

Echo of Earth



The Allegory of Metal

This allegorical illustration represents the Metal element. The melting clock suggests the breakdown of order and the fragility of time in the face of ecological crisis. The wind-up figure symbolizes humanity—once in control, now reduced to a passive mechanism within an over-industrialized system. The gears no longer serve progress; they echo decay.

The fish—trapped in a flow of toxic waste—embody the irreversible damage caused by pollution and overextraction. The giant eye at the top of the composition stands as a cold observer: humanity's rational gaze, ever present but emotionally absent.

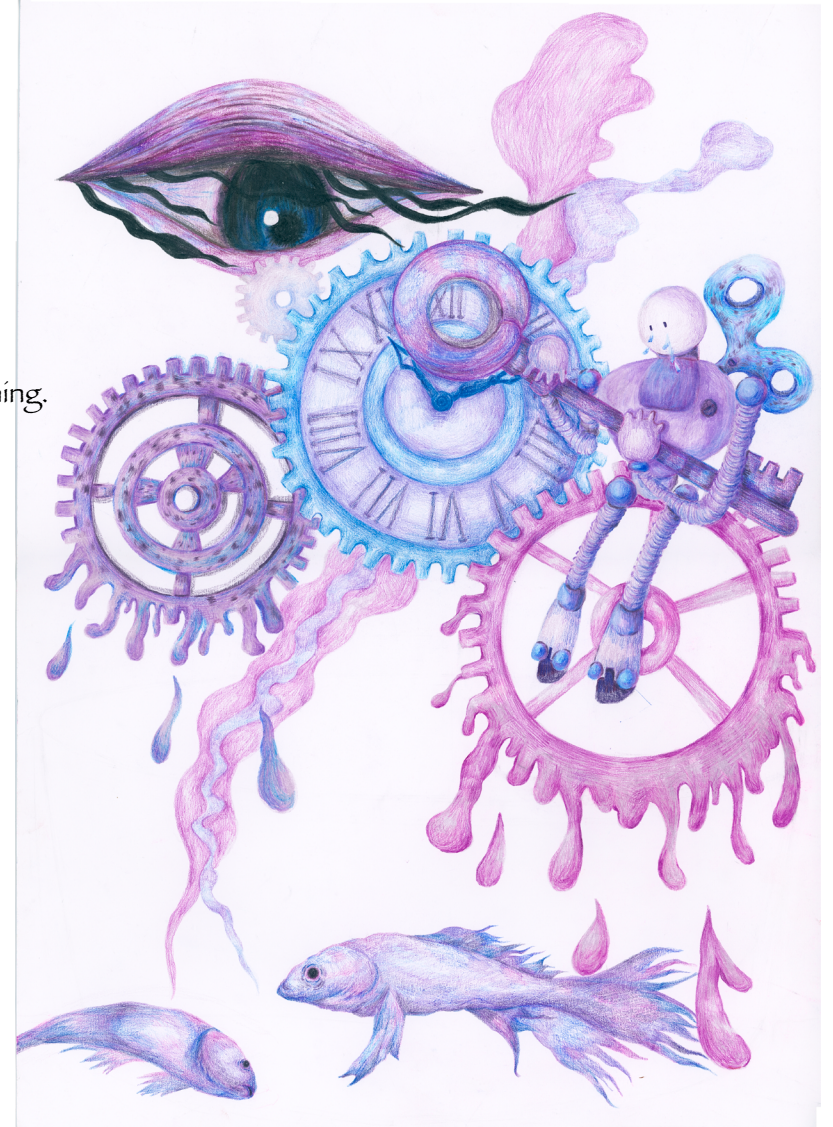
Together, these elements reflect a civilization overwhelmed by its own inventions, where industry consumes not only nature, but also time, autonomy, and empathy.

At the end of a ticking world,
time begins to melt into tears.
Clocks no longer keep order—
only gears spin silently, grinding into nothing.

The wind-up doll holds a key,
once the master of movement,
now sits at the edge of collapse,
head bowed, powerless, weeping.

Fish drift between iron teeth,
not through water—but industrial waste.
They suffocate in metallic dreams,
eyes wide open, even in death.

Above, the giant eye watches—
not with empathy, but detachment.
It is both witness and god,
forever open, yet never waking.



The Allegory of Wood

This illustration represents the Wood element in the context of climate emergency. The image contrasts two sides of ecological degradation: one where plants seem alive but are secretly decaying—indicated by wilting leaves, crying fruit, and cobwebs—and the other where life has already vanished, leaving only bones and brittle fragments behind.

The composition explores the impact of deforestation and habitat loss, where overexploitation has pushed ecosystems into slow collapse. The cracked earth symbolizes the rupture between vitality and extinction, and the objects—fruit, leaves, skull—become carriers of mourning.

This allegory of Wood is not about destruction through fire or metal, but about the quiet grief of disappearance. The forest doesn't scream—it remembers, silently.

Once, the forest whispered life
through roots that reached with trust.
But now, a stem stands—hollow,
its leaves chewed by unseen hunger.

Fruit weeps where no one listens,
and spider webs dress branches
like funeral lace.
Green is only a memory,
painted over rot.

Across the crack, bones rest
in silence—
a skull where a song once lived,
leaves curled like burnt paper,
dust where breath used to be.

This is not a war.
It is a forgetting.
And the trees are the ones
who remember everything.



The Allegory of Water

This illustration represents the Water element, addressing issues of marine pollution and ecological imbalance. The central jellyfish-like creature floats above an open magical book, its transparent body filled with plastic bottles—symbolizing how human waste has become embedded in marine life.

The book below evokes the ocean's mystery and knowledge, while the melting ice cubes on each side point to glacial loss and rising sea levels. Three red seabirds fly across the page, connecting this image to the Fire element while suggesting migration, disruption, and hope.

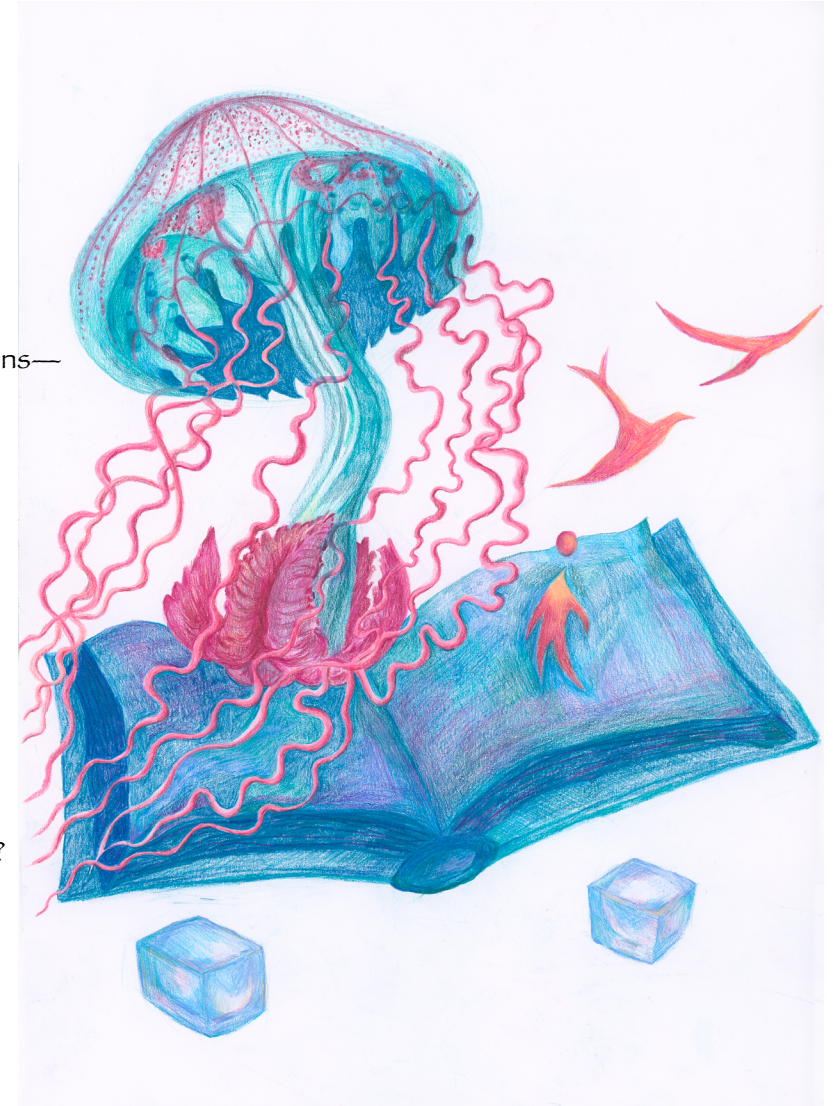
This allegory speaks in a dreamlike voice—of memory, pollution, and transformation. Water becomes both the archive of destruction and a medium of rebirth.

A jellyfish floats above the page,
its body transparent,
yet filled with bottles left behind by humans—
gleaming, silent.

They are unwritten chapters,
submerged beneath blue ink.
The pages ripple like waves,
spells fading slowly underwater.

Ice melts in the book's corners,
taking the poles with it,
leaving behind a damp edge.

Three red birds cross the sea—
are they migrating, fleeing,
or searching for dreams not yet polluted?



The Allegory of Fire

This illustration represents the Fire element, embodying themes of destruction, collapse, and uncontrolled energy. The central altar—engraved with an all-seeing eye and a hexagram—symbolizes the human desire to dominate nature through ritual, power, and sacred architecture. But now it burns, surrounded by crumbling columns and rising flames.

The fire is no longer a tool, but a force—twisting and alive, consuming what was once stable. It reflects not only literal disasters like wildfires and heatwaves, but also the metaphorical burn of unchecked ambition and ecological ignorance.

The red bird flying across the sky links this image to the Water element illustration, carrying a sense of movement and emotional continuity. It may symbolize escape, warning, or the last witness to a world set ablaze.

This fire does not judge. It simply answers.

They built an altar from memory,
carved with power, shaped by will.
They lit the flame—
not to worship,
but to forget.

The stone remembers the prayers,
but the sky only sees smoke.
Ruins collapse inward,
as if ashamed of what they once upheld.

Flames twist like beasts unleashed,
dancing with hunger.
They do not hate—
they consume.

A single bird crosses the fire,
carrying no answer,
only the echo
of everything too late.



The Allegory of Earth

This illustration represents the Earth element within the Five Elements framework, reflecting themes of loss, memory, and ecological decay. At the center is a large cauldron filled not with nourishment, but with relics—bones, roots, fragments of life once sustained by soil. This reversal transforms Earth from a source of growth into a vessel of mourning.

The cracked purple branch emerging from the pot symbolizes barren land and failed regeneration. The spiral terrain beneath references desertification and the cycles of collapse often hidden beneath our feet.

The owl, a symbol of both wisdom and death, presides over the scene, while two small birds below express vulnerability, fragility, and the fading presence of community. Together, they represent what still survives—watching, remembering.

This final allegory is not about eruption or drowning—it is about erosion, forgetting, and the haunting silence of ground that no longer gives.

The cauldron simmers in silence,
not with soup,
but with bones and roots—
stories unspoken, histories buried.

A purple branch rises,
dry and twisted,
reaching for a sky
that no longer answers.

The land spirals beneath,
dust turning over dust.
Nesting birds huddle close,
too quiet to be hopeful.

Above them, the owl stands still—
guardian or mourner,
watching over the last breath
of something we used to call ground.





















