

Zhanna Sarkulova

Yes, all in this world is a tribute to the past. But when we bent around the lake Auliyekol, I forgot about it, I forgot about everything on light. My feelings which have got confused in networks of life, crashed suddenly out and dissolved in kroner of the mighty cedars which have surrounded the lake. Noise of the stream overthrown in Auliyekol from Akshoky rushed into ears. Here it is, this place is the white boiling, blinding splashes and the foam which is carrying away in the sky! And suddenly I pull reins in horror . It seemed to me that the lake Auliyekol dried out, turned into a bog, and the rough mountain river evaporated, and I see before myself a waterless ravine! What was happened with you, my Altai? It can't be! The destiny will prevent such thing... And again unclear enthusiasm seizes me, my lips whisper something, I don't see anything... In my breast there are a fractional knocking of hoofs of hundreds thousands steppe tulpars(kazakh horses with wings); million paradise birds sing in my soul; thousands lakes like Auliyekolya spread in my breast; and it is cramped for heart; I open my mouth;oh my god ,whether my eyes were so insatiable , they can't stop, to see these mountains, these bulks, each peak, each ledge. I am a poet! My tutor is the native earth, my teacher is a strict Altai!

What going on with me? Am I crazy because of the gladness which has fallen upon me like falls?

Oh, Altai, my life! Whether I overpraised you, painting your advantages?!