

Late spring

it's already May
Barkol's grassland is still
in deep sleep
sheep have a hard time finding greens
shepherds sigh and walk a long way
in the wilderness
mountains are gray-capped
while wintry wind keeps howling
children rub their red cheeks
with frozen hands
I walk around, nowhere to hide

smoke curls up from the roofs
of the yurts
horses smell the pine trees with their eyes closed
women are busy despite the late spring
sun climbs over the mountains, across the pine forests
and streams
just for a date with the earth
while over the Barkol Lake
fish beat the ice and sing

Corner

mosses grow silently
rejecting the grace of the sun
ants work hard
continue their dreams
wind sweeps here occasionally
seasons change while dogs
take a long nap in the shade
in this corner of the earth
you can't find human footprints
all plants and animals take it easy