a journey. You are in Tallinn Estonia, in Kopli to be precise. A neighborhood with potential. Opportunity to connect to the sea, nature and each other.

You are strolling down the street of Kopliranna, the road to the sea. As you gently approach your destination, you hear noise, people chatting, laughing.

You pass a white apartment block while a forest appears. Two small buildings loom up true the eyelashes of the trees. They look sturdy and robust. Yet, they are small and delicate.

As you come closer a path connects the buildings and you decide to follow. The path is made of sturdy wooden planks and slowly lifts you off the ground. You hear your shoes tapping against the planks. Step by step you approach the buildings. They stand on opposite sides of the wooden path. They frame a view. A view where you see a faint hint of clear blue water. Their diagonal roofs mark the air. The first building invites you in, with its higher end of the roof. By falling over, the wooden path it is protecting you from the elements once you step inside. The furthest building aligns its roof similar.

A small market invites you to buy fresh fish, smoked meat or vegetables. The beams of the roof follow a grid, a satisfying pattern appears. The building is made of rough, old bricks. Some of the stones are left out, which makes you able to peek true the walls of the market. The wooden path is marked by a hip high brick wall. The railing creates an intimate space. Your hand touches the wooden finish. Its soft, not cold at all and has the comforting textures of wood. Its connected effortlessly with the wooden columns carrying the roof. A small wooden seat is cut out of the brick railing were one can take place. You buy a ticket and some snacks inside the shop and continue your path.

The second building appears. A brick wall connects them to its brother. It guides you to the stunning ocean view. The columns and beams follow a strict rhythm with only the wooden seats as an exception. It is clear and visible how the building is built. Rising from stone, wood to carry the roof. Behind the just not square windows you see the dried vegetables and meat hanging, smoking. You touch the bricks; they are old and used. Their colors are constantly changing where time has touched. They had a life before this one. Maybe the building has been here all along.

The sea beckons as you continue your walk. Suddenly the trees give way to reeds. A long wooden pier stretches across the water. It touches the sea with its toes. You walk to the end and smell the faint scent of salt that is so characteristic of the Baltic Sea. Not invasive, but soft and delicate.

A building in the distance catches your eye. Wooden columns support a harmonica-shaped roof.

It is different from that other building, but somehow similar. They are family.

As you approach the building, a small reed surrounded terrace appears where the first outdoor enthusiasts are sipping their black coffee. The high roof shields them from the wind. Reed divides the pool into two halves, one for resting and socializing and the other for active swimming. Again, the path guides you the way into a mysterious corridor. The hall is covered by the square beams that support the roof.

The path is marked by repeating wooden columns that lead you along the building. The columns are not repetitive, but intuitive, playing with privacy and visibility.

Birds sing their songs as you take a path into the forest. Sounds of playing and chatter stumble and silence is all that remains. The trees take your worries into their roots. Oxygen fills your lungs. A delicate building approaches. Scraped wood fills your nostrils. It is as tall as the smallest trees. Its sturdy legs support their branches. It must be in the crowns.

The square wooden roof now serves as a floor. You can walk under it. You take the softly shaved stairs.

The door handle is a small twig that you pull. An intimate entrance makes you take off your shoes and enter a dressing room. Undressed, you wrap yourself in a towel. One last bathroom stop and its corner window reveals you the first crown forest view. Your jaw unclenches.

Showering in the small bathhouse, where a large horizontal window shows the crown of an old birch tree. A chin high wall lends privacy to those showering. The walls are built with big heavy spruce logs. They are shaved and unfinished, they have so many varieties if you look closely. The floor feels smooth and somehow wobbly. Tiles show proudly their vivid colors. As you sit down on a wooden bench to cleanse yourself, slowly warming up to prepare for the sauna, you have lively conversations with others. The wood of the bench is different from the wooden logs the buildings is made of. It's a darker species, more delicate, comfortable to sit on. You notice the window frame is the same.

After the sauna filled your body with heat, you decide to cool off in the tiny plunge. Situated between the spruce log walls you gently walk in. You sit down and wrap your body in cold. Your hands touch the uneven tiles. Small textures tickle your body.

You look closely. Fingers and other human partials have touched the tiles when they were made. Their colors make your dreams grow bigger. You exhale and sit down on a small, tiled bench in the cold water.

You look up, clear blue skies.

After repeating the rituals, you make way for the open, roof lighted social space. Wooden columns mark the boundary between the building and nature. The sun sets in pink and orange. You feel enlightened. What a day.

As you later slowly leave the forest sauna a distant path leads to yet another timber building. Covered in the field, it radiates mystery.

It floats gently above the reeds. You continue this path between reeds and forest.

Once you're back at the market you buy a fish for diner. As the timber planks gradually bring you back to the road, you feel so different. You feel connected.