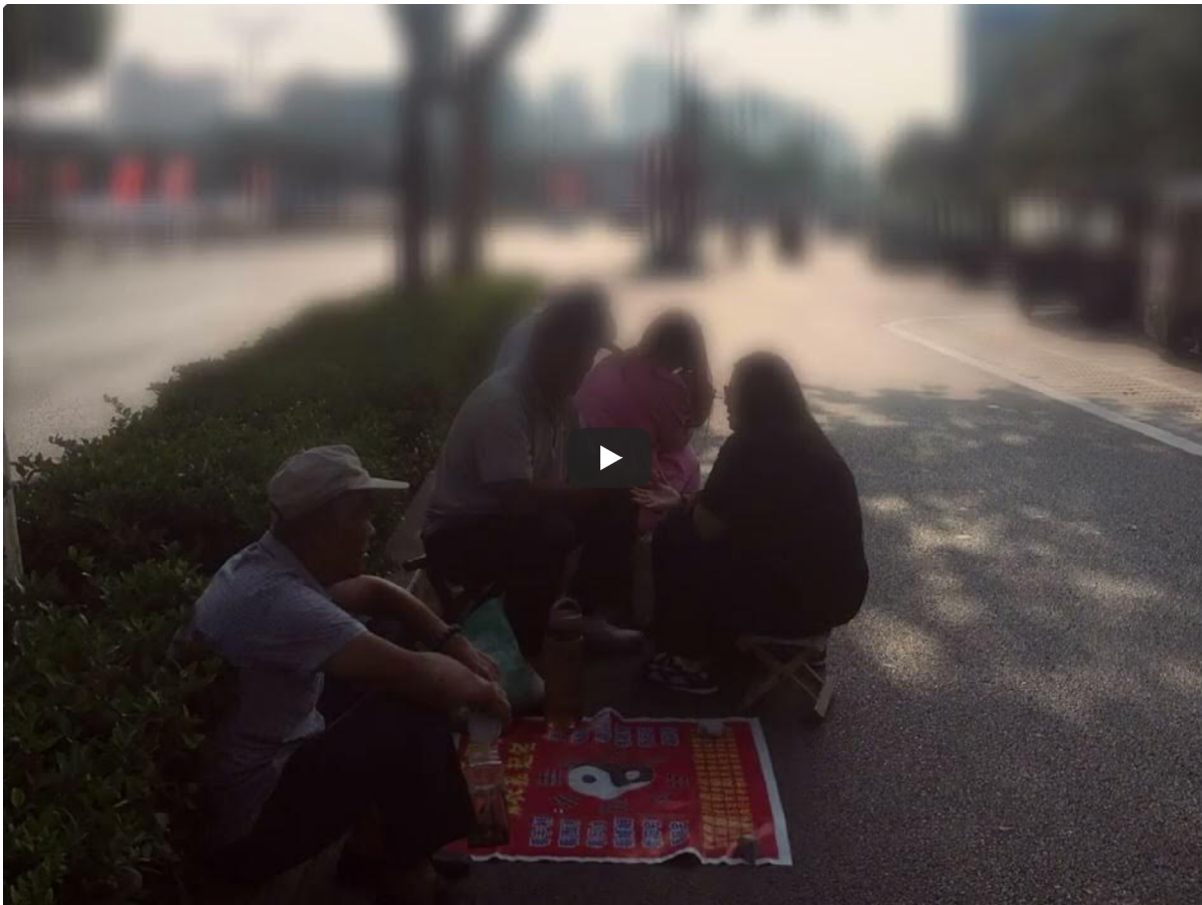


Counting on Destiny

Jing Yuan



These photos were taken in a small town in northern China. You'll always find a few old men sitting on tiny stools, a red cloth pinned down by stones on the pavement. Give them your birth date and hour — a few numbers — and they'll read your fate, your fortune.

In the thick summer heat, it's like a silent, heavy thud that breaks open a dull day.

I often wonder—who are these quiet figures?
And what questions are people bringing to them?

These ancient calculations still dwell in our bodies,
echoing quietly beneath the surface of our digital lives.

