

The Silk Road

Darkestrah

I pass valleys, a way among different civilizations
Among different cultures, valleys, mountains under the heat of
the red sun

If only you wish, I would be a chasm
If only you wish, I would be a river
I'll hear this call under sand's thorns
But I'll overcome my hard way.

I know and I believe in words of the old shaman
He told me about a forgotten way
Not being afraid of snakes and wolves and to worship fire
The nature to enjoy and trusting myself

The desert smells like the sea, open space and freshness.
You see nothing. Endlessness. A scratch of space.
Here is another silence. Like a lake, northern silence - rings,
and that is she.
Here the silence is empty. It is no longer there.
Nothing exists... nothing.
Columns of dust fly upon the desert as spirits and genies, prot
ecting their possessions.
Sands like herds of huge horses, rising under the clouds.

Desert is not yellow - dried up, as it seemed before.
It's grey-brown-yellow-green, seems more steppe than a desert.
The ground is entirely covered with a dusty-green low grass,
Branches of s*xual, sickly yellow flowers.

Here and there the white animal's bones is growing and picked b
y winds.
Gray-brown, low hills and dark grey, almost black silhouettes o
f the
Altay mountains.
White stains of the nomad's urtahs.
The shepherd incredibly chooses the right grey roads, thread fr
om a huge ball.
Hidden in the desert, Desert is inside me...