A moonlit cloister garden becomes a sanctuary of signals. Arches support cascades of slender fiber-optic vines that pour down like water, flowing into a central basin. At the basin's heart, a stack of clear prisms takes one bright beam and fans it into many colored threads that run along the vines. Two polished bronze serpents encircle the basin, each biting its tail, forming a quiet guardian ring. Beds of succulents radiate in repeating rosette patterns of gradually changing scale around a mirrored pool, dew catching rainbow specks. Soft mist at ground level, starry sky above; cool blues and iridescent accents; stone columns and moss. The scene feels like a cathedral for bandwidth—orderly, generous, and alive. No text, no figures; crisp, long-exposure glow.