Camp assistant poem

Camp 10 stands aloft;

A pinprick in comparison

To the kingdom of spires it surveys,

As Taku slumbers

The towers, the princess, the duke,

The emperor they protect.

While glacier king looms to the northwest,

Commanding a battalion of their own

They all sit upon the back of Taku.

Taku is alive.

Sighing breaths swirl downward,

A mountain of snow and ice on its back,

It lumbers along deep below.

But when they rear their head

The wind and rain rip like rapids

Gushing through the lowest valleys

Pounding the tallest ridges

The beast strains against their chains

The earth itself seeming to bend

This is the icefield at its most ruthless,

And most beautiful