

## Cales

# "Along Paths Of Return"

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Steam rises through immovable freezing air,  
Sun fell down to the horizon yet.  
Dark infinite forests captured by winter greyness,  
Dark lying down slowly among trees,  
Silence rules, silence which precedes the storm,  
though.  
In the centre of the wheel of time  
In the very heart of darkness  
During the lunar transformation  
It spins delicate threads of balance.  
Before winter strikes in full force  
And wild frosts bury their sharp claws  
I will spend this night dancing with flashing shadows of  
spirits of the  
deceased  
Then I enter the cold grey-like dawn  
And there in the entrails of gloomy foul weather  
Where damp place and icy breath bind us  
I will set off along paths covered with leaves that  
turned black,  
Along paths which like rivers lead  
Into ways running in the direction of return,  
Across the ravine in time.

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