To build a house for a poet. To make a house for dreaming, living and dying. A house in which to read, to write and to think.

We raised high walls to create a box open to the sky, like a nude, metaphysical garden, with concrete walls and floor. To create an interior world. We dug into the ground to plant leafy trees.

And floating in the center, a box filled with the translucent light of the north. Three levels were established. The highest for dreaming. The garden level for living. The deepest level for sleeping.

For dreaming, we created a cloud at the highest point. A library constructed with high walls of light diffused through large translucent glass. With northern light for reading and writing, thinking and feeling.

For living, the garden with southern light, sunlight. A space that is all garden, with transparent walls that bring together inside and outside.

And for sleeping, perhaps dying, the deepest level. The bedrooms below, as if in a cave.

Once again, the cave and the cabin.

Dreaming, living, dying. The house of the poet.
ALBERTO CAMPO BAEZA, ARCHITECT

MOLINER HOUSE, ZARAGOZA (SPAIN)  2003 - 2009
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