

SPRING IS SOFT WITH FRAGRANCE

THE ALKABO SCHOOL

Spring is Soft with Fragrance

Spring is soft with fragrance. I decide this as I walk uphill to the Alkabo School. Not only do I walk uphill, the wind blows in my face. You can smile after reading that.

The wind blows constantly and whips around, rattling the windows and pushing against the door when I enter the building. My footsteps and the crackle of fallen plaster reverberate through the empty building. After my struggle to open a window, the smell hits me. It is that odd combination of dust, dirt and old musty books. I remember these sensations very well because of the quiet in the building.

I think I am the only one there. But I am not alone. The memories and experiences of the people that attended this school are right there at my side. Their pictures are in a corner of the classroom, their text books neatly stacked remain as a memorial to former students. I photograph quietly, reverently, wondering what it would be like to experience the soft fragrance of springs gone by at the Alkabo School.











































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