



**Image: Los Cuernos del Paine  
Parque Nacional Torres del Paine, Chile**

Swift, sharp hammers from all directions,  
The bitter Winter Wind chips away at odd angles,  
His arsenal is ever sharp - and never forgiving.

Always sculpting down,  
down,  
down...

Banging, howling, pounding under cover of storm cloak.

"Wait - you missed a spot."

"No. That is for Water."

Spring. Water chisels deceptively.

She floats gracefully and dances gingerly down the slope.

Soothingly, she curls through the crevices,

Leaping from rock to unsuspecting rock.

Water takes her ounce of flesh quietly.

Ice Melt.

Time watches.

A smirk. Jagged hooves standing sentinel.

"Nice work. What's next?"

~ Vivian Fung