The King is dead - long live the King of the Hill!

How long will you play?
Frostbite seconds on your cheeks
will become fire
which melts your iceberg peaks

Grab snow
Memories melt zone by zone
on the palm of your hand
flow
fall
Until the heat wipes out the cold.

the King of the Hill
Mirka Sulander

A snow truck ploughed
the installation into a
poem