

Шайхислямова Асель Кайратовна

Yes, all in this world a tribute to the past. But when we bent around the lake Auliyekol, I forgot about it, I forgot about everything on light. Me feeling which have got confused in networks of life, crashed suddenly out and dissolved in crowns of the mighty cedars which have surrounded the lake. Noise of the stream overthrown to Auliyekol from Akshoky rushed into ears. Here it, this place - the white boiling, was blinding splashes and the foam which is carrying away in the sky! And suddenly I in horror pull reins –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 there was to you, my Altai? Yes it can't be! Yes the destiny will prevent such... And again unclear enthusiasm seizes me, my lips whisper something, I around don't see anything... In my breast fractional knocking of hoofs of hundreds thousands of steppe hors; millions birds of paradise sing in my soul; thousands lakes, similar Auliyekolya, spread in my breast; and to heart it is close; I open a mouth; God you mine and whether were when my eyes such insatiable, on anything they can't to stop, feeling stridently these mountains, these bulks, each peak, each ledge. I am a poet! My tutor - the native land, my teacher - strict Altai! What it with me? Whether I descended from mind for the pleasure which has fallen upon me, how falls? Oh, Altai, my life! Whether I overpay you, painting your advantages?!