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Sometimes – for example when a ray of light falls through my kitchen window in a very certain way – I am convinced, that there is an underlying poetic aspect of all materiality. It seems, that what I normally call architecture, is in this moment instead profound material words. It seems, that the very materiality of the room, of the walls, and of light, just now mediates something un-speakable, but that I can still absorb. Something sublime and non-intelligible. Knowledge, but impossible to fully grasp.

It seems, that there is not much difference in this sense, between a piece of architecture, a poem, a photography or a piece of music. It also seems, that these different dialects-of-a-same-language call out to be used to deepen into one another.

It seems essential, for anyone, to have more profound experiences of architecture – To be able to see, and to love, more of its subtle poetics. It seems essential, for an architect, to develop a sensibility towards these inherent poetics of materiality – To be able to recognize them, and perhaps, even enable them. It seems essential, for architecture, to be widened – Deeper experienced, also poetically.

I seems quite clear, one shouldn't try to sort such matters out. I seems as clear, one is still obliged to approach them.

So, I just decided to ask: *What is light?*

And, I decided to personally ask light itself. Over and over again. For a year.

What became of that year, was representations of light. They formed a thesis. Perhaps, a thesis describing a certain ray of light happening once a day at Härlanda Church. Or, a thesis searching to unfold a piece of all poetry hiding in light, in its very widest sense. Or, a thesis developing personal artistic ways to more attentively experience sublime aspects of materiality. Or, a thesis exploring a common core behind all expressions of art – architecture and light being two among them. Or, a thesis insisting on how much richness there is to find in an ever so little corner of architecture, if one really wants to see.

Then, there was a book and a photo-exhibition. Simply due to the poetry of light itself.

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