

# Trees Are Remembers

Khors

Trees are lightened by the dusk  
Grey spears of fir-trees stare in the sky  
And ancient as rocks the bones of earth  
Keep the secret silence of the wood.

Snakes of the trees remember the names of the stars  
Speeches of gods, secrets of sorcerers  
The rivers tired are sleeping within their coasts  
The stones keep the secrets for always.

The wrinkled face of mother Earth  
Is covered with snow blanket  
An army of trees is standing guard,  
A single row of spears, swords and hatchets.

The sigh of space is in the noise of branches,  
The reflection of stars - in pupils of lakes.  
The eternal wood of ancestors remembers the names of the stars  
The stones keep the secrets for always