

## the King of the Hill

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A snow truck ploughed  
the installation into a  
poem

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.

