

Yes, all in this world contribution to the past. But when we rounded the lake Auliekol, I forgot about it, I forgot about everything in the world. My feelings tangled in the networks of life, suddenly broke free and dissolved in the crowns of mighty cedars, surrounding the lake. Noise of the stream overthrown to Auliekol from Akshoky burst in ears. Here it this place is the white boiling, blinding sparks and foam speeding away in sky! And suddenly I in horror tension reins –me it seemed to that lake Auliekol withered grew into the stormy mountain river evaporated, and I see before itself a waterless ravine! That did happen to you, my Altai? And it can't be! And a fate will prevent such... And again incomprehensible animation seizes by me, my lips whisper something, I see nothing around... There is fractional knocking of hoofs of hundreds of thousands of steppe tulparov in my breast; millions of parodies birds sing in my soul; thousands of lakes, similar Auliekolu, spline in my breast; and to the heart closely; I open a mouth; God you my, and whether were when eyes my such insatiable, on anything they do not can to stop, feeling these masses, every peak, every ledge piercing. I am a poet! My tutor is native land, my teacher is strict Altai!

That it with me? Did not I go bughouse from the gladness brought down on me, how a waterfall is?

Oh, Altai, my life! Didn't I overpay you, painting your dignities?!

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