

ELEMENTS:

By Nathan Ivery

AIR:

Being seen and being heard is hard work. Especially when you have no corporal form. I cannot touch, I am unseen. I am unheard. Sure, I blow life into the world, I am responsible for providing power and energy and am the driving force for the world as we know it.

But I am unseen, unchangeable. I am bound to the world, which was once a simple and uncomplicated affair. Once we were like gods feared by all. the true masters of man.

Who is the Master now? I am being used to poison and pollute this beautiful place. The smoke and rancid smell of unnatural materials choke my very existence, every day I become less and less, the rot has truly set in and it is too late for me. It is too late for them.

I cannot scream, I cannot shout so they continue their futile crusade. And for what? The sake of industrial progress? To aid in their pointless wars? To see who can conquer first? Are their reasons enough to warrant this needless destruction? If only they could truly understand the pain they have caused.

How do Humans cope? Over the aeons, I have become more and more attuned to the ways of human nature. They lead such complicated lives, so much anger, hate, and pain. But then there is all that creativity, love and joy to be found. How is it possible to have the capability of being the most wonderful creatures ever born into this universe and yet also be monsters birthed for the most terrible nightmares?

I have too many thoughts and feelings bouncing around my non-existent head I am a mass of contradictions and now the world is no longer in black and white for me. It exists as a complex of different morals. Right. Wrong. Justified and unjustified. It is for that reason that I grow weary of this plain.

FIRE:

My youngest sister does not have the same problem. She is complex and yet uncomplicated in her role and views of the world. She is steadfast in her beliefs and radiates with all of her emotions, ready to surface the moment they are called for. It is who she is and it burns deeply within her core.

Capable of such warmth and compassion. It was she who first presented herself to the humans, providing them with the tools to survive and evolve. However, it can also be said that it was she who first equipped mankind with the wrath of God. For better or worse she has been leading humanity out of the darkness and into the light.

Like me, she is bound to this world, but unlike me I think she is subjected to the whims of human nature she provides a light and warmth that nurtures and sustains the planet and all its inhabitants but also that warmth can turn quickly into the most terrible pain she is both terrible and beautiful much like the humans. But I know she deeply regrets when her actions become uncontrollable. She cannot control who she is. She just is.

WATER:

As siblings, we of course love each other and have great admiration for each other. But like all siblings, we clash. My brother is diametrically opposite to my sister he exudes calm and ebbs and flows into whatever Earth requires of him. He is often quite isolated, While I am everywhere at once I still see him less often as id like.

He tends not to get involved with the affairs of humanity; he chooses to align himself with the creatures that dwell within him. although he allows humans to travel across his realm he is at constant odds with the expansion and perpetual dumping of toxic materials that pollute his skin and hurt the ecosystems he has meticulously built.

His world seems like the last remnants of a bygone era as the world seemingly becomes less vast and more connected. He has maintained corners of the world untouched by the likes of man, he is willing to do anything to keep it that way. Ever heard the expression 'When it rains it pours'? That is him all over. He has a certain wisdom that the rest of my siblings lack but even he has his moments. You don't want to be near him when he is in a bad mood.

I believe that he too wishes to return to a more simplistic time.

I no longer know where my loyalties lie. To the humans or the natural order.

EARTH:

My eldest sister has given so much to them. She was the first of our kind to emerge long before I blew in. My sister is the foundation for all that has come since. For all that breath walk upon her skin and inhabit the environment that she grew.

I miss how beautiful she was back in the early days. She was the greenest of greens where trees and lakes were stretched out as far as the mortal eye could see, It was a time when all of my siblings lived together in perfect harmony and worked in tandem with each other.

So how can they do that to her? Rip up the foundations she laid and demolish the trees to make way for ugly stone monoliths and cold metal spires that spew obnoxious fumes into the atmosphere. If only they could hear her terrible screams, then perhaps they would stop.

My sister means everything to me, without her I would quite literally be nothing. So would we all. She began as primordial soup and grew just like her trees into something truly unique and beautiful. Her love for all life in its many forms is rooted deep within her core. A love that still prevails to this day.

But is that enough anymore? Has this experiment run its course? We gave so much of ourselves to the inhabitants of this world. But for what? I can no longer breathe; I no longer understand my purpose. Is my time truly over? I guess only time will tell.