

Skies At Our Feet

Drudkh

Valleys fall and cuddle up to feet
Mountains have recoiled,
Snowstorms wait
Our resilient pace and firm
Ground of roads
Meets us with a groan of obedience.

Will we reach, will we tear off
his skyline and these clouds of rosy?!
And lank wing is singing on my sword
With its mighty breast.

We came. We faced respect and fear,
Having overcome swamps,
Thickets and hills
We brought in our squint eyes
Our skies of green and blue.

We didn't perceive the joy.
Their endearments
Were impulsive and peculiar
We darted away, prepared and leaved
Everywhere around us the lands
Where more southern

And even now these children run away
To the mountains like wolf-cubs
And under their brow
There are blue lakes,
Restless of waves and immense of expanse.