

# FEELINGS *of* IMPERFECTION

*A Visual Expression of Timelessness*

by Anna Björkman & Anna Malmberg

Dear readers,

We invite you along on a journey through a timeless world of rugged beauty. Places in which stories are present but yet unwritten; in which shadows may appear ominous but are actually gentle in nature. We have breathed in the spaces you see before you, have wandered their empty halls and looked through their stained windows. These mindful explorations of widely different buildings and environments have given us a new outlook on the contrasting aspects of life. They have taught us how to marry two opposing senses: our eyes noting the imperfection of our immediate environments, our hearts beating to the melancholic rhythm of time stood still. We hope to inspire you to discover this very same feeling of balance between conflicting emotions and images through this visual diary, and trust you will be able to apply this new manner of seeing, feeling and experiencing in your everyday life. Once you have truly witnessed exquisiteness in the crudeness of our chosen environments, you will be able to recognize and appreciate it all around you. And this awareness, dear readers, is our gift to you.

— *Anna Björkman & Anna Malmberg*

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CHAPTER ONE

# *Divinely Feminine Solitude*





The walls around her had absorbed so much history; the pain and the laughter still echoing within their strong, solid structure. These walls had acted as a safe haven for many a man, woman and child. A place to return to and reconnect with ones roots. A place to retreat to whenever the worries of the world weigh heavy on ones shoulders. Taking in the nurturing soul of these walls and the many stories they represented, it was clear she too was a point of return and recovery. As a mother, her body and mind is the very home her child seeks out for warmth, comfort and wisdom. A child trusts her mother to carry her through life in much the same way she trusts her home to shelter her from the storm. Like the pillars holding up the roof of a house, a mother is the pillar holding up her child through the best of times, through the worst of times. A mother plants the seeds for a garden her child can grow in. Under the watchful, nurturing eyes of their home it will blossom into a sea of colourful possibility. And should the fates allow, the lush grass straws will tickle the toes of future generations to come.







DIVINELY FEMININE SOLITUDE











DIVINELY FEMININE SOLITUDE



*place holder - a welcoming  
environment with many secrets*





*chapter two*

# SILENT REBELLION

Powerful energies are capable of overshadowing even the most stubborn of personalities. Unforgiving systems are masked with symbolisms no one dares to question, halting the growth of those still trying to shape their own moral codes. The rooms from which supremacy is practised may appear spacious but the slaves to its ideals are far from it. The physical, emotional reaction upon entering these supposedly sacred rooms is immediate and all-encompassing. Sadness seeps from within. Even dimmed laughter is unimaginable amidst these four walls. And even as the tide of the social climate is shifting, even now that the doors have been shut on these dictations, the urge to rebel remains. Resisting voices of the past may have been muted, but today they walk in their shoes and lend them their volume. With the collective strength they have gathered over generations, they rise against the decades that have failed the youths of their combined past. All their thoughts and vibrations are steered towards those that may have lost their battles. They salute those who stood up for their own beliefs, and with open hearts encourage those who continue to do so to keep on fighting.





SILENT REBELLION





