

Yes, everything in this world is a tribute to the past. But when we rounded the lake Auliekol, I forgot about that, I forgot about everything. My feelings, entangled in the nets of existence suddenly break free and dissolved in the crowns of mighty cedars, surrounding the lake. My feelings, entangled in the nets of being suddenly tore out free and dissolved in the crowns of mighty cedars, surrounding the lake. The flow noise burst into the ears, precipitating in the Auliekol from Akshoky. This is it, the place - white boiling, blinding spray and foam, carrying away into the sky! And then I pulled the reins with horror - it seemed to me that the lake Auliekol has dried turned into a swamp, and rough mountain river was vanished, and I see a dry ravine before me! What happened to you, my Altai? No, it cannot be! So will prevent the fate that... Again strange inspiration coming over me, my lips whisper something, I do not see anything around ... In my chest fractional clomp of hooves of hundreds of thousands of steppe tulpars and millions of birds of paradise sing in my soul, and thousands of lakes, such Auliekol, bottled in my bosom and heart is closely, and I open my mouth, My God, there were moments when my eyes were so greedy it cannot stop to do something, feeling these mountains shrilly, these masses, every peak, every ledge. I am a poet! My mentor is the soil, my teacher is the strict Altai! What is the matter with me? Haven't I gone mad with joy that befell me like a waterfall? Oh, Altai, you are my life! Did I praise you when I described your qualities?